

The Hillsborough Recorder

J. B. CAMERON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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SOUTHERN SOCIETY.
The true inwardness of the Southern policy of the Republican party was a belief that the good of the country required the elevation of the colored voter to the control of the reconstructed States. Disguised, perhaps, under cover of a demand for race equality, for free elections, for the protection of the wards of the nation, and the ratification of the result of the war, there was a sincere conviction in the mind of the average Northern Republican that it was essential to the prosperity of his party and the peace of the South to make the freedman uppermost in politics; rebels could not be trusted; the negro would be re-enslaved to slavery unless he controlled the legislatures, the courts, and the executive offices. So for eight years the carpet-bag governors and the Administration party in Congress tried to make the pyramid stand on its apex.

The result is before the world. In one way or another, fair means or foul, the control of several of the States has been secured to the colored race. They have occupied the bench and the jury box, made the laws, collected the revenue, voted the appropriations, handled the money—done everything except pay the taxes. They have had ample opportunity to develop their own latent capacities, to get an education, to make fortunes, to acquire land, to rise in society. What have they done of all these things? Our correspondent in Charleston drew a picture of the condition of the colored people of South Carolina, and it is about the same in every State where the negro has held sway. As a race they are idle, ignorant, and vicious. They neither learn nor save. They were fond of their books in the first novelty of freedom, but they care for them no longer. They were eager to get their little farms, but they have let them fall to ruin. Why should a man go to school, asks the usual type of South Carolina freedman, when it is so much nicer to go to the Legislature or get elected justice of the peace? Why should a man work when he can make a living by stealing chickens, and sit on the fence for amusement? Let us face the truth. Our Southern policy has not only been a curse to the whites, but it has been a curse to the freed people for whose benefit it was adopted. It has not made them good citizens. It has not taught them how to use the ballot. It has introduced among them a demoralization more dangerous to the country than the violence of the White League, for no republican government can stand which is not founded upon the suffrages of the virtuous and intelligent.

Everybody knows that the negro, left to himself, would not get the mastery until he had acquired some of the qualifications for it. Even where he had a numerical majority of the population and was perfectly free to vote as he pleased, he would naturally take a subordinate position so long as he had neither money, nor education, nor habits of thrift and foresight, nor comprehension of the art of government. And it is proper that he should. Universal suffrage would be an absurdity except upon the theory that it generally results in the advancement of the intelligent and respectable. A majority of the voters, whether virtuous or not, are supposed to understand that self-interest requires them to entrust the Government only to those who are able to control it. But the Grant policy was based upon a different principle. It assumed that the great secret of reconstruction was to take the negro out of the cotton field and put him in the State house, send him a company of soldiers to hold him fast in his seat, and trust to luck for the rest. The natural results have followed. The negro has learned nothing good in his elevation, and is no better able to carry on a State government to-day than he was six years ago.

The only way to reform Southern society is to stand aside and leave the voters free and unembarrassed. Then if these communities are not utterly corrupt, all things will soon find their natural level, and the rule of the majority will act as it acts elsewhere.—New York Tribune.

A South African traveler stopped one night at a Boer's house. He found the children playing with a pebble that looked like a diamond. He bought it for a trifle, the Boer saying it was a diamond, they could get plenty more, and took it away. He sold it at the Cape for \$30,000. He bought another from a negro, which he sold for \$56,000, and then the natives began to search for these stones where they had previously seen them, the white men heard of their success, and then the rush began. Other mines all in the same neighborhood, were found, and round each mine a city sprang up. The last, and that which is the centre of the diamond trade, is Kimberly. This city has ten thousand inhabitants, five churches, two theatres, banks, hotels and other buildings.

Governor Hampton, one reads, is fifty, has been married, and is a widower. He had three children—two sons and a daughter. His eldest son, Preston Hampton, was killed at Gettysburg, and the second, Wade, Jr., lives in Washington county, Mississippi. His daughter, Margaret, is the wife of Colonel John Haskell, of South Carolina.

CURRAN AND THE JUDGE.

Among the many anecdotes related of Curran, we cannot help thinking the following, bearing upon the impertinence and assumption of Judge Robinson, as among the most telling and characteristic attacks of unpremeditated satire upon "blasted empiric" and "puffed pretence," that ever Curran afforded to the world. This same Judge Robinson, according to Lord Brougham, was the author of many stupid, slavish, and scurrilous political pamphlets; and, by his denunciations, aimed to the eminence which he thus disgraced. Curran, very soon after being called to the Bar, on some statement made by Judge Robinson (before whom he was pleading), observed that he had never met the law, as laid down by his Lordship, in any book in his library. "That may be, Sir," said the Judge; "but I suspect that your library is very small." Curran replied, "I find it more instructive, my Lord, to study good works than to compose bad ones. My books may be few, but the title-page gives me the writer's name, and my self is not disgraced by any such rank absurdities that their very authors are ashamed to own them." "Sir," said the Judge, "you are forgetting the respect which you owe to the dignity of the judicial character." "Dignity!" exclaimed Mr. Curran; "my lord, upon that point I shall cite you a case from a book of some authority, with which you are, perhaps, not unacquainted." He then briefly recited the story of Strap in "Roderick Random," who, having stripped off his coat to fight, entrusted it to a bystander. When the battle was over, and he was well beaten, he turned to resume it, but the man had carried it off. Mr. Curran thus applied the tale—"So, my lord, when the person entrusted with the dignity of the judgment-seat lays it aside for a moment to enter into disgraceful personal contest, it is in vain, when he has been worsted in the encounter, that he seeks to resume it; it is in vain that he tries to shelter himself behind an authority which he has abandoned." "If you say another word I'll commit you," replied the angry Judge; "which Mr. C. retorted, 'If your lordship will do so, we shall both of us have the consolation of reflecting, that I am not the worst thing your lordship has committed.'"

ORGANIZATION OF THE NEXT HOUSE.

Whatever may be the disposition of the Democratic members from the South to give assurance to the President that they appreciate his generous policy to their section, as illustrated in his action toward South Carolina, let them lend no willing ear to the whisperings of Republicans proposing a non-partisan organization of the House. We have a Democratic majority there; we have a right to the organization; and there should be no thought of surrendering the right. If the Administration moves along satisfactorily, it will doubtless devote upon Southern Democrats to defend it from the attacks of Radicals; and their defenses can be made much more effective with the aid of party discipline and supremacy in the House than without these advantages in the contest. And if the Administration should steer away again from the course it is now following in its relations with the South, it will become incumbent upon Southern Democrats to assail it. It is that contingency, too, it is of high consequence that the House should be organized under Democratic control. Mr. Randall is entitled to the Speaker-ship again by every consideration of services to the party, efficiency and impartiality as a presiding officer, and capacity for leadership whether in a calm or in a storm. We trust no Southern Conservative or Democrat will cast a vote against him.—Richmond Whig.

A JUDGE WHO SENTENCED HIS OWN SON.

It hasn't often happened since the days of Brutus that a father has sat in judgment and passed sentence on one of his sons. The mention of an old Canadian Judge's name in a newspaper recalls to me this incident in his life. The son was addicted to liquor, and for drunkenness was sent home from Upper Canada College. At home he continued his career of worthlessness, and one night, out of sheer drunken folly, picked a friend's pocket of his handkerchief, and thought it would be a rare piece of fun to take also his watch. Accordingly he knocked him down, tied his hands and deprived him of his watch. The friend had the humorist arrested for highway robbery, and in due course the young fellow came before his own father, who sent him to the penitentiary for five years, and cut his name out of the family Bible. "I would like to be able to say that the young man reformed. Historical accuracy, however, compels me to declare that he married, was suspected of a railroad robbery, started a livery stable and drank himself to death."—Montreal Letter to Chicago Times.

STATE NEWS.

The Wilmington Star says: The parties styling themselves Arabs, who arrived here Thursday on the schooner Mary Stevon, from Navassa Island, mention of which was made in our last issue, spent a good portion of the forenoon yesterday in the office of the City Marshal, where they attracted much attention. They are of a very dark complexion, resembling Mexicans somewhat in this respect, and their features are of an exceedingly peculiar cast, as compared with Americans or Europeans. Their language was also very peculiar, and it was evident that they were unable to speak a word of English. They are natives of Algeria, being known in their own country as "wood-choppers," but have for some time past been in the Island of Trinidad, where they have been engaged in the mining business. Their religion is that of the Mohammedans, and their names and ages, respectively, are as follows: Abid Salim, 33; Said Panallie, 45; Hammit Bonnela, 55; Rabbi Abde-man, 28; Bonadile Bolokred, 26; Mohamet Bonadille, 55; Mansarout Bernabe, 29. They are accompanied by a native colored youth of Trinidad, about 15 years of age, named Isaac Adolphus, who speaks both French and English. They are now endeavoring to get to their homes on the far Mediterranean. Mayor Canada-day provided for their accommodation at the City Hall until to-day. What the dusky Algerian strangers will do with themselves afterwards this dependent knoweth not. They are not provided with a superfluous quantity of baggage.

The Reidsville Times says: We learn the subscription vote in Milton Township for fifteen thousand dollars to the Sutherland and Milton Railroad was carried last Saturday by 339 in favor to 30 or 40 against. The town is jubilant over the result and everybody in Milton is walking off on their ear.

The Pee Dee Herald says: Spend your money where you make it; buy your goods at home and not abroad; encourage your home paper; let each be for the other; and for all public improvement Charity begins at home. Our town first, others afterwards.

The Wilmington Star says: Messrs. W. R. Stearns and D. S. Perkins, managing agents of the National Fibre Company, having effected the necessary arrangements, will proceed to demolish the old buildings formerly used for the Fibre Works and erect new ones in their stead, doing away, also, with all the old machinery and substituting new and improved machinery in its place. The new buildings, which will be three in number, are expected to be much larger than the old ones. We are glad to record the commencement of such enterprises in our midst.

The Charlotte Observer says: His Honor Judge Cloud has been the chief instrument in bringing about some important local improvements in Rutherford and Cleveland counties, and it was in reference to the bad condition of the public roads. He related with great minuteness the difficulties he had in finding the road from Polk to Rutherfordton. Said he: "I come by two roads—two roads—didn't know which one to take. At last I took the best, it got worse and worse—worse and worse. First thing I knew I butted right square up agin the Blue Ridge, and that I was."

He then charged the grand jury to present every overseer of the road who did not have sign boards at every place where two roads met. When the jury had finished their work and took the oath that they had discharged their duty, so far as they knew it, he discovered that no overseer had been presented, and immediately sent them back to stay till they did bring some one before the Court for failure to put up sign boards.

The Wilmington Star says: Strawberries are now selling in this market at 25 cents a basket.

The Raleigh News says: Merchants and others should not overlook the provisions of sections 31 and 32 of schedule B, of the act to raise revenue, passed by the late General Assembly. They levy a special tax upon merchants and all others doing a business the franchise of which is liable to taxation, and make it incumbent upon them to pay the tax before beginning business. The provisions of these sections are important.

In the Raleigh Military district Capt. Basil C. Manly was elected Lieut. Colonel and B. D. Hancock, Major. There will be an encampment at Beaufort on July 4th. The following companies compose the battalion: Raleigh Light Infantry, Raleigh; Elm City Riflemen, Newbern; Newbern Grays, Newbern; Goldsboro Riflemen, Goldsboro; Orange Guards, Hillsboro.

Salisbury has two foundries.

A SAILOR LAD'S ESCAPE FROM SHARKS.

Captain Gunson, of the ship Patterdale, relates a thrilling story of the escape of one of his ship's boys from the maw of a shark. The ship was in the tropics, with wind enough to keep the canvas flapping, and one of the apprentices was over the weather side cleaning off. The Captain, standing on the poop deck, noticed the boy was careless, and warned him to look out for himself and not tumble overboard. The ship was going about three knots an hour, and the sea almost as calm as a mill pond. The lad, in a moment of carelessness, lost his balance and fell from the platform slung over the side. The Captain saw the accident and threw him a ladder, which the boy grasped and clambered up the rounds as the ship left him astern.

No sooner had the boy settled himself on the ladder than a brace of large blue sharks ranged up alongside, and actually reared their heads out of the water in their eagerness to taste the young sailor. The boy screamed lustily and grew half frantic from terror. The ship was hove to and a boat was lowered. Still the boy hung on the ladder, trying to keep his legs free from the snapping of the vicious sharks, which seemed actually to jump out of the water to get at him. After some twenty-five minutes of horrible suspense a boat was lowered and he got into it. As soon as the boy found himself safe he fainted. It was a fearfully narrow escape.

THE PLAYED OUT CARPET-BAGGER.

Here is the kind of evidence that arraigned the Chicago Tribune offers to the martyred carpet-bagger in this their day of tribulation. The Tribune says: "It is not right to indulge in facinorae (the expense of the 'carpet-bagger.' They are just now a trifle unpopular, but they have been useful. They did the North a favor by going South which should not be forgotten, and it seems now to be in their power to do the South even a greater favor by coming North. They are thus a double blessing. They originated what may be termed a currency in politics; a circulating medium, a legal tender much needed between different sections of the country. As they left us, they took little with them; they will return—some of them—laden, like the busy bee, with the results of accumulation and frugality. They have done much to make a solid South." "Hil'em again, o'rother Medill; they've got to friends down here."

GREASING BUGGIES AND WAGONS.

Greasing buggies and wagons is of more importance than you imagine. Many a wheel is ruined by oiling too plentifully. A well-made wheel will endure constant wear from ten to twenty years, if care is taken to use the right kind and proper amount of oil; but if this matter is not attended to, the wheel will be used up in five or six years, or it may be sooner. Lard should never be used on a wagon, for it will penetrate the hub, and work its way around the tendons of the spokes and spoil the wheel. Castor oil is a good material for use on iron axles; just oil enough should be applied to a spindle to give it a light coating; this is better than more, for the surplus put on will work out at the ends, and be forced by the shoulders and nut into the hub, around the outside of the boxes. To oil the axle, first wipe the spindles clean with a cloth wet with turpentine, if it doesn't wipe without it. On a buggy or carriage, wipe and clean off the back and front ends of the hubs, and then apply a very small quantity of castor oil, or more especially prepared lubricator, near the shoulder's point.

A DEAF MAN TALKS POLITICS.

One of the oldest and most reputable citizens of San Antonio, Texas, forgo, as was his usual custom, to pay for the "smile" he had just taken. The old gentleman is a little deaf, too. The barkeeper mildly intimated that if he had an extra quarter about him it would not be refused with scorn in part payment. "Another extra out, is there?" he remarked, moving toward the door. "When are you going to pay that fifteen cents, hey?" said the barkeeper, in a raised tone of voice, moving gently toward him. The old gentleman nodded and hallooed back, "Yes, Hayes is in. Eight of the fifteen went for him." The barkeeper slid up towards him, to get a square kick, observing rather excitedly, "You are acting damn badly." "Damn Bradley, that's just what I say, and he's out just as the first went up in the air and was visible for a moment over the top of the swinging doors, while the forehead-old customer continued on down the street, with a smile on his face as if the angels were whispering to him.

MURDER OF A WHITE MAN BY A NEGRO IN GASTON.

The Charlotte Observer says, a citizen of Gaston county gives us the following particulars of the murder of a white man named William Johnston by a negro known as Dick McGill, but whose real name is Minor McGill, which occurred in that county on Tuesday afternoon. The men in the neighborhood had gathered together to work the road near South Point, and during the day a quarrel sprang up between the two parties which continued during the whole day. After they had all quit work and separated, the negro and white man began to fight, when the former ran into the woods, the latter following him with an axe in his hand. This was the last seen of them until a half hour later, when the negro appeared at the house of a man who had seen the two run into the woods. This man suspecting from the negro's conduct that all was not right, went in search of the white man and found him lying dead near a branch, with his skull broken. The ax with which the blow had apparently been inflicted, was found a few steps from the body. There were no signs of a struggle having taken place, but the imprints of a man's knee and hand were discovered in the sand on either side of the branch, and the inference was that the negro had struck Johnston while he was stooping to drink from the branch.

Several men went immediately to McGill's house, but failed to find him. He has not been seen in the neighborhood since. There is reason to believe that he has fled in the direction of South Carolina. He is described as decidedly black, about 40 years old, nearly six feet high, weighing 160, and as being in the habit of talking loudly and rapidly. William Johnston the man who was killed, had just moved into Gaston from Union county, South Carolina. Both parties had been drinking during the day.

The Charlotte Observer says, a female blonde of indefinite age entered the office of the Register of Deeds accompanied by a son of Africa, who was as black as night, and modestly informed that officer that she wished to procure a marriage license in order to link her fortunes with a colored man, with whom she had become enamored. She denied the imputation of being of pure Anglo-Saxon origin and said that her pa was a half Indian, that she was raised in Yarnow county, N. C.; and that she was nothing but a poor lone girl, so she was, and she wanted to get married, so she did. The inexorable Register peered into the liquid depths of her love lit eyes for a few minutes, and failing to find any traces of the royal blood of Poesobants there, or on any of her features, he laid down the law in relation to the intermarriage of whites and blacks, and the stony maiden and her dusky lover departed.

PRETTY TOLERALLY MEAN.

A Detroit doctor recently met an expectant of his on State street and called the man's attention to the fact that he had a bill against him for medical services. "Can't pay," replied the man. "Do you want to pay?" sternly demanded the M. D. "Of course I do, but I'd like a little time." "How much?" "About twenty years." "I'll see this bill!" exclaimed the doctor. "Sue away, for I ain't worth but a shirt and a hat, and am growing poorer every day." "Well, sir, you're a blamed mean man I continued the doctor, getting a little riled. "How mean am I Doctor?—Please state what grade of meanness you mean?" "I mean," said the doctor, as he got more color in his ears, "I mean that you are mean enough to pretend to die to spite your creditors and make your wife, the partner of your tomsen, trouble. You are mean enough to let them bury you in due form. Then, if I come at night, dug you up and carried your cadaver on my back for a mile and a half, you'd be mean enough to come to life, pick my pockets, and want me to hire you to fill up the grave again." "Is that your candid opinion, Doctor?" "Yes, sir, it is!" "Well, Doctor, you may drive on.—If you have any time during the day, please write me out a chart, for you beat Fowler by a length and a half.—Good bye, Doc; seems like spring, don't it?"

An exchange reports that a lady was drowned in a previous edition of that paper.

A young lady of Corinth, Miss., has the photographs of seven rejected suitors hanging on the wall. As the late Dr. Brainerd, of Philadelphia, was once walking down Chestnut street, a gentleman asked him, "Sir, can you tell me how to find the sheriff's office?" "Yes, sir," was the reply; "every time you earn \$5 spend \$10."

A raiser of poultry, in Louisiana, has dug a well at the entrance of his hen-house, and placed a tilting cover on it. His catch averages one darkey a night.