

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. 6, No. 50—

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., NOVEMBER 20, 1878.

—Old Series, Vol. 58

SIMPLICITY! SUPERIORITY!
Simplified! Superiority Maintained!
Improvements September, 1878!



NEW VICTOR

Important Improvements.
Notwithstanding the VICTOR has long been the peer of any machine in the market—a fact supported by a host of voluntary witnesses—we now confidently claim for it greater simplicity, a wonderful reduction of friction, and altogether a *Totum Credo* of Desirable Qualities. For sale by Merchants and others.

Don't buy until you have seen the lightest running machine in the World,—the Ever Reliable "VICTOR."

VICTOR SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
MIDDLETOWN, CONN., and Nos. 199 and 201 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

State of North Carolina,
ORANGE COUNTY. 1st Nov. 1878.
Addison Mangum in behalf of himself and all other creditors of John A. McManis dec'd.

Augustus W. Graham, Adm'r. of John A. McManis, Dec'd.

PETITION has this day been filed before me as Clerk of the Superior Court of said county by Addison Mangum, in behalf of himself and all other creditors of John A. McManis, dec'd; against his personal representative, to compel a final settlement of said estate, and to pay to the plaintiff his claim against said estate.

Witness George Laws, Clerk of the Superior Court.
GEO. LAWS, Clerk
Nov. 17, 78. 65.

State of North Carolina,
ORANGE COUNTY. 28th Oct. 1878.

Order of Publication.
Cave M. Conklin, Adm'r. of Amer Conklin Dec'd.

William Conklin, John Conklin, Holton Conklin, Margaret Cates and Pella his wife, William Cates and Jane his wife, William Crawford and Margaret his wife, and Alfred Conklin.

THIS is a proceeding by the Administrator to make final estate assets in his hands to pay the debts of the deceased; and it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that Alfred Conklin one of the heirs at law of the intestate is a non-resident of this State and has an interest in the land to be affected by this proceeding;

It is therefore ordered that publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder, a newspaper published in Hillsborough for six successive weeks, notifying the said Alfred Conklin to be and appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Orange county at his office in Hillsborough, within the said time, to plead answer or demurrer or Judgment will be granted for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GEO. LAWS, Clerk.
Oct. 30, 65.

Largest Establishment in the State

Book and Job Printing
AND
BOOK BINDING

Done in the very best style and at prices that defy competition.

Supplied with Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Statements of Account, Invoices of Sales, Price Lists, Circulars and Cards, Hand Bills, &c. &c. &c.

At short notice, and prices guaranteed to be as low as any first class house, N. C. or South.

BOOK BINDING
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BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURING

of every kind done neatly, quickly and cheaply.

EDWARDS & BROUGHTON
Raleigh, N. C.

ST. JAMES HOTEL,
12th, Opposite Bank St. & Capitol Square
Raleigh, N. C.

T. W. Moenniger,
PROPRIETOR.

A new and first class Hotel, furnished in 1874 and to any in the United States. The Proprietor assigns comfort to the travelling public. Charges reduced to \$2 per day and \$2 per day according to size and location of Rooms—with opportunity in every other respect.

Agents if you want to MAKE MONEY

Physically, mentally, and morally, FISCHEY, HARVEY & Co. Atlanta Ga.

The remedy of the 19th Century.

Barnum's Infallible PILE CURE.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Barnum, 111 Duane St., N. Y. C.

It cures in 10 to 15 days, and is guaranteed to be the best and most reliable medicine for Piles.

Price 25 cents per bottle. Sent by mail on receipt of the price.

Prepared and Sold by Dr. J. C. Barnum, 111 Duane St., N. Y. C.

Be careful of cheap imitations. The name is on the wrapper.

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THE SUN.

1879. FOIL. 1879.

The Sun will be printed every day during the year to come. Its purpose and method will be the same as in the past. To present all the news in a readable shape, and to tell the truth though the heavens fall.

The Sun has been, and will continue to be independent of every body and everything save the Truth and its own convictions of duty. That is the only policy which an honest newspaper need have. That is the policy which has won for this newspaper the confidence and friendship of a wide constituency—than was ever enjoyed by any other American Journal.

The Sun is the newspaper for the people. It is not for the rich man against the poor man, or for the poor man against the rich man, but it seeks to do equal justice to all interests in the community. It is not the organ of any person, class, sect or party. There need be no mystery about its loves and hates.

It is for the honest man against the dishonest every time. It is for the honest Democrat against the dishonest Republican, and for the honest Republican against the dishonest Democrat. It does not take its cue from the utterances of any politician or political organization. It gives its support unreservedly, when men or measures are in agreement with the Constitution and with the principles upon which this Republic was founded by the people.

Whenever the Constitution and constitutional principles are violated—as in the outrageous conspiracy of 1876, by which a man not elected was placed in the President's office, where he still remains—it speaks out for the right. That is the Sun's view of independence. In this respect there will be no change in its programme for 1879.

The Sun has lately earned the hearty hatred of rascals, traitors, and humbugs of all sorts and sizes. It is printed and distributed not less in the year 1879, than in 1878, 1877, or in any year going by. The Sun will continue to stand on the wicked with unmitigated brightness.

While the issues of the past should be constantly kept before the people, the Sun does not propose to make itself in 1879 a magazine of ancient history. It is printed for the men and women of to-day, whose concerns are chiefly with the affairs of today.

It has both the disposition and ability to afford its readers the promptest, truest, and most accurate intelligence of whatever in the wide world is worth attention. To this end the resources belonging to well-established property will be liberally employed.

The present dejected condition of parties in this country, and the uncertainty of the future, lend an extraordinary significance to the events of the coming year. The discussions of the press, the debates and acts of Congress, and the movements of the leaders in every section of the Republic will have a direct bearing on the Presidential election of 1880—an event which must be regarded with the most anxious interest by every patriotic American, whatever his political ideas or opinions. To these elements of interest may be added the probability that the Democrats will control both houses of Congress, the increase of feeling between the fraudulent Administration, and the spread and strengthening very where of a healthy abhorrence of fraud in any form.

To present with accuracy and clearness the exact situation in each of its varying phases, and to expound, according to its well-known methods, the principles that should guide us through the labyrinth, will be an important part of The Sun's work for 1879.

We have the means of making The Sun, as a political, literary and general newspaper, more entertaining and more useful than ever before; and we mean to apply them freely.

Our rates of subscription remain unchanged. For the DAILY SUN, a four page sheet of twenty-eight columns, the price by mail, postpaid, is 55 cents a month, or \$6 50 a year; or, including the Sunday paper, an eight-page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 65 cents a month, or \$7.70 a year, postage paid.

The Sunday edition of THE SUN is also furnished separately at \$1 20 a year, postage paid.

The price of the WEEKLY SUN, eight pages, fifty-six columns, is \$1 a year, postage paid. For clubs of ten sending \$10 we will send an extra copy free. Address L. W. ENGLAND, Publisher of THE SUN, New York City.

The Charlotte Democrat says, we learn that Mr. Wilson refuses to surrender the office to Mr. Graham, maintaining that the Board of Directors had no right to displace him. Mr. Graham has given his bond and will be re-elected hereafter by the Board as Trustee of the Sinking Fund of the Company.

Mr. L. S. Overman, (private Secretary of the Governor), and his beautiful bride, have been here for several days, the observed of all observers. The friends of Mr. O.; and they are numerous, receive him and his charming companion with the warmest congratulatory greetings. May the rose tint of the dawn gild their path way through life.—Salisbury Watchman.

"STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY."

A CONFEDERATE SONG THAT MADE ITS MARK IN THE WORLD.

"Stonewall Jackson's Way" was written at Oakland, Allegheny County, Md; almost within hearing of the guns of Antietam. About ten days after that battle it first appeared in the columns of the Baltimore Republican (by the author), headed: "Found on the body of a Sergeant of the Old Stonewall Brigade, killed at Winchester." The original copy had dropped from his pocket in the heart of the Federal encampment at Antietam, he being then a special correspondent of a Northern Journal.

Taken from the Republican, the song was at once set to music, and published simultaneously by two music dealers in Baltimore, but with different airs. The one to which it was popularly sung throughout Virginia, and especially in the Confederate army in the valley, was composed by young Frederick Bentz, a remarkable musical genius, whose early death was not only a private but public loss. The "sympathizers" of Baltimore caught the tune as eagerly as they had that of "My Maryland," but their enthusiasm met with a rude check at the hands of the reigning provost marshal, who seized and burned the sheets, destroyed the plates, and cauterized the wound inflicted upon loyal hearts by applying a red hot iron of allegiance to several of the music sellers of that city.

In every pointed collection of the poems and songs of the war this one has been awarded a prominent place and almost every compiler has sought for information concerning its origin and authorship. At one time the title of the song was used as a handy newspaper phrase to describe the characteristic exploits of the hero; and "Stonewall Jackson's Way" appeared at the head of reports and editorials in the Southern press.

As an example of the interest it aroused, we may mention that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his lively lecture on the "Songs of the War," spoke of "Stonewall Jackson's Way" as by far the best song that had come from the rebel side. Another writer cites it as a fine example of the true and stirring ballad, comparing it with Whittier's well-known "Barbara Frietschie." A leading New York Journal once characterized it as "ballad that will live as long as the wars are remembered;" and Putnam's Monthly has twice pointed to it as a genuine inspiration. Nor has its fame been confined to this country. A literary nobleman of England wrote to an American poet requesting him to procure, if possible, an autograph copy of the song.

But the song had already gone through "the lines." It was re-printed in Richmond and gaily sung by every woman and child in the valley of Virginia, especially by the address of General Job Stuart, with whom it was a favorite ditty. Once the author in passing alone and by night from General Breckenridge's army (then lying near Woodstock) in Richmond, was arrested at Gordonsville as a Federal spy, and while guarded by two sentries in the public room of an inn, was recognized by a stranger as the man who wrote "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

In every place it has appeared anonymously except in Miss Mason's compilation, published in Baltimore. By her it is erroneously described to one "De Riviere." Of course its text, by frequent reprinting, has suffered much damage at the hands of the printer's proof readers. With the exception of the original draft in the old Republican, and a copy furnished long afterwards by the New York Round Table, the one here given is the only correct copy ever produced.

In Virginia the authorship has commonly been attributed to a very uncertain "lady." The legitimate parent of the song is a well known journalist and magazine writer, formerly of Baltimore, whose name is familiar to the readers of the Atlantic Monthly, and many ladies and gentlemen of that city are cognizant of the facts here first made public setting forth the true story of "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.
Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the odds,
Strut up the camp-fire bright!
No matter if the cañon falls—
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls about,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the bridge's rousing song
Of Stonewall Jackson's way.

We see him now; the queer slouched hat
Cocked 'n'et his eye askew;
The strow'd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true!
The cute old Elder knows them well;
Says he, "That's Banks; he's fond of shell;
Lord save his soul! We'll give him"—well,
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!
Old Blue-light's going to pray;
Strange the fool that draws to self—
Attention! It's his way.

Appealing from his native soil,

In forma pauperis to God—
"Lay Bare Thine arm! Stretch forth Thy
And!

Amen!" That's Stonewall's way.
He's in the saddle now! Fall in!
Steady! the whole brigade,
Hill's at the ford—cut off; we'll fight
His way out, ball and blade!
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet be torn?
Quick step! We're with him before morn!
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

The sun's bright lances rout the mist
Of morning and, by George!
Here's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in by ugly gorges,
Pope and his Yankee! whipped before,
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall's
war,

Charge, Stuart! pay off Ashby's score,
In Stonewall Jackson's way?
Ah, maiden! wait, and watch, and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band;
Ah, widow! lend with eyes that burn
That ringleader thy hand;
Ah, wife! sew on, pray on hope on!
Thy life shall not be all forlorn;
The foe had better ne'er been born,
That gets in Stonewall's way.

[Cor. New York World.]
A NICE COUNTRY.
HOW MAN-EATING TIGERS CARRY OFF
THEIR VICTIMS IN INDIA.

The following extract from a letter written by a Dundee gentleman, manager of the recently formed Ranganati tea garden in the Province of Assam, shows that the pioneers in tea planting have exciting times in addition to their hard work:

RANGANATI, Nowgong, August 15.—It is with great regret that I have to report a sad occurrence that took place at Ranganati three days ago. Three Meekir men were cutting jungle, preparatory to cutting out, when I left the garden on Monday about 11:30 a. m. Less than half an hour afterwards a tiger suddenly sprang out, struck one of the men a blow on the head, which partially scalped him, caught him by the throat, and dragged him out of sight.

That happened about four hundred yards in front of the lines of the Cacharees, six of whom saw the whole occurrence. Every one, Meekirs and Cacharees who were working near, fled from the spot, and two men came over two hours after ward and gave me information. Levick, Blockwell and I lost no time in going over. We found and followed up the track for over two hundred and fifty yards in the jungle, and came upon the corpse minus a leg. It was too late to get a 'cham' erected, as there were no trees at hand, and, unfortunately, we could not manage to procure poison.

Next day we went out on the Semagouri 'hall' (elephant), beat in circles round the body, which had been dragged fifty yards further, minus both legs, and in thick, hard jungle, over twenty feet in height. We hung about beating for hours, but could neither hear nor see anything of the tiger. It was most annoying that we had no poison, for a better chance of destroying this man-eater could not be had. I am getting an old cow tied every evening at the edge of the jungle, in hopes of his taking the bait—that is, coming for the cow, to enable us to shoot him. The unfortunate Meekir was one of my best workers, regular in his attendance, and generally giving me two 'halves' per day.

He is the fourth victim within the last three months that has fallen to this man-eating tiger, and all the 'kills' have taken place within a mile and a half of my compound at Ranganati. The customary reward for a tiger's skull is twenty-five rupees. Levick and I will ourselves add twenty-five, and I have requested the Deputy Commissioner to grant fifty rupees (in all one hundred rupees) for this brute's destruction. It seems that there are a tiger and a tigress in the part of Ranganati which I am now clearing. However, fortunately there is enough jungle cut, felled and ready for housing, so that the Cacharees will not be detained in their work.

The place abounds with wild animals. A panther carried away a dog from the door of a coolie's hut (in the lines); a wild elephant chased the Meekirs from cutting bamboo; and I, myself, while walking from Nomi, suddenly found myself six yards from a full grown bear, which detained me for about five minutes. However, after the place is cleared, hoed and planted, there will be small cover left.

In Boston the church bells rang to announce the hour for opening the polls for the voters.

A timid Bostonian has married a young lady whose weight verges closely upon 200 pounds. "My dear," says he to her, "shall I help you over the fence?" "No," says she, "help the fence."

"So," said a lady recently, to a merchant, "your pretty daughter has married a rich husband?" "Well," slowly replied the father, "I believe she has married a rich man, but I understand he is a very poor husband."

VIENNA, Nov. 6.—The *Lower House* of the Reichstag adopted the address in reply to a speech from the throne after a debate, during which it was demonstrated that the occupation of Bosnia, which was authorized by all the powers, including Turkey, was necessary to prevent the development of forces in the Balkan peninsula, which would sooner or later clash with the interests of Austria.

At one time brother C— suffered the loss of a number of fine sheep out of his flock, and, therefore might have been the suspicious, failed to obtain adequate evidence to convict the person suspected of the criminal act. Just about this time, in a season of religious interest, a person of very indifferent previous character became interested in the meetings, and finally came to brother C— and confessed that he was the offender, and had wickedly stolen his sheep. He quite humbly asked forgiveness, and proposed very properly to pay for the stolen sheep. Brother C— received him with his usual good nature; and instead of setting a price himself upon the sheep, said, "Well, well brother, what do you think they are worth?" With a pathetic tone of voice, the new penitent answered, "The Lord told me to come and pay you a dollar and a half apiece for my sheep." "Pay it, then," said brother C— very quickly; "but I don't want the Lord to price any more of my sheep?"

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