

The Hillsborough Recorder.

D. CAMERON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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New Series--Vol. 5, No 5--

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., JANUARY 3, 1877.

--Old Series, Vol. 56.

1877.

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1877. NEW YORK. 1877.

The different editions of THE SUN during the next year will be the same as during the year that has just passed. The daily edition will on week days be a sheet of four pages, and on Sun-days a sheet of eight pages, or 28 broad columns; while the weekly edition will be a sheet of eight pages of the same dimensions and character that are already familiar to our friends.

THE SUN will continue to be the strenuous advocate of reform and retrenchment, and of the substitution of statesmanship, wisdom, and integrity for hollow pretence, imbecility, and fraud in the administration of public affairs. It will contend for the government of the people by the people and for the people, as opposed to government by frauds in the ballot-box and in the counting of votes, enforced by military violence. It will endeavor to supply its readers—a body now not far from a million of souls—with the most careful, complete, and trustworthy accounts of current events, and will employ for this purpose a numerous and carefully selected staff of reporters and correspondents. Its reports from Washington, especially, will be full, accurate, and fearless; and it will doubtless continue to deserve and enjoy the hatred of those who thrive by plundering the Treasury or by usurping what the law does not give them, while it will endeavor to merit the confidence of the public by defending the rights of the people against the encroachments of unjustified power.

The price of the daily SUN will be 55 a month or \$6.50 a year, post paid, or with the Sunday edition \$7.70 a year. The SUNDAY edition alone, eight pages, \$1.25 a year, post paid. The WEEKLY SUN, eight pages, of 56 broad columns, will be furnished during 1877 at the rate of \$1 a year post paid.

The benefit of this large reduction from the previous rate for THE WEEKLY can be enjoyed by individual subscribers without the necessity of making up clubs. At the same time, if any of our friends choose to aid in extending our circulation, we shall be grateful to them, and every such person sending us ten or more subscribers from one place will be entitled to one copy of the paper for himself without charge. At one dollar a year, postage paid, the expenses of paper and printing are barely repaid; and, considering the size of the sheet and the quality of its contents, we are confident the people will consider THE WEEKLY SUN the cheapest newspaper published in the world, and we trust also one of the very best.

Address, THE SUN,
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HOME.

The Home where the heart is, wherever that be,
In city, in desert, on mountain, in dell;
Not the grandeur, the number, the object we see,
But that which we love is the magical spell.

This gives the cottage a charm and a grace,
Which the glare of a palace but rarely has known;
It is this, only this, and not station or place,
Which gives being to pleasure, which makes it our own.

Like the dove on the waters, a rest-place to find,
In vain for enjoyment o'er nations we roam;
Home only can yield real joy to the mind,
And there where the heart is, there only is home.

ACTING IN CHARACTER.

'I say, girls,' said a little, blue-eyed flaxen haired boy on second street yesterday, 'let me take your candy and we'll all play chicken.'

'Is it nice?' inquired half a dozen six-years olds in chorus.

'Nice! you bet it is. Let me show you. Now, I'll lay the candy down here on the step, and you all go down there and come up when you here me call like a rooster.'

The girls retreated and gathered in a group about fifteen feet off, while the boy got on his knees, with his head over the candy, and began to call and strut and flap his arms like a rooster's wings.

'Cluck, cluck, rat, rap, cluck,' and all the girls came running up and bent to pick the candy, when the little fellow opened his mouth and took it in at one gulp.

'Oh, you mean boy they cried, you have taken all our candy.'

'That's cause I played rooster,' said the boy; 'roosters always calls the hens up when he find a grain of corn, and then picks it up himself.'

Gov. Hayes touchingly sings as a part of his morning service!
On Ohio's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a doubtful eye,
On Louisiana's troubled land,
Where my retrospects lie.

A Very Valuable Work.

The Illustrated History of the Centennial Exhibition, with a full description of the Great Buildings and all the objects of Interest Exhibited in them. By James D. McCabe, author of 'The Centennial History of the United States, &c. Embellished with over 300 fine engravings of buildings and scenes in the Great Exhibition.

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The book is a complete and vivid description of the great Exhibition. The Author has written from his own personal knowledge, having gone through every part of the great World's Fair, note-book in hand, recording the vast and varied information contained in this work. He has received the constant and sympathetic assistance of the Centennial authorities, and has enjoyed peculiar advantages in its preparation. The Author takes us through the Exhibition grounds, and makes us familiar with every object of interest in them. We are then taken into the Main Building, and carried successively through it, and through every building, large and small, in the grounds. We are told the story of the construction and arrangements of each of these edifices, and the rare, beautiful and wonderful collections which they contained are graphically described.

This work is invaluable to all classes of our people. To those who visited the Exhibition it will be a pleasing souvenir of their visit, and will enable them to recall the magnificent scene they have witnessed. To those who could not make the journey, the book is a necessity, for it will enable them to enjoy the delights of a thorough acquaintance with the great World's Fair in the quietude of their own homes.

There is not another book in print which gives one-fourth of the information contained in this work. It is comprised in one large and handsome octavo volume of 874 pages, and is superbly illustrated. The book is sold by subscription only, and agents are wanted in every country. Published by the National Publishing Co.; Philadelphia.

IT WILL AVAIL NOTHING.

The man who doubts the inauguration of the President elect, Gov. Tilden, has but little faith in the virtue, patriotism, and intelligence of the American people. To suppose that they will acquiesce in the effort of the conspirators to virtually overthrow the Government by the inauguration of a Chief Magistrate who has been fraudulently given the electoral votes of States that belong to his opponent is to declare them unworthy the franchise, incapable of self-government, indifferent to the peace of the country, unmindful of their business interests, and foes to republicanism. We believe none of these things. The officeholders and those hopeful of reward at the hands of Hayes may make a loud to-do; extreme party men may forget their duty to their country in their zeal for their party, but it will avail them nothing. The patriotic heart of the country will find utterance in due time, and justice will prevail. The Republicans of the North love their country, their property, peace, quiet, law, and order as well as the Democrats, and they will not sacrifice everything to secure places for greedy aspirants for office.

CORN AND WHEAT FOR HOGS.

Experiments have lately been made in feeding hogs on corn and wheat. Those fed on wheat made 17 pounds of good pork to the bushel of wheat, while those fed on corn made only 11 pounds to the bushel. The wheat was ground like corn meal, boiling water poured on it, with the above result. We can see no good reason why this feed should not do as well for cattle as for hogs; and farmers having sprouted wheat this season ought to look to and test the experiment with both hogs and cattle. We fear our farmers go along too much in the old beaten track, and are not ready and willing to experiment and improve as the occasion offers. —Rural Sun.

A dead hen is better than a live one; she will lay wherever you put her.

A GRATEFUL MAN.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Soon afternoon Saturday a well-dressed man about thirty-five years old called into a dry goods store on Woodward avenue and inquired of a clerk:

'Will you have the kindness to tell me the time of day?'

'A quarter past twelve,' was the answer. 'Thank you, sir,' continued the man, seemingly greatly pleased. 'Whatever is right I will pay you.'

'I don't charge anything,' said the clerk.

'Well, that's liberal, that is. I admire such a spirit in a young man, and as a reward I will make you a present. Please accept these.'

He handed over four blue-colored milk tickets, each one calling for a pint, and went on:

'Always remember that bread cast upon the waters will return. When you kindly informed me what time it was you little thought that I was the sort of clothes-pin to promptly reward you. Take these tickets, and may prosperity ever attend you.'

'I—I am much obliged,' stammered the clerk.

'Not at all—not at all, my good friend. You cast your bread on the waters and was rewarded. I will now ask you, in view of what has occurred, to trust me for ten yards of factory, a hair-brush and some suspenders.'

The clerk decided that he couldn't do it, and the man received back his milk tickets in high dudgeon, started for the door, and as he was going out called back: 'That's the way of this false-hearted world, and I don't care how soon the thermometer kicks zero's head off!'

EDUCATING BOYS FOR HUSBANDS.

How many unhappy girls have paid dearly for the early bringing up of their young husbands, who, after the first glamour of love has passed, treat their wives as they were allowed to treat their sisters, and as they saw their fathers treat their mothers—carelessly, disrespectfully, with a total want of that considerate tenderness which is worth more than all the passionate love in the world. This, though they may muster outside an excellent husbands, never do anything really good, and possessing many good and attractive qualities, yet contriving somehow to quietly break the poor woman's heart or to harden it into a passive acceptance of pain which is more fatal to married happiness than even temporary estrangement.

The best husbands I ever met came out of a family where the mother, a most heroic and self-denying woman, laid down the absolute law—"girls first"—not in any authority, but first to be thought of as to protection and tenderness. Consequently the chivalrous care which these lady were taught to show their own sisters naturally extends to all women. They grew up true gentlemen—generous, exacting, courteous of speech, and kind hearted in them was the protecting strength of manhood which seems to use its strength except for protection—the proud honesty of manhood which infinitely prefers being twisted around one's finger as men men are twisted, and mean men will always be found ready to do it; but which, I think, all honest and brave women not merely dislike but utterly despise.

HELL.

The word "hell," a translation of the Greek word Gehena, is a term used to designate the valley of Hinnom. This valley bounds Jerusalein on the North, and lies below Mount Zion—a scene of imperishable associations. In this valley Moloch, the natural god of the Ammonites, was worshipped with the horrid and inhuman rite of sacrificing children in the fire. When Josiah, in his conquest, overthrew this idolatry, he poured contempt upon the infernal practice by casting into the valley the bones of the departed. In the estimation of the old Hebrew the bones of the dead caused the greatest of all pollutions. Whatever person, place or thing they touch were forthwith considered "unclean." Hence this valley of Hinnom, this hell having been a receptacle of the human remains which Josiah threw into it, was considered a place the most polluted and accursed. From this circumstance it became a common receptacle for all the refuse of the city of Jerusalem. Here large quantities of decomposing vegetable matter were constantly thrown—this putrescent matter generated an abundance of worms; the worms here never died. To prevent the noxious effluvia, springing from this mass of corruption, poisoning the atmosphere and breathing disease and death into the heart of the city, fires were kept burning day and night. This valley, therefore, was literally a place "where the worm never died, and where the fire was never quenched." —Rev. Phelps.

WOMEN AS LAWYERS.

The Albany Law Journal, commenting upon the recent decision of Chief-Justice Waite, of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of Mrs. B. A. Lockwood, that "by the uniform practice of the court none but men are admitted to practice before it as attorneys and counselors," and that "the court does not feel called upon to make a change," says:

'That one is allowed to enter while another, who is equally well qualified, both morally and intellectually, is forbidden to do so on the sole ground of sex, at first thought seems wrong. But it is universally conceded that some restrictions must be put upon admission to practice at the bar, and it is also conceded, though not always appreciated, that these restrictions are for the protection and benefit of clients, and not for that of attorneys. As the rule now stands in most States and countries, the candidates must be (1) a male, (2) of the age of twenty-one years and upward, (3) of good moral character, and (4) must possess a certain amount of education, the standard in the last-mentioned requisite varying according to the locality. It is now claimed by many that the discrimination indicated in the first-mentioned requisite should be done away with, because it is unjust to females who desire to become lawyers. But the discrimination is not made in the interest of those who wish to practice at the bar, but in that of their possible employers. Therefore, if those having occasion to need the services of lawyers are liable to be better served if none but males are permitted to act for them, females should be excluded. We believe that litigants as a rule, even female ones, will be found to favor the existing system and unwilling for a change, and while experience under a different system is limited, such as we have does not encourage us to hope for beneficial results therefrom. It may be said that each litigant ought to be allowed to judge for himself or herself as to what counsel should be employed, especially as the employer is the one who takes the risk, and not the public. Such a principle carried out would take away all restriction, and infants, and persons of infamous character, would be permitted to practice.'

DECEIT.

The habit of employing this treacherous agency in business or social pursuits have ever proven disastrous in its results. Although it not unfrequently obtains the end for which it was employed, the injury to conscience is, eventually, fatal. It has, however, entered largely into all our business and social transactions. We are obliged to guard against it even among the respectable and influential classes. It has eaten deep into the very core of Americanism. Yet we are often its helpless victims. Many a young man can look back and see it as the obstacle which has caused the sad wreck of his business or reputation. Many a girl can attribute the loss of golden opportunities of her life, to this insatiable tooth of destruction. The wife looks back in sorrow upon the woe of the husband who has since proven himself foreign to the ideal he presented at her shrine, and likewise many a kind and noble husband suffers only torture and misery in his association with the maiden who won his love and hand by an artful application of gentleness and purity, and cunning, lewitching exterior qualities. Alas! we cover at the bloodshed of murder and war, and stand aghast at crime; but have we a greater sin than deceit—the combination of falsehood, dishonesty and sinners?

TABLE ETIQUETTE.

- Do not keep others waiting for you. Rush in and get a seat at the table ahead of everybody in the house.
- In sipping the soup be particular and do not swallow the spoon.
- Keep your plate clean. No matter how much may be heaped upon it, clean it.
- In passing your plate to be reheated, put the knife and fork in your pocket.
- Look around carefully while drinking water to see that nobody puts liquor in it.
- Do not eat with your knife—let your knife rest before or after you—never eat with it.
- Break your bread into small pieces, even though you have to take a sledge hammer to the table to do it with.
- If you find anything unpleasant in your food, call the attention of the table to it, furnishing diagrams and specifications, if necessary.
- Whistle some lively tune while chewing—any time you chew.
- Do not touch the head while at table—not even the head waiter.
- Do not rest the elbow on the table, rest it on your neighbor.
- Be thoughtful and attentive to the wants of those about you. If any one next to you wants choking off, attend to him.

JUDGE BLACK ON THE SITUATION.

From an interview with Don PERRY.

'Well, Judge, what think you of the situation?'

'Judge Black—I think, as the man remarked, who had mistook a bottle of horse medicine for his morning biters, that it is badly mixed.'

'Don't you believe that Grant means mischief?'

'So far as we can compliment that distinguished soldier with meaning anything—yes.'

'And he will use his power, whatever it may be, to saddle himself upon us during his natural life, and then leave the sweet Prince Fred to continue the rule?'

'And all more animal instinct than design. The Russian government, says Voltaire, was a despotism varied by assassination; the French government a despotism enlivened by epigrams; and we shall have a despotism tinged with delirium tremens.'

'Judge, you don't believe the American people would submit to having fraud sustained by violence in the way intended?'

'I don't know to what the people would submit. Since we broke away from the teachings of the fathers and a constitutional government the people seem, if not demoralized, at least bewildered. Look at this armed interference at the South! I haven't found anybody much shocked but myself.'

'That is at the South, and since the war the South, somehow or other, is regarded as a conquered territory belonging to an alien enemy, so that outrages may be inflicted with impunity; but let a file of soldiers enter the House of Representatives and attempt the arrest or expulsion of a Congressman, and we'll have music.'

'Do you think so?'

'Yes; and the moneyed men of the country think so, and not happy in the thought. I believe such outrage would be followed by a storm of popular indignation equal to that which came after Sumner—and then 'the shrinkage of values' would be swift and lively.'

GEMS FROM DANIEL DERONDA.

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

A difference of taste in joke is a great strain on the affections.

Vanity is as ill at ease under indifference as tenderness is under a love which it cannot return.

The most powerful of all beauty is that which reveals itself after sympathy, and not before it.

Who supposes that it is an impossible contradiction to be superstitious and rational at the same time?

Honor comes from inward vocation and hard won achievement; there is no honor done in life as a hobby.

The subtly varied love drama between man and woman is often such as can hardly be rendered in words, put together like dominoes, according to obvious fixed laws.

Often the grand meanings of faces as well as written words may lie chiefly in the impressions of those who look on them.

In many lives there is much, not only of error and lapse, but of certain exquisite goodness which can never be written nor even spoken off by either of us according to the inward instructions of our own privacy.

What, in the midst of the mighty drama of life, are girls and their blind vision? They are the yes or nay of that good for which men are enduring and fighting. In these delicate vessels are borne onward through the ages the treasures of human affections.

Children demand that their heroes should be fearless, and easily believe them so; perhaps a first discovery to the contrary is hardly a less revolutionary shock to a passionate child than the threatened downfall of habitual beliefs which make the world seem to totter for us in our maturer life.

Pre-eminence is sweet to those who love it, even under mediocre circumstances; perhaps it is not quite mythical that a slave has been proud to be bought first; and probably a barn door fowl of sale, though he may not have understood himself to be called the best lot, may have a self-informed consciousness of his relative importance and strut consoling. But for complete enjoyment the outward and inward must concur.

A human life, I think should be well rooted in some spot of a native land, where it may get the lore of tender kinship for the face of earth, for the laborer goes forth to, for the sounds and accents that haunt it, for whatever will give that early home a familiar, unmistakable difference amidst the future widening of knowledge; a spot where the definiteness of early memories may be wrought with affection, and kindly acquaintance with all neighbors, even to the dogs and donkeys, may be spread, not by sentimental effort and reflection, but as a sweet habit of the blood.

A true picture of despair—a picture of despair—being through a hole in the fence to get a cabbage that lies a few inches beyond its reach.

Something to look forward to. Every plain girl has one consolation—though not a pretty young lady, she will (if she lives) be a pretty old one.