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IS IT NOT SO.

He who has not learned to think cannot be trusted as a safe counselor. We want to say a word about Durham. Did it ever occur to the average reader that here we have a town with no aristocracy but an aristocracy of labor. If we can be trusted to go back for a period of twenty years and bring each person who has made the town what it is to-day—with a name almost as wide as the bounds of civilization: if we could take them from the farm and cross-road stores and bring with them a little of family history shall we not find that little if any claim to aristocracy is set up: that Durham is the pride of that middle class who when the shock of war had passed burned their bridges and set their stake forward and by their magnificent labor and devotion have brought it to its present prosperous state. Isn't it true that in the eyes of the Slave-holding aristocracy a ten acre lot full of this class never amounted to as much as a cabin of slaves? Were such towns as Winston, Durham, Asheville, Henderson, Oxford and Statesville now are, a possibility under the old Constitutions of North Carolina. Was it not the "Canby Constitution that first recognized the claims of this class, dignified the labor of the State and encouraged it to hope for great things? Where now is the old slave-holding aristocracy? We answer, plodding along in the old ruts, clinging to past traditions, cursing the hand of destiny: their savings from the wreck held in government bonds—no ray of hope in sight; nothing to do but to live in despair and vote the democratic ticket for pastime. The founders of Durham are proud of their handiwork: they are pointed at with pride and command more attention at home and abroad than our entire congressional representation. Republicanism made Durham a possibility, when it recognized this class, until to-day they are the only element of success of the New South. We shall soon claim our own in all this Southern Country. Durham and Democracy are unequally yoked. We bide our time

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BRIGHT SCRAP.

A cookery book says "always smell a salt cod-fish before buying it." The advice is unnecessary. You couldn't help it.—[Boston Post.

Another woman whom George Washington kissed has just died. That kiss is getting to be about as fatal as the cholera.—[Burlington Free Press.

It is surprising what a large amount of religion people manage to do without when they go into a political campaign.

A frisky sailor was knocked senseless in New-York yesterday by coming in contact with some electric wires. It was a clear case of a salt and battery.—[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Cleveland is said to be flirting with a young woman in Poughkeepsie, with a view of marrying her if he is elected President. It must be the same one Tilden was going to marry in '76 if he pulled through. If she is waiting to marry a Democratic bachelor President, she may some day write a declination before she is nominated, declaring that she "submits to the will of God in deeming her public career forever closed."—[Binghamton Republican.

An Englishman, who has lately written a book of travels, objects to Niagara Falls because the lady visitors show their ankles while climbing around the rocks. We would like to know just how much the author received from the hotel-keepers for inserting that paragraph.—[Burlington Free Press.

The Vermont man who went West and was blown up by a powder explosion remarked, as he was sailing over the trees, that he supposed he had come West to grow up with the country, but he had no idea things were going to sprout so fast.—[Burlington Free Press.

An Eastern family received a telegram from the West, announcing the sudden demise of a relative, and they replied, "Send on the remains at once." No telegram was received in answer, but in a few days a letter came, saying simply, "There aint no remanes. He war kied by a mul."—[Burlington Free Press.

A banana skin lay on the grocer's floor. "What are you doing there?" asked the Scales, peering over the edge of the counter. "Oh I'm lying in wait for the grocer." "Pshaw!" said the Scales. "I've been doing that for years."—[Oshkosh Banner.

Four-year-old is very anxious for a baby sister and often importunes his mother to buy him one. "But," says mamma, "I haven't money enough to buy one." "Well, but, mamma, can't you get one and have her charged?" was the eager inquiry.

"Soled again!" exclaimed the young man as he went flying down the front steps for the third time inside of a week, propelled by the vigorous foot of his charmer's papa.—[Burlington Free Press.

POLITICAL SMALL TALK.

The Boston Transcript says there is no rhyme for Hendricks. Oh, yes, there is. The Chicago Herald struck the combination. It is appendix, which will answer all Democratic acquirements.

After the nomination of Cleveland the potato bug scourge broke out with great violence in Minnesota. The bugs came from Manitoba under the idea that free trade was to be the future policy of this country.

Votes on railroad trains are no indications of which man will be elected President; but it makes a difference whether the train is going to a prize fight or to a campmeeting.—[New-Orleans Picayune.

Sad, but true. The New-York delegation managed to cast Tammany's vote in the convention, but it will not be able to do so in the general elections.—[Baltimore American.

The Stephen Grover Cleveland boom will be exhibited among other painted white elephants until November. After that it will be far sale as a door mat.

"If Mr. Cleveland should finally come forth as the candidate of the Chicago Convention," said The New-York Sun the day before the nomination, he will appear upon the stage bearing the mark of destiny, and that destiny will be defeat." Well, Mr. Cleveland has "come forth," and his "mark of destiny" is big enough to be seen from Buffalo to the Battery.

Says The Concordia Eagle, published at Vidalla, La. "Candor compels us to state politically, there is much restlessness in Concordia parish, and from what has been learned, we judge that a similar condition obtains throughout this Congressional district. Many of our leading planters, men who mould popular sentiment and of commanding position, are proclaimed for Blaine and Logan and the proclamation is rarely conditioned upon the actions of the Democratic convention."

John Francis Marvin, of Cambridge, who has been in New-York City since the close of the Democratic Convention, sends the following telegram to a prominent Boston Democrat:

One hundred thousand Irish-American Democrats, here and throughout the State, will vote for Blaine and Logan; regardless of whatever action Tammany may take. The feeling is spreading that the time has come to cut loose from the Democracy and act independently in politics. But little stock is taken in the Madisonian circular roorback. Cleveland's refusal to allow the "Equality of Worship" bill to come before him is strongly condemned. A conference is to be called in a few days for the purpose of forming a National Committee. Forward the good news to our friends in Massachusetts. Cleveland goes into the fight without the Irish vote: the result is inevitable.