

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. 6, No. 32—

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., JULY 17, 1878.

—Old Series, Vol. 49.

FREE A VALUABLE INVENTION. THE WORLD RENOWNED WILSON SEWING MACHINE

In workmanship is equal to a Chronometer Watch, and as elegantly finished as a first-class Piano. It received the highest awards at the Vienna and Centennial Expositions. IT SEWS ONE-FOURTH FASTER than other machines. Its capacity is unlimited. There are more WILSON MACHINES sold in the United States than the combined sales of all the others. The WILSON MENDING ATTACHMENT for doing all kinds of repairing, WITHOUT PATCHING, given FREE with each machine.

AGENTS: WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO. 327 & 329 Broadway, New York; New Orleans, La.; Cor. State & Madison Sts., Chicago, Ill.; and San Francisco, Cal.

ALLISON & ADDISON'S



COMPLETE MANUFACTURE TOBACCO

WE beg to call the special attention of our friends in North Carolina to our large assortment of all varieties of FIELD and GRASS SEEDS, which are pure and of the best quality. Send for an agricultural annual descriptive of these grasses. Orders and correspondence solicited on all subjects connected with our business. ALLISON & ADDISON, mar 1 17, Richmond Va.

THE STAR BRAND COMPLETE MANURES, Richmond, Va. Branch Office, Petersburg, VA. SEEDS! SEEDS!!

U can make money faster at work for us than at anything else Capital not required we will start you \$12 per day at home made by the instructions. Men, women, boys and girls wanted every where to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms free. Address: TAYLOR & CO, Augusta, Maine.

JAMES W. BOYLE, C. J. REDELL, JOSEPH HART. Boyle & Iglehart, AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF THE HANNIS DISTILLING CO'S

Mount Vernon, Va. Pure Rye. Pure Rye. WHISKIES. IN BOND AND TAX PAID. And Importers of Brandy, Gins, Wines, &c. DEALERS IN RYE WHISKIES. No. 42 West Lombard St. opposite U. S. Public Store. BALTIMORE, MD. march 23 17.

Patronize Home Mechanics

G. W. TATE & SON, Manufacturers of Tate's Patent Wheat Thresher & Cleaner. Horse Powers, saw Mills, Mill Gear of all kinds. MEBAKVILLE, N. C.

DEMOCRATIC JUDICIAL TICKET. FOR CHIEF JUSTICE SUPREME COURT, WILLIAM N. H. SMITH, Of Wake.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUSTICES S. C. THOMAS S. ASHE, Of Anson. JOHN H. DILLARD, Of Guilford.

FOR JUDGE SEVENTH DISTRICT, JESSE F. GRAVES, Of Surry.

FOR JUDGE EIGHTH DISTRICT, ALPHONSE AVERY, Of Burke.

FOR JUDGE NINTH DISTRICT, JAMES C. GUDGER, Of Haywood.

FOR SOLICITOR 5TH DISTRICT, FREDERICK N. STODOLICK, Of Orange.

LEGISLATIVE TICKET. FOR SENATE, George A. Williamson, Of Caswell.

Augustus W. Graham, Of Orange.

For House of Representatives, John R. Hutellius, Malbourn A. Angier.

COUNTY OFFICERS. For Clerk, George Laws, For Sheriff, Thomas H. Hughes, For Register, John Laws, For Treasurer, David C. Parks, For Coroner, Thomas J. Wilson, For Surveyor, Alsey M. Leathers.

PERSON COUNTY. For House, Montfort McGehee.

CASWELL. For House, F. A. Cobb, John B. Smith.

ALAMANCE COUNTY. For Senate, Julius I. Scales, Of Guilford. Thomas M. Holt, Of Alamance. For House, Benjamin F. Mebane.

IN the principal shipping ports of the United States, particularly in San Francisco the last week of Congress (when it was supposed that the tobacco tax would be reduced to 16 cents) witnessed an unusual activity in the export of tax paid, manufactured tobacco. Ordinarily, manufactured tobacco is shipped in bond, but the fear that they would be caught with large quantities of manufactured tobacco upon which 24 cents per pound had been paid caused many jobbers to ship, so that they might at least obtain the benefit of the drawback allowed by law. As much of this tobacco was manufactured in Richmond, nearly every one of our manufacturers has been troubled in making out the certificates required under the drawback system, although few of them have now any interest in the tobacco exported. Some of the tobacco shipped was tax-paid so long ago as 1872. Tobacco

FOR CHIEF JUSTICE SUPREME COURT, WILLIAM N. H. SMITH, Of Wake.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUSTICES S. C. THOMAS S. ASHE, Of Anson. JOHN H. DILLARD, Of Guilford.

FOR JUDGE SEVENTH DISTRICT, JESSE F. GRAVES, Of Surry.

FOR JUDGE EIGHTH DISTRICT, ALPHONSE AVERY, Of Burke.

FOR JUDGE NINTH DISTRICT, JAMES C. GUDGER, Of Haywood.

FOR SOLICITOR 5TH DISTRICT, FREDERICK N. STODOLICK, Of Orange.

LEGISLATIVE TICKET. FOR SENATE, George A. Williamson, Of Caswell.

Augustus W. Graham, Of Orange.

For House of Representatives, John R. Hutellius, Malbourn A. Angier.

COUNTY OFFICERS. For Clerk, George Laws, For Sheriff, Thomas H. Hughes, For Register, John Laws, For Treasurer, David C. Parks, For Coroner, Thomas J. Wilson, For Surveyor, Alsey M. Leathers.

PERSON COUNTY. For House, Montfort McGehee.

CASWELL. For House, F. A. Cobb, John B. Smith.

ALAMANCE COUNTY. For Senate, Julius I. Scales, Of Guilford. Thomas M. Holt, Of Alamance. For House, Benjamin F. Mebane.

FOR CHIEF JUSTICE SUPREME COURT, WILLIAM N. H. SMITH, Of Wake.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUSTICES S. C. THOMAS S. ASHE, Of Anson. JOHN H. DILLARD, Of Guilford.

FOR JUDGE SEVENTH DISTRICT, JESSE F. GRAVES, Of Surry.

FOR JUDGE EIGHTH DISTRICT, ALPHONSE AVERY, Of Burke.

FOR JUDGE NINTH DISTRICT, JAMES C. GUDGER, Of Haywood.

FOR SOLICITOR 5TH DISTRICT, FREDERICK N. STODOLICK, Of Orange.

LEGISLATIVE TICKET. FOR SENATE, George A. Williamson, Of Caswell.

Augustus W. Graham, Of Orange.

For House of Representatives, John R. Hutellius, Malbourn A. Angier.

COUNTY OFFICERS. For Clerk, George Laws, For Sheriff, Thomas H. Hughes, For Register, John Laws, For Treasurer, David C. Parks, For Coroner, Thomas J. Wilson, For Surveyor, Alsey M. Leathers.

PERSON COUNTY. For House, Montfort McGehee.

CASWELL. For House, F. A. Cobb, John B. Smith.

ALAMANCE COUNTY. For Senate, Julius I. Scales, Of Guilford. Thomas M. Holt, Of Alamance. For House, Benjamin F. Mebane.

FOR CHIEF JUSTICE SUPREME COURT, WILLIAM N. H. SMITH, Of Wake.

MRS. JENKS, OF LOUISIANA.

I am Misses Jenks, of the Sherman crew. And I mean to wear John Sherman thru, In spite of all that you can do;

For I come from Louisiana, I am pretty well versed in politics, And the various sorts I neatly mix, For I'm fully up to all the tricks That prevail in Louisiana.

My few remarks are cut and dried, And Sherman himself, the late has tried, And it's hard to prove that I have lied,

Though I come from Louisiana, So each august committeeman Must keep as silent as he can, And let me proceed with the little plan Which I brought from Louisiana.

In a short, set speech the case I state, And Sherman I fully exonerate, From the wrongs, both little and great, That occurred in Louisiana.

Now, there you have it, and that's enough! The easy to see that I'm up to snuff, And you needn't try to ensue up rough With a woman from Louisiana.

Why can't you let me alone, I say? Take off that rocky head, I pray! We never were treated in any such way Down there in Louisiana.

He tangles my story—can't you see?— And thinks me no more than is good for me, Although I'm as smart as any can be Who come up from Louisiana.

I did it myself, but refuse to swear To whom, or a by, or when, or where, I wrote or dictated that letter there.

When straightened up, Louisiana, You don't believe it I'd have you to know That at home we never treat witnesses so; And I want to pack up my things and go Straight back to Louisiana.

GRANT AND HIS PARTICULAR FRIENDS.

G. H. Grant's special advocates never fail to assert that the country needs a strong government. They clamor for a leader. They demand a sturdy will to dictate legislation and to be the master of events. The spirit which prompts the movement is the same which led the Jews to require a king. These parasites want a personal government. They hardly conceal their wish for Grant, not for one term only, but as a permanent Executive. They are wily of institutions which depend upon popular elections. They are greedy for spoils from which they can never be repelled, and in which their share shall never be limited. The milestones of the faction which leaps the chasm of two years to summon our greatest captain to the Presidency once more is borrowed from Gen. Monk, and each of the managers in the secret of the plan looks to secure for himself permanent position under a Government which shall be "strong," and shall control the Administration for a generation to come.—From the Utica Herald, Independent Republican.

HILL, ARP ON INDEPENDENT CANDIDATES.

[Atlanta Constitution]

Times ago to was when the people called a man from his retirement and axed him to serve them, but now-a-days a fellow can hold on to an office until he thinks it belongs to him. He don't wait to be called, but he gives them first—ahead of ever body and you can hear him a mumblin' 'I'm in and I'll be durned if I ain't a goin' to stay in. I've got some personal friends, and I can get the niggers and sawlogs and you may get to the devil with your convention. You see they control the sawlogs by keepin' 'em in office, and the sawlogs control the niggers, and they all mix up bush together and call it independence. This party lish is growin' bigger and bigger, and if our people don't mind will absorb a heap more saw-bucks than Tombs. Bob never would work in a wagon with a driver behind his log, and I have thought that maybe if he could get in the rear and butt it around like a goat, and once in a while turn the concern over, he would be satisfied. But some how or other I like Bob—as a man—not as a very great man—for, in my opinion, one man is very much greater than another no how. The principle difference is in the quantity of cone-it and impudence. Time was when nobody was one of the ear marks of greatness, but that's a lot art now.

Yours, Billy Arp.

P. S.—If Ask wants to go back just to fix up them weight and measure, I'm agin it—for I've got a peck and a half bushel both sealed, and I can't afford to throw 'em away and buy a new set. Would it do his just about as much good to have something about it put on his cap?

A. A.

An honest old gentleman from a rural county, who came down to New York to spend the Sabbath with friends, was asked by one of them what the people up his way thought of the Beecher scandal. He replied that he never tried it and didn't know anything about it—that he and all his neighbors used kerosene.

A KANGAROO HUNT.

Three of us were riding out early one October morning to exercise our horses, which were training for the forthcoming Tany Tany races. Our animals were almost thoroughbred; and, though recently taken off grass, were already in harder condition than would have been under similar circumstances, in any part of the world but Australia. On the plains of the Murray the term "off grass" applied to stock is almost a misnomer; "off hay" would more nearly express the condition of the animals. Only in very early spring are the native grasses and herbs presented succulent enough to make horse flesh and soft. Two fine kangaroo dogs, Parson and Publican, trotted at our heels. Parson obtained his name from a broad white band, like a choker, round his neck, and his dark "pepper and salt" coat. Publican, of course, was the twin brother.

Several large

GREY KANGAROO

had crossed our path as we threaded the scrub, but the wattletrees and pines stood too close, and the ground was too rough to follow; so the dogs had been checked from pursuit. The sun was already high, consequently, for the sake of shade, we kept in the timber, and skirted the plain until we approached our galloping ground. As I passed through the last belt of box trees, a few yards in advance of my mate, I espied a mob of kangaroo grazing by some yarran bushes, about four hundred yards away, and, a little apart from the rest a "flying doe."

THE BROWN KANGAROO

of the plains, whenever seen by the hunter, is at once promised to be a "flying doe." A doe gives a longer and faster chase than a buck, and the wish is father to the thought. Holding up my hand to enjoin silence, I stopped to tighten my saddle girths, Jack and Joe doing the same. We knew that, if fortunate enough to lay the dogs on to the doe, we might expect a fast, long run before her tail would be taken. Mounting again, we moved at a snail's pace, diagonally toward the game, hoping thus to separate the doe from her companions. Only about a hundred yards was traversed before the herd ceased browsing and sat up with heads turned and ears pointed forward. They gazed for a moment at us, and then bounded off, the grey kangaroo making straight for the nearest timber, the red doe heading out into the plain. Here was a splendid chance. Shouting to the dogs, who could not yet see the quarry, we put spurs to our horses and dashed after at a swinging gallop.

THE HOUSES

In the first few hundred yards we gained fast upon our kangaroo, because she had had not yet noticed

and was not going at her full speed. But when Parson had got a view, and gave a low whinny as he stretched himself out for going, the doe perceived all her danger, redoubled her efforts, and the pace became tremendous. For a short time the kangaroo bounded along, clearing twenty feet at its stride, and gained on the dogs rapidly. Then for four miles we raced across the level plain; but sorely held our own, though urging our horses to do their best. Such a burst could not last; neither horse nor dog nor kangaroo could stand it. Another mile, and we neared the chase; her legs became short and unsteady. Now we crossed some rotten ground, where our horses sank fetlock deep in the crab holes, and I was all but spite. Then the level began to fall toward the timber, and the kangaroo sprang with renewed vigor down toward the sheltering scrub; her strength was not exhausted yet, she put on a spurt that, for the moment, outstripped the dogs, and seemed to make her capture doubtful; but the dogs, too, saw the trees, and racing another half mile

STOP AND FIGHT.

This they do with a ferocity and activity surprising in a beast of unwieldy shape and apparently harmless nature. I have known an "old man" kangaroo when "stuck up" not to wait attack, but, as the horseman approached, to jump at him with an angry growl, and it was only the sudden-shy of his horse which saved that gentleman from a good clawing.

When a kangaroo fight, their constant aim is to seize the enemy with their fore paws and to strike him with the hind leg. Each hind foot has one long claw, pointed, and as hard as ivory.

A KICK WITH HIS CLAW.

fairly planted in the side, even of a horse, will shatter him with a cut so deep as probably to cause death. A hunter's only chance when caught in the arms of a kangaroo is to press as close as possible to the animal's body, so that he cannot be kicked. He must disregard the ugly wounds the animal is sure to inflict with his teeth about the neck and shoulders, and think only of saving the lower part of his body from those terrible hind claws. If the fight takes place near the water, the kangaroo will at once carry either dog or

FOURTEEN AND BLEED.

to, that only ran a few hundred yards before he "stuck up." Joe followed the dog; Jack and I had enough—or our horses had, when came to the same thing. When, however, we saw the kangaroo stop, we knew

THERE WOULD BE A FIGHT.

and so rode along to see it. The dog—it was Publican—at once sprang at the kangaroo, and was caught in his arms. Joe was close up; but his horse became frightened and would not go nearer. We thought the dog would be killed before we could render assistance. Joe apparently thought also for he dismounted, picked a stick and hit at the kangaroo. The stick was rotten, and broke short off, the brute still holding on to the dog trying to disembowel it with his hind claw. To save Publican, Joe seized the kangaroo by the tail, so that to kick any more was impossible. The kangaroo then dropped the dog and struggled to get away; each great jump he made lifted Joe off his feet, but he dared not let go; he knew that the kangaroo, in spite of the dog worrying at his side, would turn on the biggest of his enemies, and so

is an awkward customer to deal with, Joe sang out lustily for help, but the situation was too comical. Jack and I sat on our horses and shrieked with laughter. To see a man jerked about six feet at a bound by a bulking, ungainly kangaroo was irresistibly funny; we roared again. When we could laugh no longer, I rode up and knocked the beast on the head. The tail was handed to Joe as his spoil by "force of arms, beyond dispute. The dog Publican wasn't much hurt; he had fortunately escaped with a few slight scratches. Parson had rejoined us by this time, and we resumed our journey homeward in high good humor.

Kangaroo in plenty were both seen and heard on all sides as we rode along through the pines; but even the dogs had not paid no attention to them. At last one huge "old man" was too cheeky; he not only allowed himself to be nearly ridden over before rousing from his slumbers, but actually was too lazy to hop more than twenty yards out of the way before he "stuck up" at the foot of a gum tree. He was an immense fellow—a great grey beast, with dark muzzle, almost six feet in height as he sat on his haunches. His powerful fore paws, armed with long black claws, looked most formidable, and his tail was as thick as a young tree. We paused to admire him, and the dogs thought it a hint that they must kill that kangaroo. It was not so easily to be done, though. The "old man" had evidently fought before, and was a match for any two dogs, however cunning or fierce they might be. For ten minutes no chance was given to take him at a disadvantage; each dash of the dog was met with equal activity by the kangaroo, and several times he had caught one or other of them in his hairy arms. Presently Publican got a fast grip of his thigh and held on. Next moment Parson flew at the "old man's" throat.

ALAS, POOR PARSON!

He was caught in those vice-like paws, and one kick with the terrible hind claw broke the dog's ribs and laid his lungs open. Instantly I sprang from my horse and attacked the kangaroo with my hunting stock. A well directed blow on the head brought him to earth, and another settled him. I turned to Parson, who, poor brute, was desperately wounded and moaning with pain. I took off my shirt, tore it into strips and bandaged him up; then lifted him—howling, but licking my face—up to my friend Jack, who volunteered to carry the dog home. It was a sad ending to our morning's sport, but a catastrophe by no means uncommon when hunting big kangaroo in thick timber.

The largest animals will not run far, they are too heavy, and prefer to

man down to the stream, and try to drown him. Under such circumstances, unless the hunter be armed with knife and spear, HIS FATE IS SEALED.

I have often heard of dogs being drowned and of men being drowned, but most bushmen carry knives. Kangaroo hunting in the scrub is not much fun, but in thinly timbered country or on the plain; where the working of the dogs can be watched, it is more enjoyable. In our country, the race is hotter and the run generally longer. Besides, there is a special danger to both man and beast that gives additional zest to the sport—LORD OF THE FIELD.

THE JAPANESE HELL.

One of the curious articles exhibited at Tiffany's is a scarf of gray Canton crape, which portrays the infernal region, according to the Japanese idea. The scarf is nine yards long, and half a yard wide. The first scene represents Satan on earth seeking new victims. The arch fiend appears as a sulphuric, yellowish-green demon, with protruding horns, cloven feet, and a diabolical expression, luring his victims into his net, and plunging them into fiery depths. They appear to fall into a nest of burning scorpions, where they are lacerated by a glimpse of their friends enjoying themselves in a lake of cool water. In the next scene, Satan takes the form of an immense dragon, with his human victims crouch in terror at his feet. They are mercilessly dragged into court, and the judge is represented as evidencing them to be tied to rocks and to have red-hot lead poured down their throats. They are then chased by hyenas through a field of open knives and other sharp instruments. The victims are next portrayed as being tortured by having their limbs sawn off and by being thrown into a revolving wheel of fire. Satan next appears to be looking out for new victims on a field of battle. Some of these victims are made to hug red-hot stove pipes, while Satan himself, with a smile, is fanning them. Others are swimming in seas of blood, surrounded by laughing demons. Others, still, are seated in a cauldron of red-hot sulphur, having their tongues pulled out. Some are represented as carrying heavy burdens of coal and throwing it into the fire to burn new victims. His satanic majesty next represents as feeding his subjects with rice, presumably to give them strength with which to endure greater torture.

THE WHIPPING POST IN VIRGINIA

With the beginning of July the criminal law of Virginia returned to what it was two hundred years ago, and for petty larcenies the lash was substituted for imprisonment. Remarking upon the "relapse into barbarism" as some of the sentimental journals of the North are pleased to term it, the Richmond *Whig* utters these sober and rational sentiments: "We admit it is not a pleasant spectacle—that of a fellow-being subjected to the exhortations of the lash. It wounds tender sensibilities, and is rarely contemplated with pleasure by even rugged natures. But what is to be done? Our views are very troublesome, no doubt, and are very difficult to deal with. If we legislate to reform, and for fear the punitive hand the vicious become rampant and overrun the land. If the punishment is of a character not to deter—it ceases to be operative; and when, as in the case of, free ransoms and nothing to do, it becomes an incentive to transgression, it perverts justice into a stimulant to crime. Recent experience has taught us that this is the result of the system which has been prevailing among us. Petty offences have multiplied—and the punishment of imprisonment, so far from re-training, incites to the infraction of the law. Comfortable quarters in jail, with plenty to eat and nothing to do, is a condition not created in these times. The consequence has been a great increase of crime and of public expense, and there is no alternative but to reform the system or disband society.—Charlotte Observer.

It is now the wise policy of Republican leaders to create a division among us if they possibly can. Here in our own country their strength is so weak, that their only resource is to bring out independent candidates from our own ranks. Their motto is: "Anything to beat the regular nominees of the Democratic party." Now let every true democratic shun an "independent" as he would a viper, no matter from what quarter he hails—no matter what his pretended principles may be—he is only a tool in the hands of an aspiring faction, to defeat the regular nominees.—Fredell Goetz

Well, there was a very rough young man whom Sanky saw starting at the close of the meeting, and kindly asked: "Young man are you looking for salvation?" "No," was the reply. "I am looking for Sal Jackson." Let us sing a hymn," said Sanky.

The following is the answer of a newly married Dayton man to the invitation of a Philadelphia friend who wished him to visit the Centennial: "You are very kind, but since I married and became familiar with the mysteries of a woman's wardrobe, variety shows have lost their charm for me."