

The Hillsborough Recorder.

J. D. CAMERON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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—Old Series, Vol. 58.

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BATON ROUGE, Sept. 19.—Ex Gov. Sam Ford died last night of yellow fever. Though his family was about to receive every attention, and constantly urged that they be not informed of his illness, hoping that he would recover.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 19.—Since yesterday noon 57 deaths are reported. Among the new cases are Dr. T. H. Force, of Hot Springs, Arkansas; Dr. L. L. L. of Los Angeles, California; and Geo. D. Landrum, youngest son of Rev. S. Landrum. Dr. Hiram Pearce, of Cincinnati, died last evening. Chief of Police Atthey is convalescing.

MOBILE, Sept. 19.—The board of health report officially this morning, two more cases of yellow fever on the 17th, both terminating fatally. These cases occurred in the same locality of the city as those previously reported.

BATON ROUGE, Sept. 19.—Death, 3; new cases 31.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 19.—A letter from Pattersonville says at Loggona plantation, 29 cases of fever and 8 deaths have occurred. The proprietors, Clark and Steele, are dangerously ill.

KEY NOTE BY HENRY N. BROWN, OF ORANGE.

HE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

THE K. K. PULPIT AND PRESS.

Come to the Mass Meeting at Raleigh, October, 1st Tuesday.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

I accept the endorsement of my party friends of "The Independent Republican," the Radical of Hillsboro. The so-called Radical of the South, standing fair and square upon the platform of my party. I fly no false colors. I play no false game to catch or to deceive. But you, fellow citizens, must know my history, my past record to be not deceived.

I would look upon myself as not true to this people if I withheld from them the light; if I did not show the seed I scatter; if I did not show the enemy to my duty; if I did not show the way to my duty; if I did not show the power to do. "Gentlemen" I had, as other men, an ancestry. I have been taught and reared under peculiar surroundings. I have been educated in a school peculiar and it is not to be wondered at if I am peculiar and eccentric. But I do not allow myself to say of others they are "out of the center" (eccentric) I trust I have lived to let all men have their peculiar opinions in Church and State. Why I possessed to give this history, is owing to my relation to the negro race.

Our family has, I say, a peculiar relation to the negro; they owned them by thousands and branded them like horses. They had no other name or mark to distinguish them from other plantation negroes. They rose in their might, in insurrection and exterminated all my mother's relatives except a few who landed in New Orleans. This was the work of Statesmen. My grand mother was robbed of the awards of "claim commissions" by both tail lawyers of Baltimore, and by the Spanish Consul of Norfolk; by fraud and longery stripped of large Louisiana possessions and a large portion of Norfolk. The great fire in Petersburg swept all that was left to her. Beggar and paupered thereby, she raised me, and why my great love for the negro?

In 1810-1815, I, four days old, sucked the breast of my dear mother who had fled for safety and protection from Northampton negroes "Nat Turner's Band." As I grew up I received from my father, (the shoemaker of Halifax who was shot in that insurrection, a private in a volunteer company) from Nat Turner's old wood hat. For when Turner and company were hung, the company divided out his hide and clothes. His old wood hat fell to my father's lot; we found the history of the insurrection with it, and I hold it as a legacy. My love for the negro is so great: His skin, (his hide) my father makes a pair of boots out of it for the Captain. The humble boot and shoemaker of Hillsboro of whom John W. Norwood said at Caldwell in 1872, when maligned by not understanding (I did not refer to him as the Great Leader of the Democratic Party). But to him? To one who said when Brown turned radical, he understood there was 30 thousand dollars to carry Orange Republican). That there had not lived a better or more honest man than my father, as a reflection upon his own. He was mistaken. That father, the "old class" leader of the Methodist negro class meeting? His son, the man who thus educated, who, if it had been ordered, must have had no love for the negro, stands here, willing, ready, called, commissioned to lead and to teach negroes politics. The point we wish to make is this: Is he not a true man to his race, when he braved the scorn, contempt and ignominy of his race when he better taught than they, raised the "old flag" the day Davis' backers, did the Bars & Stars, for which he was cursed and damned, a Lincoln man, and traitor to his race?

Was he not a true man, a friend, who stepped from his store door to raise that

flag over the Court House door in 1865, committed by Holden? Was he not your best friend, when at Roxboro, he drew the same old flag, on K. K. Cunningham and Norwood? Was he a friend, in his race "a traitor" to his own, when he, with his eyes wide open from 1861 to 1870, followed that people to ruin, misled by Jos. J. Davis and his backers? Yes; knowing, seeing, feeling, mourning over his race he sacrificed all. Yes; what he owed his God, his country, and called to do his duty as he saw it; and stands here to-day, seemingly defeated in Politics and in Business. By whom? Answer at the Ballot Box!

I bear and hold the fruit of the past—in flags, commissions and exemptions—of more honor than a seat in Congress; of more value than "Diamonds" some men say the negro are fools for want of sense; but that God is above the Devil I ask their votes, to assist in undoing the fatal blunders of Capt. Davis and his backers. From 1861 to this hour, they have not shown, as I can prove, (had I the time) themselves wise nor improved upon their fatal misadventures of '61; nor will they do it. They cannot, if they would; they are blind. The fruit of the Electoral Commission may prove yet to be Pandora's Box of ill and evils, greater than recession, the fruit of the first great blunder of the so-called great men of the Nation, "the Missouri Compromise." I am no Statesman, no politician, no hot tail lawyer; only a tradesman of Hillsboro; one who has felt and knows what dire evils they, the so-called Statesman, politicians and hot tail lawyers, can put upon a people, who can only be led, "by wreckers" packed Conventions, and Committee candidates for office. Look well to your vote—how you cast it in November. My advice to you, is go and pray—As I did in 1864 at the Union Prayer Meeting at the Methodist Church in Hillsboro, (during the war,) the Lord to bless and prosper this our native land—give us peace, and success only to the right; you do so often before the November Election.

I tell you now, my democratic friends, Capt. Turner is saying all that can be said against Capt. Davis and more; his backers are stinging and firing the masses that; that if you do not put down the Bond Swappers, you give them full possession of the General Government. Let them get it strong say 40 majority in Congress and they will vote themselves pay for their negroes. Are you going to stand that you poor white men and negroes? are you going to be taxed to pay "old master" for his former slaves—and all lost time. He, the great creator, of the party of the opposition in this district, can unmake, can undo his own work. Mark what I tell you. You may have to take a choice of evils. If so, my democratic friends, we have to trust good reasons why we have been no traitor to our race. But your friend, deserted when others did not do their duty.

Just here, let me say I would to God this people could see their whole duty and act it. In my opinion, there is a solemn duty resting upon the christian gentlemen of the church and pulpit—(my friends my brothers) you do well to halt in halcyon by a Radical; one of whom the Raleigh News said after the late convention election, those who voted against it, were henceforth to be known as negroes; thereby exelling the Wood Editorial (in my opinion) of the Standard. The pulpit was dumb as K. K. K. times; not so in recession. Who's my brother that has openly defended him, the new man? The people's candidate for Congress of the 4th district, was there not a time to do so? Has that day past—when it's not your duty to do so? Or must the yellow fever pestilence, must war and famine nerve you to set your duty to your God and country? I wish to see you act in the November election. Just here, I ask, has not the time come when you of the pulpit ought to assist in reunion of State, and blot out your conference records, North and South—when will the politician do it? Will you let them first learn there is in this nation no North no South, no East or West? Can you not aid us in blotting out all records of "mistaken judgment" men, the authors of the Missouri and Electoral Commission Compromises? Let Southern Claims be nursed and looked after by a "New Man"; four years is long enough for one man to go to Congress; there are large pickings in Southern Claims for both tail lawyers. Send a tradesman to look after values.

The Wreckers and Thief Killers the allies of the Nationals, who stand ready, with willing minds and hands, to destroy, to engulf, the last vestige of civil and religious liberty; and between them, ambushed under But-

ler's hand they stand to kill Columbia, the mother of freedom. If they cannot rule, you place them in power all is lost. The hope of freedom dies. To the rescue freedom men, all.

When North Carolina, redeemed by her good men—her holy ones—have acted—and we pray God they may so act in this crisis of the nation—when they have placed themselves in accord with the habits of the men who look upon them as the saviors of this nation. Whose will is the higher law, we may hope to ask, pray, (not demand) that we have the right of bank issue, to-day taxed out of existence as a war exigency.

Fellow citizens, I have tried in the language of the Recorder (to tell to ramble, aimless, pointless.) if I have failed, charge it to our Radicalism, not to the Pulpit and Press of the party of all virtue, honor and intelligence. To the humble tradesman, the "New Man" The people's candidate for Congress of the 4th District of North Carolina, Now "Gentlemen," when you vote on the 5th November, give Jackson's old Pantaloons to the (Observers) Barker. Let the Thief Killers hold them, September 23rd 1878.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR.

It was a day or so after the battle of Sharpsburg that Lee, having crossed to the south side of the Potomac, and wishing to draw off a portion of the enemy in his front, ordered J. E. B. Stuart to take Hampton's Legion, seven pieces of artillery, and a portion of the Second Virginia Infantry, in all about fifteen hundred men, and across the Potomac at Williamsport, Md.

This force was expected to make a demonstration as if it would attack the Federalists on the right and rear. Off we started in a gay, good humor, Stuart, like Prince Rupert of old, leading the van and ready for a ride.

Ready for a ride with Stuart, that prince of gay cavaliers! Who would not have been? He would have commanded the "Six Hundred," and ridden to the death with a song upon his lips and a smile in his handsome eye.

Fear, he knew not. Alas! brave hearts sleep his last sleep beneath the shade of beautiful Hollywood, and a purring stream, in cadence soft and sweet, sweeps by his silent grave seemingly singing a perpetual song to his memory, then joining its waters with the turbid James it dashes downward to the sea.

We have no difficulty in forcing a passage, and soon sent the Yankee guard whirling from Williamsport. Our lines extended from the Potomac river down the Hagerstown pike, some three miles or more. It was the writer's fortune to be stationed with Stuart on the extreme left of the line, and every now and then we would drop shell amongst the Federal pickets just to keep up a good feeling. Another piece of artillery coming up, we then commanded a "section" of two guns.

Major Von Borcke, a gallant Prussian officer on Stuart's staff, whose sabre was almost as heavy as Gollath's spear, determined to make a reconnaissance, and he moved off in front of our guns down the road some distance. Presently he stopped at a farm house, and hitching his horse to a swinging limb he walked into the house to get dinner. Our guns were placed so as to command the road just in front of the farm house. The distance had been carefully stepped off, the fuse cut, and a dangerous looking "case shot," containing ninety-six musket balls, was just waiting to be sent on its mission of death. A clatter, a dash, and a hearty cheer heard—a squad of twenty-five Yankees is seen riding down the road at break-neck speed and within a very short distance of Von Borcke's steed, which was rearing and plunging in a most violent manner, seeking to appreciate the situation. Von Borcke rushes out of the house, but in the hurry of the moment forgot to unhitch his horse—the bridle fortunately breaks and off dashes the Prussian not fifteen yards ahead of the enemy, whilst the little puff of white smoke and the ringing reports of a dozen carbines told of danger to the gallant officer who was making race time to the Confederate line.

Just then our "laneyard" is pulled, and away goes the "case shot." For an instant it seems to hover over the head of Von Borcke, and then it explodes, scattering death and destruction on every hand.

Twenty-three out of twenty-five of these bold riders have been killed or wounded at one shot, and Von Borcke is once more safe in the Confederate lines.

The movement has been entirely successful—a corps of twenty-five thousand men has been withdrawn from Sharpsburg, and our plan to keep them busy until night and then slip over the river unmolested.

It was getting nearly dark; Stuart or-

ders us to bring our gun to the river so we "hunker up" and follow him with our "pieces" and not our "section," as he evidently intended.

We cross the river and the Confederates are crossing over as rapidly as possible under the direction of Stuart. As we were about to order our "detachment" over Stuart very promptly orders us to tack to the left and bring that other gun to the river.

Great Heavens! Three miles to the ford, and the Yankees already within two hundred yards of it. And now for prison, thought we; however, we must try and run the gamut.

Spurring "Old Mac," our noble steed, (concerning which General Clifton profanely remarked that he filled the bill for a Sergeant's horse,) we dashed off for the other gun. Lumber to the rear—trot—march! and off we go. 'Twas as dark as Erebus, and not a Southern soldier on the north side of the Potomac save that single gun detachment. But the darkness saved us, and for three miles we trotted along with the Yankees—they to catch Stuart and we to get to him. They evidently mistook us for a Yankee battery advancing, and asked us no questions. We were not overly anxious for a conversation.

Upon reaching the ford a Yankee battery was in position on either side of the road and fighting Stuart's artillery on the south side of the Potomac. We very quietly went in between them and in a short time were in the Confederate lines.

We think this is the only instance of the war where a Confederate gun detachment marched literally "in column" with the enemy for the space of three miles and then succeeded in getting away.—Savannah News.

DON'T.

Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears. God made one, the tailor the other.

Don't judge him by his family connections, for Cain belonged to a very good family.

Don't judge a man by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

Don't judge a man by his speech, for the parrot talks and the tongue is but an instrument of sound.

Don't judge a man by the house he lives in, for the lizard and the rat often inhabit the grandest structures.

Don't judge him by his activity in church affairs, for that is not infrequently inspired by hypocritical and selfish motives.

Don't judge him by his lack of display, for the long eared beast is the humblest of animals but when aroused, is terrible to behold.

Don't take it for granted that because he carries around the contribution box he is liberal; he often pays the Lord that way, and keeps the currency.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF STRIKES.

"Where are you going, with the puppets, my little man?" asked a gentleman of a small boy whom he met with three pups in a basket.

"Gone to drown them," was the reply.

"I want a pup for my little boy to play with; what do you say to letting me take one of them?"

"I'll sell you one," spoke up the boy with true American enterprise.

"I'll sell you this yaller one for half a dollar, the black one for 75 cents, and the spotted one is worth a dollar."

"I think my boy would like the spotted one best, but you ask too much for it. You had intended drowning all of them. But I'll give you 25 cents and save you the trouble of drowning the spotted one."

"Twenty-five cents for that spotted pup?" exclaimed the boy; "I can't stand it; taxes is high; rent is high; groceries is high; oil is down and going lower—oh, no; I can't take less than a dollar."

"But you intend to drown—"

"Take the black one at 75 cents."

"My little boy wouldn't like the black one."

"Take the yaller one at half a dollar, and he's dog cheap."

"I don't like his color."

"Well, then, you'd better tell your little boy to play with his toes, and he continued on his way to the river, remarking that 'No party can dead-beat his way on me these hard times.'

Among the young ladies who sat at the receipt of customs in a Western church fair, and retailed kisses at the nominal value of ten cents each, was a vinegar visaged old maid, who had crowded herself in on the gungy pretense that she felt it her duty to do her share towards helping along the good cause. When it came time for closing the young ladies turned over to the church treasury from five to ten dollars apiece, while the ancient female handed in a solitary dime, the value of one kiss that she received from a blind man, whose taste was so vitiated by tobacco chewing that he was unable to detect the imposition.—Danbury News.

OLDIES HAS NO FAITH IN THE GREEN-BACKS.—"There ain't no use bodgerin' me wid 'em," said old N. to Amos; "I smell wood round in dis neighborhood an' I's gwine ter feed my saw on 'it' fore sundown."

"But anser the question," urged Amos. "Well, Amos, look heah, boy, I've bin outen town an' I've bin readin' de labels on de politicans lately.—Fi on erman's yer, you is one ob dese 'greenbackers'?"

"Dat's de kind of frackshunable 'kurrensey' I is!"

"An ez I furder on erman's dey is pre-pose? ter run 'gust de' reg'lar Dimmo-crut bonnyes?"

"Dat's de trale he's on?"

"An' he's tryin' ter suppress on de 'publans de needecessity ob waitin up to de pines an' 'Spartan' on him for ter beat de Dimmo-crats?"

"Anythin ter beat dem?"

"Well, now, 'or I'd go inter dat 'range-ment, I'd like ter hab de 'podigree ob dat 'greenbacker er little mo' sartin' dan I've got it now. I've 'tore de' one ob dese cross-frum er independint cuten er sord-hood. I likes a thurberred scrub!"

"Yes, but he's wid us now, shi?"

"Wid yer now? But whar are he gwine ter be after de 'leashun? When yer comes to ax him fer ter stan on yer stress war-runt ter next week, whor'll yer tree 'um at? Now, lemme tell yer new brandud 'greenbacker is like unto dese summer lizards—dey's green on de grass but when yer runs 'em out or rale dey's ez grey ez 'Condemn' jans! An' dey's got no shamo 'gust de Dimmo-crut party. Yer heah no I hit's like 'a bar meat—de mo' yer chaws on hit de bigger hit swells."

And the old man felt of his sawdust am-bled away.—Atlanta Constitution.

Fleishish Outrage.

The Chatham Record says: On the night of the 21st ult. some brute in human form entered the stable of David Turner, Esq; who resides about one mile from here, and cut and mutilated his finest stallion in a manner too horrible to mention. Sufficient to say that his future usefulness is entirely destroyed. A negro, who some time ago was the horse's groom, but had been discharged, was arrested and bound over to the present term of the superior court on the charge of having committed this most diabolical outrage.

The Earl of Kellie was relating an account of a sermon which he had heard in Italy; and in which the preacher described the alleged miracle of St. Anthony preaching to the fishes; and in which his hearers were so much entranced by his eloquence that they actually held their heads up out of the water. "I can believe the miracle," said Henry Erskine, "if your lordship was at church." "Then," said Erskine, "there was at least one fish out of water."

"Foh de Lord," said the old colored woman yesterday, "I neber heard of dese yer niggabs habbin' the 'yello' fever befor." One of the new school explained, "Why not? Were all de rights and privijums of citizens, and wee jost going' to hav everythin like white folks." That seemed to settle the question.

A country dandel, describing her first kiss, told her sensible friend that she never knew how it happened, but the last thing she remembered was a sensation of fighting for her breath in a hot house full of violets, with ventilation choked by blush roses and tulips.

A penurious character invited a friend to dinner, and provided two nuttin chops. On removing the cover he said, "My friend, you see your dinner," which his friend immediately (with his fork and knife) took to himself, remarking, "I do; but I do not see yours."

A little Cincinnati girl, when asked what God had made her for, replied: "To wear a red fudder in my hat." Many an older person or her sex has, to all appearance, pretty much the same conception of Heaven's designs.

In his last speech Kearney decorated capitalists, bondholders, and kindred creatures, with eighty-six distinct varieties of handsome epithets. And it wasn't one of his good evening for vituperation at that.

After a clergyman had united a happy pair, not long ago, an awful silence ensued, which was broken by an impatient youth, who exclaimed, "Don't be so unspeskably happy."

An exchange says that a pretty female lobbyist, when she commences to weep, generally wins a Congressman over to her side. From this it appears that our Congress is partially run by water power.

An editor out West, with nine unmarried daughters, recently wrote an editorial leader on "The Demand for Men." Several unmarried persons called to ask what he meant.

"Pa," said a little four year old, "there's a poor man out there that would give anything to see you." "Who is it, my son?" "It is a blind man."

Shakespeare truly says— "Every one can master a grief but he that has it."

When doctors disagree—well it's likely the patient will recover.