

The Hillsborough Recorder

J. D. CAMERON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TRUTH FEARS NO FOE, AND SHUNS NO SCRUTINY.

TERMS—\$1.50 A YEAR, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE

New Series—Vol. 5, No. 43—

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., SEPTEMBER 26, 1877.

—Old Series, Vol. 57.

1877.
THE QUARTERLY REVIEWS
AND
Blackwood's Magazine.
The Leonard Scott Publishing Co.
41 Barclay St., New York.
Contains their authorized reprints of the
Four Leading Quarterly Reviews:
EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig.)
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW
(Conservative.)
WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Liberal.)
BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW
(Evangelical.)
AND
BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh Magazine.

The British Quarterlies give to the reader well digested information upon the great events in contemporary history, and contain masterly criticisms on all that is fresh and valuable in literature, as well as a summary of the triumphs of science and art. The works likely to convince all Europe will form topics for discussion, that will be treated with a thoroughness and ability seldom elsewhere to be found. Blackwood's Magazine is famous for Stories, Essays, and Sketches.

Of the Highest Literary Merit.

TERMS [including Postage]
PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.
For any one Review \$1.00 a year
For any two Reviews 7.00 "
For any three Reviews 10.00 "
For all four Reviews 13.00 "
For Blackwood's Magazine 4.00 "
For Blackwood and 1 Review 7.00 "
For Blackwood and 2 Reviews 10.00 "
For Blackwood and 3 Reviews 13.00 "
For Blackwood and 4 Reviews 16.00 "

CLUBS.
A discount of twenty per cent will be allowed to clubs of four or more persons. Thus: four copies of Blackwood or of one Review will be sent to one address for \$12.50; four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for \$48. and so on.

PREMIUMS.
New subscribers (applying early) for the year 1877 may have, without charge, the numbers for the last quarter of 1876 of such periodicals as they may desire for free.
Neither premiums to subscribers nor discount on clubs can be allowed unless the money is remitted direct to the publishers. No premiums given to clubs.
Circulars with further particulars may be had on application.

The Leonard Scott Pub. Co.,
41 Barclay St. New York.

MORNING NEWS
PRIZE STORIES.

The Weekly News.
—OF—
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19th.
Will contain the first chapters of an intensely interesting and well written story.

THE
Marable Family,
BY S. G. HILLYER, JR.,
Of Outhbert, Ga.
To which was awarded the First Prize of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, offered for the best story founded on incidents of the late war.

THE Weekly News, in addition to the Agricultural and Literary Departments recently introduced, still maintain its distinctive features as a medium for STATE, POLITICAL and General News, and every effort will be devoted to making it a comprehensive medium of information for the people. Its MARKET Reports are complete and reliable.

PRICES:
Weekly News, 6 months \$1.00; one year \$2.00 postage free. Daily, 6 months \$5.00; one year \$10.00 postage free.

REMITTANCES
Can be made by Post Office order, Registered Letter, or Express, at my risk. Letters should be addressed,
J. H. ESTLIN,
Savannah, Ga.

The South-Atlantic.

A MONTHLY Magazine devoted to Literature, Science and Art, published in Wilmington, N. C. The contents of contributors include several of the most distinguished authors of the present day. A series of Story Poems, sketches, Reviews, Scientific and Historical articles will appear in every number. This Magazine will contain only original literature.

Subscription one year \$5. Single copy 25 cents.

Advertising Terms: 1 page \$120; 1 page \$75; 1/2 page \$50; 1/4 page \$36; 1 page 1 insertion, \$25; 1/2 page 1 insertion, \$10; 1/4 page 1 insertion, \$5.

All communications should be addressed to
Mrs. CICERO W. HARRIS,
Editor and Proprietor,
Wilmington, N. C.

THE SUGAR PRODUCTION OF THE WORLD.

Some remarkable statistics have lately been published in England relating to the several countries in both hemispheres which are producers of cane sugar. Supplementing these with the most recent data bearing on the beet root industry, as well as on the cane crop of Louisiana and Texas, we may arrive at some interesting facts concerning the principal sources of this important staple. With this exhibit, it will be instructive to compare the extent to which the United States have become consumers of the article.

The total production of raw sugar in the year 1875 is computed at about 3,500,000 tons. To this aggregate 2,140,000 tons was contributed by the cane crop. Among the purveyors of cane sugar we are not surprised to find the island of Cuba credited with 700,000, or not far from two-fifths of the whole. Few persons, however, not connected with the commerce in the staple, would expect to see another island, that of Java, ranking next upon the list. Its yield is set down down at 200,000—more than Brazil, which follows with 170,000, and is itself closely pressed by another East Indian purveyor, by which 130,000 were supplied in the same year. Nearly the same amount, or 120,000, is assigned to Colza, while about 30,000 tons were produced in British India and Penang, countries in which great attention is beginning to be directed to cane planting. The combined cane crop of the British, Dutch, and Danish West Indies including the Guluanas, is estimated at 250,000, in which total, we need not say, the proportion of Jamaica has vastly fallen off—since the abolition of slavery. In the same tables we find the yield of Porto Rico stated at 50,000 tons, and that of Egypt, Peru, Mexico, and Central America together at 130,000. We come, finally, to those four islands—two in the American and two in the African seas—which in the last century well-nigh monopolized the French market. Of these, the Mauritius still furnished a hundred thousand tons, and La Reunion about thirty, while Martinique and Guadaloupe are jointly credited with another hundred.

We may add that, according to a recent writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the area assigned to the cane crop in Martinique is now at least a tenth smaller than in the day of slave labor.

What is the position of Louisiana in this list? There was a time when she would have been named next to Cuba among the purveyors of cane sugar. Precisely how much of this article may have been exported to foreign countries from New Orleans in the prosperous decade before the war we cannot ascertain; but in 1850 the amount of domestic sugar consumed in the United States was not less than 108,000 tons. This quantity had swollen by 1853 to 172,000, and in 1859, and again in 1862, touched the maximum of 190,000. What an abrupt and utter ruin then fell upon our sugar industry may be measured by the fact that the crop slunk in the very next year to 50,000 tons. This again fell off in 1864 to 30,000, and by 1865, the closing year of the rebellion, dwindled to the deplorable minimum of 5,000 tons. Never perhaps, in the history of the world had an industry of such majestic proportions so swiftly and completely perished. That which was shattered in three years, has in twelve but very slowly and very partially recovered. According to the last annual report of the New York Chamber of Commerce, the estimated aggregate crop of Louisiana, Texas, and other Southern States in 1875-76, most of which was distributed in 1876, did not exceed 77,000 tons.

When we reflect that beet-root sugar, as an article of commerce, dates no further back than the wars of the first Napoleon, the development which this branch of production has attained in three-quarters of a century is astonishing. But of the 3,500,000 tons which, as we have seen, summed the yield of raw sugars, throughout the world in 1875, not less than 1,317,000 tons were traceable to this source. Nor is this industry, as is popularly supposed, to a marked extent monopolized by France. That country, it is true, still furnishes more than any other, namely, 462,000 in the year just named. But the German Empire, with 346,000, was not far behind, while Austria-Hungary, which came later into the field, could point to 450,000. Even Belgium and Holland together supplied about 100,000 tons. But the great purveyors of this staple in the future will probably be Russia and Poland. Already in these tables they are credited with 245,000 tons, and it is certain, according to Mackenzie Wallace, that the planting of the sugar beet is acquiring immense impetus in the midland provinces of the northern empire. How formidable a competitor this article has already become to the product of the cane may be measured from the fact that in a good year the countries mentioned are almost competent to supply the whole demand of Europe, whose consumption for the year

ending Nov. 2, 1876, is stated at 1,933,000 tons.

In the United States the total consumption of sugars in 1876, including the product of the maple trees and the sugar made from molasses, is computed at 745,000 tons. This is three and a half per cent, less than in 1875, but it is at least a hundred per cent, more than the amount consumed in 1863, or than the average of the decade immediately preceding that year. Such an increase, altogether disproportionate to the gain in population, presents a curious problem for the consideration of the political economist. The consumption of sugar, which of all so-called luxuries is in most general demand, is commonly reputed a trustworthy test of a country's prosperity. Yet it will hardly be contended that the ratio of the national wealth to the number of inhabitants is at present higher than it was in 1859. Certainly we do not feel so rich as we did in the flush times of 1866, yet the consumption of sugar was then little more than half of what it was last year.

As regards the prospects of the sugar trade during the present season, we have to chronicle a signal falling off in the beet crop from the figures above cited, for 1875-76. The estimates for 1876-77 have steadily and rapidly shrunk, and are now put not higher than 950,000 tons, which is equivalent to a lessened yield of some 250,000. To offset this deficit, the cane countries, as a whole, will probably, when the distribution is completed, show gains on last year's production of 200,000 to 250,000 tons. This, however, with largely reduced stocks everywhere, still leaves a considerable hiatus in the world's supply for current use. Altogether, from a standpoint purely statistical, the outlook is not favorable for cheap sugar during the present year.—N. Y. Sun.

He was tall and awkward, and she was short and bashful, but both wore a nervous aspect of exceeding great joy. They entered a hotel in Chicago, and after he had registered his name "and lady," he said to the clerk:

"See here mister, me and my wife have just been spliced, and I am going to show Amanda, Chicago, if it takes a mule-day. Now give us one of them rooms like the Temple of Solomon, you know."

The clerk called a call-boy, and said, "Show this gentleman to the bridal chamber."

At this direction the tall rustic became instantly excited.

"Not by a darned sight! Ye shiny-haired, bled-shirred, dollar-breast-pinned, grinning monkey, ye can't play that one me! If I am from the country, ye don't catch me and my wife sleeping in your old harness-room." And they left the hotel.

A fearfully destructive hail storm swept over the Old Town Section of this county, on last Thursday evening, destroying thousands of dollars worth of growing tobacco. The hail was of all sizes up to as large as a hen egg. In many fields the tobacco was stripped as clean from the stalks as if done by hand, and few, if any of the farmers, had cut their tobacco; the loss falls very heavy on them—they also suffer heavily in the loss of fodder.—*Winston Sentinel.*

Two brothers named Mitchell, confined in the San Bernardino, Cal., jail, recently escaped by presenting a wooden revolver at the jailer's head, while he sat at supper, and so terrifying him that he gave them the prison keys and suffered himself to be bound hand and foot. The revolver was whittled out of a pine stick, and stained walnut color. Shoot gine was rolled up and fastened on to represent the cylinder and chambers.

Death is the wish of some, the relief of many and the end of all. It sets the slave at liberty, carries the banished man home, and places all men on the same level, inasmuch that life itself would be a punishment without it.

And old bachelor was courting a widow, and both sought the aid of art to give their fading hair a darker shade. "That's going to be an affectionate couple," said a wag. "How so?" asked a friend. "Why don't you see they are dying for each other already?" was the reply.

"Doctor, my daughter seems to be going blind, and she's just getting ready for her wedding, too! Oh, dear me, what is to be done?" "Let her get right on with the wedding madam, by all means. If anything can open her eyes, marriage will."

If the mosquito who left our nose in such a hurry that he forgot his bill, will call, he can have it, and no questions will be asked.

What is society, after all, but a mixture of mister-les and miss-eries?

WITCHCRAFT.

Near the close of the seventeenth century, that renowned Judge Sir John Holt, Lord Chief Justice of England, esteemed by his contemporaries, as well as by men of after ages, as an embodiment both of the law and of justice, was presiding at the assizes held in and for his native county of Oxford. A decrepit old woman was put on trial, charged with the crime of witchcraft. The history of the case, the offense of which the prisoner was alleged to be guilty, was laid before the jury by the Attorney-General prosecuting for the Crown. The Chief Justice listened to the opening of the case with unusual earnestness, for there was recalled to his memory a curious incident connected with his own early life. When a student at the University of Oxford his habits were wild and irregular and he gave no promise of his great future eminence. In company with several other young students, he had been for several days on a carouse through some of the country places in the vicinity of Oxford. Young Holt had separated himself from some of his companions; and riding up in a way side inn, without any money in his pocket, he yet directed his horse to be fed and ample dinner prepared for himself. Strolling into the kitchen, he noticed the daughter of the hostess was ill, and was told by her mother that she was a great sufferer from fever and ague, and that the doctors had been unable to cure her. The young collegian at once declared his ability to effect a cure. Taking a piece of parchment, he wrote upon it a cabalistic word in the Greek characters, bound it tightly upon the wrist of the girl, and then assured her that while she retained it she would have no further return of her chills and fever. He remained at the inn for several days and the girl had no return of her illness. When demanding his bill, the grateful mother said she had no charge against him, and only regretted her limited means would not permit her to make him more ample payment for the healing of her daughter. He rode away in triumph. And now as he sat on the Bench as the Lord Chief Justice of England, he knew that the decrepit old woman on trial for her life before him was the daughter of the woman who kept the wayside inn, and upon whose wrist he had bound the parchment charm forty years before.

She had followed in his own footsteps, and had been using the charm for the benefit of her neighbors and friends. The Chief Justice called her up; and, as she unfolded some old greasy rags, she presented to him the well worn parchment with the cabalistic word in his own hand writing written upon it. It is needless to add that the woman was at once discharged.

A BAD FIRE.

"Jones, have you heard of the fire that burned up the man's house and lot?"
"No, Smith; where was it?"
"Here in the city."
"What a misfortune to him. Was it a good house?"
"Yes, a nice house and lot—a good home for any family."
"What a pity! How did the fire take?"
"The man played with fire, and thoughtlessly set it himself."
"How silly! Did you say the lot was burned, too?"
"Yes, lot and all; all gone, sliok and clean."

"That is singular. It must have been a terrible hot fire; and then I don't see how it could have burned the lot."
"No, it was not a very hot fire. Indeed it was so small that it attracted but little attention, and did not alarm any body."
"But how could such little a fire burn up a house and lot? You have not told me."

"It burned a long time—more than twenty years. And though it seemed to consume very slowly, yet it wore away about one hundred and fifty dollars' worth every year, till it was all gone."
"I can't understand you yet. Tell me where the fire was kindled, and all about it."
"Well, then, it was kindled in the end of a cigar. The cigar cost him, he himself told me, twelve and a half dollars per month, or one hundred and fifty dollars a year, and that in twenty-one years would amount to \$3,150, besides all the interest. Now, the money was worth at least ten per cent, and at that rate it would double once in about every seven years. So that the whole sum would be more than \$20,000. That would buy a fine house and lot in any city. It would pay for a large farm in the country. Don't you pity the family of a man who has slowly buried up their home?"

"When I guess you mean too, for I have smoked more than twenty years. But it didn't cost so much as that, and I haven't any house of my own. Have always rented—thought I was too poor to own a house. And all because I have been burning it up! What a fool I have been!"
The boys had better never set a fire which costs so much, and which, though so easily put out, is yet so likely, if once kindled, to keep burning all their lives.

A LITTLE ASSURANCE MAN.

He came into the editorial room on time, according to his promise, and seeing a vacant desk, spread out his great red sealed pocket, unpacked his portable ink bottle, scribbled at his pen a moment, and then briskly said:

"Ready now. What company will you take, the 'Never Bust,' or the 'Death Sooter'?"

The reporter replied that, as a poor sinner, he preferred the 'Death Sooter'.

"So be it. Ten thou—"
"Rap! rap! rap!" was heard at the door.
"Come in," called the reporter. In there danced a vicious young man, with a heavy stick (a type gotten up for the occasion).
"Want to see yer local man," fiercely said the intruder.

"Yer lie! Ye are him!" and away the fellow came with the flourish of his stick. While the assurance man's hat was knocked over his eyes, the reporter fell backward on the floor, and the intruder jumped out of the door with a yell of defiance.

"Hurt much?" cried the man of policies, springing to the reporter's aid.

"Ah—a—not—much" said that dissembler, in a stammered way.

"Dangerous fellow, that?"
"Oh, no," answered the reporter, "rather mild. A man with a stick is a small matter to us. Get this sort of thing half dozen times a day."

"You don't say so?"
"Yes, I do. But you were writing the amount of the policy, I believe?"

"Yes, and he quit scratching his head with that troubled air and resumes his writing, when a loud yell from the door turns him suddenly around.

"Oh, ye little devil! An' ye be the man that wud blast a poor woman's reputation in yer hill shade; red-bided, an' l. ye dirty, snakin' spalpeen!" and the big woman (the press man in disguise) seized the trembling reporter, shakes him up and drives him from the door. A terrible noise is heard on the stairs, and directly the reporter croaks back limping, and nursing the back of his head.

"Great Jupiter, are you killed?" cries out the terrified little assurance man.

"Oh! 'tis nothing; only Mrs. O'Honahon. She does this sort of thing sometimes twice a week. I know, though, I can't stand it much longer. Write away, I fool week now. Here's your premium. Quick!"

"But, say the assurance man hastily, 'perhaps I'd better call again, when you are—a—calmer, you know. Heavens, who's that?' A greater six-footer, carrying a six shooter, stalked in (the 'occasional correspondent' up to the game).

"Get ready, pull out your other gun," he thundered. "I'll take you both at the same time. Draw!"

"One moment, Colonel," said the reporter. "I'm just getting my life insured. Step into the other room, and I'll join you with all despatch, and we can pull down over a haudkerchief. Shan't keep you but five minutes."

"All right, sir. Be quick," and the Colonel swore a mighty oath as he went out.

The reporter had his head dejectedly on his arms and groaned: "I'm a dead man. He's the best shot in the State. God have mercy on me." Then he moaned and kissed a photograph, and called out: "Quick with the policy. Make it \$500,000. I'm bound to make money at any premium." He looked up. The assurance man was gone, and a line of ink marked his course. Then the reporter kicked over the managing editor's book case in his glee, and called in "the Colonel," and said "Bill, let's see-water."

"The story canvassed the city, and no assurance man goeth any more unto that reporter forever.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

HOW HE STARTED HER.—A whooping sort of a boy, with feet as broad and flat as a pie-trin, trotted through the Central market yesterday, till he reached a stall kept by a single woman about thirty years old. Halting there, he yelled out: "Say! say! Your little boy has been run over and killed, up to the City Hall!"

"Oh! Oh! Heavens—oh! oh—!" She screamed as she made a dive under the counter, came up on the outside, and started to follow the boy. After going ten feet she halted, looked very foolish all of a sudden, and remarked:

"What a goose I am! Why, I ain't even married!"

AN ENTERPRISING DETECTIVE.—Not many months ago, it appears, a foreign minister in London invoked the aid of one of the smartest Scotland Yard detectives to find a young girl who had inherited a fortune of six weeks the detective returned and gave in his resignation. "Well," said his chief, "that's all right; but where is the girl?" "Oh, I found her a month ago in a dress-maker's shop." "Well?" "Well, I married her yesterday, and began drawing on her quarter million to-day, that's all."

An intruder declaring that Fortune knocked at every man's door once, an old Irishman said, "When she knocked at mine I must have been out."

PAY AS YOU GO.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

"That comes of not paying as you go!" said young Dr. Willis. "I always pay as I go, and then, if bad times come suddenly, I have no debts to trouble me."

Aunt Prudence sat knitting, listening to the two young men as they talked. She felt that Henry Willis' tone was too triumphant, but would say nothing till her 'word' should be in 'season.' Aunt Prudence was a member of the Society of Friends, and though no near relative of young Dr. Willis, had known him for years and was making him and his wife a visit.

After supper, when the young mother had gone up stairs with her little ones, Aunt Prudence felt her opportunity had come.

"Thee pays as thee goes, Henry? Thee said, looking at the doctor, who was lounging in dressing-gown and slipper, with a cigar in his mouth.

"Yes, aunt," he answered brightly. "Never run in debt," is my rule. I've to thank my father for giving it to me too."

"And yet thee owes a good deal."

Dr. Willis flushed rather angrily. "I tell you I don't owe a cent, Aunt Prudence."

"O, I wasn't talking of cents. What thee owes couldn't be paid with cents, nor dollars either."

"Come, now, Aunt Prudence, what do you mean?"

"I mean thee owes kindness and thanks, Kate's then over with the children—thy children, mind, as well as here—but when thee comes in thee calls for one thing and another, and what does thee pay her?"

"I did not see thee pay for the gown and slippers she handed thee awhile ago."

The young husband listened silently. Had Kate complained of him? Aunt Prudence seemed to divine his thoughts, for she said, "Kate paraps, thinks little of the debt thou art heaping up, though I notice her way is to pay as she goes. If thee brings her a book her thanks are sweet and heartfelt; if a child tries to help her she pays the little one at once by a tender caress or a loving smile. So little does thee use this coin of home that Kate hardly misse it, I think."

"Well, aunt, I believe you're right. I do owe some pretty heavy debts of this sort. I'm such a go ahead fellow I often forget to say, 'Thank you' or 'see my wife and children. I guess I'll try using that coin of appreciation and loving words more."

Aunt Prudence stayed long enough to see what good her words had done. Only the next morning Kate's place was empty at the breakfast table, and Harry explained, with a smile, "I persuaded Kate to take another nap. I think I owe her an extra sleep, as she tended the baby when he fretted in the night."

One another noticed the change in the young husband. He became genial, warm hearted and sympathetic, but few knew that it began with this resolution to "pay as you go." From paying his debts of kindness to wife and friends he learned to think of the great debt he owed to Him who had paid His life a ransom for many; and heard His voice, saying, "Son, give me thine heart."

How is it with you, reader? Do you pay as you go?—*Ch. at Work.*

The *Natal Mercury* says that eight additional wives of Nosingola, King of the Napsuts river, had decamped, but that five of them were caught in the bush. He ordered them to be strangled in the following manner: A noosed rope was placed round the neck of each, and while a negro pulled at each end, another struck it violently with a heavy stick, in order still farther to tighten it.

"Tom, you seem to gain flesh every day, the grocery business must agree with you. What did you weigh last?" "Well, Jim, I really forget now, but it strikes me it was a pound of butter."

A young lady in Boston refused to attend church because her new bonnet had not been sent home. "I hate the devil and all his works," said she; but I hate an old fashion bonnet more."

Visitor—"I see you have a new girl, House-keeper—I took her a week on trial." Visitor—"And how do you like her?" House-keeper—"The trial is almost over but I can bear."

A Gideon preacher once stepped short in the pulpit. It was in vain that he scratched his head. Nothing would come out. "My friends," said he, as he walked quietly down the pulpit stairs, "my friends, I pity you; for you have missed a fine discourse."

A temperance enunciation—Why is death by drunkenness the same thing as death by jumping into Mount Vesuvius? Because it's being killed by 'the crater.'

The best throw of 'see—Throw them away.