

# The Hillsborough Recorder.

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J. D. CAMERON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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**WE ARE PASSING AWAY.**  
The first week flowers of Springtime, in all their beauty, pass quickly from us, and summer's gaitle breezes, as they sweep through verdant fields, and kiss the blossoming brook, softly whisper, 'we are passing away.' Autumn's withered leaf and golden grain are emblems fair of human life; they speak in accents plain. 'We all do fade!' Their winter comes with frosty breath, and in a hatter, sterner tones explain, 'Mortal, thou too must pass away!' Thus, in Nature's book are displayed many truths; upon every leaf is infallibly engraven, 'We are passing away!' How emblematical of life are all her teachings; we tarry but a few more days, and the places that now know us will know us no more! We shall be missed at the social meal, a seat at the fireside will be vacated, and we shall have passed away.

**NOTICE.**  
THE undersigned has today re-opened  
**Webb's Warehouse,**  
For the Sale of  
**Leaf Tobacco.**  
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## A BLOODY BATTLE AT VICKSBURG.

THE NEGROES ASSAULT THE CITY.  
Gov. Ames Charged With Inciting and Advising the Attack.

Another Attack Threatened.  
VICKSBURG, MISS., Dec. 8.—Noon.—There has been some trouble brewing between the Tax-Payers' Association and citizens and county officials. The Sheriff was not willing to issue a writ, and the Board of Supervisors refused to order a new one, although the time for paying taxes has arrived. Two or three other officials were under indictment for forgery and embezzlement, and the citizens desiring of any relief from the partition Court, held a meeting last Wednesday, and, in a body, proceeded to the Court house, to demand the re-ignition of the Sheriff, Claverly Clerk, Treasurer and Coroner—all of whom they excepted the Sheriff, Crosby a negro, and the signed his resignation.

On Saturday a card appeared on the streets, signed by Crosby, calling on all citizens of Warren county, Republicans, white and black, to come to his aid and support him in his position. Crosby, publicly and through the papers, denied the authorship of the card; yet this morning armed bodies of negroes appeared advancing on the city from six different roads. The alarm was sounded about 9 o'clock and the citizens gathered en masse, armed themselves and immediately advanced to meet the negroes on Baldwin's Ferry road. The negroes were met just outside of the city and (grove street, about 200) strong. The commander of the citizens warned the negroes to disperse, but they refused, and immediately firing commenced on both sides. The negroes retreated about a mile and again made a stand in the old brickworks, but were soon routed. The loss in this engagement was one citizen (Oliver Brown) killed, about 12 or 15 negroes killed, several wounded and about 200 prisoners.

On the Mill's Ferry, about 250 negroes were met and routed, a short engagement, with several killed and wounded. Andrew Owens, negro, who accompanied the negroes in Baldwin's Ferry road was captured and committed to jail. In an interview with a reporter, Owens said he was ordered by Sheriff Crosby to come to the city to day with all the armed men he could get together. Alexander Stockhouse, from Newton, one of the captured negroes, says the order for all negroes to come to Vicksburg this morning was read in church on Sunday Crosby, who is under guard at the Court House, denies that he gave such orders.

It is reported this evening that the negroes are continuing their depredations in the county. The intense excitement that prevailed this morning has subsided to a great degree, yet many citizens are under arms and all the roads are picketed. The latest evidence, just received, renders it absolutely certain that Gov. Ames and his Attorney-General, Geo. E. Harris, incited and advised the invasion of this city by the negroes to-day. This evidence has been laid before the ablest lawyers of the city, with a view to arresting and bringing these parties to this city on Monday, December 8.—Night.—It is said this morning that the negroes will renew the attack on this city to-day. The citizens are all under arms and are being largely reinforced from the adjoining towns. Companies have been sent to the country, well armed and equipped. The prisoners captured yesterday are closely watched to prevent lynching. The negro loss yesterday is estimated at about seventy, and the whites' loss was one killed and two wounded. Crosby is still under guard. The whites hold the entire city.

**HOW TO ECONOMIZE WINTER COAL.**  
There are many who are likely to suffer during the approaching winter season for the lack of fuel and cold clothing, and there are those who, though blessed with these things in some measure will find the following hints worthy of attention, for they can be profitably put to practice. Paste the leaves of four newspapers together and place them between the covering, the paper being new papers, holds the animal heat when combined with quilts and blankets better than the latter alone. For lack of fuel, get the coal dirt or screenings, which can be had at a coal yard for cutting away, and putting it, mould it with the hands into rolls the size of a shoe sole, and having a fire already made of coal, place the balls in the stove. Never disturb it with poker or lever, but keep the door closed and for weeks a house can be kept warm with no other trouble than putting on the balls. Some families, so say, compelled to employ such economy, use little else.—*Eclectic Free Press.*

A minister approached a mischievous urchin about twelve years old, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, thus addressed him: 'My son, I believe the devil has got hold of you. I believe he has too,' was the significant reply of the archie.

## A STORY OF GENERAL JACKSON.

Many are the interesting scenes of Jackson's life which his biographer, Parton, has omitted and not brought to light. 'When a boy,' said Judge J. C. Gould, in a recent address, 'I saw him scare and put to flight twenty thousand men. The occasion was this: Grey Hound, a Kentucky horse, had beaten Double Head, a Tennessee horse, and they afterwards matched for \$5,000 a side, to be run on the Cover Bottom course. My uncle, Joseph H. Cook, carried me on horse-back behind him to see the race. He set me on the cedar fence and told me to run in. I will be contented. There must have been twenty thousand persons present. I never witnessed such betting between States. Money and negroes were put up. A large pond was filled with negroes and horses waded on the race. The time had now arrived for the competitors to appear on the track. I heard some loud talking, and looked down the track and saw for the first time Gov. Jackson riding slowly on a gray horse with long pistols in each hand. I think they were as long as my arm, and had a mouth that a ground squirrel could enter.

In his wake followed uncle Cook, Stokely Danielson, Patten Anderson and several others who were as bull dogs. As General Jackson led the van and approached the judges stand he was rapidly saluting and gesticulating. As he came by he said he had irrefragable proof that this was to be a jockey race; that Grey Hound was seen in the wheat field the night before which disqualified him for the race, and his rider was to receive five hundred dollars to throw it off, and by the eternal God he would shoot the first man who brought his horse upon the track; the people's money should not be stolen from them in this manner. He talked incessantly, while the spittle rolled from his eye.

I have seen bears and wolves put at bay, but he was certainly the most ferocious-looking animal I had ever seen. His appearance and manner struck terror to the dismayed hearts of twenty thousand people. If they felt as I did every one expected to be slain. He announced to the parties if they wished some had in their hands just to bring the horses on the track, for by the eternal God he would kill the first man who offered to do so.

There was no response to this challenge, and after waiting some time and they failing to appear, General Jackson said it was a great mistake in the opinion of some that he had acted hastily and without consideration. He would give the second race a fair trial, and to that end he would constitute a committee to investigate this matter, who would see the proof and do justice to all parties thereupon he appointed a sheriff to keep order, and five judges to hear the case. Proposition was made that the court was prepared ready to proceed to business, and for the parties to appear and defend themselves. Not appearing, General Jackson introduced the witness, proving the robbery of Grey Hound's rider, who was to receive five hundred dollars to work off the race, having received two hundred and fifty dollars in advance, and that Grey Hound had been turned into the wheat field the night before. He again called on the parties to appear and contradict this proof and show their innocence. They failing to appear, General Jackson told the court that the proof was closed, and for them to render their judgment in the premises, which in a few moments was done in accordance with the facts proved.

I was still on the fence forming one link of the large pond containing the property wagered on the race. Each man was anxious to get back his property. General Jackson waved his hand and announced the decision, and said, 'Now, gentlemen, go calm, and in order and each take his own property.' When the word was given, they came with a rush. It was more terrible than an army with banners. They came bulging against the fence, and in the struggle to get over they knocked it down for hundreds of yards. I was overturned and was nearly trampled to death. Each man put his property, and thus the fraudulent race was broken up by an exhibition of the most extraordinary courage. He did that day what it would have required two thousand armed men to have effected. All this was effected by the presence and action of one man, and without the drawing of one drop of blood.

**There is no luck like good luck.**  
When a man sits good for anything else, he is about right to sit on a jury.  
Two horns will last an ox a lifetime, but many a man wants that number every morning before breakfast.  
A party of Sioux Indians stole a potent ice cream freezer, thinking it was a hand organ, and all the big medicine men turned the crank a week before they concluded there was no music in it.  
'Everything goes wrong,' says an Illinois farmer, wiping his eyes. 'The grasshopper came, the hired man broke his leg, wife died, the barn burned, and I've rid for three days and can't find a woman who wants to marry.'

## A CURIOUS CONTEST.

Early on Sunday morning a gentleman stalked out, probably for the purpose of salting his sheep. After a few vigorous calls the flock collected around him and clamored as usual for their allowance. One old black ram, however, seemed to have something on his mind, and stood aloof. The owner, seeking to conciliate him, approached and laid his hand upon his head. This the ram resented with a furious charge, which was repeated until the owner took to flight. But he was too far from the fence, and the enemy literally hung upon his rear with persevering obstinacy. A charge of shot was resolved upon and immediately collected, but still the battery was played with unflinching fervor. Soon the party detached, and after a vigorous scuffle they came to the ground. The ram could now do nothing, but his fleece protected his ribs from the furious blows of his adversary. Both seemed now pretty nearly exhausted. The man was on top, and seizing a stone which lay near, commenced pounding the head of the sheep. Of course the rock was soon reduced to fragments; but the man, having formerly driven hogs, through of the expeditious throwing dust in the eyes of the recalcitrant ram, and incontinently filed his optics with clay rubbing it in. He then arose to enjoy the success of his ruse; but the ram 'ris' too paused a single moment, applied a knee to either eye, and renewed the combat. And now the fight was more desperate than before, and victory seemed to perch above the sheep. But as he put all his power into one final blow his almost fainting antagonist succeeded in avoiding the shock and catching the ram by the tail; and now the tide of victory turned. A succession of furious kicks, administered a posteriori, decided the contest. The ram cried foul play, but the adversary fought for conquest. At length the 'tail-hold slipped,' and both parties fled in opposite directions.—They will probably 'fight another day.' *Standard (Ky. Journal).*

**A HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR A SINGLE HAIR.**—Here is a very pretty story from Vienna, told by one of the papers in that city: A few days ago a young and poorly clad girl entered a barber's shop in Vienna, and told the proprietor that he 'must buy her head.' The friseur examined her long, glossy, chestnut locks, and began to bargain. He could give eight golden and no more. 'Hair was plentiful this year; the price had fallen; there was less demand, and other phrases of the kind. The little maiden's eyes filled with tears, and she hesitated a moment while threading her fingers through her chestnut locks. She finally threw herself into a chair. 'In God's name,' she gasped, 'take it quickly!' The barber, satisfied with his bargain, was about to touch it with his shears, when a gentleman who sat half-shaded, looking on, told him to stop. 'My child,' he said, 'why do you want to sell your beautiful hair?' 'My mother has been nearly five months ill; I can't work enough to support us; and there is not a penny in the house.' 'No, my child,' said the stranger, 'if that is the case, I will buy your hair, and will give you a hundred golden for it.' He gave the poor girl the note, the sight of which had dried her tears, and took up the barber's shears. Taking the locks in his hand, he took the longest hair, cut it off, alone, and put it carefully in his pocket-book, thus paying one hundred for a single hair.

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**ALWAYS BEAUTIFUL.**  
At a festival party of old and young the question was asked, 'Which season of life is most happy?' After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred to the host, upon whom was the burden of four-score years. He asked if they had not noticed a grove of trees before the dwelling, and said, 'When the spring comes and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and they are covered with blossom, I think how beautiful is spring! And when the summer comes, and covers the trees with its foliage, and singing birds are all among the branches I think, how beautiful is summer!—When autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous tint of frost, I think how beautiful is autumn! And when it is sure winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look up and through the leafless branches, as I could never until now, I see the starshine through.'

Anna Dickinson pleads that the newspapers will not let her alone, forgetting the neglectful girl that if they had done that a number of years ago, she might still be working in a factory at something like five shillings a day.  
'O kittens! in our hours of ease, ungrateful toys and full of fuss; when pain or anguish hangs o'er men, we turn you into a who then?'

A man went into a butcher's shop, and finding the owner's wife in attendance, in the absence of her husband, thought he would have a joke at her expense, and said: 'Madame, can you supply me with a yard of pork?'—'Yes, sir,' she said; and then turning to a boy, she added, 'James, give that gentleman three pig's feet.'

## BLESSED TO GIVE.

'Fifty cents to do just what you please with!' exclaimed little Alice Platt, her cheeks glowing, and her bright eyes beaming justly. 'Oh, what shall I get with it? Oh, how splendid! I'll get me a picture book. Just think! Mother, can't I go to the store this afternoon, and get something with my fifty cents?'

'Yes, if you will be a good girl!'

'Well, I will! What shall I get?'

'I would get something useful,' said her mother.

'Well, I try.'

So after dinner Alice put on her cloak and hat and started off.

As she was walking along, happening to look over on the other side of the street, she saw a poor ragged girl. She did not stop, but kept looking at the girl as if she was thinking about her; until she turned a corner, which hid her from sight.

'I guess I know what I will get!'

She soon arrived at the store, and inquired how much print she could get for her fifty cents.

'Five yards,' said the merchant.

'Well, I will take five yards of that, said she, pointing to a pretty piece of calico.

As soon as she had received the calico and paid for it, she ran back to the little girl on the side walk.

'This is for you,' said she, putting the calico into her hands, and running away before the little girl had time to thank her.

The next Sunday, what was her joy to see her young friend come into the Sunday school in her nice new dress. O, young readers, is it not more blessed to give than to receive! Oh, what blessedness there is in giving to the poor.—*Young Pilgrim.*

**GOOD-BYE ELECTED—GOOD-BYE PLATT.**—The great doubt and anxiety, which have been hanging over the election of Congressman from the Norfolk District, have at last been removed, and we are gratified to say that the certificate of election has been given to Hon. John Goode, the Democratic candidate instead of the notorious Platt, who has so long misrepresented the people of Virginia. The vote of Prince George county was rejected by the State Board of canvassers on account of gross informality, and after all the frauds and colonization of voters in that and other counties, poor Platt has been sent to his bleak New England home where his reception will no doubt be as cold as the green hills of Vermont. So Good-bye, Platt, and as he goes let him sing.

**'When victory crowned the Union arms,**  
I took my bag in hand,  
And left my bleak New England home,  
To rove the Southern land,  
I followed in the army's wake,  
And came down here for gain;  
But times have changed—the Reds are beat  
So good-bye Liza Jane.

**As Jason sought the golden fleece,**  
I sought to fleece the gold  
Of Southern rebels and by night,  
I took my goods and hid to hold,  
I formed the negro into leagues,  
New power to obtain  
But times are changed—the Reds are beat  
So good-bye Liza Jane.

**My carpet bag is empty now,**  
My money is all gone  
My toes are out my coat's thread-bare  
My trousers patched and torn,  
I now sit wet under a down  
Cursed with the curse of Cain,  
For times are changed—I am beat,  
So good-bye, Liza Jane.

**An honest blacksmith was once grossly**  
insulted and his character infamous  
defamed. Friends advised him to seek  
redress by means of law, but to one and  
all he replied, 'No; I will go to my forge,  
and there in six months I will have  
worked out such a character and earned  
such a name as all the judges, law courts  
and lawyers in the world could not give  
me.' He was right. It is by honest labor,  
manly courage, and a conscience void of  
offense, that we assert our dignity and  
prove our honesty and respectability.