

The Hillsborough Recorder.

J. D. CAMERON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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—Old Series, Vol. 58.

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June 26.

The ostrich-feather business increases, but the supply is getting badly short. Twenty pairs ostriches were lately sold in South Africa for breeding purposes, and fetched an average of nearly \$1,000 per pair. As much as \$1,425 was paid for one pair, while the lowest price obtained was \$650. It was only a few years ago that ostriches could be procured in South Africa for the catching, and for exhibition purposes in London they sold at a mere trifle. Even the Zoological Society of London, remarkable for its collection of foreign birds, does not possess a single specimen of the African species. At a recent sale of feathers a choice parcel realized \$340 per pound, or about \$4 for each separate feather. In 1870 the exports from the Cape of Good Hope were 2,297 pounds, valued at \$36,300. Ten years later the quantity had increased twelvefold, and the value fivefold. In 1873 31,581 pounds were exported at a value of \$798,393, and last year the exports had reached in value the sum of \$1,963,030.

There are bits of rare pathos in the Memphis newspapers nowadays. A lady going to see a sick friend heard her name called. Turning, she saw a slender girl in mourning advancing toward her. As the child came nearer the lady recognized in her the daughter of a neighbor who died the day before near the city. The little girl threw her arms about the lady and, sobbing, cried: "You aren't afraid of me, are you?" "No, my dear," was the soothing reply. "Every body else is," said the poor child. "They won't come near me because papa died of the fever, and we were with him. I and mamma."

Men often escape light from the first impression, and suffer terribly from its repetition; for folly repeated becomes sin, and sin is always punished. There is no variability in the government of God.

From the Raleigh Observer, Oct. 6th. "SUPPOSED CORRESPONDENCE"

OLD JOE TO PENNINGTON.

BRINDLETAIL CROSS BOWS,
4th October, 1878.

MY DEAR JOHN: The further I go on this confounded Radical road the worse I seem to fare. The fact is, John, things haven't gone right with me at all since I began to work ugly in the Democratic harness, and tried to cheat Joe Davis out of the nomination for Congress four years ago, after he had bent me fairly for it before the Convention. In fact, I have been going down hill ever since, and I am now pretty near the bottom, for you know it ain't but one step from the bottom of the Radical party, where I now am, to the devil's own. It makes me pretty high crazy, sure enough, sometimes, to think of the five chances I have thrown away. And here, even as late as since the last regular election, if I had only kept quiet and gone to the Legislature and behaved myself, and showed the people I was honest in my talk about wanting to do something for their good, the Democratic party would have forgiven me, and nine chances to one I would have been sent to Congress in the old respectable way two years from now. You know its human nature to forgive a fellow for letting you if you know he'll hit you again if you don't forgive him. And then, too, I do say the Democrats are the most forgiving folks I ever see anyhow. But instead of doing what I told the people of Orange I wanted to do, that is to say, to go to the Legislature to break up the rings and all that, I must go and put myself up for Congress a radical of the Radical party. I had not been there no time hardly, however, before I found that the old Radical horse's backbone, while it was as weak as a willow, was as sharp as a meat axe, and it had been about the oneshot thing ever I tried in my life, and if it was not that I had a little mutton suit along to rub on the galled places I don't know what I should do, and as it is I don't expect to set down comfortable for six months.

I AIN'T SURE OF MY NEW FRIENDS.

I told you old man Reade would be watching. I have known him for a long time, and now you see I was right. They say he won't run, but I ain't so sure about that, for if he has ever failed to run for an office, Federal, Confederate or State, when he had a chance, unless he had another, I don't know when it was. He and me has been a running for offices in jinking counties for nigh on to thirty years. And then too he has got it in just the six he likes above all things, for he can say he is not running if he is beat and if he is elected it would be a fine thing to tell at Washington, that the people spontaneously called him from his retirement without his knowledge or solicitation. I tell you Reade is as cunning as he can be, and Bill Smith, you know I never did like Bill Smith, knew mighty well what he was doing, when he worked up the Convention last Tuesday in Raleigh. It's hard times I am having now, I tell you, John. Richard Badger and the two Isaacs, Isaac Young, and Isaac St. Raymond, my law partner before I was a horny-handed son of toil, are about all of the faithful that stand square up to me. Isaac Strayhorn does say that Governor Holden, or Bill Holden, as I used to call him, stand by me, and by the committee that nominated me, and he told the meeting at Hillsboro Monday night that he had letters from Gov. Holden saying that he endorsed and approved my nomination, but as they were private letters he could not show them. But however this may be, I ain't sure about Holden being on my side, for I don't see how a dog even could think so little of himself as to lick my hand after I had treated it as I did Holden. But that is what he says, my old law partner, told the negroes in Hillsboro at a public meeting last Monday night. Bill Smith and Brindle-tail Bledsoe and their confounded Convention have knocked the spots right out of me. I don't know what Henry Brown will do, for he hates Reade about as bad as he does me, and then there is no telling what Cate's Baby, or anybody else's baby, will do, any way. But the way the thing looks to me now is that Joe Davis and Judge Reade and myself will have the field to ourselves. Of course it is convenient in a good many ways to have Brindle-tail Bledsoe out of the way. You may know he loathed me right smart or I never would have rung that cowbell at him. But on election day Reade is a man much more to be feared than Brindle-tail Bledsoe.

HOW I FOULED THE FARMERS.

The fact is, John, I ain't happy any way. There are a heap of people in the District, and going around in tobacco wagons while it has some advantages is slow, powerful slow. One man can do right smart bushwhacking in a single county, but when it comes to bushwhacking a whole Congressional District single handed it's up hill work. I don't mind the walking, that is I say I don't, for you must know I am a "laboring man," and

used to talking about earning my bread by the sweat of my brow. Some of the boys in Orange tell a good story on me about my plowing last summer and spring. They say I used to keep my bull, Sam Watts, geared up in a field side of the road and used to keep a little boy on the lookout to see if any one was coming in sight. As long as any one was in sight I was mighty busy plowing, especially in the morning and evening as the people from the country would pass by going to and from town. When nobody was in sight, I used to lay down under a persimmon tree and go to sleep. That is a right good story, whether true or not, if I was in the humor to enjoy it, but it ain't half as good a one as mine on the people of Orange. You know they have been talking about being tired to death of having lawyers and machine politicians to represent them in the Legislature. Nothing would do them they said but a regular farmer, who knew what they wanted, and would be sure to get it for them. If they could get out a regular farmer candidate everything would go as merry as a marriage bell. And then upon the Democratic Convention nominated Mr. J. R. Hutchins, a life long sure enough practical farmer, a real laboring man, a genuine horny handed son of toil, and withal one of the most intelligent and most worthy gentlemen in all the county. But, lo and behold just as soon as the farmers had a chance to vote for such a man they turned tail at once, left their own man, and came over in a body and voted for me, who had been a lawyer all my days, and a politician that didn't know a handside from a plow point to save my life. If that ain't a better story than my plowing my bull Sam Watts on the roadside I'll give up.

WHAT DID I DO WITH MY MONEY?

But there are things that bother me worse than that plowing story. People begin to talk and say they don't understand how I spent all that money in the Democratic party. The *Sentinel* was paying splendid. It had a great big subscription list, it had a big advertising patronage, and then I got seventy-five thousand and more dollars for the public printing, in addition to the swallowing up of my father's property. Where did all the money go to? What is there now and where to show for it? Where and when and how, people ask did I ever spend a dollar of all that big amount of ready money for the Democratic party? It certainly was money enough to keep the paper going and yet the *Sentinel* has gone down. There was no campaign fund subscription that ever showed I gave money to it, was there? There were no campaign documents circulated by me, was there? In fact, the only thing bought by me they say so far as known was about \$4,000 worth of type and things for doing the public printing. And yet in four or five years all that money, more than a hundred thousand dollars in cash, disappeared, leaving not even a grease spot on the Democratic party board to show either now or then, how or when or to whom it went! This is the way the people are talking now. They say the claim I set up to be a martyr who sacrificed his own and his father's property in the Democratic party in the service of the Democratic party is too thin. They say there is not a particle of proof that I ever spent a dollar in the service of the party, although I received money from the party by the thousands. The worst of it is that I haven't got a word to say in reply. What did I do with all that money, that is the question? I haven't got it now sure, and the Democratic party ain't got it, but then what did I do with it?

PEOPLE WILL SAY I BLEW UP MY OWN OFFICE.

But that is not all people are talking about, and this reminds me to say I am afraid your circus manners haven't left you. It showed mighty bad raising in you to write to me about my office being blown up. Any man, much less a Governor, it seems to me ought to have seen by now that I never liked to talk about that matter. Don't you know I never said anything about it in my paper, and did you never hear that I gave Mr. Kingsbury who was my associate editor at that time, instructions not to write about the matter in the paper? The Radicals accused me openly of blowing up the office myself, and I have reason to believe that detectives were put upon my track down to Norfolk and back where I had been a few days before the blowing up. People talked mighty unkind about it, and some folks said then and say now that even the printers in my office thought it was my own doing. They were all at the ruins next morning, and if you want to know more particularly about it, you had better write to them. John Hampton was there and Joe Harris and Jewett Cosby and Collins and all of them in fact. People said it was curious that I talked so much about the Davis Street battle and so little about the blowing up. I must say I think it was mighty unkind in you and showed mighty bad raising to be taking up that

old matter. I am not sure but what my esteemed friend Richard Badger thinks I am guilty to this day.

MY KU KLUX RECORD BOTHERS ME.

But that ain't all either. Folks are beginning to talk about me and the Ku Klux again, and the Ku Klux ain't good for folks to get tangled up with. My record in that matter ain't as good as I would like to have it. In 1872, or was it in 1873, when Dr. Pride Jones and Mr. John W. Norwood, of Orange, and Col. Saunders, came to me to help them get the Legislature to pass an amnesty bill for the Ku Klux. I refused to do it. I had sworn, too, on the impeachment trial (see vol. 1, page 303) that I always denounced them, both the Leagues and the Ku Klux Klan in my speeches and my paper. I had also sworn (p. 912) when asked if I knew anything about any secret political organization, that I knew "nothing in the world. I never belonged to any of them of any kind or description, and always denounced them," and in general, that I knew nothing of them, or of any man who belongs to them except hearsay. That was on the 16th of February, 1871. Now it so happens that shortly before Christmas, 1870, within two months from the date of my swearing in the impeachment trial, I had been to no less than five gentlemen, and in vain, to have a Ku Klux raid made in Alamance county just before the special election there, when Jimmy Graham beat Dix Smith for the Senate. Dr. Pride Jones, of Orange, has already given a certificate that Joe Davis now has, proving this, and Dr. Wm. Strudwick and Mr. F. N. Strudwick, of Orange, Col. A. C. McAdams, of Ashboro, Randolph county and Col. W. L. Saunders, of Wake, are ready to give similar certificates whenever called upon. People say they don't see how to square my oath with these certificates no more than they see how to square abusing the Ku Klux in public and trying to have raids made in secret. And they say, too, they don't see how to square the course of a man who encouraged his neighbors and their sons to Ku Kluxing that put their necks in halters, and then when there was a chance to take their necks out of the halter, as there was by passing the Amnesty bill, refused to be p do it as I refused. I have been charged with the Ku Kluxing before but I was never charged right. I never belonged to them and never intended to nor did I ever put anything on paper. I was always satisfied to do as I did Col. Joe Webb in 1869. I told him I was bound to denounce both in public and then whispered to him "but I'll be damned if the Ku Klux ain't right." And now Col. Webb has given a certificate, and the people of Orange know that what Joe Webb says is so. You see what a fix I am in. The Ku Klux and their friends I am afraid won't love me much when they know all. It really seems to me that my chances for a seat in Congress grow slimmer and slimmer every day, but I just can't help it. I ain't fit for anybody but Radicals to vote for and they won't do it.

Yours in lots of trouble. OLD JOE.

P. S.—If you don't come to the Fair I never will get through telling you all I want to let you know. Please be sure to come for I am getting mighty low down.

WHAT TWO YOUNG LADIES DID.

Misses Cora and Daisy Holt, daughters of Col. T. M. Holt, and Miss Dora Williamson, constituted themselves a committee to raise help for the yellow fever sufferers. They went to work industriously, and in a few days they raised one hundred dollars which was forwarded to Memphis. What would this world be without women? In every noble act, in every charitable enterprise, they are foremost. These young ladies but betrayed their kindness of heart and sympathetic nature, when they took upon themselves the task of mercy in ministering, in the only way possible for them, to the wants of stranger sufferers in a far away land. In addition to the collections made by the young ladies, Col. Holt himself donated thirty sacks of flour, which is but in keeping with his acts of public charity.—*Aurora Gleaner*.

ARREST FOR MURDER.

On information from the S. Deitor a warrant was issued last Friday for the arrest of Rebecca Lyon for the murder of Milton Blackwell one of the children of the woman who was murdered in 1877 near this place. Upon a preliminary hearing Beck Lyon was committed to jail to await trial. This was one of the most heinous acts ever committed in a civilized country and every effort should be made to punish the offenders.—*Durham Tobacco Plant*.

The work on the Washington monument is to begin soon.

Congress appropriated \$30,000 to strengthen its foundations. This will be done first, and then we are assured work on the superstructure will begin in earnest. The Washington Star says: "The first work really to be done is to extend by concrete the base of the monument about twelve feet four inches farther downward, and on each side about twenty-three feet outward. The monument is now seven feet eight inches in the ground. The base will not be dug completely under, only about eighteen feet all four sides of the bottom."

THE SADDLE WRONG.

[Barboro Southerner.]

"Mr. H; there's something wrong about this saddle," sweetly thumped a lovely lady from Virginia, as a young swain of Rocky Mount had assisted her to mount for a horseback ride.

"No, madam, I guessed not. You present the angelic appearance of a fairy in a dainty cup. Your pose is charming. I could gaze on the enrapturing picture until I was intoxicated with delight."

"But," she said blushing, "there's something wrong about the saddle."

"Madam, I do aver, no nymph in a pearly sea shell ever—"

"I say, Henry, why don't you change the saddle? You're got the hind part before," spoke an acquaintance of the parties then passing. "The acquaintance was a drummer."

Song of the chemist: "Will you love me when I mould?"

The afflictions of the year—Gail Hamilton, Denis Kearney, and the yellow fever.—*Syracuse Standard*.

A joker challenged a sick man's vote at a city election on the ground that he was an ill legal voter.

When a man goes out of the poultry business he tears the tattered henlog down.—*Boston Post*. Yes, he may pull down.—*Graphic*.

The Indians are really more capable of civilization than we were disposed to believe. They have taken to robbing trains. The first thing you know some of them will start a savings bank on the Boston plan.—*Hawkeye*.

The Saratogian tells of a Unitarian clergyman at the recent conference who saw the placard, "Leave your dog outside," and tried to purchase a dog in order to comply with the regulations. We suspect that clergyman of atrocious levity.

The Ohio Methodists have declared against the use of tobacco. Ohio is getting to be altogether too good. When the devil thoroughly deserts a man it shows that he isn't worth tempting.—*Neurom Advertiser*.

When you hear a political speaker thank God that he was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth you can bet your bottom dollar that the reflection hurts him more than it does the audience, smooth as he talks it.—*Free Press*.

Dean Stanley is described as a rather insignificant looking person, with a slightly built and scoping figure, neatly cut gray hair and whiskers of the old English style, a face expressively full of pleasant intelligence and dignity, and a voice not powerful but distinct. His discourse in Boston was read from manuscript in a didactic but earnest way, and without any gestures.

The name "Coakade City" was given to Petersburg by President Madison at the time of the war with England in 1812, by reason of the gallantry of the company of riflemen who went out to Canada under the command of the heroic McKee. The word "Coakade" has reference to the badges of which special merit and courage was designated.—*Petersburg Index-Appal*.

One man likes your paper, he takes a copy, pays for it, and gets his friends to do the same; he is not always grumbling to you or others, but has a friendly word. If an accident happens in that section he informs the editor. That is newspaper patronage.

A Fulton (N. Y.) man laid his finger on the table in front of a buzz saw to feel the momentum of air. The saw was going so fast that the teeth were not to be seen. His finger was taken off. While he was looking at it the foreman came up with the question, "How did you do it?" "Why, I put my finger down so," answered he, placing the finger down so, as he thought, well away from the teeth. To his horror, the saw took that one, too, clean off at the second joint.

The *Durham News* says: "The benefit to the Richmond & Danville Railroad from the recent arrangement by which it obtained control over the Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta Railroad seems to be apparent. The freight over the whole line to Richmond now is so great that the company, in order to meet the demand for transportation, is running six freight trains daily."

Rockingham Spirit: We learn that on Friday morning of last week four small colored children were burned to death on the plantation of Mr. E. N. Ingram, about eleven miles from this place. As is too common with the colored people, the old ones had all gone off and let the little children in the house, to return and find their house consumed and the charred remains of their little ones. Of course it is not known how the house took fire.

"I acknowledge the corn," as the man said when he pulled on a tight boot.

A man who owes more than he can pay is naturally more-use.

Nothing has so many ties binding it to earth as a railroad.

Police-men assist each other by eluding together.