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HAYES' INAUGURAL.

Hayes' inaugural, like that of his predecessors in 1856, is fair, and full of desirable promises, and at present, that is the best we can say for it. Proudless are cheap and easily made, but seldom carried out in all their particulars. Like the memorable words of—"let us have peace," the well written document of Hayes may, too, prove but the siren's song, sung to beguile and enfold us. When we heard the encouraging promise from Gen. Grant that the peace of the country should be his principal aim, it caused the great heart of the South, worn out with turmoil and strife, to throbb with gratitude and joy but we were only hugging a delusive phantom to our bosoms for the expectations we so fondly cherished have not, as yet been realized.

We do pretend, however, to predict that Hayes' words of kindness to the South will prove but gall and worm-wood to our ears, but we simply caution our people not to place too implicit confidence in his honey-tongued phrases. The normal condition of a Northern Republican is that of prejudice and hatred towards the South, and we always regard such an individual as biased and unjust, until he proves himself the contrary by his actions.

He seems to understand the condition of the Southern States, when he says: "The people of these States are still impoverished, and the inestimable blessings of wisdom, honest and peaceful local government, is not fully enjoyed. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the cause of this condition of things, the fact is clear, that in the progress of events, the time has come when such government is the imperative necessity required by all the varied interests, public and private of these States." He reasons rightly too, that many of our troubles have arisen from the difference that existed between the two races, and that our evils can only be remedied by the good will and harmonious action of those races. He, however, fails to ensure his party his discriminating in favor of one race against the other, and thus keeping alive the differences.

He also dwells, at considerable length, upon reform in the civil service, by far the most corrupt branch of the government, and advocates a sweeping change; and he speaks like a statesman, when he declares that the founders of our government meant that the officer should be secure in his tenure as long as his personal character remained unimpaired, and the performance of his duties was satisfactory. They held that appointment to office were not to be made nor expected merely as a reward for partisan services, nor merely on the nomination of members of Congress, as being entitled in any respect to the control of such appointment. He takes a sound and patriotic view, when he asserts that "the best serves his party who best serves his country," and in declaring that universal suffrage should be founded upon universal education, he advances an idea for which we have always contended but which has not always been fostered and cherished by his own party. He evidently knows his duty to the people, and also their needs. We earnestly hope he will not prove himself like the wicked servant who, "knowing his duty, did it not."—Charlotte Observer.

THE LOAF OF BREAD.

In a time of famine, a rich man allowed twenty of the poorest children in the town to come to his house, and said to them,—"In this basket there is a loaf of bread for each of you. Take it, and come again at the same hour every day, till God send better times."

The children pounced upon the basket-truggled and fought over the bread, because each wished to have the largest and best loaf; and then they went away without a word of thanks to their friend.

But Francesca, a little girl meekly, though nearly dressed, stood at a distance, and gratefully took the loaf that was left in the basket, which was the smallest then kissed the good man's hand and went quietly home.

The next day the children were just as naughty and ill-behaved; and this time there was left for poor Francesca a loaf that was hardly half as large as the others. But when she reached home, and her mother cut the bread, there fell out a number of new pieces of silver. The mother was frightened and said, "Take back the money this moment; for it is certainly in the bread by mistake." Francesca took it back.

But the kind man said, "It is no mistake, my good child; I had the money baked in the smallest loaf in order to reward you. He always as contented and yielding as you now are. He who is contented with the smallest loaf, rather than quarrel for the largest, will receive abundant blessings."—Children's Prize.

THE REVENUE ACT.

The following are the principal provisions of the Revenue Act as passed by the Senate, and as kindly furnished us by Maj. John W. Graham, chairman of the Finance committee:

Poll tax 89 cents. For General Fund 142 cents tax on \$100.00 of property. For Asylum for Insane and Institution for Deaf, Dumb & Blind 9 cents on \$100.00 of property. For the Penitentiary 6 cents on \$100.00 of property. (These are some taxes as levied last year.)

Shares of stock in National and State banks are given in by the cashiers of such banks directly to the Public Treasurer for the above taxes, and the said taxes are such shares paid directly to the Public Treasurer, but the stockholder is required to list his stock in the country in which he resides, and to pay to the sheriff of said county only imposed on such shares of stock, for school and county purposes. The tax on income is one per centum. Only \$1000.00 is exempt for necessary expenses of supporting the family. The State tax upon the valuation of the franchises of railroads and canals, made by the Governor, Auditor and Treasurer is one half of one per cent, one such valuation and paid directly into the Public Treasury within 30 days after such valuation.

SCHEDULE B.

Under the tax on trades and professions, under Schedule B, theatrical exhibitions pay \$5.00 on each exhibition, or \$50.00 a month. Each concert or musical exhibition \$3.00; the same on each lecture for reward, man-cum, wax works, curiosities of any kind, natural or artificial (except paintings and statuary). On every exhibition of a circus \$100.00. On all other exhibitions for amusements or reward, otherwise than mentioned above, \$5.00; but exhibitions for religious, educational or charitable objects are exempt. Spiritualists are required to pay \$5.00 on each exhibition. Billiard saloons \$20.00 on each table; the same on bowling alleys and other games or plays. Liquor dealers pay five per cent. on purchases of any and all liquors. Retailers pay \$3.00 a month for license. Merchants and other traders pay as a privilege tax \$5.00 and one-tenth of one per cent on purchases. The tax on public ferries, toll bridges, and gates across highways is \$1.00 and one-tenth of one per cent. on gross receipts. State banks pay a privilege tax, according to capital employed, as required last year to the Public Treasurer. Auctioneers a license tax of 1 per cent. on sales. Tobacco warehousemen \$20.00 a year and one-fifth of one per cent. on gross amount of sales. Cotton warehousemen \$50.00. Commission merchant, or agents or dealers buying or selling for another, one per cent. on commissions; on sales of liquors 5 per cent. Livery stables \$2.00 on each horse or mule. Horse or mule drovers \$10.00, and one half of 1 per cent on each sale; the tax of \$10.00 to be paid in only one county. Itinerant dentists \$3.00 in each county or \$25.00 for the State. Peddlers (not selling articles of their own growth or manufacture) \$10.00 for license for six months. Lighting rod men \$10.00 for each county. Store men \$50.00 for each county. Drummers or agent selling goods, wares or merchandise (not of his own manufacture), \$50.00 to the Public Treasurer. Insurance companies 2 per cent on gross receipts, unless one-half of such receipts are invested in this State, when the tax is one-half of one per cent on such receipts. No county or corporation is allowed to add any additional tax.

SCHEDULE C.

Every railroad or canal company, not liable to a tax upon its property or the shares therein, shall pay as a tax on said corporation a sum equal to one per cent. upon gross earnings on the first days of July and January; those railroads which are liable to a tax on franchise and personal property shall pay as a corporation tax a sum equal to one-half of one per cent. on such receipts. The tax for July, 1877, shall be only on the receipts from April 1, 1877, to July 1, 1877. Express companies and telegraph companies 2 per cent on gross receipts. Tax on rents, mortgages, marriage licenses, same as last year. Fines penalties, forfeitures and taxes on licenses to retailers of liquors and auctioneers to be paid by the sheriff to county treasurers. Any officer appropriating any fine or penalty, or State, county, city, town or school tax to his own use shall be guilty of embezzlement and may be punished not exceeding five years in the State prison at the discretion of the court.

An old lady, reading about "More Arms for Turkey," remarked that she thought it would be better to give them more legs, for if there were a dozen children at a dinner table where there was a roast turkey, each one was sure to ask for a leg.

A Western hunter, to escape a gang of wolves, scrambled up a tree. After he had shot away all his ammunition, and exhausted every means to frighten away the hungry savages, he began to sing. To his great astonishment and delight the whole pack fled in dismay.

A man who has been at a crowded ball said he was foud of rings on his fingers, but he didn't admire belts on his toes.

SUCCESS AS A PREACHER

Mr. Moody's success as a preacher is due in part to command of the Saxon element of the language. He uses the simple, homely English of the middle classes. His text book is the Bible, and his speech saturated with Saxon idioms and diction. The simplicity and directness of his style are well illustrated in this passage from a sermon in Boston: A little child dying said to his mother: "What mountains do I see yonder?" "There are no mountains in front of the house, my child." "Yes there are, mother; don't you see them? Won't you take me over in your arms?" And the mother got down and prayed, and told her boy that Jesus would be with him. And then the child's eyes brightened, and he said: "Mother, don't you hear them? Hear who, my child? Hear the angels, mother. They are just on the other side of the mountains. Carry me over the mountains, mother." "I can't do that, my child; the Saviour will take you over Jesus will be with you. Look to Him." And then he breathed a prayer, and said: "Good bye, mother. Jesus has come to carry me over the mountains; and then the little sufferer was gone. Oh, sinner! Christ has come to carry you over the mountains. He will fold you in His bosom and carry you unto His kingdom.

THE SCARLET FEVER.

It is as unnecessary for a child to die of scarlet fever, says *Good Health*, as it is that that should be blind with cataract. Let us see: At any time before the body has finished its essential struggle we are able to help it, not by wonderful medicine, but by the knowledge of anatomy and the application of common sense. We consult the sympathetic nerve, and do what it commands us to do. We must give this child salt when it wants it; we must give it acid when it has fever—not vinegar, but lemon juice, because the first coagulates albumen and the latter does not on account of the surplus of oxygen which it contains. To initiate the soothing mucous in the intestines, which is now wanting, and to give some respiratory food at the same time, we add gum-arabic. To restore and relieve the injured nerve we apply moist warmth. In practice we can fulfill all this with the following simple manipulations: Undress the child and bring it to bed at the very first sign of sickness. Give it, if it has already fever, nothing but warm, sourish lemonade, with some gum-arabic in it. Then cover its abdomen with some dry flannel. Take a well folded bed sheet, and put it in boiling hot water; wring it out dry by means of dry towels, and put this over the flannel on the child's abdomen. Then cover the whole and wait. The hot cloths will perhaps repeat heat.

According to the severity of the case and its stage of progress, perspiration will commence in the child in from ten minutes to two hours. The child then is saved; it soon falls asleep. Soon after the child awakens it shows slight symptoms of returning inclination for food; help its bowels, if necessary, with injections of oil, soap, and water; and its recovery will be as steady as the growth of a green-house plant, if well treated. Of course, if the child was already dying nothing could save it, or if it has effusions in the lining of the heart or brain it is much better it should die. But if the above is applied under the eyes and direction of a competent physician I will guarantee that not one in a hundred children will ever die of scarlet fever. I know this will startle some of my readers, especially those who have lost children already, but I shall go still further. I maintain that a child will never get scarlet fever if properly treated. If a child has correctly mixed blood it will not catch the disorder if put in bed with a sick child. This is still more startling, but nothing is easier of proof.

EIGHT MORE AS DWELVE.

A farmer let his lands to an oil company last spring, on condition of receiving one-eighth of the oil produced. The well proved to be a pretty good one, and the farmer began to think that the oil should give him a better chance, and ventured to tell them so. They asked him what he wanted. He said they ought to give him one-twelfth. The agreement was finally made, with the understanding that the farmer was not to tell any one. All went smooth until the next division day came, when our friend was early at hand to see how much better he would be off under the new bargain. Eleven barrels were tolled to one side of the oil man, and one for him. This did not suit him, "How's dish?" says he. "I think I was to get more as before. By jinks you make mistake!" The matters were explained to him, that he formerly got one barrel of every eight, but it was his own proposition to only take one of every twelve. This revelation took him aback. He scratched his head, looked cross, and relished his swelling breast of feelings of self-reproach by indignantly remarking: "Well, dat ish de first time as ever I know'd night was more as dwelve, demness of a worshipping husband."

We have discovered a piece of poetry in that loyal paper, the *New York Tribune*, the difference between the colored loyalists of the South and their patrons in the North. The latter "pick up things" because they love to pick up, the former pick up things, because the raven do not feed them, as they did the good Elijah. We give:

UNCLE NEB'S DEFENCE.

My bredren an' sisters, I rises for to 'splain Dismatter dat you's talkin' 'bout—I hope to make it plain. I's berry sorry dat de ting hab come before de church, Foh when I 'splain it you see dat it am nuffin much. My frien's, your humble speakin', while trahlin here below, Hab nether cased to heard up gold an silver for to show; We's only stoppin' here aspell; we all hab got to die, And so I always tries to lay my treasures up on high. Dar's on ting dat peters me, an' it am dis, you see, De raven's fed old 'Lijah, but de critters won't feed me; Dey's got above dat business, an' jes' goes swoopin' round. An' never turns to look at me a waitin' on de groun'. I waited mighty sartin-like; my faith was pow'ful strong; I reckoned dat dem pesky birds would shually be along. But oh my friendly hearers, my faith it catched a fall; De eggravin' fowls went by an' nether stopped at all. De meal an' flour was almost gone, de pork bar'l gettin' low, An, so one day I 'cluded dat, I had better go To brudder Johnson's inter patch, and borry jest a few. 'Twas evenin' 'fore I got to start, I had so much to do. It happened dat de night was dark, but dis I didn't min', I knowed de way to dat ar patch, 'twas easy nuff to fin'. An' den I didn't car' too meet dat Johnson, foh I knowed Dat he would sass me 'bout de mess ob factors dat I owed. I got de basket full at las' an' took 'em on my back, An' den was gwine to take 'em home, when somethin' went ke-whack. I thought it was a cannon, but it jest turned out to be Dat Johnson's ole hoss-pistol a pointin' straight at me. I tried to argify wid him; I pologized a heap. But he said dat stealin' raters was mean as stealin' sheep. Ob course I couldn't take dat ar; it had an ugly soun'. De ole ting or me to do was jest to knock him down. My bredren and sistahs, de tory am all told. (Ob course I pounded Johnson till he yelled for me to hold.) An' now I hope you 'gress wid me dat dis yess case an' such, Am berry triffin' maintain to fetch before de church.

A TRAMP'S TERRIBLE RIDE.

We have often heard how persons who were trying to steal their way over the Union and Central Pacific Railroads had secreted themselves on brakebars, under the cars, in the fire-boxes and boilers of new engines, and in other perilous positions; but the experience of a man who was recently attempting to dead-beat his way from the East to this State eclipses anything of the kind that has ever come to our knowledge. It seems that he boarded a train at Omaha, and after having been ejected from several trains, he succeeded in getting to Green River in Wyoming Territory. Here the train men became more vigilant, and the man saw he would have to find a very secure hiding place. Accordingly, while the train men were busily engaged, he crawled into the fire-box of a stationary engine that was standing on a flat car, and which was going through to San Francisco. Soon after the train started, some one—purpose or not, we don't know—shut the engine door, and the man was a prisoner. The man's position was a terrible one. He could not sit down, and could scarcely turn around, and in this way he rode for four days and nights, without a mouthful of food or drink, excepting a few crackers he had in his pockets. When the train arrived at Verdi, Nevada, a distance of nearly five hundred miles from Green River, the man managed to attract the attention of the conductor by scratching on the inside of the engine with his finger nails. He was liberated from this awful situation, and was almost dead with cold and hunger, and from remaining so long in a cramped position. He was properly cared for at Verdi, and at last accounts he was in a fair way to recover. It is safe to conjecture that he will walk after this, rather than attempt to beat his way over a railroad.

The story of Salvini's marriage is very interesting. She was a poor sewing girl, working in London for her daily bread, when Salvini found her, having been commissioned by a lady in Florence to deliver her a package. He straightway fell in love with her, and soon married her, and the magnificent house to which he has transferred her, he treats her with the distinction accorded to a princess, with the ten-

A criminal in a Cincinnati court, being asked whether was guilty, answered: "I guess I am, judge, but I'd like to be tried all the same."

"Marie! what's that strange noise at the front gate?" "Cats, sir." "Cats! Well, when I was young cats didn't wear stove-pipe hats and smoke cigars."

Government land in Texas costs one dollar per acre, and whiskey two dollars per bottle. How many men did the landless who, during their lives, have swallowed two townships—trees and all.

A postal clerk in Dubuque opened a letter just to see if a certain girl was very sweet on a certain fellow. She was, and the Government is also very sweet on the postal clerk.

RETURNING BOARD JOB BRADLEY.

From the Goldsboro Messenger.

AIR—'JOE BOWERS'

My name it is Joe Bradley
Of the late Returning Board;
And to tell you how the old things works
I can very well afford,
I'll tell you how I go there,
And what I was told to do;
And how the late Returning Board
Put Hayes and Wheeler through.

The loss of John A. Logan
We could very well afford,
If by this hocus pocus,
We kept Davis off the Board
The fifth man then would be me,
Joe Bradley, that's my name!
And the verdict any one could tell
Long long before it came

But now the thing's decided,
And Hayes will get the seat;
While Tilden gets the honor
Of election and defeat.
He knows, alas! you bet he knows,
The Board contained some scamps,
And the result has been accomplished
By the liberal use of stamps.

My name it is Joe Bradley
Of the U. S. Supreme Court;
I was put on the Commission,
And told to hold the fort!
How well I have succeeded
Let future history show,
But to go behind Returning Board's
Is not the style for Joe.

A NEWKID HUSBAND WHO, WHEN HE COURT-ED HIS WIFE, WAS CONSTANTLY SIGHING FOR HER.

"Sweet bye-and bye," doesn't think so much of it now that it has been attained. He complains that it has been buy and buy until he is about disgusted.

A man innocently spoiled a sermon 'n' a prayer by exclaiming, while the tears rolled down his cheeks: "Lord, Thou knowest I have been an awful sinner—the chief among ten thousand and one altogether lovely."

The papers relate an anecdote of a beautiful young lady, who had become blind, having recovered her sight after marriage. It is no uncommon thing for people's eyes to be opened by matrimony.

"Can you see me dearest?" said a Chicago man to his dying wife. "Tell me, can you see me?" "No," she faintly whispered, "but I can smell your breath."