

The Hillsborough Recorder.

J. D. CAMERON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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June 26.

JOHN BRAY AND HIS "KID."

She will be here in a week I murmured Arthur Cogshall, as he looked up from his writing; "she and my little Lily—God keep them till they arrive—safe, I hope, and happy."

The news spread through the camp. "Parson's wife and kid are coming," said one rough fellow to another, running his fingers through his heavy red beard. "There's not a woman or a baby round within a hundred miles. We of the Boarding River'll be able to brag—but I wish 'twasome other chap than the parson!"

The minor who spoke had the reputation of being the wron-man in camp, as well as the smartest. He was a powerful fellow, over six feet tall, proportionately broad shouldered, and exceptionally though rudely handsome. He lost no opportunity to counteract whatever of good influence the "parson" was exerting.

The parson, Arthur Cogshall, was a slender, pale, gifted man. John Bray, in his rude health and content for "book-keeping," of course looked down upon him. He never swore so hard as when the minister was in hearing, and even the simple speech he made about the parson's wife and kid was full of blasphemy.

The minister sat at the door of his miner's hut, and looked along the grand breadth and height of the wonderful mountains, blazing now in countless colors under the midday sun.

"Carrie will see this—Carrie will admit that," he said, softly to himself, and then dared not think of it, for fear some unforeseen trouble or accident should mar his too great happiness.

What dreams were his! The whole camp of three hundred men, if possible, he led to become a God-fearing man. Long before this, he had thought it would be done but for John Bray. They had even collected the timber for a church, but Bray had ridiculed the whole undertaking, and the result was the men were ashamed to continue it.

Every day, now, the miners expected the "new lot" they had heard were coming to the mines, and the emigrants were supposed to be within a day's journey. A few of the better sort took horses to go and meet them. The minister went with them. In less than two hours the miners returned bearing the dead body of the parson, whose horse had taken fright some few miles from the camp and thrown him. His head had struck a rock, and the good man died without a groan.

"Parson's dead, eh?" said Bray, with an oath, and raising his great brown fingers through his bushy red hair. "What's to become of his woman and kid?"

"You know as well as I do," was the answer. "For my part, I'd rather be over in the bend when the critters do come than to meet the parson's wife and tell her what's happened."

"So parson's dead?" muttered Bray again, shrugging his broad shoulders, and casting a side-glance at the hut where the clay form rested—parson's dead. Well, I damn as I liked him; but I reckon he never did me no harm, and now he's stepped out, some way I feel bad he's gone."

Toward night, the party came in. The miners hastened to break the news to the eager, pretty-looking, pale-faced woman, who had braved the long journey, in delicate health, to meet her missionary husband. She looked about for him. The child—a very cherub for beauty, of six years—pulled at her gown, and cried, "Where's papa? I want to kiss him."

It was a terrible hour. Everybody shrank but John Bray.

"Won't you go bring my papa?" asked the child, leaving her mother and lifting her sweet blue eyes to his face. The man shook his big head, and even his mouth trembled.

"I can't do that, my little kid," he said, without an oath. "Your pa has given in his checks, little un." He would ride ugly Bess, and the best threw him, and—

A cry that seemed to echo as from a hundred breaking hearts pierced the sweet summer air, and the parson's wife had fallen to the ground. John lifted her in his strong arms and carried her straight into the hut, though the others protested against it.

"She'll want to be near him, I know that," he said; and he was right.

All that night one could hear the low, agonized moans in that dimly lighted miner's hut, and some of the rough, sympathizing men remained sitting about outside. The moon looked in upon the tearless grief of the one mourner, the beautifully sculptured features of the dead man, and the lovely sleeping face of the little child, so curiously like that other in its long repose.

John Bray walked round the hut the whole night. He seemed to have constituted himself the sole protector, if not mourner. If any thing was to be said, he said it; if any thing was to be done, it was done by him.

Through the following day at the funeral he was the chief director and ac-

tor. When the souls fell on the coffin in that wild, wonderful place, it was his arm the poor stricken woman clutched as she cried—

"Oh, I can't bear it!—indeed, I cannot bear it!" And it was curious to see his attempts at consolation, they were so clumsy, yet well meant.

The other miners looked on with astonishment. John swore just as savagely when with them, and blustered as nobly; but when he spoke of the woman and her child, or even of "parson," as he called him, there was a tender regret in his voice and manner that was strange to them.

Well, said one of his chums, a tall, loose-jointed fellow, "what's going to be done with that woman and her kid, now parson's gone? Kind'r glad to be quit of his pa's, I reckon, eh?"

"Don't you go to sayin' any thin' agin parson!" growled John, with several oaths.

"Why, what's come of yer?" asked the other, in some astonishment.

"Parson's dead," was the slow reply. "I wasn't partic'larly favorable to his pa's, as I know of—fact, I didn't like them, p'raps, or him neither—but he's dead, and dead men can't speak for themselves, so I speak for 'em."

"As for the woman—what's goin' to be done, I don't know; but she'll never go back. There's death in her face. The kid'll be alone in the world after long."

"Then she better be sent to her friends," "There ain't any," said John. "I larned that much from her. Them two was sort of all alone in the world. I'm going to take the kid."

"You!" and the man started.

"Yes, me. Any objections? I bleeve I've almost made my pile, and there's no critter belongin' to me. Yes, I'll take the kid."

It was almost touching to see John's devotion to the wife, and child of the despised "parson." Day by day the woman wasted away. On her cheek the death-stain came out in burning crimson, and she turned to John in her sorrow, fondly deeming that he did every thing for the sake of the husband she had loved so dearly.

Not a morning came that John was not first in the hut, getting breakfast for the sick woman and her child. The latter, serious because of her mother's illness and her father's death, hovered around him to the best of her little ability, smiling in his eyes, and talking tender love-prattle all the time.

"O, John, don't you know it's very wicked to swear? Don't you know your Commandments yet? This was once when an oath slipped out unawares."

"Then I won't swear, doggone me if I will, little un," said John, penitent.

"But that's just as bad," said Lily, climbing upon his knee and resting her innocent face upon his shoulder.

"Then I won't say doggone, blast me if I will."

She lifted her head and looked sorrowfully in his face as she said—

"I guess your mother never taughted you when you was a little boy."

"I guess she never did," said the miner, and his eyes moistened. "My poor mother died afore I knew any thing."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" she said, attentively regarding him, red lips apart, soft eyes dewy with feeling. "I know all the Commandments, and I'll teach 'em to you, and then you won't swear any more, because, you see, then you'll know it's wicked."

"All right, little un," was the response.

There came a day before long when the rough miners stood over another grave, and Lily, weeping as if her heart would break, lay in the arms of John Bray, as in the arms of a tender father, and sobbed herself to sleep upon his breast.

It became an understood thing that John had adopted the orphan, and the one little child, in her innocence became the one spiritual guide of the whole camp. Under John's supervision, the church planned by the parson went up, though there was no minister, while John himself, with the help of little Lily planted vines at the rough porch, and flowers on the dead minister's grave.

How he watched the child! How his heart softened as, in her simple language, she talked of heaven. When she lay sick of a fever, the man put up wild, fervent prayers for the first time in his life. When she recovered, he sent a hundred miles for a minister to come and have public worship, to signalize his sense of God's great mercy.

And Lily never wanted for care, or love, or money, after that John Bray was "father," and Lily was "daughter," and a great reformation was wrought for all time, and I believe for all eternity, in the character of John Bray, the "wickedest man in our camp."

True beauty increases; while false lessons are examination.

Liberalty consists less in giving much than giving wisely.

A KNOWN FRAUD.

The following from the Washington Post is very pointed and very pertinent and very true:

Perhaps a few persons may be found who are not convinced of Mr. Hayes' guilt by the revelations of the Potter committee; but no one who has watched his course can doubt that he has made a persistent attempt from the day of his inauguration to secure personal support by a fraudulent use of executive patronage and executive clemency. Believing that the politicians of the Grant regime were doomed, he promptly threw them overboard, labeled his administration "reform," and made a bid for the return of his "liberals" and the support of the people. From that day to this he has steadily lost prestige, despite his pious pretensions, until now he dares not present himself before the people unless backed by some soldiers' convention or state fair or public occasion that is sure to draw a crowd.

There will be no more tours by the administrative manager, unaccompanied by some larger attraction. There has been a similar falling off in other portions of his policy. Key was to gobble the Southern Democracy, Sherman the hard money element, Schurz the Germans, and Keats, New York. Every feature of this plan has turned out a lamentable failure, and the policy has had to be lowered proportionately in its methods. Hayes has concluded an unholy alliance with Kellogg, of Louisiana, for evident political ends, has lavished his patronage to silence the title thieves, to punish the Conklingites in New York, to warm up the G. A. R., and to subvert his purposes generally. And to cap the climax of humiliation a secret meeting of Mr. Hayes' supporters in New York was recently appointed to be held at Saratoga, the letters missive being marked "confidential" and the recipient requested not to mention the matter. In fine, there is no public man in the country who is less respected, and the reason for it is that Mr. Hayes is a fraud and the American people know it.

ANDREW JOHNSON'S OPINION OF GENERAL GRANT.

Grant is wanting in integrity, wanting in intelligence, and wanting in the will to promote the good of the country. The little fellow is avaricious beyond bounds. His cupidity knows no limit. He is no statesman and no soldier. He never displayed any generalship. He marched at the head—no, not at the head, but in the rear, of an immense column of men that would have accomplished the same results if he had been in the moon. Grant was a mere unimportant incident. He never showed a spark of genius. What inspiring remark did he ever make that cheered his soldiers and helped to win a victory? When did he ever put himself in danger, like Napoleon at the Bridge of Lodi, to give courage to his troops? He never showed a single trait of generalship. He had no sympathy with his men. He never visited the hospitals or showed any feeling for the suffering wounded. He was utterly remorseless. He was no leader. He had no strategy. I repeat, that for any good in putting down the rebellion, he might as well have been in the moon. Grant wanted the nomination for the purpose of making more money, and he had the power to compel the Republican party to give it to him.

THE RELEASE OF KIMPTON.

A storm of righteous indignation has overtaken Gov. Rice, of Massachusetts, on account of his refusal to honor the acquittal of Gov. Kimpton, in the case of H. H. Kimpton, the scoundrelly "financial agent" of South Carolina in the days of Scott, Chamberlain, and all that crowd. Rice's refusal to deliver Kimpton to the authorities of the State which he had swindled is not, either, the worst part of it, but with unparalleled audacity he proceeds, in assigning his reasons for his refusal, of the motion, to read a lecture upon the methods of the administration of justice in South Carolina, and to censure Gov. Hampton and the other civil officers of the State for their conduct in this case in particular.

Under the circumstances Gov. Hampton and his colleagues cannot afford to rest this case where it now is. It is incumbent upon them to uphold the dignity of their State and to assert its equality in the sisterhood of States. They are entitled to the body of this defendant, that they may try him for the offences with which he stands charged in their borders. As the Charleston News and Courier remarks, "there are States besides Massachusetts and Governors other than Rice"—Charlotte Observer.

MEASURING LAND.—To find the number of acres of land in rectangular field, multiply the length by the breadth, and divide the product by 160. If the measurement is made in rods, or by 43560 if made in a field which is 100 rods in length by 75 rods in width. Solution.—100 multiplied by 75 equals 7500; 7500 divided by 160 equals forty six and fourteen-sixteenths. To find the contents of a triangular piece of land having a rectangular corner, multiply the two shorter sides together, and take one half the product.

DELIRIUM TREMENS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.
Come listen to me for a while, my lad;
Come listen to me for a spell;
Let that terrible drum
For a moment be dumb,
For your uncle is going to tell
What he fell.
A youth that loved liquor too well,
A clever young man was he, my lad;
And with beauty uncommonly blessed;
Ere with brandy and wine
He began to decline,
And behaved like a parson possessed.
I protest
The temperance plan is the best.

One evening he went to a tavern, my lad,
He went to a tavern one night,
And drinking too much
Rum, brandy and such;
The chap got exceedingly "right,"
And was quite
What your aunt would entitle a "fright."

The fellow fell in't a snow, my lad,
'Tis a horrible slumber he takes—
He trembles with fear,
And acts very queer—
My eye! how he shivers and shakes
When he wakes,
And raves out at burrid great snakes!

'Tis a warning to you and me, my lad;
A particular caution to all
Though no one can see
The vicer but he—
To hear the poor lunatic bawl,
"How they crawl
All over the floor and the wall!"

Next morning he took to his bed, my lad,
Next morning he took to his bed;
And he never got up,
To die or to sup,
Though properly physicked and bled;
And I read
Next day the poor fellow was dead.

You've heard of the snake in the grass, my lad,
Of the viper concealed in the grass;
But now you must know
That's a deadlier foe
Is a snake of a different class;
Alas!

'Tis the viper that lurks in the glass,
CORN BREAD.
Two cups Indian, one cup of wheat,
One cup sour milk, one cup sweet;
One good egg that you will beat,
Half cup of molasses too,
Half cup sugar add thereto;
With one spoonful of luster new,
Salt and soda each a spoon;
Mix up quickly and bake it soon;
Then you'll have corn bread complete;
Best of all corn bread you meet.
It will make your boy's eyes shine,
If he's like that boy of mine;
If you have a dozen boys,
To increase your household joys;
Double then, this rule, I should,
And you'll have two corn cakes good.
When you've nothing nice for tea,
This the very thing will be.
All the men that I have seen
Say it is of cakes the queen;
Good enough for any king;
That husband home can bring;
Warning up the human stove
Cherishing up the hearts you love;
And only Tynall can explain
The links between corn bread and brain.
Get a husband when he likes,
And save a hundred household strikes.
—Lytia M. Milard.

The human heart is like heaven; the more angels—the more room.
Judge not from appearance, lest you might err in your judgment.
There is no higher duty than to work for the whole world.

Applause is the spur of noble minds; the end and aim of weak ones.

I am a man, and nothing that concerns human being is indifferent to me.

We should do well to take counsel from the wise and warning from the foolish.

Some of the grandest things have been achieved were by those whom we thought our inferiors.

A son's heart will never make a sweet life. Plant a crab apple where you will, it will never bear pippins.

The mind is like a truth; if well packed it holds almost everything; if ill packed, next to nothing.

If one strives to treat others as he would be treated by them, he will not fail to come near the perfect life.

Most of us pass our lives in regretting the past, complaining of the present, and indulging false hopes of the future.

The chief priorities of wisdom are to be mindful of things past, careful of things present, provident of things to come.

The sorrow-minded ask, Is this one of our tribe, or is he a stranger? But those who are stud of a noble disposition the whole world is but one family.

The great secret of avoiding disappointment is not to expect too much. Despair follows immediate hope, as things fall hardest to the ground that have been nearest to the sky.