

The Hillsborough Recorder.

J. D. CAMERON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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A NEW KIND OF BELL.

Here is the latest on the Bell question: About twenty years ago an old colored preacher in Georgia was exhibiting a number of Africanist "gilt on board the comet train and he saved from torments of a fiery hell! The old colored brother drew a shivering picture of how cold hell was, and how sinners were never permitted to get within a million miles of the faintest glimmer of a spark of fire! At the conclusion of the services a white brother who was present attempted to correct the old darkey in regard to climate of the place where the wicked are said to take up permanent abode after death. The white man went on to describe the colored preacher an orthodox description of a red hot hell—burning brimstone, burning of mountains of scorching lava, scorching lime, rivers of coal, etc. When the white man finished, the old preacher took him by the hand, and whispered in his ear: "Ear de lub of de lamb, massa, don you member tell de coons about here ob such a hot hell of sum ob de old rheumaty niggers was to find out, dey'd want to go to hell de fast road, sure!"

There would be more saloons in this town, said a native as the train moved north through Montgomery. "If it wasn't for one thing, ' And what is that?" asked the tourist. " Ain't any more saloons," replied the native, and the tourist opened his not-book and remained absorbed in thought.—Hawkeye.

From the Raleigh Observer. "SUPPOSED CORRESPONDENCE."

OLD JOE TO PENNINGTON.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA,
6th September, 1878.

My dear Governor and Brother Agra Democrat:

You ain't nigh as friendly a man as you used to be, and if I had not learned to forgive all my enemies and all the rest of mankind that despoiled me, I would be nigh to see you get out your high boots as you do in your letter to me. You didn't put on such grand airs when you used to run with Old John Robinson's circus. But you wasn't Governor then and I suppose that makes a difference.

Freedom, too, that people in the Radical party ought to be particular how they put down on paper all the things they do, for their Investigation Committee hearing around everywhere, and they have better luck somehow than me and my 'Squire did. I am sure that you remember about me and my 'Squire. I called for him a long time, and kept a calling for him, and finally he came, and he set on it until the seat of his breeches was clean gone, and the principal thing he found out was all about my borrowing that money from Swepson. And Magnin was my squire too. But those Democratic Investigation Committees have better luck than that, so maybe you are right in being so particular. And then, too, maybe, you guessed Holden's postoffice would leak, and sure enough it has for how else could our letters have got out and been published? The fact is once a Radical always a Radical, that is to say, I mean you can't trust a Radical no low. No, that isn't it either, for I have peented myself and purified the Radical party; and it will not do to talk that way, but an old dog you know is mighty awkward about learning new tricks, and I have been abusing Radicals too long to break of it all at once. Habit is mighty strong; you know how it is you see, for you told the boys when you was here the last time that you was constantly waking yourself up at nights, calling out, "here's your nice cold lemons!"

And of all men Holden is the worst for me to talk of, and the hardest for me to work kindly in harness with. But may be if he liked it better I would too. I am very much afraid he and I can't work along side the same pole. I always thought Brother Earle and Brother Prit, chard ought to have knocked him on the head right straight after drawing him out of the water with all his sins washed off, and before he had a chance to open his mouth or bat his eye. He is a powerful christian and runs a Sunday School among the striped breeches fellows at the penitentiary, and talks to people about saving their souls alive, but I don't believe he has ever forgiven me for bullying him into putting me into jail during the Kirk war. Richard Badger does not run any Sunday School, but I have reason to believe that he has forgiven me without reserve.

"I like a man that don't bear malice in these times. It helps anyone powerful who has been abusing people prodigious—like I have for the last eight or ten years." But you are wrong about Isaac Young. Isaac will tell you himself that I never abused him even in my most rancorous days. I wish now that I could say as much for Richard Badger. And from the bottom of my soul I wish I could say as much for Bill Holden. As I was saying, I was afraid Holden is not with us. He and Shaffer don't seem to agree with Badger and Young and Tim Lee about things in this District, and I am afraid Holden can do more with his little finger in the party than me and Badger, and Young, and Tim Lee, and Bunting, all put together can.

That confounded old Hugh Guthrie has called a meeting of the Radical Congressional Committee of this District to be held here on Tuesday of next week, and it is some of Holden's work sure to get out a regular candidate as to keep me from getting Radical votes. And he brought out Brindlett Bledsoe for the same purpose. I never have been sorry but one time, and that's been all the time, that the Ku-klux didn't hang Guthrie that night they had his house surrounded in Chapel Hill, when Holden's spy, Bill Huskey, who was guarding him, ran such a straight streak the boys say they could have played marbles on his shirt-tail. They say they would have hung him if the Ku-klux Captain had not weakened at the wrong moment and that the boys came mighty nigh hanging the Captain when they had cleared the town and got into the woods back of where Bill Askew now lives. But let come what will, I am like a ruined woman. If a convention is called there will be a regular nominee sure, for they tell me the woods is full of them. You can't go no where but what you run against a dark horse hit out somewhere that thinks he is the only man that has found out there is a chance to slip in a Radical from this District to

Congress. As I said the woods is full of Cain and there is no rest of nights for their whickering and pawing and prancing. If no convention is called Bledsoe will have the inside track and be as good as a regular genuine nominee, for he has put himself up as a Radical candidate, subject to the action of the Radical convention, and he is going around everywhere telling the people he is a full blooded Radical, and daring me to say what I am. And he has got me in a hell of a fix by it too. For if I don't say that I am a Radical square out, and flat-footed, I won't get any Radical votes in Wake, and if I do I won't get any Democratic votes any where, and both ways I am beat. I can't see to save my life how a man can have so little modesty and so little self-respect as to come out and brindlett like Bledsoe is doing. But I forgot I was writing a letter to you, I thought I was making a speech, or I would not have wasted my time saying that last. I can't help from saying such words when I think of the way Bill Holden is doing me. It's all in Guthrie's name, but I know it is Holden's work, for it is Holden's hair that is on the hollow 'his time sure.

I begin to think sometimes I have been a damned fool right smart in my life. After the Kirk war I ought to have laid down and died, and then I would have been a martyr for all time to come. And they would have brought me from Hillsboro or wherever else I died, and laid me in state in the capitol and the Raleigh boys would have stood guard over me and everything would have been black with erage, and the whole State would have been in mourning, and every honest man, woman and child in it would have been sick at heart, that is all that didn't know me. But I didn't do it, and now everybody knows me, and if I was to die to-day I don't know a stray yellar dog even that would give an extra howl for me. Another time I played the fool was when I refused to take \$20,000 and a seat in Congress for the SENTINEL when Stockholder Blackball offered it to me, that is if it ever was offered to me, and I reckon it was, least ways, I have told the story so often that I seem to believe it, specially about the \$20,000. I am not so sure about the seat in Congress. At any rate, now, I haven't got either the SENTINEL, \$20,000, or a seat in Congress. It was cursed bad judgment if I did get over \$70,000 in cash for public printing.

By the way, talking about Stockholder Blackball, you know he always was an enterprising man and a tip top hotel keeper, all the time trying to please his guests. Well his last beats all. He kept Isaac Young's spotted coach dog about the hotel until he stopped drawing even flies, and when he found that out, what must he do but send away down to Mexico for a new dog; he is as spotted as he can be, but hasn't got a hair on him, in fact he is bald-headed all over as Isaac Young is above his ears. It is reported that some of the ladies don't like to look at him because he looks so naked like, the dog I mean, not Isaac. The ladies all like to look at him, I think I was a cursed fool too to think Holden would be for me because Richard Badger and Isaac Young and Timothy Lee had taken me up. If I had counted the Radical votes they took away from Bledsoe in the August election when Holden stood by him I could have known better. The fact is, John, I ain't happy. I am in a cold perspiration all over. I never was so shook in my life.

But I had a great many more things to write to you about; in fact I have hardly got started, and here I am at the end of my second sheet of paper. Stockholder Blackball always sends his love. I will write again soon.

Yours in purification,

OLD JOE.

P. S. I have had bad luck in Johnston county, one of my strongholds. The people would not come to my appointments and I Joe Davis joined me. Things look squally.

OLD JOE.

P. S. Peru Tom Settle, as we used to call him in love, is at the Stockholder's hotel, but I have not had a chance to find out whether he is with us or not.

OLD JOE.

"SUPPOSED CORRESPONDENCE."

PENNINGTON TO OLD JOE.

Dear-Ko-Tab Territory Sept. 14 '78.

My Dear Repentant Josiah:

On the receipt of your second letter giving me the gratifying assurance that your first letter was not a forgery, and that I might depend on your conversion from the errors of Democracy, and have the pleasure of knowing for certain that you, as well as Nicholls and Gorham, and a host of others, prided saints, both wall-wag and carpet-bag, were with us, I know not how to restrain my joy. I immediately began to sing that good old hymn, "While the lamps hold out to burn," but such was my emotion that before I got further than the first verse, I let the sacred air slide hysterically into that ditty of the ungodly, "Oh, no, no, not for

Joe." Thus I warbled on until my nerves settled a little when I seized the pen to write you this letter of hearty welcome into our ranks.

God bless you old Joe, I am truly glad to see you here. We will have you duly baptized after a while (Bro. Holden shall see it done,) and we will open a keg of nails and kill Blackwell's Mexican dog. For Taylor I know can have him cooked to a turn—but all in prudent time. Its dangerous to go too fast in these matters. We want you to bring your sheaves with you. The honest truth is, Joe it is your duty to bring at least your own fodder with you, if not some also for the brethren. If you are only coming to help set up our fodder—no Irish need apply. The rack in our camp is nearly empty, and the grazing in our pasture is already goose-cropped, and we are most unhappily "parried" of corrupting brass. We welcome you as a doer, because we hope you will either bring fodder or eat show us where to steal it.

But I won't scold you, Joe, my darling. You are a great acquisition to a sinking cause, whether with or without your sheaves. Nobody knows better than I do from sad experience the strength and power of that foul tongue of yours, once, alas, directed against the chosen, but now, heaven be praised, to be used only against the wisest and best of our enemies. A more gallant fighter than you never stood in partisan ranks. Numbers could not deter you for a moment, nor could propriety, age, or sex, nor conscience, nor truth for one moment cause you to hesitate when fighting your now brethren. So be it unto your late friends, now enemies. Surely your right hand retains its cunning. How skillfully, too, you managed your campaigns as well as valiantly fought them! You applied to Holden for the martyr's crown and he gave it to you by making Kirk arrest you and put you in jail with a dirty negro. And how modestly you drank buttermilk with Bob Vance when Raleigh turned out to greet you on your release! Then, too, when those ghosts began to fade a little, how opportunely some miserable Radical shot at you through the window and finally blew up your office! Or was it a Radical? Honor bright now Joe, and between friends, how was that any how? My folks sorter believed—well—well—you know what I mean. And even some Democrats when questioned, said they "didn't know," but I always believed they did or thought they did. You played it fine, Joe, that you did.

But better than all these politician's tricks, you displayed real genius in pretending to be honest and in making the enemy pay the expenses of the war, or, as I have heard the ungodly say, by fighting the tiger with his own money. During all that splendid war you made on Swepson, Littlefield, Meninger, Dewees, Laffin, and the ring generally, not a human soul knew of suspected you were doing it with Swepson's ring money? Talleyrand would have died of envy had he lived in our day. Alas, alas! you can't do it again, Joe, in our behalf, but I ain't got the character, Joe. Of all the dodges of the politician, the honesty dodge is the best and fools the people most completely. But it requires a good character to do it. The slightest suspicion of a dirty hand yourself will break the charm forever. Well, Swepson's money and the "em quad" business ruined your honesty dodge, Joe. Take my word for it, you are wasting your breath to try it on any more. Even Bledsoe can beat you at it, much more such a spotless, pure man as Joe Davis. I know what I am talking about. I lost my character early in life. Lemonade was my undoing. I suppose you have heard of it. Talk about the dangers of strong drink indeed, what the weakest kind of lemonade could overthrow such a man as I am! True I afterwards came very near being elected United States Senator from Alabama and did get to be Governor of a Territory, but I give you my word, it was not done by the honesty dodge. It was simply my good luck to fall upon friends and into the arms of a part—that did not require honesty and who considered it, in fact, rather a drawback. That was the way of it.

Be warned, Joe. Don't try on things that won't work; and above all, don't come over too fast. You are in a tight place and must work slowly. If you show too much Radicalism, such men as Dr. Leach, Zoa Lemay and Major Russ, will leave you. May be the monkey wrench man, even, will leave you. If you don't show enough Radicalism, neither Holden, like Young, Tim Lee, Bunting nor any of the faithful, will swallow you, unless it be my esteemed friend Richard Badger, whose cosmopolitan appetite will relish anything, in which case Bledsoe will march off with the negro. In fact, Joe, you are in a 3-11 of a fix, anyhow. You are like a tadpole which has lost his tail but hasn't yet got his legs. In short you are now just a Brindlett as you used to call such folks. Call yourself an independent or a National for the present; we understand you and expect by the natural course of Democracy to call you something better after while.

But I can't write all at once. In future letters I will give you more advice and further assurances of my full forgiveness for all the hard things said before your conversion. So awaiting the process of purification with much anxiety and hope, I am with much affection your elder brother in the

letter "em" or the "em quad," as my near sure best.

PENNINGTON.

P. S. I learn by grape vine just to hand that you have gone the whole hog at a single leap are now the regular Radical candidate for Congress. Those proxies did the work for you; you always were the devil getting up proxies. I remember when you were commending with Swepson to make you President of the North Carolina Railroad, how you kept writing to Swepson to get in the Petersburg stock proxies. It was pretty hard on you when your Squire let Swepson show all your letters to him. But as I said, you were always heavy on proxies.

PENNINGTON.

P. S. Give my best respects to Dr. Blackwell and Judge Settle and all the rest of the boys. And now that you have got into good society let me advise you not to play higher than a cent a coin, and be sure to let the rate be pay as you go. Things change too fast these days for credit. Be a little more particular, too, about your spelling. You see I have adopted Post Taylor's spelling of the name of my Territory. Illiterate people like you may spell it Da-otah, but good scholars like the Bard of Rhamkate and myself spell it Derr-Ko-Tab.

Yours,

P.

A BASHFUL YOUNG MAN.

This morning a strong, healthy-looking young man entered the County Clerk's office and gazed respectfully around. Harry Thompson, the chief-deputy, stepped up and blandly inquired of the stranger if he wished any business transacted.

The young man when spoken to started back as though dreading an assault, but he soon recovered himself and said in a whisper:

"Yes, sir—I called to see—I want to have a little talk—how much is it, any how?"

He had a soft cloth hat in his hand, and kept turning and twisting it about as he spoke; his face had grown terribly red, and big drops of perspiration were standing on his brow.

"What is it you want?" asked the Clerk.

The man looked at him pleadingly, but struggled in vain for utterance. His eyes bulged out, his face grew redder, and the veins in his neck and on his forehead swelled till they looked like great knotted cords. He twisted the hat convulsively, and then straightened it out again, and then he pulled the new thing out off, and dropped it on the floor. Then he picked it up all dusty from the floor and wiped his steaming face, leaving a dirty streak after each wipe. Finally, it seemed as though the poor young man had quite recovered himself, for he looked cheerfully around the room, and then turning to Mr. Thompson, remarked in a pleasant and confidential tone:

"Well, it is real warm for this section, isn't it?"

"Very warm, indeed," replied Mr. Thompson.

"It is a good deal hotter than we have it down in the valley, and somehow I've always had just the other notion about it—that the higher up you got the colder!"

"Yes," said Mr. Thompson, "but about that business of yours?"

Another fiery blush that looked as if it would scorch the collar off his neck followed this remark, but the stranger held up bravely. He leaned on the desk in an easy careless sort of way, and began to toy with a smelling-bottle.

"The fact of the matter is that I wanted to—"

Here he paused again, and meditatively jammed the mucilage brush into the ink-stand.

"What the devil are you doing with that brush?" asked the clerk somewhat impatiently.

"Oh, by George—excuse me!" stammered the man as he withdrew the brush, spattering the ink all over the clerk's shirt bosom, and, as if it had been muskles dripping from his fingers, thrust the brush into his mouth, dabbing himself with ink and mucilage, and then bolted from the office.

"That's about the worst case I have seen," remarked Mr. Thompson, as he wiped a big ink-spot from the starboard side of his Roman nose.

"Crazy as a bedbug," said Alderman Orndorf, who had been an interested spectator of the whole scene. "You ought to send a policeman after that man."

"No, he's not exactly crazy," replied Thompson; "I know from the start that he wanted a marriage license, and I thought I'd have a little quiet fun, but he's broke the line now and gone off with the book!"—Es.

Worcester, Sept. 11.—The Prohibition convention is in session in this city. The resolutions avow the unswerving purpose of legally suppressing the liquor traffic, and declare that the convention will nominate no man who does not recognize the prohibitory party as an indispensable necessity. They invite the co-operation of the women in their work, as they are the chief sufferers by intemperance. The convention made the following: For Governor, Rev Dr. Nizer, of Boston; Geo C Wing, for Lieutenant Governor.