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"I'LL CALL TO-MORROW."

A Philadelphia manufacturer once lost some extensive orders from Russia by a want of attention to visitors, and the following incident, said to be literally true, is told of another Philadelphia trader, who subjected himself to great mortification by impoliteness. He had been annoyed by idle calls, and become a little crusty.

About this time, the owner was one day standing in his door, when up came a rough-looking man in well bundled overcoat, wearing coarse, unpolished boots, and carrying in his hand a whip, who thus accosted him:

"Good-day, sir! Are you the owner of this establishment?"

"Well, I am," replied the other, with a look which seemed to say, "Now you want to try it, don't you?"

"Have you any fine carriages for sale?" inquired the stranger, apparently not heeding the boorishness of the other.

"Well, I have."

"At what prices?"

"Different prices, of course."

"Ah, yes! Can I look at them?"

"You can do as you please, stranger. They are in there."

The stranger bowed politely and passed in, examined the vehicles for a few minutes, returned, and said:

"There is one I think will answer my purpose," pointing toward one; "what is the price?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"Is that the lowest?"

"That is the lowest."

"Well, sir, I will call and give you my decision to-morrow," and the stranger walked away.

"Yes, you'll call to-morrow! O yes, certainly," replied the owner in a tone of irony, not so low but the stranger heard him; but he kept on his way, taking no outward notice of it.

"Fool me, will you?" and the owner commenced whistling.

The next day came, and with it the stranger also.

"I have come according to promise," said he.

"I see you have, sir," replied the owner, a little abashed.

"I will take that carriage, sir;" and, to the astonishment of the other, he pulled out an old wallet, well stuffed with bills, and deliberately counted out two hundred dollars.

The owner was completely staggered. Here was something new. A cabman with so much money. He took the money, looked at it, and then at the stranger, eyed him from head to foot, and even examined his boots attentively. Then he counted his money over, and held up each bill to the light to see if it was counterfeit. No, all was good. A thought struck him; he would find out his name.

"I suppose you would like a receipt," said he at length to the stranger.

"It may be as well."

"Yes, sir. What name?"

"Washington Irving."

"Sir!" said the other, actually starting back with amazement; "did I understand your name was—"

"Washington Irving," replied the other, an almost imperceptible smile hovering around his mouth.

"Washington Irving! sir, my dear sir," stammered the owner confusedly. "I, I, I really, sir, beg ten thousand pardons, sir, but I mistook you for a cabman, sir! I did indeed."

"No excuse, my friend," replied Irving; "I am no better than you took me for. You acted perfectly right;" and having at length succeeded in getting his receipt, and a host of apologies, he politely bade the humble carriage maker "good-day," and left him to the chagrin that he had mistaken for a cabman a man whose lofty genius had commanded the admiration of the whole world.

The friend who related this anecdote asserted that it was a fact, and was told by the veritable owner himself. It doubtless proved a lesson to him not to judge men by their dress.

HOW BISHOP POLK WAS KILLED.

The following account of the death of this brave but misguided man is copied from the New Orleans correspondence of the New York Times, the writer of which says, he received the statement from Bishop Polk's Inspector General:

It seems that Generals Joe. Johnston, Polk and Hardee, accompanied by General Jackson, of the cavalry, and an escort of staff officers, had ridden out in front of Bates's line to examine a position thought to be suitable for the Washington Artillery. The horses were made fast at the foot of the hill, and the party ascended to the crown. Here there were the initials to an *abbatis*, with several embrasures, rendering the place very much exposed. Our own guns were less than eight hundred yards in front. There had been little desultory firing during the early hours of the day, but this had ceased some time before the group of officers began their reconnoissance. This was prolonged to a much greater extent than usual, and glided into a general and animated conversation, all of the officers being gathered into a knot and using their hands and glasses with a freedom bespeaking rank and interest. The gunners upon our side could not fail to see them plainly, and while they were being observed, deliberately returned the observation, with full time for calculation and adjustment. The party seemed to forget their exposed situation, although some of the cannoneers who had been at work upon the little tier of breastworks, pointed out to them the accuracy of our shots. Presently a spherical case shell was discharged from our battery, and exploded directly above the heads of Generals Johnston, Polk, Hardee and Jackson, all of whom fell to the ground to avoid the concussion or fragments. It was then proposed to divide, and the different officers separated to such courses as were at hand. Gen. Polk selected a very secure shelter; but, becoming impatient and anxious to see the range of fire more accurately, he stepped out upon the brow and was intently gazing out across the country—his arms folded and his left side presented—when a three-inch round shot from a steel rifled cannon struck the elbow, crushing both arms, and passing through the heart, a portion of the chest and stomach, and out and on its murderous course, Leonidas Polk fell lifeless and mangled to the ground. Joe. Johnston was bending over him in an instant, with the rest of the party. They lifted him in their arms to an ambulance and his corps was carried to his quarters, where his bewildered military family received it with the moaning of men meeting the corpse of a father. This was on the 14th. The body of the deceased reached Atlanta at two o'clock next morning—services by Rev. Dr. Quintard were said at noon, and the remains proceeded on the afternoon train to Augusta; and from thence to Asheville, N. C., where his family were residing.

Uncle Sam had a neighbor who was in the habit of working on Sunday, but after a while he joined the church. One day he met the minister to whose church he belonged.

"Well, Uncle Sam," said he, "do you see any difference in Mr. P., since he joined the church?"

"Oh, yes," said Uncle Sam, "a great difference. Before, when he went out to mend his fence on Sunday, he carried his axe on his shoulder, but now he carries it under his overcoat."

An ebony colored female of the African persuasion entered a store in Pearl street yesterday and asked a polite clerk to show her some "flesh colored hose." In taking a second glance at the shade, the young man went in search of the article, returning with a lot of black stockings, whereat the sable customer frowned indignantly and turned upon the "middle of her foot," and "jerked" herself out of the store, remarking as she went that he "couldn't fool her wid dem old black stockings;" she wanted flesh colored or none at all.

Albany Times.

A DIRTY SHILLING.

Bishop Meade, in the Southern Churchman, gives an account of many of the old families of Virginia. Among them he mentions a man named Watkins, of whom the celebrated John Randolph, of Roanoke, left a manuscript notice. A part of that notice is in these words:

"Without shining abilities, or the advantages of an education, by plain, straight forward industry, under the guidance of old fashioned honesty and practical good sense, he accumulated an ample fortune, in which it is firmly believed there was not one dirty shilling. This is very homely Saxon language, but it is full of pith and point. In Randolph's mind there must have been running some faint reminiscence of the apostle's phrase, "filthy lucre," used more than once in his epistle. Either term has wide application in these days, when the race for riches seems to absorb all hearts, and few men care for the soil upon their shillings, provided only they have enough of them.

Yet, the wisest of men say that a good name is better than thousands of gold and silver; whereas, a few dirty shillings, a few unjust gains, a few sharp practices, will put a leprous taint upon the accumulations of a life time. It is worth while for any man, before he makes new additions to his heap, to examine the color of his coin, and keep out the filthy lucre, the dirty shillings.

Many years ago a gentleman who had made an immense fortune by privateering, resolved to build himself a splendid hotel in Paris, rivaling even the imperial palace. He left the entire matter to those entrusted with the work, and would not even pass by it until all was completed, reserving the pleasure and surprise until it could burst with its full glory upon him. It was completed at last. The walls were hung with the richest brocade of gold and silver flowers; the floors covered with deep, soft carpets, from the most costly looms. It would require a catalogue to enumerate its treasures of bronze, of porcelain, and mosaic. There were nine grand reception and ball-rooms, requiring each a princely fortune to decorate. The owner would not visit this great Babylon which he had builded, in the glare of daylight, but directed that each crystal lustre should be blazing brightly at night, when he would take possession of his palace. He ascended the staircase, and then rebuked the attendants for their neglect of his orders. The whole house was to him shrouded in darkness. God had stricken him blind at the moment of his triumph! His sight was never restored, and as he died childless, his costly furniture was scattered under the auctioneer's hammer, and the very hotel pulled down to make way for some public structure.

FAMILY COURTESIES.—In the family, the law of pleasing ought to extend from the highest to the lowest. You are bound to please your children, and your children are bound to please one another; and you are bound to please your servants, if you expect them to please you. Some men are pleased in the household and nowhere else. I have known such men. They are good fathers and kind husbands. If you had seen them in their own house you would have thought them angels almost; but if you had seen them in the street, or in the store, or anywhere else out of the house, you would have thought them almost demoniac. But the opposite is apt to be the case. When we are among our neighbors, or among strangers, we hold ourselves with self respect, and endeavor to act with propriety; but when we get home we say to ourselves, "I have played a part long enough, and I am going to be natural." So we sit down, and we are ugly and snappish and blunt and disagreeable. We lay aside those thousand little courtesies that make the roughest floor smooth; that make life pleasant. We expend all our politeness where it will be profitable—where it will bring silver and gold.

THE NEGRO RIOTS IN MEMPHIS.

The Memphis Avalanche of May 2d, gives a detailed account of the commencement of the riots in that city. It says:

The terrible state of affairs between the white and black races, which the teachings of the radical extremists to the negro have caused the fear of, almost since the cessation of hostilities, commenced in our city about 6 o'clock yesterday, in a serious and fatal earnest. The war began on South street, in the extreme southern portion of the corporation. It originated from a difficulty between a white and negro boy, near the bridge over the bayou, on the street already mentioned.

These juveniles had come to blows, and officers O'Neil and Stephens, of the police, on discovering it, started for the bridge to separate the parties, when a crowd of fifteen or twenty grown up negroes, armed with pistols, simultaneously started for the same point. Two other policemen, whose names we could not learn, from an adjoining beat, also having seen the bridge affair, came up about the time that O'Neil and Stephens reached the place.

The negroes immediately surrounded the police and commenced an unprovoked assault upon them with pistol shots. Officer Stephens was here wounded severely in the thigh, felling him to the ground. O'Neil and the other policemen then commenced defending themselves, and promptly returned the shots of the negroes who had encircled them, and succeeded in driving the entire party some distance back.

In a few moments the black crowd became augmented considerably, and recommenced their devil's work by firing at every white person they could see, whether policeman or not. Mr. James Finn, a harmless citizen, who happened to be in sight at this time, was shot by them, the ball taking effect in the small of his back, and inflicting a most painful if not dangerous injury. The negroes then renewed the attack upon officer O'Neil and party, overwhelming and driving them back.

Information was dispatched to the station house immediately of the condition of affairs in South Memphis, and a force of fifty policemen was sent without delay. Before they arrived, however, the life of Mr. Henry Dunn, engineer of steam fire engine No. 2, was most fiendishly taken by the infuriated demons. He was shot through the head, the ball passing from the base of the brain through the forehead.

When the fifty policemen, who had been dispatched to assist in putting down the rioters, reached Elliott street, a negro man started out from some nook, or hiding place, and set off at a run. Some one cried to them that "there goes the negro who shot Stephens," and they gave pursuit, but made no attempt to shoot him.

During the race he carried a Colt's navy in his hand. As he reached South street the officer shouted to him to halt and surrender; finding that he took no heed, they fired on him, bringing him down with two balls, from the injuries of which he lived but a short time. The negroes, by this, had again summoned themselves for the encounter, and were firing on the police, from different places, at a fearfully lively rate.

A negro was shot on Avery street, and two were severely wounded from among those in the cabins. At this time, when the bloodshed and riot was at its height, a detachment of regular troops was sent down to the riotous district, to aid in suppressing the disturbance, which they did, to some considerable extent, though they used no light persuasion in the matter, as the battered up condition of many of the negroes afterwards sent to the station house exhibited.

At midnight the riot had been suppressed for the day, and all became quiet. Ten negroes had been killed and about as many wounded.

A Philadelphia company exhibited, last week, a process by which a poplar tree, fresh from its native soil, is converted into clear white soft paper in the space of five hours.