

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 55--

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., DECEMBER 25, 1878.

---Old Series, Vol. 58.



SIMPLICITY! SUPERIORITY!
SIMPLIFIED! MAINTAINED!
Improvements September, 1878!

Having regard for the demand of this progressive age, we now offer to the World the

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 volunteer witnesses—we now confidently claim for it greater simplicity, a wonderful reduction of friction, and altogether a *Tare* Combination 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.

1879.
THE FOUR REVIEWS
AND
BLACKWOOD.
AUTHORIZED REPRINTS

OF
EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig.)
WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Liberal.)
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Conservative.)
BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW (Evangelical.)
AND
BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh Magazine.

These Reprints are not selections; they give the originals in full, and at about one-third the price of the English Editions.

No publication can compare with the leading British Periodicals above named, reprinted by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company. In respect to fidelity of reprinting, accuracy of statement, and purity of style, they are without any equal. They keep pace with modern thought, discovery, experiment and achievement, whether in religion, science, literature, or art. The able writers fill their pages with the most interesting reviews of history, and with an intelligent narration of the great events of the day.

TERMS FOR 1879 (including Postage):
PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.
For any one Review \$4.00 a year
For any two Reviews 7.00 ..
For any three Reviews 10.00 ..
For all four Reviews 12.00 ..
For Blackwood's Magazine 4.00 ..
For Blackwood and 1 Review 7.00 ..
For Blackwood and 2 Reviews 10.00 ..
For Blackwood and 3 Reviews 13.00 ..
For Blackwood and 4 Reviews 15.00 ..

POSTAGE.
This item of expense, now borne by the publishers, is equivalent to a reduction of 25 per cent on 1 the cost of subscription in foreign parts.

CLIPS.
A discount of twenty per cent will be allowed to clubs of four or more persons. These four copies of Blackwood or one Review will be sent to one address for \$12.50; four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for \$18 and so on.

PREMIUMS.
New subscribers (paying early) for the year 1879 may have, without charge, for premiums for the last quarter of 1878, subscribers to all five may have two of the "Four Reviews," or one set of Blackwood's Magazine for 1878.

Neither premiums to subscribers nor discount to clubs can be allowed unless the money is remitted direct to the publishers. No premiums given in clubs.
To secure premiums it will be necessary to make early application, as the stock available for that purpose is limited.
The Leonard Scott Pub. Co.,
41 Barclay St. New York.

State of North Carolina, Superior Court
ORANGE COUNTY. 28 Nov. 1878
George A. Faucett in behalf of himself and all other creditors of A. V. Murdoch, dec'd.

Thomas J. Freeland Esq'r, of A. C. Murdoch, Dec'd.
A PETITION has this day been filed before me as Clerk of the Superior Court of said county by George A. Faucett in behalf of himself and all other creditors of A. V. Murdoch, deceased, against his personal representative, to compel a final settlement of said estate, and to pay to the plaintiff his claim against said estate.

The creditors of the said Andrew V. Murdoch are hereby notified to appear before me at my office in Hillsboro on or before the 28th day of January 1879 and file in the Clerk's office the evidences of their claims against the said estate, and make themselves parties to this proceeding.
Witness George Laws, Clerk of the Superior Court.
GEO. LAWS, Clerk
Nov. 28 '78. 61.

TO MAKE MONEY
Pleasantly and profitably agents should address
P. H. HARVEY & Co. Atlanta, Ga.

THE
RURAL NEW-YORKER.

Prospectus for 1879.

REDUCED TERMS!
ENLARGED PAPER!!
BEST WRITERS!!!
AND
\$25,000 worth of Farm, Garden and Flower Seeds, from the Rural Experimental Farm & Horticultural Grounds, DISSEMINATED FREE To every subscriber who applies.

The Seeds are saved from rare, hardy, new varieties, and most of them *cannot be procured elsewhere,* and equal in value the yearly subscription price.

Send stamp for Sample Copy illustrating and describing the Seeds.

A New Era in Agricultural and Horticultural Journalism.

THE HEAD OF THE RURAL PRESS.
So admitted by our highest authorities.

The Subscription reduced from \$2.50 to \$2 per year.

ONE PRICE TO ALL.
Honesty devoted to the Welfare of its Readers.

Elegant Original Illustrations from Life.
No Sectional Prejudices—A Journal for the Entire Country.

FEATURES:
Our Free Seed Distribution; our enlarged paper; its clear, sharp type; the regularity of its delivery; the liberality of its management and the reduction of its price are downright evidences of the truth of what we assert.

Field Crops, Small Fruits, Grapes, Apples, Pears, Stock and Poultry, Hives, Dairy, The Household, The Best Methods, Literature, News, Markets.

Send for it; compare it with others of its class—then judge for yourself!
EST. Premium Lists, etc., sent free to all who wish to act as agents.
RURAL NEW-YORKER,
78 Duane St., New York.

A. W. GRAHAM,
Attorney at Law.
HILLSBORO, N. C.

PRACTICES in the counties of Orange, Alamance, Person, Cabarrus and Granville. Claims collected in any part of the State.



J. C. S. LUMSDEN,
CITY STOVE STORE.
FAYETTEVILLE STREET,
Opposite the Market,
Raleigh, N. C.

Largest, Heaviest, Best, and the Cheapest
COOKING STOVES!

ALSO—Parlor, Office, Dining Room and other Heating Stoves in great variety.
Tin, Sheet-Iron and Copper Ware.
Kneading and Grinding Machinery.
J. C. S. LUMSDEN,
Opp. St. Bm.

THE TALISMAN.

It was midnight, and a bride of rare beauty was seated with a bouquet of the gay city capital of France. A dainty *femme de chambre* had just left the apartment when Frederick de la Tour, the young husband in question, entered. Madame de la Tour was seated near an open wood fire, the folds of a beautiful robe of light, soft texture thrown around her.

"My darling!" exclaimed De la Tour, "I could not come before."
As he spoke he threw himself upon his knees before her.
"Our friends have just gone?" asked his listener.
"Yes; and I am with you."
"Do not kneel, Frederick, there is room for you on this couch," continued Madame de la Tour.

"Let me remain thus. It seems as if I must be dreaming; that all this happiness cannot be real; that you are not indeed mine to love and cherish. I cannot remove my eyes from your dear face, dreading that you will vanish from my view."
"Be very sure that I do not propose to vanish," responded Madame de la Tour. "Yesterday I was the widow of Lord Melville, and to-day I am Louise de la Tour, your wife. You see, strange as it may seem, you do not dream."

Frederick de la Tour had good reason to suppose that a fairy had been meddling with his affairs. Within a few months past he had enjoyed a streak of inestimable good fortune. He had become rich and happy beyond his fondest hopes. This was how it happened:
One afternoon, while returning from his office, he was in the Rue St. Honoré accosted by a lady who was striving in a magnificent equipage.

"Monsieur! Monsieur!" she called.
The footman had lowered the steps and motioned to De la Tour to enter the carriage. Astonished beyond measure, he mechanically obeyed.
"I have received your letter, Monsieur," continued the lady, in a charming musical voice.
"A letter from me, Madame?" responded Frederick, in a tone of surprise.
"Yes; did you not write to me?"
"Never, Madame, in my knowledge," was the respectful rejoinder.

"You will kindly excuse me," continued the lady, "I have made an absurd mistake, and my only excuse is that you so greatly resemble a friend of mine that I mistook you for him. Great heaven! she added, much confused; "what must you think of me? And yet the resemblance is striking."
Ere the lady had completed her explanation, the carriage had been driven into a magnificent hotel. Frederick, of course, offered his hand to assist his companion to alight.

"I would explain further, Monsieur," continued the lady, "I am Lady Melville."
De la Tour bowed. By the beauty of the speaker he was positively dazzled, and accepted with delight an invitation to call.
"My name is Frederic de la Tour," he said; "I am only a struggling artist."
The singular meeting described had resulted, as has been said, in the marriage of De la Tour.

"Conceal it, beseech me," continued Madame de la Tour. "I have something to say, but cannot speak while you remain kneeling. It is quite a story, and must be told to you."
Frederick obeyed.
"Once upon a time," continued Louise: "I knew you would tell me some fairy story," exclaimed the young husband; "but while you speak it is music."
"Nay, listen to me, friend. Once upon a time there was a young girl, born of parents who had once been rich. At the age of fifteen she was brought to Paris by her father, who found that at Lyons he was gaining but little money. For four years that father struggled against adversity, but finally illness seized him. To be brief, dear Frederic, he died in a hospital, and soon the poor mother followed, and the young girl was left alone. Had there been a fairy in the story I relate, she certainly would have appeared, but there was none. The girl was in Paris without relatives, without friends, without means to pay. She sought work, but obtained none.

"Time passed. At length every cent was gone, and for twenty-four hours no particle of food passed her lips. Oh! Frederic, you who have never known hunger and misery cannot understand the suffering I might picture, cannot know the pain endured when forced to beg, and yet to implore and the girl was compelled. At dark one evening she crept forth from her lodging; the night was cold and rainy. In her desperation she accosted a young man, who halted, searched his pockets, and then threw her a coin. At this instant a gen' d'arms perceived the girl.

"Come," he said, "I arrest you for begging. You follow me to the lock-up."
"At these words a cry of despair was

wrung from the lips of the unfortunate woman. Quickly the young man interposed.
"This young girl is an acquaintance of mine; I know her; there is no begging in the question. Come he continued, addressing the trembling girl, "it is time you were at home. Do not fear, it was only a mistake on the part of this good guardian of the public peace."
"Leaning on the arm of the stranger the girl walked on."

"Do not fear, Mademoiselle," whispered the young man, placing a purse in the hand which lay in his. "I will accompany you until we are out of sight of Cereberus."
"Why? remember the girl," exclaimed De la Tour.
"And also know the man?"
"I do. It was no other than myself."

"True. As we passed beneath one of the street lamps I saw your face, and its every feature became impressed upon my mind. You had saved my life, and perhaps my very honor, and I had reason to remember you."
"To remember me?"
"Indeed, yes. You little thought that the woman to whom you gave arms and protection would become Lady Melville, and was your future wife."

"This does indeed seem like a dream said De la Tour."
"To you; but to me it is reality."
"And you, so beautiful, so truly lovely, begged in the open street?"
"Once, and once only."
"I did not see your face."
"No; for it was covered by a veil. On the following day—one, in fact, that I regard as one of the happiest in my life—an old lady, in whom I had fortunately inspired confidence and some interest, engaged me as her seamstress. My gayety returned. From the service I have named I was raised to the position of companion and confidential friend. One day I was presented to an acquaintance of my patroness, Lord Melville. He was a man of about sixty, tall, thin, but of dignified bearing."

"Mademoiselle," he said, addressing me, "I know your history. Will you marry me?"
"Marry you? I questioned, much surprised.
"Yes. I have an immense estate which I do not wish my nephew to inherit. My health is delicate, and my life lonely. If I can credit all I have been told, you are good and pure. Will you be Lady Melville?"
"I loved you, Frederic, who knew not of my existence. I loved you, although I had not seen you but once. I could not forget, and there was something in my heart and soul that told me we should meet again, that our lives would run in the self-same current; how, I know not, and yet I felt sure. When I looked at Lord Melville, and saw his stern expression of face, I feared he simply wished to marry me in order to carry out his revenge."

"His persuasions were redoubled. I knew that his years were sunny, and that my fortune would be great. I thought of you and how I could benefit you if I but possess wealth, and at last I yielded consent, and became Lady Melville."
"How strange it all seems," replied De la Tour.

"Yes, dear love, as you have said, like some fairy tale. I, a poor, friendless orphan, became the wife of one of England's richest peers."
"Happy Lord Melville!" exclaimed Frederic, "he had the power to enrich you."
"He is unhappy," continued Madame de la Tour, "and never regretted his choice. He knew that I had seen you before our marriage."

"You told him?"
"Yes, all. It was not until after our marriage, Frederic, that I again saw you, and although we soon learned to read each other's hearts, our lips were silent. Lord Melville was wealthy beyond my wildest expectations. He could not spend his income, and with that wisdom peculiar to him he realized that while the difference between our ages rendered love impossible, gratitude would attach me to him. Three months after our marriage Lord Melville died, leaving me all he possessed, and I resolved never to marry again, unless I could espouse the one man who always held my heart."

"And you won the love of that man?"
"Without his knowing me to be the beggar woman his kindness had protected, rejoined Louise de la Tour, extending her hand.
"You remember," continued the speaker, "that I refused the purse?"
"Yes; you accepted but one coin."
"Only one, and at that time I was almost starving."
"But it procured you food?"
"No," replied Madame de la Tour, unclasping a ruby necklace that encircled her white throat. "To this necklace hung an exquisite medallion.

"See, dear Frederic, I did not part with my treasure." As she spoke she touched a spring and disclosed a coin.
"It is the one I gave you!" exclaimed De la Tour.
"Yes."
"And you retained it?"
"I would sooner have parted with my life. I showed it to a baker, and asked him to trust me. He did so, and the following day I was able to pay for the food his kindness permitted me to eat."
"Yes, my dear, I knew you, but you did not recognize me."
"Surely, there has been a fairy in my life," replied he.

"Why do you say so?"
"Because, when you saw me first, I was only a poor, struggling painter but from the time of our meeting the tide changed, and prosperity visited me."
"Would you know the name of the fairy?"
"It was you, Louise," exclaimed Frederic, joyfully. "You bought my picture?"
"Many of them, and have won your love."
"Yes, my heart, my very soul."
Frederic de la Tour took the gold piece and pressed it to his lips. To that same bit of gold he owed happiness and fortune.
"While I am the fairy," continued Louise, "it is you, dear love who gave me the precious talisman."

LINCOLN AS A MATCHMAKER.
It was about a year before the fall of Richmond, when both north and south seemed tottering to ruin, that a young lady who had known Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln for years visited Washington. She was an exceptionally sensible, warm hearted, refined woman, gifted with a marvellous voice and a graceful figure, but she was very homely. She called at the White House, and when she had gone with his wife into a private room, Mr. Lincoln expressed his surprise to a friend that "some good man had not been lucky enough to marry her," adding: "—here! would be much happier if she were a wife and mother."

A few months later Major C—, a volunteer officer, thoroughly respected by the President, and a bachelor, came into the study. Mr. Lincoln looked at him, thoughtfully.
"What are you going to do when the war is over, C—?" he asked suddenly.
"Seek my fortune, I suppose," was the startled reply.
"There it is in the room," a frank, girlish laugh was heard at that moment. "No, you can't go to seek it now; business first, but there it is."

That evening there was a reception at the White House. The President beckoned to Major C—.
"Listen!"
A lady, whom they could not see because of the crowd, was singing in a voice of great beauty and sweetness some gay song. The Major would have moved forward, but Mr. Lincoln detained him, his eyes twinkling with shrewd fun.
"Wait a bit," he said. "Don't look at her face yet."
Presently she sang a ballad with such pathos that the Major's eyes grew dim.
"Now go. She's as good and true as her song."

The good words of Mr. Lincoln probably influenced both parties. In a few months they were married, and the union has proved a most happy one.
"I did one wise thing in '64," Mr. Lincoln said, rubbing his chin, as was his wont when pleased, "I made that match."—Exchange.

A REVOLUTION INDEED.
The Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette says: "During slavery I owned one of the blackest as well as the meanest negro men in South Arkansas. He was known in the neighborhood as Crow Sam. I used to thrash Sam about twice a week. Steadily he'd steal from himself and then deny it. Well, when the war came on he was one of the first to turn against me. He went into the army and served till the surrender. After peace was made I moved over into an adjoining county and went to work, trying to repair my broken fortune. One day a negro that I had working for me knocked down one of my horses, which so enraged me that I struck him several times with my cane. He went away and returned with a constable, who summoned me to appear before a magistrate. Officers were not so numerous then as now, and the magistrate's office was several miles away. Well, sir, when I got there, who should I see on the bench but old Crow Sam. He was fat and gray and had on an enormous pair of spectacles. When everything had been made ready court was opened, and old Sam giving me a searching look, remarked:
"Fears to me that I've sowed you sown."
"Look here, Sam," I said, "I don't like to be mixed up this way. Try to settle this affair without malice."
"De law is gwine to hab its direck course," said Sam. "Things hab kinder changed since we were in busine's together, but de principle of de nigger havn't revolutid. Dis nigger is as big a rascal as I used to be, so Mars John P.'s discharge you, flogging de black ape in de east."

A teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with your white clothes will aid in the whitening process.

INDIAN CHILDREN.

Indian babies are never placed in rocking cradles, and lullabies are never sung to soothe them to sleep by their drudging mothers. Tied upon a straight board in early infancy, they are suspended from poles and trees. In this position they often remain for hours in the sun, and taken down only to be fed.

When first pinioned to the board, they cry piteously, but after a time seem to become accustomed to their captivity, and remain quiet. It is this kind of cradle that makes the Indian straight.

The appearance of these little ones is striking and peculiar. They have brown skins and quaint little faces and although their bodies are rendered almost immovable, their sharp black eyes seem to flash out the intently teaching, and cruelty they have inherited from their parents.

An Indian mother has but little tenderness, and when she concludes that her "papoose" has been nursed for a sufficient length of time, a piece of meat is forced into the mouth.
Relief from the confinement of babyhood comes to the children when they are large enough to creep; and it is surprising how soon the use of their limbs is found. They at first tumble about in the tepees, and play with the dogs, but they are out at an earlier age than white children, and use a bow and arrow before white babies learn even to put on their shoes.

Indian girls receive but little attention from their fathers. Their mothers instruct them in cooking, curing skins, and other wigwam duties, and are proud of what they accomplish.
The life of an Indian boy is all sport and pastime. He is much petted by his father, and roams and hunts at will. His bow he makes of hard wood, and strings it with raw hide. His arrows are blunt, and are made of cottonwood, and carried in quivers made of pieces of old blankets or flannel.

Each Indian boy whose father can afford it has a pony, which is seldom shod, never carried or taken care of, but mercilessly ridden in the race or hunt. When around camp, the horses are left in a herd, and watched by the squaws. The animals feed in summer on what short grass they can get and in the winter eat bark and twigs and the dried buffalo grass.

Gala days come to the little Indians, and that of the sun-dance is one of great sport and festivity. They have foot-races, pony-races, a game of throwing tomahawks, and shooting at the marks with bows and arrows.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12—The bill accompanying the report of the Joint committee on the reorganization of the army, which was presented to the Senate to-day by Burnside, provides that the general officers should be reduced to six, "namely: Two Major Generals and four Brigadier Generals for the permanent organization, instead of eleven as at present. The reduction to take place by casualties that the present organization shall consist of not more than 25,000 enlisted men, inclusive of signal officers.

Three negroes in Hertford County have been sent to the Penitentiary for five years each, for assaulting with intent to kill a negro who voted for Hon. J. J. Yeates.

Suitable dowry for a widow—a widower. Why is dancing like milk? Because it strengthens the calves. Why is an Englishman like a bee? Because he is ruled by a queen. What class of women are most apt to give tone to society? The bellies. At what time is a cigar like an old maid? When there is no match for it. One of the easiest ways to get a "green-back" is to lean up against a door that has just been painted that color. An Irishman has always an answer for anything. A Corkonian, on being asked at breakfast how he came by "that black eye," said "he slept on his hat."

A man never really knows the exact "power of the press" till he sticks his fingers in the thing, and leaves the ends of them there to remember him by. Mercet—Stockings, miss? Yes, miss. What number, miss, do you want? Matter of Fact Young lady—Why, two, of course! Do you think I've got a wooden leg? The popular cry, "An-cher he sailed," was originated by Joel, who nailed Sisera while he was lying before her.—Danbury News. Why did Sisera go to Joel?—Herald. Probably because he was deserted by his Raal; or it may have been that like the people of the South he preferred jail to Barak rule.—Richmond State. No veteran smoker would enjoy smoking in the dark, because to smoke properly one must have a light. The South is continually cooling the North for wearing the bloody shirt, and yet it persistently waves the subject itself. How inconsistent!—Phil. Bulletin.