

The Hillsborough Recorder.

J. D. CAMERON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TRUTH FEARS NO FOE, AND SHUNS NO SCRUTINY.

(TERMS—\$1.50 A YEAR, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE)

New Series—Vol. 4, No. 44—

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., SEPTEMBER 27, 1876.

—Old Series, Vol. 59.

Democratic State Ticket.

- For Governor**
ZEBULON B. VANCE,
Of Mecklenburg.
- For Lieutenant Governor**
THOMAS J. JARVIS,
Of Pitt.
- For State Treasurer**
J. M. WORTH,
Of Randolph.
- For Secretary of State**
JOSEPH A. ENGELHARD,
Of New Hanover.
- For State Auditor**
SAMUEL L. LOVE,
Of Horry.
- For Attorney General**
THOMAS S. KENAN,
Of Wilson.
- For Sup't. of Public Instruction**
J. C. SCARBOROUGH,
Of Johnston.
- For Congress—4th District**
JOSEPH J. DAVIS,
Of Franklin.
- COUNTY TICKET.**
- FOR SENATE.**
MAJ. JOHN W. GRAHAM,
Of Orange.
COL. JOHN W. CUNNINGHAM,
Of Person.
- HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.**
CALVIN E. PARISH,
JOHN K. HUGHES.
- FOR SHERIFF.**
THOMAS H. HUGHES.
- FOR TREASURER.**
DAVID C. PARKS.
- FOR REGISTER.**
JOHN LAWS.
- CLERK.**
THOMAS J. WILSON.
- SURVEYOR.**
A. M. LEATHERS.
- FOR COMMISSIONERS.**
James Watson, John F. Lyon,
Nelson P. Hall, D. F. Morrow,
Willie Patterson.

NOTICE.

The following persons have been appointed Registers and Inspectors to hold the Elections at the various Precincts in Orange County on Tuesday the 27th day of November 1876.

Hillsboro Precinct—Samuel Lynch, J. P.
David T. Clark, Prile Jones, John Rosemond and A. H. Hunter, Inspectors.

Smith's Precinct—G. C. Smith, J. P.
George Tate, Alexander Smith, Wilson Brown and Henry Ray, Inspectors.

Center Precinct—W. Jordan, J. P.
David Thompson, Henry L. McBride, Lemuel Compton, Alfred Ward, Inspectors.

Hall's Precinct—Samuel H. Jordan, J. P.
Charles H. Watson, Sr., Robert K. Hall, Sr., Jos. W. McKee, Robert Y. Walker, Inspectors.

Douglas—Asa Holden, J. P.
Lewis Watkins, James S. Leathers, Isaac Holden, James Parker, Inspectors.

Mangum—A. W. Gunter, J. P.
W. W. Mangum, Wu Bowling, Willis Mangum and William Ellis, Inspectors.

Lynch's—H. C. Latta, Registrar.
J. W. Latta, George Collins, U. P. Warren, Thomas Lipscomb, Inspectors.

Richmond—R. W. Thomas, J. P.
Wm E. Walker, W. S. Roulson, John S. Lockhart, Wash Duke, Inspectors.

Patterson's Mill—Samuel H. Tarver, J. P.
Harvey Hanes, A. D. Marcus, John Hutchins, V. B. Spencer, Inspectors.

Gravelly—Isaac A. Borch, J. P.
A. B. Gunter, W. G. Mason, Josiah Adkins, Rufus Check, Inspectors.

Chapel Hill—Merritt Check, J. P.
Abel Smith, John H. Hutchins, James B. Mason, Turner King, Inspectors.

Cole's—Stewart W. Johnson, J. P.
J. N. Craig, Wm Robson, Morris King, Thomas Yancey, Inspectors.

White Cross—D. M. Durham, J. P.
Nathan Alinger, Alex Durham, Wm H. Patten, Thomas Dodson, Inspectors.

Gate's Store—Thomas D. Oldham, Sr., J. P.
Daniel F. Thompson, Sidney Durham, Samuel Crowder, Thomas S. Oley, Inspectors.

By order of the Board, this 27th Sept. 1876.

JOHN LAWS, Clerk.
Board Commissioners.

Nat. L. Brown,

RALEIGH, N. C.

DEALER IN Musical Instruments, Strings and Trimmings for Violins, Guitars, Banjos, CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES, Fancy Goods, Toys, &c. BASKETS, Baskets, the largest assortment in the State.

Also General Agent for the celebrated ESTEY CUTTING ORGANS, Best for Churches, best for Schools, best for Home Churches, best for Everywhere. You can see every one and freight by purchasing from N. L. BROWN, Sent for Illustrated Catalogue, Raleigh, N. C., Jan. 20, 1876.

From the Raleigh News. A J. L. ABOUT IT.

AN ADDRESS TO THE VOTERS OF NORTH CAROLINA BY JOHN T. DEWEESE.

How the State was Lobbied in 1868-'69.

Revelations of Republican Ras-calities.

To the Voters of North Carolina:

When I left your State, six years ago, it was with a determination to never again mingle in politics; but, in a quiet way, vote for and support the men and party I thought was best for country's welfare. I had also determined that so far as any of the matters connected with politics in your State was to be of a sealed nature, so far as I was concerned, to let the dead past bury its dead—shed no tear over its grave; but unfortunately, perhaps, for some of the parties concerned, they concluded they would shift their sins on to my shoulders. Now, I have enough of my own to bear, and propose, in a few statements, to put the sin where it properly belongs.

In the first place, I was, as you all know, an officer in the regular army of the United States, stationed amongst you from the close of the war until I resigned to take the appointment of Register in Hatteras County, which I held until 1868, when I was elected to Congress. When the Constitutional Convention of 1868 was in session, Messrs Soutter & Co., bankers of New York City, were desirous of getting that assembly of corrupt and doubtful representations to endorse one million dollars of old State Bonds or repledge the faith of the State to their payment. I was then inexperienced in all kinds of legislation, but had quite an extensive acquaintance with the members of that body. One of them, Gen. Jos. C. Abbott, late a Senator in Congress, on learning of what Messrs Soutter & Co. wanted, told me that they would pay some considerable money to get the Convention to pass a law re-indenting the bonds; that if I would see Mr. Porter, then in Raleigh, and make a bargain with him for some definite sum, he, Abbott, would put the bill through the Convention, and that we would divide the money received from Soutter & Co. I did as he suggested. Mr. Porter agreed to give \$5,000. Gen. Estes, then a partner, or in some way connected with Abbott, represented Abbott; the bill was passed and the money paid by draft on New York and cashed at the Raleigh National Bank. The money was divided in Abbott's room, he and Estes taking \$2,500 and I getting the other \$2,500. Of this sum, I gave \$500 to a Mayor Rich, from Pitt county; \$250 to Jas. H. Harris, and kept the remainder.

This was the commencement of the swindles that were perpetrated by the Convention and Legislature which led to the financial ruin of your State. Before the close of the Convention, the bill was passed, giving State aid to the Chatham Road, and \$60,000 of bonds were given to Gen. Littlefield to pay the members for their votes.

The Legislature met, and the members ever clamorous for all kinds of swindles and steals; their influence and their votes were put for sale to the highest bidder. At that time the ring was formed by Sweeney, Abbott and Littlefield by which all these stealing laws were passed. They had up to that time been friendly with me. I was through their influence and a liberal use of money nominated to Congress. Mr. James H. Harris was the only opponent I had in the Convention, and he was paid by me \$1000; to get out of the way and support me. I paid him by a check on the Raleigh National Bank, dated February 28th, '68. About this time, the ring concluded they would make a close corporation and shake me, but I demurred, and Mr. Sweeney paid me \$15,000, and I released any claim I had on them, or the spoils of the ring.

I was again nominated, when Harris again wanted to leech me; and this time the colored patriot would take no less than \$2,000, thus making me bleed \$3,000 to represent an ignorant and worthless constituency of whites and blacks, as ever called themselves Republicans. They should have been called by their proper names of thieves and leeches. I had, by this time, come to the conclusion that Sweeney, Abbott, Littlefield and Co. would be fired of their shaking me in the way they had. So I saw Judge Sammy Watts; made an arrangement with Judge Watts to endorse the issue of bonds to the Railroad Company, and he was to have \$5,000 of State bonds for issuing and sustaining the injunction in the Atlantic and Tennessee Railroad case. The suit was in the name of one Keboe of New-York; the case was fixed up, and Sammy got his \$5,000. There was but one Railroad I now remember of that did not pay tribute to this ring, and that was the Salem Road. They declined to bleed!

It was well understood that Mr. Sweeney was to aid and take care of Gov. Holden, and that he was paid for his influence. Andy Jones and Sweeney have often told me that Sweeney paid Gov. Holden some \$25,000, besides his stock in the Raleigh National Bank. I know that Littlefield gave Gov. Holden \$15,000 for the Standard. The price was high, but the Governor gave his countenance and encouragement to the suit. So it was about even.

Gov. Holden, Bill Stone, Andy Jackson Jones, Windy Billy Henderson, Joe Abbott, General Estes, Sam Watts, Jim Barlow, M. S. Littlefield, G. W. Sweeney and Tim Lee all had a share in these steals.

The pointy matter was one of the swindles in which I had no share, and only know that John A. Hynson, C. B. Harris and the member from Weldon had their hands all crossed by Pruyt with the money just for lack, he used to say. Harris told me he had \$1,000 from Pruyt who also showed me a note or receipt for the sum. I do not know which, as I paid very little attention to it; well knowing it was one of those schemes which would bring trouble, and so kept my hand out of it.

Tim Lee, another one of the Loyal Saints was dismissed from the Union Army in a Massachusetts regiment for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. I procured a copy of the order of dismissal for Col. J. J. Young, when Harris was trying to oust Young from the Collector's office. Tim too, had his little share of the bundle in the ring; but all who had anything to do with him, and their beat himself.

J. C. L. Harris wanted to be Postmaster; daddy, C. L. Harris, offered me \$1,000 to sign his recommendation. I declined. Harris then had Soutter, the Carpet Bag Register, who has about as much brains as a bull calf, to write me a letter, offering me \$1,000 to sign it. Logan then wanted to put me in Mahler's jewelry store, for not giving him a recommendation.

Littlefield, Sweeney and Abbott, each are to blame, one as much as the other, for the condition of affairs in your State.

They corrupted the Legislature, using such willing tools as J. H. Harris to get the negro members to vote for all their Railroad schemes. Harris was by them paid the money with which he purchased his farm. In fact he would do nothing unless he was paid for it. He must have received not less than \$15,000 for his influence and his vote. Abbott got at least \$100,000 for his share. You all know how much your State was swindled out of; the members themselves received but little. Sam Carrow was paid \$3,500 for trying to influence Rodman's opinion on the legality of the bonds issued the Railroad Company.

Columb, who was the first Attorney General in or Hoiden, was paid \$500 and a consulate to resign, so that—Mr. Olds, the Governor's son-in-law, could be appointed in his place, to be of use to the ring, as Columb was always drunk.

Dick Hodger and Tim Lee each got their \$8,000 of State bonds out of the Atlantic & Ohio Railroad Company appropriation. In fact, not one of these Radical claps that are now hounding me, did a lick of work; but they got their pay, and your State had to pay them. The stealing extended from one end of the State to the other, and was confined entirely to the Republican party. More than one man now in power and plenty in your State stole what he is daily eating and if the Republican party is to be continued in power, you will get just four years more of it.

These men may howl at me as much as they want, in supporting Tilden and Hendricks I know I am assisting to get rid of a lot of leeches and thieves. I am sorry to blame for having put them on you.

The negroes, if let alone by these leeches would soon make good and industrious citizens, but they, by their fears being constantly worked on, are kept in dread of the Democracy. Be kind and patient with them, and they will see who are their friends and come to their old masters for advice instead of Tim Lee and Cobe.

Let me say in conclusion, that the above is only a sample of men who now want to control the destiny of a State.

They are fit followers of such a thieving government as Grant has given us for the past four years, which, if the Republican party is successful, we will have for the next four years. Then it is for the freemen of your State to rally around the polls at the November election, and by your votes get rid of these thieves for thieves they are; and get honest men in their places. They are a disgrace to the people of your State, and I am glad I parted company with them, and got once more in honest company.

That, as freemen rally and defend them at the November election. Give one day's work for God and your country.

JOHN T. DEWEESE.

A simple majority in Indiana for the Democratic ticket in October will render the result in November throughout the country generally no longer doubtful. A majority, however, of ten thousand would end the contest at once. O, for the ten thousand! and then Grant's prayer would be answered and we would "have peace."

Richmond Whig.

Mrs. Stone says we never know how much we love until we try to unlove. To a man who has tried to quit stoking this needs no argument.

Nearly every man tells his wife there is another man in town who eludes respectable him, and who is frequently seen coming out of saloons.

The power of honesty is so great, we have it even in an enemy.

MEZZER CHALLENGE

How He has Challenged a whole Bunch of Golden Keys.

[From the New York World.]

WASHINGTON, September 8.—When the French Kingsaid, "L'Etat n'est qu'un mot," he didn't say anything particularly new to my mind, because in those days the King was the state. But in a gigantic republic, and at this later day, one man could rise up and say truthfully, "I am the United States," why, then, there would be something really grand about it. There I found a man, and his name is Zach Chandler.

I had occasion to call on Mr. Chandler and went to the Department of the Interior. Mr. Chandler was not in, and the clerk told me he had just stepped over to the War Department, I followed him there.

"He is engaged for a moment with the General of the army," said one of the officials, "but will be out directly. Pray be seated."

I took a seat. The door was partly open and a conversation was going on in the inner room in tones at first suppressed and earnest, then loud. Finally I heard a sound as if some one had brought his fist down vehemently on the table.

"I'll be everlastingly d-d seven hundred and forty-five different ways if I'll do it. When I was before the committee I gave a plain enough hint about what I thought of moving troops down South, and I thought you'd take it. You, and Patterson, and Spencer, just go and do your own dirty work in your own dirty way, and don't expect soldiers to do it. What's running this army, anyhow?"

Then I recognized the voice of Mr. Chandler. "Harris."

"But I thought Don Cameron was Secretary of War?"

"Nominally he is. I've got no time to waste. Will you or will you not? If you will, all right. If you won't perhaps you can get a job bossing a street railroad in St. Louis again, Fred Grant or Babcock'll take you pleasantly day at half the pay. I know it isn't an agreeable sort of work for you, but it's got to be done. Yes or No?"

The general of the army groaned.

"Don't take on so, my dear young fellow. I'll prepare the general orders and send them over and you can sign them, and after that you can go on writing memoirs and enjoying yourself and I'll run the army."

Some conversation in a lower tone followed, and then Mr. Chandler walked out, saying merely:

Humphrey-Dumpty,
Zachary Chandler's loused Tecumseh!
"Mr. Secretary please!"

"Ah, Mr. Ferguson!" he replied. "Want to see me? Awfully busy, but meet me at the Department of Justice in half an hour."

In half an hour I was at the Department of Justice, and announcing my engagement was ushered into the interior waiting-room. There was nobody there but the keyhole, to which I addressed myself, first with the eye and afterwards with the ear. Mr. Chandler and Mr. Chandler were seated by the table, and the former agitated and flustered, the latter calm and confident. Mr. Chandler was speaking:

"How about that opinion?" he said.

"I can't write it, Zachary," answered the Attorney-General. "I've thought it over and prayed to 'Our Father,' which is in the Pontifical heaven of course—for guidance; and read all the authorities; and can't write it. To do so would bring down my grey hairs with illegality to the grave."

"And not to do so will bring down your grey hairs with regret, as Grant said to Belknap under similar circumstances, to private life. Why can't you write it?"

"It isn't constitutional. It isn't legal. It isn't right. Look at Evarts' opinion; you can't get round that. Look at the Supreme Court's decision; you can't get round that. Look at the fourth plank in the Republican platform of 1860; you can't get round that!"

"My God!" exclaimed Mr. Chandler, "and have we thrown away Williams and Mangum for a man like this; a man who doesn't know that the whole duty of an Attorney-General is to get up opinions. Why bless your stupid soul, if the Southern business was constitutional, legal or right, what would I want your opinion for?"

"I don't know; I don't know," sobbed Mr. Tall, shaking his trembling hands round his head, gray head, and bursting into tears. "O, I do wish I had never left my peaceful home in Cincinnati!"

"So do I. But you will get up the opinion? If you prefer it, I will send my coachman over to write it for you, and save you any wear and tear of your conscience."

Mr. Tall was still meaning inarticulately, when Mr. Robson came briskly into the room through another door, and addressing Mr. Chandler, said:

"See here, Zach, I've got all due respect for you as head of my department, but ain't this sort of railing it into the

ground—the sea I mean? The House has only given me so much money for salaries and wages for the whole year, and if, as you want me to do, I spend it all in the first three months, what will we do then? Besides, this is a case where we can't cover up our tracks so easily."

"Belay that, George M. Robson," replied Mr. Chandler sternly. "Just you go and do as I tell you. If you spend all the appropriation why there will be a deficiency bill in December, and that will show that the Confederate Congress's proposition to postpone were false. If Grant—Hayes, I mean, is elected, you're O. K.; if he isn't you are gone up any way, and if the ex-Confederate brigadiers press you hard just resign, and then, as our fellows in the Senate have decided, you can't be impeached."

At this moment there was a perfect irruption of functionaries; but it was delightful to see how Mr. Chandler received them all and dismissed each with a proper answer.

The first man was Mr. Tyler, the acting Postmaster-General. Mr. Chandler being, of course, the head of the department, "Mr. Chandler," he said, "here are three commissions for 7,500 Louisiana negroes as special agents to investigate the working of the Postoffice Department in Indiana and Ohio on the second Tuesday in October."

Mr. Chandler read one commission and replied with an angry frown: "Why, these niggers are to receive \$5 a day and travelling expenses from the time they leave Louisiana till they get back."

Mr. Tyler's knees smote together and he blurted out: "Wh—why, wh—what's wrong?"

"Sir," said Mr. Chandler sternly, "you have proposed to pay these men a salary and expenses from the time they leave Louisiana till they get back, instead of all the day after the October election."

"I thought it would make no difference," stammered Mr. Tyler.

"No difference?" retorted Mr. Chandler angrily. "To take those niggers back with their pay, would cost \$250,000; and this money would be wasted at a time when the people urgently demand reform and economy. No. Get your 7,500 special agents up to Indiana, and let them vote early and often; then pay them, with the customary deduction for campaign purposes, and turn them loose!"

"But I thought we would want their votes again in Louisiana in November," said Mr. Tyler.

"With a returning board in Louisiana, sir," said Mr. Chandler, "it is more blessed to count out than to vote in."

Next came a clerk with a telegram. Mr. Chandler read it and said instantly: "Telegraph Mr. Brewster to pitch into me more strongly. Reform is the leading issue of this campaign! The same to Schurz. I will see about the draft."

Then came the President's secretary, who said: "Mr. Chandler, if you please, would you like to pardon the whiskey thieves?"

"Buck," said the secretary, kindly, "tell your father it can't be done at least till after the elections. Then, no matter how thick you are, the goose hangs high!"

"And, oh! Mr. Chandler, Mr. Hayes wants to know if he can come and see you."

"Not till after the election, and then he won't want to, no matter how it goes. Tell the man who has Hayes in charge to keep a detective at the railroad station, and if Hayes tries to buy a ticket for Long Branch shoot him on the spot and say the Catholics did it."

"I have never seen a man of such great executive capacity as Mr. Chandler."

WHICH IS THE KING OF BEASTS?

Many years ago a French gentleman had a mule so vicious that his groans and screams could hardly approach it without receiving a kick or a bite. Its master, after employing in vain every means to render it more tractable, resolved to expose the creature to the wild beasts in the menagerie of the grand duke. A lion was accordingly let loose, whose roaring would have frightened any other animal; but the mule wisely retired, without showing any signs of fear, to a corner of the court, in which he could only be attacked from behind, where his great strength lies, and there awaited the attack of his enemy, observing him all the while from the corner of his eye, and preventing his erupper. The lion, sensible to the difficulty of the assault, employed all his address to catch his foe at a disadvantage. At length the mule found an opportunity to give him so violent a kick that nine or ten of his teeth were broken, the fragments flying in all directions. The king of beasts acknowledged a defeat and retired to his den, leaving the mule master of the field.

Dr. H. V. Redfield, the well-informed Southern correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, writing under date of September 13th from Greenville, S. C., says:

"I am almost ready to believe that South Carolina will go Democratic. At present, chances are about even, the doubt is in favor of the Democrats. The State is aroused as it has not been since the war. It may fairly be said to be ablaze from the mountains to the sea. The whites are united as they never have been. There is absolutely no division in ranks. White Republicans who are not office-holders are as scarce as whales in the Ohio river. In nearly every paper I pick up I find a 'crier' from some heretofore white Republican, who announces himself for Hampton, saying, in effect, or directly so, that African government here has been a failure; that the State is drifting to destruction, and that the only relief is the election of a straight out white ticket. Mr. W. E. Rose, of Columbia, whom I know, and who has heretofore been unwavering in his Republicanism, is out in a card, with his five sons, renouncing the South Carolina Republican party as a failure, and joining the Hampton: ss."

Gov. Hendricks and the Colored Conservatives.—The following letter from Gov. Hendricks, the Democratic candidate for Vice President, was written in response to a notification from a New Orleans Conservative colored club, informing him of his election as an honorary member of the club:

"Your very kind letter of the 19th instant was duly received, and I embrace the earliest leisure at my command to respond. Thank you, gentlemen, for the courtesy displayed in electing me an honorary member of your club, and I rejoice to find the colored people of the South dividing in sentiment on questions of politics as they would upon any other subject that very nearly concerned them in the affairs of life. What the colored people of the South (and the North too) require is to identify themselves with the interests of the community of their residence, and of the nation at large, and not to be guided in political matters by a blind prejudice, promoted by selfish political leaders, who seek to make the colored race the instruments of their personal advancement. It will be a glad day for all the people of this republic, white and black alike, when our relations as citizens shall be adjudged by an enlightened reason and not by sentiments of passion."

The most amusing incident of the canvass is GRANT'S delight at the slanderous charge brought against Gov. TILDEN in relation to his income tax, which has since been thoroughly exploded. Now, the idea of Grant's virtuous indignation at the mere suspicion or moral delinquency upon the part of a leading Democrat, or of any one else, is decidedly refreshing. Grant, whose wealth is a compilation of gifts, who has quartered his entire connection, from his entire connection, from his father down, without regard to their capacity, upon the country, whose benevolent intentions have been the disgraced Schenck, Belknap, Babcock, Robson & Co; gamblers, thieves and plunderers of the Government, appointed by him to high posts of honor and trust, let him clear his skirts of his more than questionable acts of impropriety before he commences to throw stones. We would like to see his list of taxable property for the last ten years, sworn to by himself. ANDY JOHNSON; both he have been the cashier, would have required some other voucher.—Richmond Whig.

A Miss Post is the reigning beauty at Newport, and all the young men want to be her. This is generally the fate of a prettily girl, and she has no defence.

Citizens of Savannah, Georgia, have purchased a handsome cane of orange wood with a gold head, which will be sent to Gov. Tilden as a testimonial of Southern esteem.

The young lady who always wanted her sweetheart close at hand explains it on the ground that 'twas only a night dear of her own.

"Why don't your father take a new wig?" said a gentleman to a little urchin who he caught in the act of pilfering one from his doorstep. "Cause he sends me to take it."

Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul, and the heart of man knows no more fragrant. While his opponent, ingratitude, is a deadly weed, not only poisoning in itself, but impregnating the very atmosphere in which it grows with fell vapors.

"Has the jury agreed?" asked the judge of a sheriff whom he met on the stairs, with a bucket in his hand. "Yes," replied Patrick; "they have agreed to send out for a half gallon."

A Wisconsin editor blows about the La Crosse hotels, and the son of that city asks him what he could tell about an hotel full of fire by kicking a salt barrel out on the sidewalk.