

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. 45—

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., OCTOBER 4, 1876.

—Old Series, Vol. 56.

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 Haywood.

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.

CORONER.
THOMAS J. WILSON.

SURVEYOR.
A. M. LEATHERS.

FOR COMMISSIONERS.
Jones Watson, John F. Lyon,
Nelson P. Hall, D. F. Morrow,
Willie Patterson.

NOTICE.

THE following persons have been appointed Registrars and Inspectors to hold the election at the various Precincts in Orange County on Tuesday the 7th day of November 1876:

Hillsboro Precinct.—Lemuel Lynch, J. P.
David E. Clark, Fride Jones, John Rosemond and Arch'd Hunter, Inspectors.

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

Cedar Grove.—D. W. Jordan, J. P.
David Thompson, Henry L. McLeod, Lemuel Compton, Alfred Ward, Inspectors.

Hall's.—Samuel H. Jordan, J. P.
Charles B. Wilson, W. Robert S. Hall, Sr. Jos. W. McKee, Robert Y. Walker, Inspectors.

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

Mangum.—W. M. Mangum, J. P.
W. W. Mangum, Wm Bowling, W. H. Mangum, William Ellis, Inspectors.

Lippincott's.—H. C. Latta, Registrar.
J. W. Latta, George Collins, C. P. Warron, Thomas Lippincott, Inspectors.

Durham.—H. W. Thomas, J. P.
Wm E. Walker, W. S. Houtlaw, John S. Lockhart, Wash Duke, Inspectors.

Patterson's Mill.—Samuel H. Turrentine, J. P.
Hardy Massey, A. D. Starnes, John Hutchins, V. B. Sparrow, Inspectors.

Greene.—Gabriel A. Barlow, J. P.
A. B. Gunter, W. G. Mason, Leslie Adkins, Rufus Cheek, Inspectors.

Chapel Hill.—Marrett Cheek, J. P.
Abel Massey, John B. Hutchins, James B. Mason, Turner King, Inspectors.

Cole's Store.—C. W. Johnson, J. P.
J. McCraig, Wm Robinson, Morris King, Thomas Yasout, Inspectors.

Watts Cross.—D. M. Durham, J. P.
Matthew Alward, Alvin Durham, Wm B. Paucett, Thomas Dallas, Inspectors.

Cate's Store.—Thomas D. Oldham, Sr. J. P.
Daniel F. Thompson, Sidney Durbin, Samuel Crawford, Thomas S. Gates, Inspectors.

By order of the Board, 13th Sept. 1876.
JOHN LAWS, Clerk,
Board Commissioners.

Nat. L. Brown,

RALEIGH, N. C.

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mings for Violins, Guitars, Banjos,
CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES, Fancy
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Jan. 20, 11.

VANCE PROTECTS THE PROPERTY

OF THE PEOPLE.

Citizens of North Carolina! read how nobly Gov. Vance stood up for the rights of the masses against outrages, in the taking of their property, and the plundering of them during the war by overzealous officers. The following letter of Gov. Vance was written to Gen. D. H. Hill, during the war, and is to be found in the Legislative Documents of the Special Session of May, 1864:

State of North Carolina,
Executive Department,
Raleigh, April 22, 1863.
Gen. D. H. Hill, Goldsboro, N. C.

Dear Sir: The papers in relation to the seizure of horses in Moore and Randolph, by Lieut. _____, has been received with endorsements.

The explanations are very unsatisfactory and disingenuous. It is exceedingly strange that 15 or 20 horses should be taken, and the officers not know who they were taken from or who they belonged to?

This being so, in all conscience, how did he know them to be disloyal? What right had Lieut. _____ to plunder the citizens? By whose authority did he undertake to try these people, and decide upon their loyalty, and proceed to confiscate their property? And more especially who authorized him to burn the still-houses of the citizens? I am sure I did not, neither did General Smith who sent him to me.

I think, according to his own confessions, he has made out a case sufficient for him to be dismissed from the service. I don't ask this, however, but only that the horses may be returned to their owners or paid for. I have no right however, to waive any claim these men may have against the government for damages for their horses burnt.

Very respectfully and truly yours
Z. B. VANCE.

SOLDIER'S SENTIMENTS.

From the Kansas City Times.

Company D, of the 11th United States infantry, arrived in this city on Sunday, and were obliged to lay over until Monday. They were from Fort Worth, or some other post in Texas, and on their way to the Indian country in Dakota. A meddlesome radical politician met the boys soon after they had pitched their tents on a hill above the depot, and as they marched across Union Avenue to the Broad-Gauge saloon, called out:

"Hurrah, boys, for Hayes!"
Not a solitary cheer responded. One of the sergeants stepped out of the crowd and remarked:
"You have made a mistake; we don't cheer for Hayes, we are Tilden men."
"What! you do not mean to say you oppose the men who give you food and clothing?"
"Yes, we do. We are tired of Grant and his gang, and as for our food and clothes, we will excuse him for that if he will let us loose."

"Oh, nonsense, boys; you don't mean to go back on Grant and Hayes?"
"Yes, we will go back on any man who keeps two-thirds of our boys in blue down in 'Dixie' to keep white men down beneath the niggers, and who sends a handful of us north to be killed and scalped by the Indians, armed with guns and bullets, furnished by Grant's brother Orville and his deputy post-traders."

"Oh, you are a copperhead democrat," said the now exasperated politician.
"Yes, and I will bet you a keg of beer, that three-fourths of my company are Tilden men."
"I will take that bet."
A vote was taken, and the vote in company D, 11th United States infantry, stood—Tilden 40; Hayes, 4.

The vote was taken in the presence of George Gooch, of the Broad-Gauge, who supplied the soldier boys with the beer, at the expense of the discomfited republican politician.

These are the kind of men Grant ought to send to help carry Louisiana and South Carolina for Hayes and Grant.

The dog show at the Centennial is said to be very interesting. Over five hundred thoroughbred dogs, of every breed, are on exhibition, many of them imported animals, and all choice specimens of the various kinds. Among the varieties are fox-hounds, harriers, beagles, dachshunds, grey-hounds, English setters, imported and native; imported and native Irish setters, Gordon setters, pointers, retrievers, and Chesapeake Bay dogs, Irish water spaniels, cocker spaniels, mastiffs, St. Bernard dogs, Newfoundland dogs, Siberian or Uln dogs, Dalmatian or coach dogs, sheep dogs, bull dogs, bull terriers, fox-black and tan and skye terriers, Pomeranian or Spitz dogs, &c.

Hope is said to be brightest when it dawns from fears. This is very beautiful thought but it seldom ever occurs.

OLD SL.

HE TELLS WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT THE PUBLICANS AND REFORM.

[Atlanta Constitution.]
Old Sl stopped with a gang of darkies at Grant's new building last evening.
"What you niggers all standin' 'round 'hyar fur, don't nuffin and liven' often the money dat yer mudders gits from the white folk for washin'?" he queried.
We jest talkin' bout dis 'publican meetin' at de City Hall las' night, and I was sayin' dat I didn't see much diff'ence twix dem 'publicans an' de Dimmycrats, fur we niggers an' consarned," replied Amos.

"Does you want ter heah dat dar diffrance 'splained, jess like it am' bound ter stan' on de dookit?"
"Dat we does, Uncle Sl," said a solemn and emphatic darkey.
"Well you see de 'publicans day is always up for de reconstruction—that's dere platform ober sence de war, 'kase yer all leah dat all de time!"
"Oh, course it is."
"An' de Dimmycrats dey come out on dere platform for de reform—yer see dat?"
"So dey is," dubiously spoken.
"Well, de reconstruction, hit am like bustin' up de huss power to a co'n mill, an' 'ryin' fur ter put hit together again in anudder way from de man whar made it?"
"Yer heah dat now?" said one to the others.

"An' de reform, dat means dat yer takes de ricketty ole huss power ter pieces, fixes all de parts into de same shap, dat dey was at de first, tightens up de braces an' dey de sicketts an' den puts dat whole huss power up jess—'actly de same, but a heap more substantial dan hit was when yer fust got it from de factory?"
"Hi! jess listen at de ole man!" said, the enthusiastic auditors.
"Now yer puts disan' dat togedder and dar yer sees de diffrance twix de 'publican party an' de Dimmycrat party! De 'publicans dey done got de whole Nintid States busted all ter smash an' dey can't git hit sot up de right way agin, but de Dimmycrats dey is couin' 'long wid dere hammer and drawkife, an' dey gwine ter put her up jess de same like ole nubber was broke by dem smart Aleck 'publicans—yer nuffin ole Sl, now!"

The other negroes looked at each other as though they had found a hen's nest full of eggs, and then told the old man:
"You's up wid de race, you is?"
"Dat I am niggers; an' wher dem 'publican reconstructs dat dere freed man leah den I'm gwine ter believe dat dey kin's glorie bizness—but not befo' yer heah me?"

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

Once two ministers of the gospel were conversing on extemporaneous preaching.
"Well," said the old divine, waxing warm, "you are railing yourself by writing your sermons and reading them off. Your congregation cannot become interested in your preaching; and if you were called upon to preach unexpectedly, unless you could get hold of an old sermon, you would be completely confounded."
The young divine used all his eloquence, but in vain, to convince the old gentleman that the written sermons expressed his own thoughts and feelings, and if called upon he could preach extemporaneously.

"As we are of the same faith," said the young minister, "suppose you try me next Sabbath morning. On ascending the pulpit you can hand me a text from any part of the Bible, and I will convince you that I can preach without having looked at the text before I stood up. Likewise, I must be allowed the same privilege with you, and see who will make the best of it."

The idea seemed to delight the old gentleman, and it was immediately agreed upon.

The following Sabbath, on mounting the pulpit, his senior brother handed him a slip of paper on which was written:
"And he as opened his mouth and spake," from which he preached a glorious sermon, challenging the attention of his delighted hearers, and charming his old friend with his eloquence.

In the afternoon the young brother, who was sitting below the pulpit, handed himself. After rising and opening the Bible, the old man looked sadly around—
"Am I not thine?" Pausing a few minutes, he ran his finger through his hair, straightened his collar, blew his nose like the last trumpet, and read aloud, "Am I not thine?" Another pause, in which a deadly silence reigned. After reading the third time, "Am I not thine?" he looked over the pulpit at his friend, and in a doleful voice said, "I think I am brother."

"Marriage is promotion," says George Eliot. In the eyes of such a reasoner a man with his third wife would doubtless pass for a brigadier general.

JARVIS INTERVIEWED.

A Raleigh *Scout* reporter obtained the following interview with Mr. Jarvis in his room at the National hotel.
"You have been over the ridge, Mr. Jarvis?"
"Yes, sir; over it and almost under it."
"How many counties west of the ridge have you canvassed?"
"I have been in Buncombe, Haywood, Jackson, Swain, Graham, Cherokee, Transylvania, Henderson and Polk."

"Now, what think you of Vance and Jarvis in those counties?"
"Our net gain in these counties will be 15 per cent. on the vote of '72."
"Well you know the political status of the other ridge counties, and now please give your idea of the majority to cross it?"
"We will come on this side of the ridge with 1,500 increased majority on the vote of '72. We will get it as certain as we are sitting where we are."
"How many counties this side of the ridge have you traversed?"
"I have been in Rutherford, Cleveland, Iredell, Surry, Stokes, Yadkin, Forsythe and Guilford."

"Well, what of those counties?"
"Take this lump of counties and our gains on the vote of '72 will be larger than in the counties west of the ridge. For instance, up to this time, our gains in Yadkin will be small, unless better work is done there, but in Surry county we will almost make a clean sweep. The clerk of the court has come over to us, and numbers and numbers of prominent republicans have alike come."
"How is it in your district, the 1st?"
"I have been the last three or four days in several counties of that district, and have seen and heard from reliable persons in other counties of the district and I know that we will gain two thousand votes in that district. I will stake my political existence on that."

"You appear so well posted, Mr. Jarvis, what is your idea of carrying the state?"
"I will give you a frank opinion. If Indiana, Ohio and the balance of the world vote against us in October, our majority in the State cannot be less than six or seven thousand. If Indiana votes with us and Ohio against us our majority will be from seven to ten thousand, and if both vote for us, the whole republican line will give way and our majority will be very large."

TILDEN AT THE CENTENNIAL.

Mr. Tilden went to the Centennial on Thursday, 21st inst. A small matter.
Mr. Grant was there that day. A smaller matter.
But the comparison between the reception given those two citizens is significant; is, in fact, if we may quote a profane solemn, "ominous of a d—d good sign."

It was the 'New York day,' and the largest assemblage had gathered that has yet been seen on the Exhibition grounds.
Mr. Grant had occasion more than once to appear before crowds of twenty or twenty-five thousand people in a single building. Not a hat was lifted to him, not a cheer was raised, and he passed in full view, no longer the observed of all observers, but simply Mr. Grant, who does not particularly adorn a private station.

When Mr. Tilden appeared the scene was far different. A hurraho of cheers followed him as he went, and a vast crowd pressed to do him honor by personal greeting and by the shouts of applause that greeted him as he passed. He was surrounded by a throng of admirers and approved servants of the public.

A citizen of Richmond, just returned from Philadelphia, assures us that this popular enthusiasm was a revelation to him, and that on Western trains, carrying Ohio people, it was so universal as to surprise him into the confident belief of a great triumph for Tilden in that State in October.

All signs point in the same way. We shall have Tilden for our President.
Richmond State.

THE BRONZE STATUE OF LAFAYETTE.

The beautiful thought of the French Republic in 1871, under the administration of M. Thiers, to commemorate the sympathy given by us to France during the Franco-German war, by presenting to the city of New York a bronze statue of Lafayette, was on Wednesday last, the 119th anniversary of his birth, perfected in that city with appropriate ceremonies.

The statue of the ardent patriot and hero, whose love for pure republicanism was confined to no country or continent, has been executed in the highest style of art by the renowned M. Bartholdi. The French Government appropriated 150,000 francs for the work. The pedestal, which is finely carved, is the gift of French residents in New York. It bears four inscriptions. On the front is the word "Lafayette." On the west side, "To the City of New York, France, in remembrance of sympathy in time of trial, 1870-71." On the east side, "As soon as I heard of American Independence my heart was enlisted, 1776." On the back, "Erected 1876." This touching embodiment of fraternal relations between two great peoples ornaments Union Square.

"Ma, dear," said an intelligent pot, "what do they play the organ so loud for when church is over? Is it to wake us up."

A TEXAS COURTSHIP.

He sat on one side of the room in a big white oak rocking chair. She on the other side in a little oak rocking chair. A long eared doehound, snapping at flies was by his side, a basket of work was by her. Both rocked incessantly—that is, the young people, not the dog and basket. He sighs heavily, and looks out the west window at a crape myrtle tree; she sighs lightly and gazes out the east window at the turnip patch.

"This is mighty good weather to pick cotton."
"Tis that, if we only had it to pick."
The rocking continues.
"What's your dog's name?"
"Cooney."
Another broken stillness.
"What is he good for?"
"What is whif for?" said he abstractedly.
"Your dog—Cooney."
"Oh, for ketchin' possums."
Silence of half an hour.
"He looks like a deer dog."
"Who looks like a deer dog?"
"Cooney."
"He is—But he's kinder bellowed, and gittin' old and slow now. And he ain't no 'count on a cold trail."

In a quiet ten minutes that ensued she took two stitches in her quilt; it was a gorgeous affair, that quilt—it was made by the pattern called, "Rose of Sharon."
She is very particular about the nomenclature of quilts and frequently walks fifteen miles to get a new pattern, with a 'real pretty name.'
"Yout na raldin' many chickens?"
"Forty odd."
Then more rocking, and somehow, after a while the big rocking chair and the little rocking chair were jammed side by side.

"How many has your ma got?"
"How many what?"
"Chickens."
"Nigh onto a hundred."
By this time the chairs were so close together that rocking was impossible.
"The maiks has 'at all ours."
Then a long silence reigns. At last he observes:
"Makin' quilts?"
"Yes," she replies, brightening up "I've just finished a 'Robin' Eagul of Bronzeel, a 'Settin' Sun,' a 'Nelson's Pride'."

Have you ever saw the 'Yellow rose of the Prary'?"
"No."
More silence; then he says:
"Do you love cabbage?"
"I do that."
Presently his hand is accidentally placed on hers. She does not know it—at least does not seem aware of it. Then after a half hour spent in sighs, coughing and clearing of throat he suddenly says:
"I see a great mind to bite you!"
"What have you a great mind to bite me for?"
"Kase you won't have me."
"Kase you ain't at'd me."
"Well, now! I ax you."
"Then now, I has you."
Then Cooney dreams he hears a sound of kissing.

The next day the young man goes to Tigerville after the license. Wednesday the following week. No cards.

I felt sorry yesterday morning as I walked up Hill street to hear that a young colored woman had been suddenly stricken with a sort of a combination of measles, yellow-fever, small-pox, and mero-mero-met-you-jeters. I repaired to the scene of the young woman's affliction, and found that she had been taken so suddenly that a regular practitioner could not be called in time. A colored doctor was called in and he boiled mint, caplin, and other herbs for several hours and then put about a half pound of caustic on the girl's bos. The consequence was that the girl jumped up and danced about and seemed delight with herself. When the doctor came he remarked, "How is this? I've been sent for, and find my patient in a very lively condition." The herb doctor replied, "Dat what make mo say what I do say! Dat gal is all right, an' de way I treat her make her so. An' why? Because I ain't much on de medical, but I'm hell on de herbal."—Ex.

Hayden's wife murderer now in jail in Newport, Vt; refuses to employ counsel, says he will make no defense, that he desires to be hanged, and that the sooner the form of law is gone through with the better satisfied he shall be.

A young man of our acquaintance called on a young lady friend Sunday evening; but as he happened to sit down on a chair where the cat was taking a nap, he merely stopped to remark, "Jupiter!" and hurried back home.—Rome Sentinel.

An old bachelor having been laughed at by a party of pretty girls, told them: "You are small potatoes," said one of them "but we are sweet ones!"

Why is a Radical like a drunkard? Because he it always poking his nose into a measure that ruin the Constitution.

NO MORTGAGE ON THE FARM.

BY LOUISE B. UPHAM.

"Come, Mollie, put by your churn to-day
Put off your homespun brown;
Put on your cap with the smart new bows,
And don your holiday gown;
We've toiled together, side by side,
Long years my patient wife,
But this day we'll crown the day of days,
Of all our wedded life:
There's no mortgage on the farm!"

"The dear old house, where our babes were born,
The garden where they played—
The ivied porch, where we rest at eve—
The orchard and glade—
All, all, is ours; and wife, I feel
As proud as a king to-day;
Aye, as proud as a freeman'er should feel,
It is such great joy to say,
There's no mortgage on the farm!"

"Do you remember the sweet June morn,
When first to this home you came,
How the blushes mantled your dimpled cheeks,
When they called you by my name?
Your hair was as brown as the robin's wing
Your step as the fawn's was free;
You little knew of life's burden then,
But, wife, you have live to see
No mortgage upon the farm."

"Your courage and cheery smiles have made
One long, long summer here,
For you the roses hid their thorns,
And hope sang all the year,
And now your wedding-ring grown thin,
And silver threads in your hair,
You, Mollie, who half my griefs have borne,
Shall all my rapture share:
No mortgage on the farm!"

"And when our boys and girls come home,
They will see how young we've grown,
And wonder what fairy came to bless
The old couple left alone,
Then we'll point to our fields of waving grain,
To the hills where our cattle stray,
Nor will we forget the Giver of all
As we proudly, thankfully say:
There's no mortgage upon our farm!"

HIDDEN TREASURE.

Gold hunters who still dream of finding the treasure of Capt. Kidd should read the story that comes from Indiana and be encouraged. In the little town of Eminence about twenty-five miles southwest of Indianapolis, two Indians called at a farmer's house early in the evening and asked the way to a certain tree. Proper directions were given and the Indians departed. Never having seen his callers before, the farmer was curious to know their object, and went to the tree by a short road and hid himself in the bushes near by. Soon the Indians came, lantern in hand. They dug a hole in the ground on one side of the tree—they seemed to know the very place to dig—and to the blank amazement of the farmer found a copper chest two feet square opened it by the light of the lantern, and took out several bags of gold which they at once poured into a strong sack provided for the purpose. Astonished at the sight, the farmer jumped from his hiding place toward the men, but in an instant the light went out, all was darkness, and the Indians disappeared through the bushes. He estimates that \$10,000 were found in the chest, and it is believed the treasure was secreted there many years ago by some ancestor of the Indians in his flight before the enemy.

New York, Sept. 21.—Judge Jas. P. Simat, the law clerk of Gov. Tilden in 1862 has written a letter to Abraham S. Hewitt, Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, in reply to the charges of the New York Times concerning Gov. Tilden's income tax. He states that out of thirteen pretended items of income tax, amounting to \$110,000, eleven items, amounting to \$81,000 are fictitious. The other two amounting to about \$26,000, are only partially true. He adds that for what income accrued prior to January, 1862, at which date the income tax went into operation, Gov. Tilden was in no wise liable to be taxed. He declares, after careful examination, the Times' statement to be false in every important particular.

Said a little boy to his mother the other morning: "Ma, I had the beautifullest dream last night you ever saw. I dreamt hat I wouldn't go to school, and that you went into the yard and cut a great long switch, but just as you was going to give me an awful dressin' the world came to an end! Didn't I get out of that easy, though!"

An archer being rebuked for wearing out stockings at the toes, replied that it couldn't be helped—'toes wiggled and heels didn't.'

Why is a Radical like a drunkard? Because he it always poking his nose into a measure that ruin the Constitution.