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DURHAM, N. C.

The Tobacco Plant.

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HAPPINESS AT HOME.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Sunday, July 15th, 1888.

TEXT: "Be content with such things as ye have." —Hebrews xiii, 5.

If I should ask someone, "Where is Brooklyn to-day?" he would say, "At Brighton Beach, or East Hampton, or Shelter Island." "Where is New York to-day?" "At Long Branch." "Where is Philadelphia?" "At Cape May." "Where is Boston?" "At Martha's Vineyard." "Where is Virginia?" "At the Sulphur Springs." "Where is the great multitude from all parts of the land?" "At Saratoga, the modern Bethesda, where the angel of health is ever stirring the waters. But, my friends, the largest multitude are at home, detained by business or circumstances. Among them all newspaper men, the hardest worked and the least compensated; city railroad employes, and ferry masters, and the police and the tens of thousands of clerks and merchants waiting for their turn of absence, and households with an invalid who cannot be moved, and others hindered by stringent circumstances, and the great multitude of well-to-do people who stay at home because they like home better than any other place, refusing to go away simply because it is the fashion to go. When the express wagon, with its mountain of trunks directed to the Catskills or Niagara, goes through the streets, we stand at our window envious and impatient, and wonder why we cannot go as well as others. Fools that we are, as though one could not be as happy at home as anywhere else. Our grandfathers and grandmothers had as good a time as we have, long before the first spring was bored at Saratoga or the first deer shot in the Adirondacks. They made

THEIR WEDDING TOUR

to the next farm house, or, living in New York, they celebrated the event by an extra walk on the Battery.

Now the genuine American is not happy until he is going somewhere, and the passion is so great that there are Christian people with their families detained in the city, who come not to the house of God, trying to give people the idea that they are out of town; leaving the doorplate unscoured for the same reason, and for two months keeping the front shutters closed while they sit in the back part of the house, the thermometer at ninety! My friends, if it is best for us to go, let us go and be happy. If it is best for us to stay at home, let us stay at home and be happy. There is a great deal of good common sense in Paul's advice to the Hebrews: "Be content with such things as ye have." To be content is to be in good humor with our circumstances, not picking a quarrel with our obscurity, or our poverty, or our social position. There are four or five grand reasons why we should be content with such things as we have.

The first reason that I mention as leading to this spirit advised in the text, is the consideration that the poorest of us have all that is indispensible in life. We make a great ado about our hardships, but how little we talk of our blessings. Health of body, which is given in largest quantity to those who have never been petted, and fondled, and spoiled by fortune, we take as a matter of course. Rather have this luxury, and have it alone, than, without it, look out of a palace window upon parks of deer stalking between fountains and statuary. These people sleep sounder on a straw mattress than fashionable invalids on a couch of ivory and eagles' down. The

DINNER OF HERBS

tastes better to the appetite sharpened on a woodman's ax or a reaper's scythe than wealthy indigestion experiences seated at a table covered with partridge, and venison, and pineapple. The grandest luxury God ever gave a man is health. He who trades that off for all the palaces of the earth is infinitely cheated. We look back at the glory of the last Napoleon, but who would have taken his Versailles and his Tuileries if with them we had been obliged to take his gout? "Oh," says some one, "it isn't the grosses pleasures I covet, but it is the gratification of an artistic and intellectual taste." Why, my brother, you have the original from which these pictures are copied.

What is a sunset on a wall compared with a sunset hung in loops of fire on the heavens? What is a cascade silent on a canvas compared with a cascade that makes the mountain tremble, its spray ascending like the departed spirit of the water slain on the rocks? Oh, there is a great deal of hollow affectation about a fondness for pictures on the part of those who never appreciate the original from which the pictures are taken. As though a parent should have no regard for his child, but go into ecstasies over its photograph. Bless the Lord to-day, O man! O woman! that though you may be shut out from the works of a church, a Bierstadt, a Rubens, and a Raphael, you still have free access to a gallery grander than the Louvre, or the Luxemburg, or the Vatican—the royal gallery of the noonday heavens, the King's gallery of the

MIDNIGHT SKY.

Another consideration leading us to a spirit of contentment is the fact that our happiness is not dependent upon outward circumstances. You see people happy and miserable amid all circumstances. In a family where the last loaf is on the table, and the last stick of wood on the fire, you sometimes find a cheerful confidence in God, while in a very fine place you will see and hear discord sounding her war whoop, and hospitality freezing to death in a cheerless parlor. I stopped one day on Broadway at the head of Wall street, at the foot of Trinity church, to see who seemed the happiest people passing. I judged from their looks the happiest people were not those who went down into Wall street, for they had on their brow the anxiety of the dollar they expected to make; nor the people who came out of Wall street, for they had on their brow the anxiety of the dollar they had lost; nor the people who swept by in splendid equipage, for they met a carriage that was finer than theirs. The happiest person in all the crowd, judging from the countenance, was the woman who sat at the apple stand knitting. I believe real happiness oftener looks out of the window of an humble home than through the opera glass of the gilded box of a theatre.

I find Nero growling on a throne. I find Paul singing in a dungeon. I find King Ahab going to bed at noon through melancholy, while near by is Naboth contented in the possession of a vineyard. Haman, prime minister to Persia, frets himself almost to death because a poor Jew will not tip his hat; and Ahithophel, one of

THE GREATEST LAWYERS

of Bible times, through fear of dying, hangs himself. The wealthiest man, forty years ago, in New York, when congratulated over his large estate, replied: "Ah! you don't know how much trouble I have in taking care of it." Byron declared in his last hours that he had never seen more than twelve happy days in all his life. I do not believe he had seen twelve minutes of thorough satisfaction. Napoleon I. said: "I turn with disgust from the cowardice and selfishness of man. I hold life a horror; death is repose. What I have suffered the last twenty days is beyond human comprehension." While, on the other hand, to show how one may be happy under the most disadvantageous circumstances, just after the Ocean Monarch had been wrecked in the English channel, a steamer was cruising along in the darkness, when the captain heard a song, a sweet song, coming over the water, and he bore down toward that voice, and found it was a Christian woman on a plank of the wrecked steamer, singing to the tune of St. Martin's:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.

The heart right toward God and man, we are happy. The heart wrong toward God and man, we are unhappy.

Another reason why we should come to this spirit inculcated in the text is the fact that all the differences of earthly condition are transitory. The houses you build, the land you culture, the places in which you barter, are soon to go into other hands. However hard you may have it now, if you are a Christian the scene will soon end. Pain, trial, persecution never knock at the door of the grave. A coffin made out of pine boards is just as good a resting place as one made out of silver mounted mahogany or rosewood. Go down among the resting places of the dead, and you will find that though people there had a great difference of worldly circumstances, now they are all alike unconscious. The hand that greeted the senator, and the president, and the king is still as the hand that hardened on the mechanic's hammer or the manufacturer's wheel. It does not make any difference now whether there is a plain stone above them from which the traveler pulls aside the weeds to read the name, or a tall shaft springing into the heavens as though to tell their virtue to the skies.

In that silent land there are no titles for great men, and there are no rumblings of chariot wheels, and there is never heard the foot of the dance. The Egyptian guano which is thrown on the fields in the east for the enrichment of the soil, is the dust raked out from the sepulchers of kings and lords and mighty men. O the chagrin of those men if they had ever known that in the after ages of the world they would have been called

EGYPTIAN GUANO.

Oh how much worth now is the crown of Cæsar? Who bids for it? Who cares now anything about the Amphictyonic council or the laws of Lycurgus? Who trembles now because Xerxes crossed the Hellespont on a bridge of boats? Who fears because Nebuchadnezzar thunders at the gates of Jerusalem? Who cares now whether or not Cleopatra marries Antony? Who crouches before Ferdinand, or Boniface, or Alaric? Can Cromwell dissolve the English parliament now? Is William, prince of Orange, king of the Netherlands? No, no! However much Elizabeth may love the Russian crown, she must pass it to Peter, and Peter to Catherine, and Catherine to Paul, and Paul to Alexander, and Alexander to Nicholas. Leopold put the German scepter into the hand of Joseph, and Philip comes down off the Spanish throne to let Ferdinand go on. House of Aragon, house of Hapsburg, house of Stuart, house of Bourbon, quarreling about everything else, but agreeing in this: "The fashion of this world passeth away." But have all these dignitaries gone? Can they not be called back? I have been in assemblages where I have heard the roll called, and many distinguished men have answered. If I should call the roll to-day of some of those mighty ones who have gone, I wonder if they would not answer. I will call the roll. I will call the roll of the kings first: Alfred the Great! William the Conqueror! Frederick II! Louis XVI! No answer. I will call the roll of the poets: Robert Southey! Thomas Campbell! John Keats! George Crabbe! Robert Burns! No answer. I will call the roll of artists: Michael Angelo! Paul Veronese! William Turner! Christopher Wren! No answer. Eyes closed. Ears deaf. Lips silent. Hands palsied. Scepter, pencil, pen, sword, put down forever. Why should we struggle for

SUCH BAUBLES?

Another reason why we should culture this spirit of cheerfulness is the fact that God knows what is best for his creatures. You know what is best for your child. He thinks you are not as liberal with him as you ought to be. He criticises your discipline, but you look over the whole field, and you, loving that child, do what in your deliberate judgment is best for him. Now, God is the best of fathers. Sometimes his children think that he is hard on them, and that he is not as liberal with them as he might be. But children do not know as much as a father. I can tell you why you are not largely affluent, and why you have not been grandly successful. It is because you cannot stand the temptation. If your path had been smooth, you would have depended upon your own surefootedness; but God roughened that path, so you have to take hold of his hand. If the weather had been mild, you would have loitered along the water courses; but at the first howl of the storm you quickened your pace heavenward, and wrapped around you the warm robe of a Saviour's righteousness. "What have I done?" says the wheatsheaf to the farmer, "what have I done, that you beat me so hard with your flail?" The farmer makes no answer, but the rake takes off the straw, and the mill blows the chaff to the wind, and the golden grain falls down at the foot of the windmill. After a while, the straw looking down from the mow upon the golden grain banked up on either side the floor, understands why the farmer beat the wheatsheaf with the flail.

Who are those before the throne? The answer came: "These are they who, out of great tribulation had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Would God that we could understand that

OUR TRIALS

are the very best thing for us. If we had an appreciation of that truth, then we should know why it was that John Noyra, the martyr, in the very midst of the flame reached down and picked up one of the fagots that was consuming him, and kissed it, and said: "Blessed be God for the time when I was born to this preferment." They who suffer with him on earth shall be glorified with him in heaven. Be content, then, with such things as you have.

Another consideration leading us to the spirit of the text is the assurance that the Lord will provide somehow. Will he who holds the water in the hollow of his hand allow his children to die of thirst? Will he who owns the cattle on a thousand hills, and all the earth's luxuriance of grain and fruit, allow his children to starve? Go out to-morrow morning at 5 o'clock into the woods and hear the birds chant. They have had no breakfast, they know not where they will dine, they have no idea where they will sup; but hear the birds chant at 5 o'clock in the morning. "Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are you not much better than they?" Seven thousand people in Christ's time went into the desert. They were the most improvident people ever heard of. They deserved to starve. They might have taken food enough to last them until they got back. Nothing did they take. A lad, who had more wit than all of them put together, asked his mother that morning for some loaves of bread and some fishes. They were put into his satchel. He went out into the desert. From this provision the

SEVEN THOUSAND WERE FED,

and the more they ate the larger the loaves grew until the provision that the boy brought in one satchel was multiplied so he could not have carried the fragments home in six satchels. "O," you say, "times have changed, and the day of miracles has gone." I reply that, what God did then by miracles, he does now in some other way and by natural laws. "I have been young," said David, "but now I am old; yet I have never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." It is high time that you people who are fretting about worldly circumstances, and who are fearing you are coming to want, understood that the oath of the eternal God is involved in the fact that you are to have enough to eat and to wear.

Again I remark that the religion of Jesus Christ is the grandest influence to make a man contented. Indemnity against all financial and spiritual harm! It calms the spirit, dwindles the earth into insignificance and swallows up the soul with the thought of heaven. O, ye who have been going about from place to place, expecting to find in change of circumstances something to give solace to the troubled spirit, I commend you this morning to the warm-hearted, earnest, practical,

COMMON SENSE RELIGION

of the Lord Jesus Christ. "There is no peace, saith my God, for the wicked," and as long as you continue in your sin you will be miserable. Come to Christ. Make him your portion, and start for heaven, and you will be a happy man—you will be a happy woman.

Yet, my friend's notwithstanding all these inducements to a spirit of contentment, I have to tell you this morning the human race is divided into two classes—those who scold and those who get scolded. The carpenter wants to be anything but a carpenter, and the mason anything but a mason, and the banker anything but a banker, and the lawyer anything but a lawyer, and the minister anything but a minister, and everybody would be happy if he were only somebody else. The anemone wants to be a sunflower, and the apple orchards throw down their blossoms because they are not tall cedars, and the scow wants to be a schooner, and the sloop would like to be a seventy-four pounder, and parents have the worst children that ever were, and everybody has the greatest misfortune, and everything is upside down, or going to be. Ah! my friends, you never make any advance through such a spirit as that. You cannot fret yourself up; you may fret yourself down. Amid all this

GRATING OF TONES

I strike this string of the Gospel harp: "Godliness with contentment is great gain. We brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain we can carry nothing out; having food and raiment let us therewith be content."

Let us all remember, if we are Christians, that we are going after a while, whatever be our circumstances now, to have a glorious vacation. As in summer we put off our garments and go down into the cool sea to bathe, so we will put off these garments of flesh and step into the cool Jordan. We will look around for some place to lay down our weariness; and the trees will say: "Come and rest under our shadow;" and the earth will say; "Come and sleep in my bosom;" and the winds will say: "Hush! while I sing thee a cradle hymn;" and while six strong men carry us out to our last resting place, and ashes come to ashes and dust to dust, we will see two scarred feet standing amid the broken soil, and a lacerated brow bending over the open grave, while a voice, tender with all affection and mighty with all omnipotence, will declare: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Comfort one another with these words.

Weekly Crop Bulletin of the N. C. Weather Service.

RALEIGH, N. C., July 14, 1888.

Rainfall.—In the eastern and central districts there has apparently been an average amount of rainfall during the week, which has especially been favorable to cotton and grain, and somewhat unfavorable to tobacco. In the western district there has apparently been a deficiency of rainfall, but crops have not been very unfavorably affected. A little more rain would undoubtedly improve the condition of all crops in this district

Temperature and Sunshine.—In all districts there has been an excess of temperature and sunshine which has been very favorable to cotton. The dry weather has given farmers an opportunity to work their crops, which were suffering from weeds and grass.

REMARKS.

Raleigh, Wake County.—"Cotton doing well. Corn suffering for rain."

Pittsboro, Chatham County.—"For the past seven days there has been no rain only enough to lay the dust. Corn in many localities is suffering very much. Some localities have had no rain but very light showers since June 2d."

Monroe, Union County.—"With only a slight rainfall, continued high temperature, and much hot sunshine all crops have been unfavorably affected the past week at this station, together with a small area of the county. Portions of the county dry at the last report had good rains on the 10th, and the above unfavorable conditions apply to a still less area, probably to only one-fifth of the entire county."

Oxford, Granville County.—"Granville county has about 70 per cent. of a crop of tobacco standing in some few sections. The only chance for a good crop is very favorable seasons."

Fayetteville, Cumberland County.—"Crops of cotton and corn not suffering for lack of rain. Not sufficient moisture to make them grow rapidly."

Littleton, Halifax County.—"We had a very fine rain on the 10th inst., which affected all crops favorably."

Louisburg, Franklin County.—"A good rain on the afternoon of the 20th was of much service, not only to crops, but to gardens, melons, &c."

Salem, Forsyth County.—"The oat crop has been harvested and come in short. Some say the yield will not be more than half a crop. Corn and tobacco in good condition."

Hillsboro, Orange County.—"Rain is needed for all crops."

Haw River, Alamance County.—"Had a fine shower on the afternoon of the 10th inst. Farmers say the rain of the 10th was very beneficial. Only this immediate section has suffered for rain. We need more. Wheat crop not a full one. Threshing commenced."

Walnut Cove, Stokes County.—"Tobacco and corn growing finely and farmers are utilizing the hot sunshine to kill grass and weeds."

Warrenton, Warren County.—"Cotton and corn in good condition and looking well. Tobacco in need of rain." H. B. BATTLE, Ph. D.,
Director.

Greensboro *Workman*: The crops between Mt. Airy and Greensboro are looking well. The rains have been timely and general.

JUDGE RUSSELL'S LETTER.

Why He Declines the Nomination for Supreme Court Justice.

Wilmington Messenger.

Mr. J. C. L. Harris, Secretary State Republican Executive Committee, Raleigh, N. C.:

DEAR SIR:—Replying to your letter informing me of my nomination for Justice of the Supreme Court by the late Republican State Convention, and thanking the party for the honor conferred, I write to say that I decline the nomination for reasons, some of which appear in this letter.

First. Some years ago, when on the Circuit Bench of this State, I held in a published opinion that persons or corporations engaged in the business of carrying or serving the public had no right to discriminate against any class or person on account of their nationality or color, but having received from them the same pay as from other persons, were bound to furnish equal (though in any proper case separate) accommodations. This ruling evoked much bitter and violent abuse from Democratic speakers and papers who were then, as now, engaged in drawing the color line. I suggest, therefore, that the party had better take for this nomination some lawyer of whom it cannot be charged that he has decided the law, as it is and as it always will be in communities fairly entitled to be ranked as civilized. The force of this suggestion will be the better appreciated when it is remembered that in an election subsequent to that decision the Democrats made it the issue and beat us. They beat us on the actual and honest vote. Southern election funds were not as habitual, easy, natural and safe then as they are now. They relied mainly on terrorism. They made race antipathies so hot that no white man dared vote the Republican ticket unless he had some of the qualities of a hero. The percentage of heroes was not large enough to save us.

Second. I do not want the office of Supreme Court Judge and would be driven to decline it if by some unforeseen miracle I should be elected. The work is too big and the pay too little.

Third. I have been invited to speak in some of the Northern States during this campaign. Should I do so, it would embarrass the ticket were I on it, for I should tell the North that neither this nor any other Southern State will go Republican, but that the South is solid—solid for State sovereignty; solid for a strict construction of the Federal Constitution; solid for magnifying the powers of the States and minimizing the powers of the nation; solid for denationalizing this republic and making it a league of independent States bound together only by a treaty called the Constitution; solid for striking down the Constitution as Washington and Hamilton and Adams made it, and as Marshall and Story construed it, and for putting in its place a Constitution according to Calhoun and Jeff Davis; solid for reconstructing the Supreme Court so as to vitiate the war amendments, which the South has always declared to be unconstitutional and void; solid for writing it in the future and permanent history of this country that in the civil war the South fought for the Constitution and the North against it; solid for nullifying the Constitution by holding representation in Congress and the electoral college against its express mandates; solid for the right of South Carolina to count her disfranchised negroes for Federal representation, thereby giving her solid white voters more than double the power of an equal number of Northern white men; solid for the economic doctrines to which the South has been wedded and for which it has consistently contended for sixty years, and which it planted in the Confederate Constitution; solid for a low tariff, to be followed by free trade; solid for destroying Northern industries and development, but for which the South would have obtained the victory in 1865 instead of 1884—solid for maintaining ignorance among the masses, white and black, so that the cultivated few may govern the servile many—solid for raising raw materials on broad acres owned by the order of nobility called "Southern gentlemen," and cultivated by ignorant pariahs at pauper wages—solid for establishing before the world that which the South believes to be the great fact, that they, the Southern master class, are the natural and only rightful rulers of this Republic.

True it is that in the frontier States, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri, a large number of white men, Democrats and Republicans, are liberal and national and loyal in their sentiments; but, although they are geographically in the South, they do not belong to that bold, aggressive, aspiring and dominant political power which is called "The South," which, like the poor of scripture, is always with us, and, unlike the poor, generally on top of us, which began its demands upon the rest of the country in the convention of 1787, and for the hundred succeeding years has persistently made them and generally got them—which threatened to prevent the formation of the Union unless the slave trade should be legalized for twenty years and got that—which demanded that the rest of the country should become slave hunters for it by a Constitutional compact for the rendition of fugitives, and got that—which said "give us representation on three-fifths of our slaves chattels," and got that *by* the Constitution—which now says "representation on five-fifths of our political slave is better than three-fifths of our chattel slaves," and so *takes* that in defiance of the constitution—which said "buy Louisiana for us" and it was done, thereby acquiring that vast and fertile domain for the extension of Southern institutions and Southern ambitions—which, seeing that free labor was about to clutch from its black embrace some of the Louisiana purchase, seized upon Texas, drove the country into war with a helpless nation and dismembered it in order that a boundless area should be opened up to the propagation of slavery—which violated solemn treaties with inoffensive Indian tribes and spat upon the decision of the highest National Court, compelling the great Chief Justice Marshall—a Southern man with Northern principles—to bow to the shameful admission that there was no power to execute his decrees—which, still unsatisfied, proposed to take Cuba by the methods of Attilla, Genghis Kahn and Captain Kidd, and which, when its recovered supremacy shall be secure, will propose it again and do it—which demanded the repeal of the Missouri compromise, and got it—which demanded from the Supreme Court a decision dedicating all Federal territory to slavery, and got it—which passed the South Carolina nullification ordinance against the protective tariff of 1828 and forced the disgraceful compromise of 1833, whereby the industries of the country were prostrated and prosperity set back for more than a decade—which has already renewed the sectional struggle over Federal territory by the persistent exclusion of Dakota, and which, if it carries this Presidential election and obtains control of both Houses of Congress, will perpetuate its power over the North by the division of Texas into five States according to the conditions of its annexation.

These Southern men with national sentiments are geographically misplaced. Pearce and Buchanan were Northern men with Southern principles. Their condition was pitiful. Ours is worse. We are Southern men with Northern principles. But they and their comrades who, living in the North stood for the South, well earned the mead of praise which belongs to those who sacrifice themselves for the sake of their convictions. So we who speak for national sovereignty and human rights on Southern soil and brave the obloquy which results, may at least claim the respect which is due to candor, courage and sincerity.

Fourth. While I should say much on the line above indicated, I would also be compelled to tell the truth on our own party in the South. For instance, I would rise to remark that, while as a rule the South does not treat its colored people with the liberality and justice which they receive in the North, there is yet defence for the deep and dire determination of the Southern white man to never submit to negro rule. The negroes of the South are largely savages. We with Northern aid and sanction kidnapped them, enslaved them, and by most monstrous wrong degraded them so that they are no more fit to govern than are their brethren in African swamps or so many Mongolians dumped down from pagan Asia.

In North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia and other frontier States, there is not the slightest danger of negro government, nor has there ever been. But in South Carolina and most of the cotton States there was negro rule, which was as much a parody upon civilized institutions as is the present Bourbon dominion in South Carolina a travesty upon free government. Now you see when I tell these truths about many of our colored voters, some of their leaders will get mad and that would hurt the ticket. So this is another reason why I should get off.

I know there are many fools and some falsifiers who will say after reading this, that I have said that all negroes are savages and that none of them should vote. So far from this I say, while asserting that intelligence and virtue only should rule, that no discrimination should be made against the negro because of his race, that for all of them I have the deepest sympathy, that I would by friendly contact of the white race and by protecting and paternal laws drive out vice, crime, laziness and barbarism from among them, that I would educate them by National aid and State compulsion, that I would encourage them to believe that there is more money, comfort and respectability in honest labor than in politics, that for the educated, the virtuous, the industrious thousands among them I entertain sentiments not only of respect, but of personal pride, because they are monuments of the right and truth of principles for which, through hatred and obloquy, I have contended for twenty years. To me the sight of an intelligent, virtuous, prosperous, African citizen is as delightful as to the Southern Bourbon Democrat it is disgusting.

There is no justification for the color line in North Carolina, because negro rule is impossible. Any misrule in the few localities where they largely predominate may be corrected by the law-making power, and would be by a Republican as well as a Democratic Legislature. Our candidate for Governor announces that he would favor a Board of Finance for all such localities—a suggestion which I publicly made six years ago, and for which I was denounced by some Republicans as vehemently as I am now assailed for saying that North Carolina is a part of the Solid South.

Fifth. I do not think we ought to run any State ticket. To my mind it is clear that we should abandon the field as to the State officers to the Democrats, but preserve our organization and do our best on the contestable Congressional Districts, the county officers, the Legislature and the Electoral ticket. By doing this we would annoy and weaken Democratic leaders in their usually successful efforts to arouse white men against the danger of negro rule. That trouble being out of the way, all white men who, because of national sentiments or protection views may sympathize with us, might come to our support. If it did not break it would certainly weaken, the color line. It might save us or gain for us several members of Assembly, and certain Congressional Districts. It would tend to remove passion, bitterness, violence and the danger of race conflicts. It would help to get us a free vote and a fair count. What could we possibly lose by it? In the last sixteen years there have been in this State eight State elections. In every one of them we have been beaten, except one, and then we were fraudulently counted out. As the result of that fraud of 1875 the true historian of the future will write it and, if the school histories of the State shall ever be so reformed as to be a record of truth instead of an apotheosis of treason, posterity will be taught that for all these years the people lived under a Constitution put upon them by fraud and force which the majority was powerless to resist.

During this sixteen years we have had three elections in which we made considerable gains. In every one of them our qualified success was attributed to the fact that we had no State ticket in the field. In 1878 our State Committee, against the protests and threats of unthinking Republicans all over the State, refused to call a convention or to nominate a ticket. The result was we were enabled to carry four Congressional Districts when before we had only one. True we did not get all of these four Districts, but the result showed that with a fair count and Republican unity we would have carried them. In 1882 the Democrats came near losing the State, but the Republican party had no general ticket in the field, its State Convention refusing to make a nomination. In 1884, with party lines strictly drawn, we lost the State by about twenty thousand. Again in 1886 we made large gains in the Legislature and in the counties. It is alleged that we had a State ticket, but nobody seemed to know it till after the election.

Now it will be said that all this reasoning should have been given to the State Convention. I answer that the nominees on the State ticket and the State Committee constitute a better body for calm and dispassionate consideration of this important matter. Recently, having the best of reasons for believing that it would be carefully considered by them, and in the hope of aiding them to a right conclusion, I, as one of them, gave my views briefly, verbally and crudely to an inquiring reporter of the Wilmington *Star*, an enterprising and popular newspaper, which can always be safely relied on to be on the wrong side of every political question. For this I hear that I am greatly blamed and charged with an intention to stab the ticket in the interest of the Democratic party. My assailants, perhaps, do not know as I do that the course they advocate is just what the Democrats want us to do, and their plan of campaign, if submitted to the Democratic State Committee, would be endorsed while mine would be unanimously rejected.

But they say I ought not to publish my views, but give them privately. To this I reply that I do not know how to keep a public secret. A great National orator, who recently made a great National oratorical failure, says that his trouble was that he did not know how to nominate his man for President before a house of eight thousand people, with all the country looking in at the windows and still keep his name a secret.

Neither do I admit that the public expression of these views will hurt the ticket or the party. It will help both. Will Republicans who have stood in a minority all these years fail to vote because they are told that they will be in this election just where they have been all that time? But you say it will make the opposition more confident. So much the better. They will be less apt to cheat us.

Permit me also to say that I think it would be wise for our State ticket to withdraw in favor of the Prohibition party. In 1881 our vote was thrown to save the grog shops. You saved them; but just what the party gained by it has been so difficult to discover that the best thinkers among our leaders, who joined in that coalition, now admit their mistake and regret that the party vote was not given to the temperance people. Suppose we try it now and go into strike at drunkenness and Democracy?

Yours truly, D. L. RUSSELL.

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LATEST BY MAIL.

Internal Revenue Clause of Tariff Bill Considered—N. C. Delegation Solid for Reform—Republicans Vote Against Total Repeal of Internal Revenue.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 16.—The internal revenue clause of the tariff bill was unexpectedly reached this afternoon. Hon. Geo. Wise offered an amendment to repeal the entire tobacco tax. Mr. Nichols added an amendment abolishing all punishments for violating the law and a partial repeal of the entire system. Col. Cowles offered a more comprehensive substitute for this, which the chairman ruled was out of order. Then Col. Tom Johnston offered an amendment providing for the repeal of the tax on all distilled spirits made from grain or fruits. This was defeated by a vote of 27 to 135. The N. C. delegation, as a unit, voted for the amendment. Maj. Wise, of Va., Candler, of Ga., Neal, of Tenn., voted with our members. Reed, Cannon, Hill, Adams and other Republicans voted against this total repeal of the internal revenue laws. When the vote was announced Col. Tom Johnston made a point on the Republicans by showing that they had voted against these measures of relief. The House adjourned after defeating these amendments, and without taking action on Mr. Wise's amendment to repeal the entire tobacco tax.

Congressman John Nichols and Mr. J. C. L. Harris recently made a trip to New York presumably to get funds for carrying on the campaign in North Carolina. Whether Mr. Levi P. Morton gave them any encouragement in this direction or advised them to wait until he won his suit against the State of North Carolina I do not know. Speaking of the political situation in North Carolina, Mr. Nichols says: "The campaign in the North State is in full blast, though the election does not come off till November. We have a big State to go over, and not as many railroads to go by as in the North, so it takes longer to do the campaigning. The Republican outlook is encouraging. Contrary to expectations the Prohibitionists are going to get a good vote. Their candidate for Governor is a strong man and will poll a large vote in the middle counties, drawing about equally from both parties.

Mrs. Senator Vance has gone to Morehead City for a few weeks. The Republican Senators, it is thought, will spend a good deal of time during the coming week abusing the President for the honest vetoes of fraudulent pension bills.

Representative Breckinridge, of Kentucky, says he thinks a tariff bill will pass the House by the latter part of the month.

Chairman Barnum rode over to Oak View yesterday and made the President a long visit.

It is thought that when Mr Cleveland enters upon the second term of his administration there will be two if not three changes in the present Cabinet. Attorney-General Garland, it is thought, will resign and be succeeded by a Northern man. Mr. Endicott it is also thought, will resign and be succeeded by Col. Daniel Lamont, whose wise advice has contributed no little towards the success of the present administration. Some people consider it doubtful whether Mr. Bayard or Mr. Whitney will remain in the Cabinet. People in Delaware want Mr. Bayard to again represent them in the Senate, and Mr. Whitney's financial interests require more of his personal attention than his duties as Secretary of the Navy will allow him to give them.

A number of North Carolinians, including several ladies, are in this city trying to secure appointments to positions in the various departments. Miss Thorne, of Halifax, was appointed to a position last week.

General Harrison.

General Harrison is getting better. Read this news: General Harrison and his family passed a very quiet Sabbath within doors. The General rose at his accustomed hour this morning feeling much better than yesterday, but on the advice of his physician he remained indoors all day and did not attend church.

The General expressed the hope this evening that by to-morrow he should feel so fully recovered from his indisposition as to be no longer considered by his family and friends a sick man.

Telegrams and letters of inquiry continue to pour in upon General Harrison from surrounding cities asking him to fix a time when political clubs may call on him. He has promised to receive the clubs and visiting citizens from Springfield, Monticello and Decatur, Ill., next Tuesday afternoon and evening. This is the only date for the coming week that has been filled.

News & Observer: A negro woman named Charity Morgan was arraigned before Mayor Thompson yesterday morning for unmercifully whipping her child. From the evidence brought out it appeared that the mother had been guilty of the most inhuman and unnatural treatment of the child. It was charged that she whipped it for a half hour and wore out a dozen or more switches on it. She denied having whipped it so long and said she only whipped it about a quarter of an hour, as she usually did. She was fined five dollars and sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment. The child was sent to its grandmother to be taken care of.