

The Hillsborough Recorder.

J. D. CAMERON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., JULY 24, 1878.

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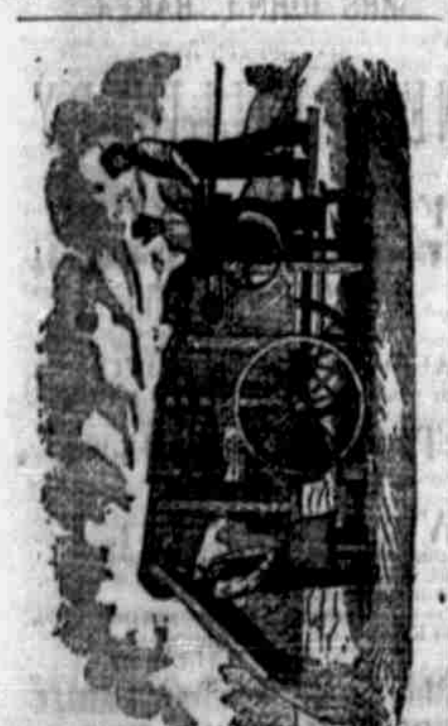
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THAT TERRIBLE CHILD.

Celestina Maria, said the Widow Wilkins, 'I want you to behave very well this afternoon.'

'Hush, my child; it is improper for you to speak of getting married. And one thing more, you must be very careful what you say when Mr. Worthington is here. If you won't say anything about his nose I'll give you, let me see, some of that cake you like so much.'

'Will you, ma? That'll be jolly.'

'But you must behave well Celestina Maria.'

'O, yes, I'll behave.'

And the child went dancing out of the room, exulting in the anticipation of the cake, of which she was particularly fond.

The Widow Wilkins had been a widow for three years, which she very naturally thought was quite long enough, and she had now set her cap for Mr. Worthington, a bachelor in the neighborhood. Mr. Worthington was very well to do, and was considered a very good match. He was considered a very good match. He was however a very diffident man, which may account for his not having been taken captive before. To this task Mrs. Wilkins had addressed herself, and being a widow and mistress of the wiles which the elder Mr. Weller ascribes to widows as a class, she did not despair of bringing him to the point. It was quite a triumph when he accepted an invitation to take tea at her house, as generally he was shy of such invitations, and had been accustomed to refuse them.

But there was one thing that Mrs. Wilkins was afraid of: Celestina Maria, her only daughter, a precocious, and not over-mannered child of 9, was what the French call a terrible child, being in the habit of disclosing just what her mother particularly desired kept secret, and asking the most embarrassing questions, which often put her mother in a cold shiver, and made her dread by all the widow's callers. In particular, if any visitor had a physical peculiarity, Miss Celestina Maria was pretty sure to make some remark about it. For instance, there was a young lady in the neighborhood, much esteemed, who was unfortunate enough to have a hump on her back which was to her the source of much secret mortification. One day the Ladies' Sewing Circle met at the widow's, and among those present, was this young lady. Celestina, having made the tour of the room, finally brought up in front of Miss Graves, and, fixing her sharp eyes upon her, said in a very audible voice:

'Miss Graves, what makes that big thing grow on your back? Don't it hurt you?'

Of course Celestina Maria was sent from the room in disgrace, and there was a painful and embarrassing silence; the face of poor Miss Graves being dyed with crimson.

Now the Widow was afraid that after she had successfully angled for Mr. Worthington, and brought him to the house, her daughter might, by some malapropos remark, spoil all her plans, and send him away, never to return. She would very willingly have dispensed with the child's society. Indeed she thought of having her confined to her chamber by some imaginary indisposition, but then it is doubtful if the little girl would have acquiesced with a great deal of fuss, and moreover it might be considered indiscreet to have no third person present. So she made up her mind to make the best of it and do what she could to insure silence and correct conduct on the part of the enfant terrible.

Mr. Worthington arrived about half past four. His nose certainly was a long one. Speaking within bounds it was about 30 per cent. longer than noses in general, and being very thin besides, its length was the more prominent and remarkable. As soon as he had entered the room, Celestina Maria, as if fascinated, fixed her eyes upon the remarkable organ. Perhaps Mr. Worthington felt the gaze, for he raised his handkerchief three or four times, ostensibly to wipe his face, but really to conceal his nose temporarily, or so Mrs. Wilkins thought.

'Drat the child,' she said to herself, 'I wish she would have the sense to look somewhere else than at Mr. Worthington's nose. She is the most perverse child.'

It would not be interesting to narrate the conversation, commencing with the state of the weather, which passed between the window and her guest during the first half hour. At 6 o'clock the widow, feeling solicitous about the supper, left the room to give directions about it, fearing the servant might not quite understand what was required. With some misgivings she left Celestina Maria to entertain her visitor.

That young lady, not being bashful, edged up to the bachelor, who, feeling self-diffident with a lady of nine than of thirty-nine, invited her to a place on his knee. This she readily took.

'What is your name, my dear?' he asked.

'Celestina Maria,' was the reply, and how old are you?

'Nine years old. How old are you?'

'About,' coughed the bachelor, 'Why do you ask?'

'Cause I wanted to know whether you are as old as my ma. She's forty-three, but she tells people she's thirty-three. What makes her do that? I want to be older so I can be a great big woman, and do as I please.'

Here was a revelation which would have made the Widow's hair stand on end if she had only heard it. But fortunately for her peace of mind she was engaged with hospitable duties, and unconscious of Celestina's remarks.

'Do you go to school?' asked the bachelor.

'Yes, but I don't want to. I hate studying.'

'You ought not to do that. You wouldn't want to grow up ignorant, would you?'

'Couldn't I get married if I was ignorant?' asked Celestina Maria.

'Ahem!' coughed the bachelor, 'you are too young to think of that.'

'Are you married?' asked the child suddenly.

'No,' said Mr. Worthington, somewhat embarrassed.

'Well, that's funny. You're old enough to be, anyhow.'

'I will wait for you, my dear.'

'I wouldn't want to marry you.'

'Wouldn't you? Why not?'

'No, you're too old.'

'Yes, I am too old to marry, my dear.'

'I don't know,' said Celestina Maria, 'I guess mother would have you?'

Mr. Worthington blushed crimson, and the blood settled at the end of his nose which didn't improve his appearance.

'You shouldn't talk so, my dear,' he said. 'Your mother wouldn't like to have you.'

'I didn't think,' said Celestina. 'But you needn't tell, you know.'

'No, I won't.'

'How many teeth have you got?' inquired the incorrigible child after a slight pause.

'I don't know, I never counted. How many have you?'

'About 20 or 30; but mine don't look as new as ma's.'

'Your ma has very pretty teeth.'

'Yes, she ought to have.'

'Why do you say that?'

'Cause she paid enough for 'em. Didn't you know she bought 'em from the dentist, and paid an awful lot of money for 'em. I wish they didn't cost so much; for ma said she couldn't buy me a new clock this winter, 'cause she had to pay so much for her teeth.'

'Really,' thought Mr. Worthington in a perspiration, 'this terrible child is likely to reveal to me all her mother's secrets. I wish her mother'd come in. I don't feel right listening to all she says. I wouldn't be her father for a good deal.'

Just then Mrs. Wilkins did come in, smiling and a little flushed, having been in the warm kitchen. She could hardly have looked so complacent if she had known how much Celestina Maria had revealed during her short absence from the room.

'I am sorry to have left you so long, Mr. Worthington,' she said; 'but these servants are not to be trusted entirely. I wish her mother'd come in. I don't feel right listening to all she says. I wouldn't be her father for a good deal.'

'You are quite excusable, madam,' said the bachelor politely.

'I hope Celestina Maria has not troubled you,' said her mother.

'O no, not at all.'

'Get down from the gentleman's lap,' said Mrs. Wilkins. 'You are too heavy.'

Mr. Worthington didn't object, for he began to feel that Celestina was heavy.

Soon the supper-table was laid, and the three sat down. It is needless to say that the feast spread upon it was an inviting one, for Mrs. Wilkins was an excellent housekeeper. She pressed Mr. Worthington hospitably to do justice to the repast, and he began to forget Celestina's revelations to her mother's age and teeth, when the young lady, evidently becoming restive, began to nudge her mother.

'Ma!' said she.

'Be quiet, Celestina Maria. Can't you?' said the widow, who was pouring out a cup of tea for Mr. Worthington.

'I want that cake.'

'What cake?' inquired Mrs. Wilkins in the most unlucky forgetfulness.

'The cake you promised me if I would not say anything about the gentleman's long nose! was the startling reply.'

It is hard to say which became most flushed and embarrassed, the bachelor or the widow.

'You perverse child! exclaimed the widow, shaking her offspring with emphasis. Why do you tell such wicked lies? But you did, ma, persisted Celestina.

This was too much for Mrs. Wilkins. She took Celestina by the arm, and put her out of the room, returning to her place in great embarrassment.

'She is a troublesome child, Mr. Worthington, said the mother. You mustn't think any thing of her unlucky speeches.'

'Oh, certainly not, said the bachelor; but it is to be feared that she did, for the conver-

sation flagged after that, and he took an early leave.

He didn't propose to Mrs. Wilkins, who is still a widow. She has, however, dispatched Celestina Maria to a distant boarding-school, and is busy with fresh plans of a matrimonial nature in which, as Celestina Maria is away, she may succeed.

RETURN, SWEETHIRAM, RETURN
 O Hiram Ulysses, come back to your home,
 For the clock on the steeple strikes two;
 No longer Kaisers and Hospitars room,
 For your subjects are waiting for you.
 Oh! pause not to drink Bayard Taylor's
 best beer,
 Nor gaze on the Sultan's great bed:
 The sailors and whiskey thieves shout—do
 you hear?
 'A Crown we have made for your head!
 Come home, come home, come home!
 Sweet Hiram Ulysses, come home!
 Ben Butler is cocking his eye at poor Hayes;
 The Fraud trembles down to his shoes;
 John Sherman, the brazen, stands struck
 with amazement;
 Key writes, lest his office he lose:
 'In vain did we steal the electoral vote,
 In vain did we swear truth away;
 The party is dying, while you are remote,
 And in short—there's the dikeless to pay!
 Come home, come home, come home!
 Sweet Hiram Ulysses, come home!
 There's a horse in the circus for you and
 Colfax—
 The horse that you rode in the South;
 The man Key stands ready to leap on
 your back,
 And there's whiskey to put in your
 mouth.
 Then Hiram, King Hiram, come over the
 blue wave
 To the land of the free Whiskey Rung;
 We've played out poor Hayes as our very
 best Knave,
 And now you must trump as our King!
 Then come, then come, then come,
 King Hiram Ulysses, come home!

CHRONOLOGY OF TOBACCO.

1496. Romanus Pane, a Spanish monk, whom Columbus, on his second voyage, left in America, published the first account of tobacco under the name of "Cohoba."

1535. The negroes on the plantations in the West Indies began to use it.

1539. Jean Nicot, envoy from France to Portugal, sent some seeds to Paris, and from him it acquired the name of Nicotiana. When it was first used in France, it was called Herbe du Grande Frieur, of the house of Lorraine, who was very fond of it. It was also called 'Herbe de St. Croix,' from Cardinal St. Croix, who first introduced it into Italy.

1570. At this date in Holland tobacco was smoked in conical tubes, made of palm leaves plaited together.

1575. First appeared a print of the plant in Andre Thuret's Cosmographic.

1585. The English first saw the Indians of Virginia use clay pipes from which time they began to be used in Europe.

1604. James the First, of England, sought to abolish the use of tobacco by very heavy imposts upon it.

1610. The smoking of tobacco was indulged in at Constantinople. To render the custom ridiculous, a Turk, detected thus using the plant, was led through the streets with a pipe thrust through his nose.

1615. The cultivation of tobacco was begun in Holland.

1619. James the First ordered that no planter cultivate more than one hundred pounds.

1620. Smoking first introduced into Germany.

1631. First introduced into Austria by Swedish troops.

1634. The use of tobacco forbidden in Russia under penalty of having the nose cut off.

1653. First used in Switzerland, where the magistrats at first punished those found smoking; but the custom soon became too general to be suppressed.

1690. Pope Innocent XII, excommunicated all who should take snuff or use tobacco while at church.

1724. Pope Benedict revoked the above Bull, so he himself used tobacco moderately.—Ez.

INFLUENCE OF GRANT ABROAD.

From the New York Sun.

Already we see in some of the journals pictures of Gen. Grant as the man on horseback who, at the point of the sword, is to preserve the peace and renew the prosperity of this country. Such things would deserve no comment, and might properly be regarded as silly and contemptible, were there no reason to suppose that they are gratifying to Gen. Grant himself—that they wake an answering echo in his breast.

It is to be observed that they appear in journals of the most sympathetic order—in quarters where the only desire is to turn the income most acceptable to the hero of their man-worship. The conductors of such papers are likely to know what is pleasing to Gen. Grant.

Grant is said by those who know him best easily to have changed. His nature has become despotic; his ambition is unbounded. We all know that he was not a great man in 1876 only because he could not get a nomination. He manifested no respect whatever for the traditions held sacred by the people; almost as a part of the Constitution, which had prevented his predecessors, from the time of Washington's example, from seeking a third term. This shows that he then indulged in a ambition inordinate and heretofore unknown in the history of this country.

It is not likely that Gen. Grant's love of power has diminished during his residence abroad. His contact with the monarchical institutions of the Old World could have no effect upon a nature like his but to make him anxious to engrain them on his own country, with himself for King of Emperors.

We sincerely believe that among the practical dangers which threaten our free institutions is an attempt by Gen. Grant; if he should again be elected President, to overthrow them. He is every whit as ambitious a man as Louis Napoleon was. We feel he is as unscrupulous as Louis Napoleon professed at one time to be as much a Republican as Gen. Grant professes to be now. His first step toward empire was an extension of his term as President—the same which Gen. Grant has already attempted.

If a Republican National Convention were to be held now, Gen. Grant would be a very formidable candidate for the nomination. The Republicans have a very