The Hillsborough Recorder.

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New Series---Vol. 6. No 9--- HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., JANUARY 30, 1878 ---Old Series, Vol. 57.

HOPE FOR ALL!

Consumption is generally supposed to be an incurable disease. Why? Because medical men, who of all others should have been the last to encourage such an unphilosophical and dangerous assumption, have insisted upon and propagated it with a persistency which seems almost incredible in the light of science and of truth. We used the term "dangerous" advisedly, for what can be more depressing and injurious to the consumptive than brooding over the idea—founded solely upon the fiat of his physician—that his malady is mortal, and that the utmost that can be done for him is to render his exit from this world as easy as possible. Such melancholy and hopeless reflections as this belief engenders among consumptive patients, does as much, if not more, to hasten their departure for the land of shadows, as do the tubercles in the lungs. Away with such a hopeless theory. Happily the GREAT MASTERS OF MEDICINE have entered their protest against it and confuted by the most positive testimony the monstrous falsehood. Dangerous as pulmonary phthisis is, its terrible ravages may be stayed, and the lungs restored to a sound and healthy condition after deposition has taken place. Every experienced surgeon knows that post mortem examinations of aged persons who have died in the ordinary course of nature have revealed the scars of the process of cure, which were entirely cicatrized. The argument, therefore, against the possibility of healing a pulmonary abscess because the immediate seat of the disease cannot be reached, has not a leg to stand upon. Over fifty instances of the discovery of cicatrized ulcers in the lungs have been recorded by the medical faculty of Paris, and such eminent authors as Bayle, Laennec, Louis, Andral, Rokitansky, Hasse, and scores of others, French, English, and German, might easily be cited to prove their certain curability.

To treat any malady rationally its character and mordid influence must be known. The dissecting knife has disclosed to the internal characteristics of consumption. We know that tubercles in the lungs vary in size from granules smaller than a pin's head to that of a large bean. These develope into open ulcers technically known as vomicæ, which afterwards extend over a surface several inches in diameter. Their sores are filled with a yellow, greenish, grayish matter, generally very offensive. The membrane itself is more or less affected, and the ends of the pulmonary artery and vein connecting with the diseased parts are clogged with vitiated and purulent mucus. Death must ensue either from suffocation or hemorrhage if speedy relief is not obtained. It is obvious that something is required which will enable the sufferer to raise and eject the poison rankling in the lungs, and choking the air passages, and which will also allay the grievous irritation of the inflamed parts. No preparation known to materia medica accomplishes this double object so effectually and speedily as HOLLOWAY'S COUGH CURE AND LUNG BALSAM. That honorable remedy loosens and liquifies the poisonous and foetid accumulations in the lungs and bronchiæ, subdues with wonderful rapidity the inflammation of the diseased parts, and prevents the possibility of hemorrhage. At the same time it tones and strengthens the muscles of the throat, and enables them to throw off the vitiated matter without straining. The transcendent merit of HOLLOWAY'S COUGH CURE AND LUNG BALSAM is the thoroughness with which it does its work. Its immense superiority to the multitude of offensive and perhaps dangerous nostrums, of similar pretense, which have preceded it, lies in the fact that it is an ABSOLUTE EXTIRPATOR of pulmonary and throat diseases, while they at the best were merely palliatives. It is not alone that the preparation dislodges the pulmonic virus, it possesses balsamic properties peculiarly adapted to soothe the lacerated lung, while by its tonic operations it greatly facilitates and hastens the healing process. As a preventative HOLLOWAY'S COUGH CURE AND LUNG BALSAM is equally efficacious. Coughs, especially the day hacking coughs which are so common, are terrible fruitful sources of consumption. The sufferer at first has a feeling of rawness in the throat, tightness across the chest, then dangerous inflammation sets in, which may give rise to hemorrhage or the formation of vomicæ, if it is not speedily checked and the cough loosened. HOLLOWAY'S COUGH CURE AND LUNG BALSAM accomplishes this with a degree of promptitude and certainty which astonishes the patient. No type of throat, lung, or bronchial disturbance can resist its restorative influence. It overcomes the most obstinate forms of this class of disorders, and breaks up at once the most violent paroxysms of coughing. All its ingredients are purely vegetable. Some of them are culled from sources entirely new to pharmacy, and all are possessed of properties of marvellous remedial efficacy. The unsolicited testimonials which its proprietors have been constantly receiving since its introduction to the public, from persons who have experienced or witnessed its wonderfully beneficial effects, fully justify the belief that it must, ere long, become the AMERICAN SPECIFIC FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE RESPIRATORY ORGANS.

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Administrator's Notice.

HAVING qualified as Administrator upon the estate of Dr. Francis J. Smith, dec'd, I give notice to all creditors of the estate to present their claims within the time prescribed by Law; and to all debtors to the estate to make payment of their indebtedness.

A. MICKLE, *Adm'r.*
Chapel Hill, Dec. 26th '77. 6t.

A WONDERFUL PREDICTION.

One of the most remarkable predictions was that of Jacques Cazotte, as related and attested by Jean LaHarpe, a man of unblemished character, who in 1788, had been invited to meet at the palace of the Duchess de Gramont some of the most remarkable personages of the day, and found himself seated by the side of Malesherbes. He noticed at a corner of the table Cazotte, apparently in a deep fit of musing, from which he was only roused by the frequent toasts in which he was forced to join. When at last the guests seemed to be overflowing with fervent praises of modern philosophy and its brilliant victory over old religious superstitions, Cazotte suddenly rose and in a solemn tone of voice and with features agitated with deep emotion, said to them:

"Gentleman, you may rejoice, for you will all see that grand and imposing revolution which you so much desire. You, M. Condorcet, will expire lying on the floor of a subterranean prison! You M. N; will die of poison! You M N; will perish by the executioner's hand on the scaffold." They cried out: "Who on earth has make you think of prison and the executioner! What have these things to do with philosophy and the reign of reason, which we anticipate and on which you but just now congratulated us?" That is exactly what I say," replied Cazotte, "in the name of philosophy, of reason, of humanity and of freedom, all these things will be done which I have foretold, and they will happen precisely when reason alone will reign and have its temples."

"Certainly," replied Chamfort, "you will not be one of the priests?" "Not I," answered the latter, "but you, M. de Chamfort, will be one of them, and deserve to be one; you will cut your veins in twenty-two places with your razor and yet die only several months after that desperate operation. You, M. Vicque d'Azyr, will not open your veins because the gout in your hands will prevent it, but you will get another person to open them six times for you the same day, and you will die in the night succeeding. You, M. Nicolgi, will die on the scaffold, and you, M. Bardy, and you M. Malesherbes." "God be thanked!" exclaimed M. Richer; "it seems M. Cazotte only deals with members of the Academy." "But," Cazotte replied instantly, you also, M Richer, will die on the scaffold, and they who sentence you, and others like you, will be nevertheless philosophers?" "And when is all this going to happen?" asked several of the guests. "Within, at most, six years from to-day," was the reply. LaHarpe now asked, and about me you say nothing, Cazotte?" The latter replied, "In you, sir, a great miracle will be done: you will be converted and become a good Christian." These words relieved the company, and all broke out in a merry laughter. Now the Duchess of Gramont also took courage and said: "We women are fortunately better off than men; revolutions do not mind us." "Your sex," answered Cazotte; "will not protect you this time, and, however careful you may not be mixed up with politics, you will be treated exactly like the men. You also, Duchess, with many ladies before and after you, will have to mount the scaffold; more than that, they will carry you there on the Langman's cart, with your hands bound behind your back." But what will become of you, M. Cazotte?" asked the guests, who began at last to feel thoroughly uncomfortable. "My fate," was the reply, "will be of the man who called out, "Woe!" over Jerusalem before the last siege, and "Woe!" over himself while a stone thrown by the enemy ended his life." With these words Cazotte bowed and withdrew from the room. Six years later the predictions were fulfilled. In the ranks of the spiritualists these phenomena are quite common, but usually attributed to the intervention of spirits, instead of the unfoldment of an additional sense of faculty. And the investigation of this phase of psychology will no doubt unravel and explain many of the apparently astounding spirit manifestations. Probably the larger number of mediums possessing this faculty add to it, in many instances, fraudulent manifestations, to increase the mystery and astonishment of the beholder.

AN ESSAY ON WOMAN.

The undomesticated editor of the Newport *Local* thus relates his matrimonial experience: "A woman is a mighty handy thing to have about the house. She doesn't cost any more to keep than you'll give her, and she'll take a great interest in you. If you go out at night, she'll be awake when you get home, and then she'll tell you all about yourself, and more too. Of course she will know where you have been and what kept you out so late, and will tell you; yet right after she gets through telling you that, she will ask you where you have been and what kept you so late. And after you tell her she won't believe you, you mus't mind that; and if after going to bed she says she hasn't closed her eyes the whole night, and then keeps up the matinee two hours longer and won't go to sleep when she has a chance, you musn't mind that either; its her nature."

Woman was never make to whistle, and when she tries it makes her whole countenance look as if it had declared war.

THE TRAGEDY NEAR HICKORY.

The officers of Union county who took H. C. Secrest, charged with the murder of the woman and child at Hickory, to Morganton, to be delivered into the hands of the sheriff of Burke county, returned last night. They report that when they arrived at Hickory five or six hundred people had gathered around the depot and the greatest excitement prevailed. At the spot where the bodies of the woman and child were found, several miles from Hickory, another crowd had collected, it having been reported that the preliminary trial would be held at that spot. So intense was the feeling against Secrest that his counsel, Hon. B. S. Gaither, of Morganton, and Col. D Coleman, of Asheville, advised the officer by no means to take his prisoner from the train at Hickory, but to go on to Morganton and commit him to jail at that place. This was accordingly done, and after due deliberation the magistrate who issued the warrant for his arrest decided to defer the trial till Thursday the 24th inst., when it will take place at Icard Station, about half way between Hickory and Morganton.

It is stated that this exhibition of feeling on the part of the people of Catawba, who are remarkable for their law abiding character, is due to the rapid accumulation of evidence against Secrest. As the news of the horrible tragedy spread throughout the county, a host of witnesses flocked to the scene, each having his link in the chain of evidence. Secrest was traced from Newton to Hickory on the day before his marriage, March 4th, having with him the woman and child. He was married—the minister who performed the ceremony testifies to this—and on March the 6th returned by way of Newton, unaccompanied by the woman and child, and a few days after appeared at his home in Union county. These and a number of other facts combine to strengthen the already strong evidence against him in the minds of the people of Catawba.

In the effort to divine the motive which could have prompted Secrest to commit the deed, several persons in this and Union county have conceived the notion that he was in some way connected with the murder of Jefferson E. Dunn, who was shot down in his own barn lot in Union county, on the 26th of January last, and that the woman, Mrs. Stevenson, who is a niece of Dunn, was in the possession of knowledge which would at least implicate if not convict him. At first there would seem to be no ground for this suspicion, but the relatives of Dunn, the murdered man, claim to have had evidence against Secrest before this last accusation was brought out, and so strong is their conviction, that some of them will go to Morganton to-day or to-morrow to endeavor to collect some testimony to this effect on the preliminary trial. In addition to this there is a white man in Union county jail now charged with the murder of Dunn, and it is thought possible that, at any rate, some testimony bearing upon his case may be obtained.

While there is much doubt about there being anything at all in this last charge, the case continues to grow more complicated, and the tragedy more horrible as its sickening details are one after another brought to light.—Charlotte *Observer*.

IS IT EARTH OR HELL?

The following brief telegram concentrates more of human misery than we can recall in anything except in the final catastrophe of Jerusalem:

LONDON, Jan. 21.—The *Daily Telegraph* prints the following, dated Constantinople, yesterday; Mr. Master, agent of the English Relief Fund, has just arrived here with a train full of refugees from Adrian open cattle trucks three days. Many perished from cold weather last night. Fifteen were found dead in trucks, and the suffering is described as awful. Mothers are reported in their frenzy to have thrown away living babies rather than see them die in their arms. As the train moved from Adrianople numbers of people tried to cling to the ouside of frame work of carriages, and many attempted to ride on buffers. At one station, where hundreds of people had congregated without food for two days, men threatened Mr. Master with violence if bread was not given to them. Yesterday there were 150,000 women and children out in the snow at Charlou. Three trains full are hourly expected to arrive at Constantinople. It is not known where they will find shelter. Snow is several inches deep and still falling. The cold is intense. All that can possibly be done is being effected by the Administrator's Relief Fund, but many lives are being sacrificed.

CROMWELL'S HATRED OF TOBACCO.

Charles I. did not remove the restriction made by James. He even went a step further than that king by making its sale a monopoly of the crown, an act especially injurious to the tobacco growers. Cromwell also persecuted the English planters and sent his troops to trample down the crops whenever they could find them. It must have been an unwelcome task to his soldiers, who, as if in token of their happy release from the Protector's hand, smoked at his funeral.

THE MODEL SUBSCRIBER.

"Good-morning, sir; Mr. Editor, how are the folks to-day?
I owe you for next year's paper—I thought I'd come and pay.
And Jones is agoin' to take it, and this is his money here;
I shut down lending it to him, and then coaxed him to try a year.

And here is a few little items that happened last week in our town;
I thought they'd be a good for the paper, and so I just jotted 'em down.
And here is a basket of cherries my wife picked expressly for you;
And a small bunch of flowers from Jennie—she thought she must send something, too.

You're doing the politics bully, as all of our family agree;
Just keep your old goose quill a flippin', and give thayes a good one for me.
And now you are chuck full of business, and I won't be taking your time.
I've things of my own I must 'tend to—good day, sir, I believe I will climb.'

The editor sat in his sanctum, and brought down his fist with a thump.
"God bless that old farmer,' he muttered, 'he's a regular jolly old trump.'
And 'tis thus with our noble profession and thus it will ever be still;
There are some who appreciate its labor, and some who perhaps never will.

But in the great time that is coming, when Gabriel's trumpet shall sound.
And they who have labored and rested shall come from the quivering ground;
When they who have striven and suffered to teach and ennoble the race.
Shall march at the head of the column, each one in his God-given place.

As they march through the gates of the city with proud and victorious tread,
The editor and his assistants will travel not far from the head.

BISHOP ATKINSON ON THE VEXED QUESTION.

The Wilmington REVIEW makes the following abstract of the views of the Episcopal Bishop of North Carolina as expressed in a sermon delivered in St. Paul's Church on Sunday, the 20th inst:

This word "hell" was the same as *hades*, and meant the place where the souls of men go after death, the invisible place of departed spirits. The word "hell" was of the same Saxon origin as the word "hole." The word "hell," or *hades* in this connection, was distinguished from *gehenna*, or the place of torment. The souls of all men after death go to this *hades*, both the good and the bad, the good remaining in a state of rest (as Lazarus *rested* in the bosom of Abraham) and comparative happiness, and the bad in a state of comparative misery, until the last day, the day of final judgment. This was the belief of the early church among other proofs of this, was cited the writings of Justin Martyr, who was born only 60 years after the death of Christ; that Christ descended into this *hades* in order "to preach to the spirits of those in prison (see 3rd ch; 19 verse, 1st Peter), and also to make manifest His human soul, the existence of which was afterwards denied by the Arians and Appollinarians. In refutation of the belief that the souls of the good went to Heaven, their final home, immediately after death, was cited the words addressed by Christ to the thief upon the cross, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." This word "Paradise" in Hebrew was understood by the Jews as the place where the souls of the good remained after death until the Day of Judgment, and that they did not ascend to Heaven immediately after death. All Christians believe that Christ ascended into Heaven *forty days* after "He arose from the death," and not that he ascended to Heaven on the day he was crucified.

ISAAC H. LONG.

This worthy young man died at the residence of his father, Joseph A. Long Esq: about two miles from the village, on last Saturday morning. He gave unusual promise of future usefulness and distinction. After preparing himself at the Graham High School, he entered the University, at Chapel Hill, about eighteen months ago.

In his class he stood well, obtaining first distinction in some of his studies and distinctions in all. His habits were in every regard exemplary, and he was imbued with a noble ambition to excel. His health broke down, while he was at the University, some months ago, and some six weeks ago, he was brought home, as we now know, to die. We may truly say that no young man of our county had brighter prospects.

With his steady habits, his industrious disposition and natural capacity, what his achievements would have been, we can now only sadly conjecture. He had just reached manhood's estate, and his future was gilded with that youthful ambition that is unblighted by disappointment. He was truly a father's pride and a mother's joy. With him life's struggle was soon ended, but nobly did he act his part while it lasted.—*Alamance Gleaner.*

FOR HUSBANDS.

Don't think when you have won a wife that you have won also a slave.

Don't think that your wife has less feeling than your sweetheart. Her relationship to you is simply changed, not her nature.

Don't think that you can dispense with all the little civilities of life toward her on marrying. She appreciates those things quite as much as other women.

Don't be gruff and rude at home. Had you been that sort of a fellow before marriage the probabilities are that you would be sewing on your own buttons still.

Don't make your wife feel that she is an incumbrance on you by giving grudgingly. What she needs, give as cheerfully as if it were a pleasure so to do. She will feel better, so will you.

Don't meddle in affairs of the house under her charge. You have no more right to be poking your nose into the kitchen than she has to walk into your place of business and give direction to your employees.

Don't find fault with her *extravagance* in ribbons, etc., until you have shut down on cigars, tobacco, whisky, etc.

Don't leave your wife at home to nurse the children, on the score of economy, while you belt down town at nights to see the show or spend a dollar on billiards.

Don't bolt your supper and hurry off to spend your evenings lounging around, away from your wife. Before marriage you couldn't spend your evenings enough with her.

Don't prowl in the loafing resorts till night, wasting your time in culpable idleness, leaving your wife lonely at home to brood over your neglect and her disappointment.

Don't think the woman you promised to 'love, cherish, and protect,' becomes your servant as her part of the contract.

Don't think that board and clothes is a sufficient return for all a wife does for you.

Don't expect your wife to love and honor you if you prove a brute, unworthy of love or honor.

Don't caress your wife in public and snarl and growl at her in private. This proves you both hypocrite and a dog.

Don't wonder that your wife is not as cheerful as she used to be, when she labors from early morn till late at night to pander to the comfort and caprice of a selfish pig, who has not soul enough to appreciate her.

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD

If money be power, says the Whitehall *Review*, what a force is J. W. Mackey, who, thirty years since, was a penniless boy in Ireland. Twenty years ago he traveled through the United States as a speculative salesman, and sixteen years ago he was a bankrupt. To-day, at the age of forty-five, Mr. Mackey owns three-eighths of the great Bonanza, the richest silver mine that has ever been discovered, and draws out of Neva a yearly income of £2,750,000, which is the interest at five per cent, on a capital of £55,000,000.

Mr. Mackey's fortune increases $5 every minute. The question is, what will he do with it? Or, perhaps it would be more cautious to ask, what will it do with him? Fortunes in the far west often vanish as rapidly as they are acquired. Mr. Mackey has a magnificent hotel in Paris, where his family reside, while he passes most of his time in the neighborhood of his vast interests. Mr and Mrs. Mackey passed the summer at Trouville, in the charming villa Cordier, which stands on the hill above the town and overlooks the sea.

The London Lancet says that out of every hundred buried persons one living person is consigned to the tomb.

A proverb of the time after Poor Richard—He who goes collecting, returns reflecting.

A French writer says that the world was created on Friday—September 6th, a little after 4 o'clock in the afternoon. He doesn't produce any witnesses, however.

A definition of bankruptcy lately given by an English Judge is reported to have been: "When a man owes a lot of money, and a lawyer and accountant divide the estate between them."

Twelve thousand dog licenses have been issued in New York, including sixty-four breeds. The greatest favorites are black-and-tan, which number 2,146, and next the Spitz, which number 1,609.

A Virginia negro boy, who professed to be dreadfully afraid of cholera, took to the woods to avoid it, and there was found asleep. Being asked why he went to the woods, he said: "To pray." "But," said the overseer, "how is it that you went to sleep?" "Don't know, massa, 'zactly," responded the negro, "but 'spect I must have overprayed myself."