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New Series—Vol. 6, No. 4

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., OCTOBER 9, 1878.

Old Series, Vol. 58.

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A TERRIBLE STORY OF THE CRATER.

(Jacksonville (Ala.) Republican.)
In your issue of the 17th inst I notice an article, the first sentence of which asks the question, "can a person's hair turn white within a short time?" Having seen such an instance, and one that can be authenticated beyond all cavil, by persons now living, I will give you and your readers the circumstances as they occurred, when, where and who they are.

When Grant sprung the "mine" or "blow-up," as many call it, in front of Petersburg, Va at twilight on the morning of the 9th of July, 1864, the pit immediately over it was occupied by a Virginia battery. The details on the right immediately next to the battery were occupied by the Twenty-second South Carolina Volunteers, Col. Fie being. On the left of the battery the details were occupied by the Eighteenth South Carolina, Col. W. H. Wallace (now Judge Wallace of South Carolina), of which regiment I was surgeon. All along our lines our soldiers had dug out small bomb-proofs, as they called them. These bomb-proofs were generally about four feet broad, three feet high and seven feet long—large enough for two or three men to crawl into and sleep with comparative comfort and safety, which they did when off duty, during that never-to-be-forgotten siege by every man who participated therein.

In one of the bomb-proofs on the extreme right of the Eighteenth South Carolina volunteers, and just to the left of the mine, Lieut. Willard Hill, Company E, and Sergt. Greer, Company A, Eighteenth South Carolina Volunteers, having been relieved from duty an hour before, were sleeping. The first they realized of it was the shock, then a deep darkness, then a consciousness that the mine had been sprung, and that they had been buried, how deep they could not imagine. Their first impulse was deep, indescribable despair—heart-sickening, heart-rending hopelessness, that left them almost powerless for a time. But what could they do? They had nothing to dig out with but a bayonet that sergt. Greer had in his belt, and there was but a canteen of water in the cell. But what was going on above them? Grant had communicated the most diabolical of all deeds of a terrible war. I was within 180 yards of it on my morning visit to my regiment, and it was just at that time of day—twilight—that even trees can look like ghosts, and that added to the weird scene of death. Simultaneous with the deep, dead sound and quiver of the earth, there arose in the air a cloud of dust and smoke, and timbers, men and muskets, and all manner of shapes and fragments were flying in every direction—and then for a moment a stillness—and it seemed as if every cannon on the whole Federal line was turned loose upon our lines. Shells shrieked through the air, musket balls and fragments of shell in every direction, ploughing up the earth and cutting off limbs from the few trees that the relentless hand of war had spared. Then came the charge. Negro troops in front with splendidly caparisoned troops of the Federal army behind, driving them, as it were, to the front like sheep to slaughter, with the battle-cry of "Remember Fort Pillow," and the few—the very few—that survived no doubt remember the crater of Grant's fall as well.

High above all the confusion and smoke and dust and groans of the wounded, could be heard the battle-cry of the Federal, and the words of encouragement of gallant officers—the few that are left of the Eighteenth and Twenty-second South Carolina volunteers, and of those brave Virginians whose battery was buried in a common grave with nearly every soldier who manned it. But the Confederate lines were broken in twain. Federals and negroes had made breakthroughs of the magnitude that were blown up by the explosion. But they were not to stay there. Soon came General Mahone with reinforcements; and after one of the most gallant fights of all the war, he carried the works, and the crater turned to a grave for its captors. I had heard of pools of blood—it was there that I saw them. Then silence reigned, that painful silence which always follows on the battlefield after death has held his carnival.

Then came the sad duty of counting up the cost. My brigade had suffered severely, the Twenty-second South Carolina had lost its gallant Col. Fleming and many a brave soldier. My regiment had lost one hundred and sixty-three men. Two whole companies, A, and C, Eighteenth South Carolina, had got a man left who was on duty to tell the tale. One hundred and one of my men, including Captain McCormick and Birdie, were dead—buried in the crater or scattered along the works—and sixty-two missing. Among the missing are Lieutenant Hill and Sergeant Greer. We lost them in their almost living grave; Greer disappeared in the crater.

back the dirt, with all the desperation of despair. They "buried" him, but the battle that is raging above them, and that often hope would spring up in their hearts to give way only to despair. Hill has often told me how, when he awoke to a consciousness of his condition, the thoughts that flashed through his brain like lightning; how the thought "if he could only see this ray of light, or breathe the fresh air once again; that if he could only let his wife know how and where he died, that death would be a relief to him. Almost sufficed for want of fresh air, they worked on; at last, it seemed to them that something had crushed them; they had dug through the loose boulders, and the light burst upon them. They both, overcome with the sudden transition from their suffocation and despair to light and hope, fainted. How long they remained there they know not. When they awoke from their swoon the first sound that broke on their ears was the clash of arms and the quick rolling roar of the battle as it raged around and above. Almost in a stupor, trying to realize that they could again see the light of heaven, and hear the voice of a living creature, they lay still until they recovered their minds enough to know what was going on. Hill has often told me that when he knew and realized that it was the sweetest music that had ever greeted his ears. At last the cry of victory rose high above everything else. They knew that somebody was vanquished, and that somebody was victor, when they knew not they emerged from their awful retreat, weak, worn in body, and with minds almost crazed. They knew not how long they had been there. They did not know even their old comrades. Nor could they realize that it was the same day they were buried.

They were brought back to me at the field hospital, more dead than alive, for strange as it may seem, they were the most steadily-changed men that I ever beheld. Both were fine looking soldiers before; now they were weak with sunken cheeks and eyes. Lieut. Hill, whose hair twenty-four hours before was black, without a single gray hair in it (as he was only thirty years old) was now almost as white as snow. Whether it turned from horror at his condition, or the deathly heat of his subterranean bed, or both, I do not pretend to say. I simply give the facts, not as I heard, but as I saw them, and he still lives to verify that this is no romance, but one of my experiences in a war whose first gun I heard fired and last gun of which I heard the requiem of the lost cause when I was at my post on duty.

OLD SI—HE DISCOURSES ON THE POLITICAL DECLINE.
Politics is getting to be or moughty po' bizness," said Old Si as he lighted the lamp.
"What makes you think so?"
"Well, dere's vurn-us sines 'toun dat pints at de conclusion. Now, in my young days only de fast folks ob de law, engaged in politics—dat war or perics-han der boulong' ter de hunder' states."
"And isn't it so now?"
"Well, you juss stan' round dere on-ners one day an' see for yerself. I tell yer, now, dere's purty nigh no candidates in de county dat dere is tax-payers, fer or fact!"
"That is rather a bad sign for the times."
"Dat's de very pint I wuz er flingin' at. Yer see dere's too many takes in dese days—dat's huntin' up some way fer to keep from work. Day's developin' everyting dry'g' off, 'ceptin' dere muske. His' ginnin' de off, an' den ginnin' dat off, tel'er mat, joss bea ter fic 'em offen him wid rocks an' sticks!"
"Well, Si, how do you propose to remedy the matter?"
"Dat's er hard queschin fer er vivilum nigger ter anser, but his' time in dis country fer de fokes—an' when I wuz fokes I means fokes—ter git up an' 'tend ter dis off-holdin' bizness fer derefols. We've been 'lowin' de wald-meetin's too much rope in dis yare bizness!"
"Well, now, give us your plan?"
"W'y let de fokes come out an' say dat dey's gwine ter take er han' in de skirmin'—let 'em choose on good men an' stan' by 'em tell dey's safely sukered in dere places, an' den let de country hab some res' fuz dis yare brigade er candidates. Dat's me, now!"
"Perhaps that would be a good way to bring matters to a head."
"I kno' his' wood. Dere sient sounn dem fellers 'spies me' dan ter hear dat de fokes is er movin' fer derefols. I tell yer dat's got ter be leasch de hyar mark's time an' wheelin' ter de let' an' de rite, an' w' strate-forward marchin' an' a-charge' ob de enemy befo' ting's gets squar' agin' round hyar! Somebody's got ter blow de trumpet an' wake de sleepin', er dar' it be mighty ruff times 'long hyar by-an'-by!"
And the old man was dead in earnest.—*Atlantic Constitution.*

A widow once said to her daughter: "When you are of my age it will be time enough to dream of a husband." "Yes, mamma," replied the thoughtless beauty, "for a second time."

NO WATER IN ENGLAND TO DRINK.

Many American poets have sung the praise of water, but we doubt if any one of them ever made a more eloquent appeal in its favor than the American who addressed a letter to a contemporary yesterday. He complains that he has been for a month in the United Kingdom, and though during that time he has been frequently deluged by rain, gazed upon fountains and lakes, and seen most elaborate machinery for supplying water to cities, he has often been put to sad straits in order to procure a supply of the abundant liquid for drinking purposes. In America there is literally "water, water, everywhere," and the most thirsty Ancient Mariner could not say there was "not a drop to drink." Every railway car, hotel and office, is supplied with a vessel of "fresh water," and these are glasses at hand. Here, however, it is too notorious a fact that while there is no lack of procuring wine, spirits, or beer, water is scarce, commonly. The "American" says he asked for water at the table in a Liverpool hotel on first landing, and the waiters looked at him and at each other as though he were an Ashantee or a red Indian. He asked for water again at Chester, and it took three persons and 10 minutes' time to get a drink. In Dublin for six persons he had to ask again, and he was served with a pint and one glass for the half dozen to drink from. In London it took him six days to induce a waiter to place a nipped decanter and glasses on the table. In fact, from his description, it would seem as though he went about like a traveller in a desert, desiring water and finding it not, until by his pertinacity he had overcome the prejudice of an English servant that water is only fit to drink when something is mixed with it.

It is quite possible to sympathize with the views of the waiters, and yet give freely of our commendation to the American visitors. Water is to them what beer is to the English navy or the "nlp" to the Scotch laborer. He is accustomed to drink it largely at home, and he does not want and ought not to be put to the trouble of asking for it every time. But we may be permitted to add that it is not the American only who is inconvenienced by the absence of a supply of drinking water in our places of public resort. English travelers have just the same bother in procuring for themselves a glass of nature's own beverage. The railway refreshment rooms have been markedly deficient in this respect. A man could get alcoholic drinks there at more or less reasonable prices; if he wanted tea or coffee, he would be required to pay for it double the price of a glass of beer, and poor stuff it would generally prove to be; while if he desired water, he would have to ask for it, and then received, instead of a refreshing, ice-cold beverage, a fluid which was probably warm from long exposure of the decanter to the sun. It would cost very little to introduce into the lums and restaurants the system used in the French cafes by which the carafes are placed on the table with their contents, a clear block of ice; but even if that could not be done, there is no reason why fresh water should not be supplied at every refreshment counter, and at the railway stations. The London and the South-Western and the Midland Railways have taken steps to provide their passengers with water at the stations, and it is time that other companies followed their example. Hotels are very conservative in their habits; but when a supply of cool water may be obtained at every railway station it will not be long before the hotels will follow suit, and the American's grievance will have disappeared, to the greater comfort of all travelers.—*Manchester (Eng.) Examiner.*

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD COLORED PREACHER.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]
There is now in Louisville a negro who is a perfect child wonder. She is a Scriptural marvel. She does not even know her letters, yet she can quote accurately most any passage in the Bible.

At the age of nine months she could talk; and would frequently tell her mother what her ideas of heaven was. As she grew older she would sit for hours and expatiate on the beauties and glories of the other world. The old colored folks would listen to her sayings for hours.

At the age of 3 years she began to lecture on heaven, its wonders, on God and His omnipotent power. She has lectured in many places, and has created a furor every place she went to. The prudish lecturer at the York Street Colored Church yesterday afternoon, and at night spoke to a large crowd at the Green Street Colored Church. Her speech was good, and her delivery impressive.

A reporter of the Courier Journal interrogated her last night.
"What is your name, little girl?"
"Alice Cotany."
"How old are you?"
"Ise just 4 years and 28 days old to-night."
"Where were you born?"
"I was born in Liverpool, England—across the Atlantic."
"How long since you felt the power within you?"
"I don't know; I feel it always felt the power of God."
"What do you talk about when you speak to a crowd?"
"I talk about Jesus, about heavenly things, about how Jesus died and was crucified; how his rose again in three days and sitteth on the right hand of God."
"Can you spell?"
"Noir; I don't know my A, B, C's yet."
She then went on in a rapturous strain about things Biblical and spiritual, completely nonplussing the reporter.

She was accompanied by two colored men. They talked in an enthusiastic manner about her. She said in her conversation that she believed in two kinds of baptism. She spoke of the different modes of salvation; how to reach paradise; how to be converted from a bad man to a good one, etc. Her sayings were entirely original, and were not spoken in a hesitating voice, but in a quick, even, and forcible manner. As young as she is, a negro, without education in the principles she sets forth, her power partakes strongly of the marvelous.

WHERE A NAME WAS USEFUL.—It was on a train and he was reading. There was a crowd on the cars, and amidst others a lady with a very brightly little girl that had blue eyes, a head of glistening gold, and an inquisitive tongue. She plied him with questions and toyed with his watch chain. The mother, who was a widow, fairly beamed upon him. He nervously said to the mother: "What do you call your little darling?" Widow, smiling: "Ribel." He: "Call her then." It: Ignatation. Reading resumed.—Bal Oberver.

Rich men should spend their money as if they got the full benefit of it while living, and so deprive of the lawyers and their heirs of the power to slander their memory with their own earnings and savings. A Vanderbilt little thought that he was only piling up wealth to be used in proving him not only a knave but a fool after he was in his grave.—*Richmond State.*

Sir Wilfrid Lawson, an agricultural dinner recently, told a story illustrating the effect of hard times on farmers: "One Scotch farmer had determined, in spite of the bad times, to pay his rent if it were his last shilling, and saying to the factor who received it, 'It is my last shilling,' he threw down a roll of notes. The factor counted them, and said, 'There is \$50 too much.' 'Odds man,' said the farmer, 'I put my hand in the wrong pouch.'

At a railway station lately an elderly Irish woman, who had arrived a few seconds after the train had started, got off to run after it. She of course soon came to a halt, when she began to abuse the unaccommodating engine, adding with a "hate" bugrug, "Faugh! the great black ugly lump! When she gets as old as me, bedad, she wou't run so quick."

THE BIBLE.

From the New York Observer.
It is the book of Laws, to show the right and wrong.
It is the book of Wisdom, that condemns all folly and makes the foolish wise.
It is the book of Truth, that detects all errors.
It is the book of Life, that shows the way from everlasting death.
It is the Most Compendious book in all the World.
It is the most authentic and entertaining History that ever was published.
It contains the Most Ancient Antiquities, remarkable events, and wonderful occurrences.
It points out the most heroic deeds and unparalleled Wars.
It describes the Colonial, Terrestrial and Lower Worlds.
It explains the origin of the Angelic Myriads and Demonic legions.
It will instruct the most accomplished Mechanic and the profoundest Artist.
It will teach the best Rhetorician, and exercise every power of the most skilled Artist.
It will puzzle the wisest Anatomist and the ablest Critic.
It corrects the vain Philosopher, and confutes the wisest Astronomer.
It exposes the subtle Sophist, and drives Diviners mad.
It is a complete Code of Laws, a perfect body of Divinity, an unquainted Narrative.
It is a book of Lares.
It is a book of Travels.
It is a book of Voyages.
It is the best argument that ever was agred to, the best Deas that ever was seal ed.
It is the best Evidence that ever was produced, the best Wit that ever was made.
It is the best Testament that ever was signed.
It is Wisdom to understand it, to be ignorant of it, is to be a witless idiot.
It is the King's most Copy and the Magistrate's Rule.
It is the Housewife's best Guide and the Servant's best Instructor.
It is the Young Man's best Companion.
It is the Schoolboy's Spelling book.
It is the Soldier's Man's Mastpiece.
It contains a choice Grammar for a Novice and a profound Mystery for a Sage.
It is the liquidest Man's Dictionary and the Wise Man's Directory.
It affords knowledge of Witly Inventions, and it is its own Interpreter.
It encourages the Wise, the Warrior, and the Overcomer.
It promises an Eternal reward to the Excellent, the Conqueror, the Warrior, the Provoked.
And that which 'torns all, is that the Author, whose Partiality, without hypocrisy, with whom is no variable, neither shadow of turning, is God.

One of the American millionaires who are doing the Paris exhibition wanted some champagne with his dinner, but being unable to speak French had to make signs to indicate his wishes. Calling a waiter he put his hands before his knees and then made a fierce facial expression, accompanied by a hand movement as though he were drawing a cork, concluding with "fiz, fiz!" The waiter nodded that he understood, went away, and returned shortly with a small gun.

She was a Boston girl. She was visiting her Whitehall country cousin. While waiting out several hours she passed her. "Oh, dear me, what charming little birds, they are perfect exquisite."
"They are not birds, my dear," replied her country cousin; "they are butterflies."
"Oh, you don't say so? Then these are the dear little creatures that fly from flower to flower and gather the sweet yellow butter that we use? They are too lovely for anything."—*Whitehall Times.*

Young swell: "I should like to have my mustache dyed." Police barber: "Certainly, if you like."

A Canadian Highlander was resting the other day Charles Dudley Warner's remarks on the camel, wherein he makes the camel eat his own tail, and my wife said, "Everything else is modern, but to eat one's own tail is a thing that the pyramids and that other thing were heard of."

A skeptic, who was haggard a simple-minded old man about a miracle and Belshazzar's, snelly said: "How is it possible for an ass to talk like a man?" "Well," replied the honest old believer, with meaning emphasis, "I don't see why it ain't as easy for an ass to talk like a man as it is

to talk like a man."

A jeweler being sent to prison, said to the turnkey: "If you'll let me out, I'll sell you my watch for you good advantage." "No, no," responded the turnkey; "instead of letting you sell my watch, I'll watch your cell."

The man who declaims against the railroads and says they have ruined the country, and ought to be wiped out, makes the biggest kind of a fuss when the train is ten minutes late.

A young man objected to the young girl that his rich old uncle wished him to marry. "You rum't be so particular," said the exasperated uncle. "I tell you she's well enough." "So she is, uncle," responded the nephew, "and you know you've always taught me to leave well enough alone!"

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General Agents for Eastern Virginia and the States of North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia.

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June 26, 1878.

The Last of the Mine.

[New York Sub.]

LANDRU—In Memphis, Tenn, Sept. 12, Henry Landrum, local editor of the *Avant-cour*, the last of the staff.

"The last of the staff? What a story is told in those five words? Your Landrum—we believe he was little more than a boy—saw his associates fall, one by one, by his side; but still he stood at his post, as true as brass as any soldier who ever joined in a 'glorious' charge upon the enemy batteries. He was worthy of his position in chief, the lamented Thompson, who knowing that the fever was upon him insisted that no word should be sent his wife whom he had hurried to place of safety, and faced death alone rather than risk a life dearer to him than his own. The courage and devotion shown by Landrum, the sister of the religious orders, physicians and nurses in the fever-stricken cities are above all praise; but many an obscure newspaper man and many an obscure poet, telegraph operator have shown themselves equally courageous and devoted.

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