

Hillsborough Recorder.

UNION, THE CONSTITUTION AND THE LAWS—THE GUARDIANS OF OUR LIBERTY.

Vol. XLIII.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., FEBRUARY 12, 1862.

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THE HILLSBOROUGH RECORDER

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY

BY DENNIS HEARTT.

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No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. No paper will be sent to a new subscriber out of the State unless payment is made in advance, or some person in the State shall become responsible.

Advertising Rates for the Recorder.

Advertisements not exceeding fourteen lines, one dollar for the first, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion; longer ones in proportion. Court advertisements twenty-five per cent. higher. A deduction of one-third will be made to advertisers by the year.

Select Boarding and Day School,

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C.

THE Misses NASH and Miss KOLLOCK will reopen their School on the 17th of January. No deduction made for less than five weeks at the commencement of the Session.

December 17.

23—4w

JOHN W. GRAHAM,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Office one door north of Mr. Lynch's Jewelry Store
HILLSBOROUGH, N. C.

June 27.

48—1y

G. B. PARISH,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

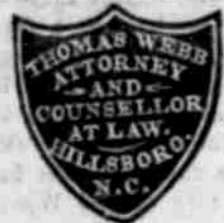
HILLSBOROUGH, N. C.,

Will practice in Orange and the adjoining Counties.

Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

March 6, 1860.

32—12m



March 12.

47—

To the Ladies of Orange County.

I AM requested by the Governor of your State, to call upon you to furnish for the soldiers in the army woolen socks and blankets for their comfort and protection during the approaching winter. Each donor will please accompany her gift by her name. Shall this call upon your patriotism be made without a proper response on your part? I cannot believe that it will; I therefore call upon you to come forward with your gifts, and lay them bountifully upon the altar of your country. Imitate the example of your mothers of the revolution, and allow not the soldiers who have taken up arms in defence of your liberties, your lives, and what is still dearer, your honor, to go unprotected; suffer not your defenders to be exposed unprotected to the winter's chilling blasts. Come, then, to their relief; furnish them with those necessary articles to relieve suffering humanity, and thereby merit the plaudits not only of the present, but of future generations. I am your humble servant.

R. M. JONES, Sheriff.

The following gentlemen will please receive and forward to me articles for the soldiers:
W. W. Allison, N. P. Hall, Adison Mangum, M. A. Angier, John W. Carr, and Alvis Durham.

August 20.

05—

SEQUESTRATION NOTICE.

THE undersigned, appointed Receiver under the Sequestration Act, for the counties of Orange, Wake, Cumberland and Harnett, hereby gives notice to all persons having any lands, tenements or hereditaments, goods or chattels, rights or credits, or any interest therein, of or for any alien enemy of the Confederate States of America, speedily to inform me of the same, and to render an account thereof, and so far as practicable, to put the same in my possession, under the penalty of the law for non-compliance. I also notify each and every citizen of the Confederate States speedily to give information to me of any and all lands, tenements and hereditaments, goods and chattels, rights and credits within the said counties. I will attend the different counties in a few days for the purpose of receiving, of which time due notice will be given.

G. H. WILDER, Receiver.

October 25.

16—6w

Patent Window Blinds.

A Great Improvement—Superior to Anything in Use. THIS BLIND when closed shuts perfectly tight, and keeps out all wet, dust, insects, &c., and entirely excludes the light, and makes a beautiful appearance on the outside. It has every advantage over the other kind and costs but a trifle more.

This Blind will recommend itself. Any one can judge of its superiority over the old style at first sight. No person that has seen this Blind will ever order any other kind.

The subscriber will be happy to show a model to any person wishing to obtain Blinds, and receive their orders, which will be promptly filled.

J. D. BURDICK,

Kinston, N. C.

May 9.

41—

STATE ARMS.

ALL persons in Orange county who have in their possession Arms belonging to the State, are requested to deliver them to me at this place, without delay. By order of the Adjutant General.

R. M. JONES, Sheriff.

June 11.

96—

BLANKS for Sale at this Office.

From the Southern Monthly.

TWENTY MILES AN HOUR.

BY CHARLES HOWARD, OF NEW ORLEANS.

It was several years ago that I knew the genial, whole souled, warm hearted Harry Judson, as the baggage master on the New Orleans, Opelousas and Great Western Railroad. It was when the line of that road was more of a wilderness than now, sparsely populated as that region of swamp Louisiana yet seems. Harry was a man—a noble fellow, who seemed to be sent into the world that its beauties might be appreciated by at least one of its inhabitants. His heart was so full of sunshine that the darkest shadow falling around it was soon dispelled, and his society must have cured a misanthrope of the blues. His eyes, brimming with benevolence and sparkling with natural humor, gave electric premonitions of the flashings of fun and merriment that found more tangible utterance from his lips. It is thus that I remember him, and the many happy hours of our social and intellectual converse are as green spots among the too-frequent sandy plains in my memory. But there was a strong undercurrent of deeper feeling that showed its strength even upon the ripples of the surface, and he who supposed the light exterior indicated a want of the sterner virtues of the man beneath it, was greatly mistaken and little versed in reading human nature.

Harry was an independent, careless fellow, as free from the vassalage of society's chains as any bird of the air. With a quick perception and intellectual taste, he might have been a "slave of the lamp" but for his vigorous physique, that rebelled against the dreariness of the closet even as his spirit did against that of conventionalism. He had essayed at one business and conquered with another, but although he seemed to succeed at everything his ready hand was turned to, he acquired a distaste, for each, and when opportunity accidentally threw him in the way of this situation on the new railroad, he accepted it in the spirit of adventure and found pleasure in its novelty.

His swift coursing mind seemed to realize a peculiar and hitherto unknown exhilaration in the rapid motion of the train, and he felt a sensation of pride and delight in this mad speed through forests of moss-hung pine and over swamps and trembling prairies, that no other among his fellow employees could sympathize with or appreciate. He had soon reduced his duties to such a system, and discharged them with such fidelity, as to secure the confidence and esteem of his employers, while his punctuality and obliging disposition made for him a friend of every one living along the line of road with whom his business brought him in contact, and who were indebted to him for many little favors.

There is no denying that Harry had an eye for beauty. He would have been untrue to his own nature if the smile of a pretty face would not have sent a throb of pleasurable emotion to his breast. But the higher strung cords of his heart had never yet been touched by that one destined hand, whose fingers alone were to awake such strains as should startle him by their strength and depth. He had sometimes wondered to himself whether he had a heart, or if it ever was to meet its ideal. Not finding it, he was content to enjoy the beauties of nature, and as he sat before the wide door of the baggage car he gazed upon a rapidly shifting panorama, never to be tired of, that was invisible to grosser eyes.

One day on the down trip, when the train had just regained its regular speed after stopping at a way station a few miles back, Harry was standing at the door of the baggage car with a paper in his hand that he proposed occupying a few of his leisure moments with, when he perceived the flutter of a pink skirt among a clump of trees just ahead, and his attention was quickened. The next instant he shot past the spot, and in another it was lost to his sight. He stood in his position for a moment looking abstractedly upon the trees as they flitted past, but the paper was not in his hand. What was he thinking of and what had he seen in that brief particle of time?

He was trying to recall what he had seen, but his ideas were confused, and it was almost in vain that he sought to analyze the impression that had flashed upon his retina and disappeared in the same second. He could secure but a fragmentary recollection of the scene. There was a quantity of brown ringlets that shook sportively around a pretty face; there was one of the neatest of forms, in front of which the newspaper had fallen, and what was more than all, and prominent above every other impression, there was a distinct recollection of a smile of pleasure and surprise, a modest glance of grateful recognition, that had sped, like an arrow from the bow, right into his inmost soul. A motion to pick up the paper, and this was all. It was so little and so unsatisfactory—it puzzled him so much and dwelt so constantly in his thoughts, that he

imagined it was annoying, and came to the conclusion that nothing in the world could be so provoking as such a pretty girl. "Doubtless a very nice young woman," argued he to himself, "and if I had only been able to take a fair view of her I should have been perfectly satisfied and turned away never to have seen her again. Certainly, this was all," he reasoned, "how could it have been anything more? Of course not."

But he could not help thinking about that winking glance of artless thanks that his eye had drunk in, and he found himself at every turn drawing all sorts of conjectures about the vision in the pine trees. At such moments he would strive sedulously to argue with himself in a cool and purely disinterested manner. So, on the return trip he discovered himself watching for that clump of pine trees, and sighed to find he could not catch the least glimpse of a pink dress. "Never mind," he argued, "it is only some country girl who came to enjoy the novel sight of a railroad train, and having satisfied her curiosity has gone home, and will never again take the trouble to walk down to the track. Well, good bye to her then, forever, and now to business."

So contradictory was he to his mentally expressed words, that the next morning he found himself tying up a neat package of papers and placing them carefully in his coat pocket. It seemed to him the train never would leave that way station, and as soon as it did he was at the car door with the package in his hand, looking out along the line of the road. The clump of trees came in sight—they neared—they passed in a flash and were lost to view, but there was no pink dress in front of which to throw the package of papers. Harry turned away from the open door and tried to whistle. He seemed to have forgotten every air. He tried to hum, one, but he found himself out of tune.

"Pshaw!" said he to himself, "I was a fool for my pains, and it serves me right. But I don't see why she need not take a paper from me. I am sure it is nothing more than I do for many men I know along the road. It is putting one under no obligations that I can see. Away out here in the country a person might as well have such an enjoyment as not, if it is offered them. I should think she ought to be glad of getting it. I am sure there is no harm in her making my acquaintance while I fly past her at 'twenty miles an hour.' With this he flung the papers into one corner, but, on second thought, picked them up carefully, as if sorry for his hasty action.

Another day came, and despite the unsuccessfulness of yesterday and his reiterated determination to cast no more thought upon the subject, he discovered himself tying up another package of papers, as neatly as before. Again he found himself leaning out of the door, looking ahead of the train. Ah, there is the clump of pines, and, yes, yes, there is a pink dress. It emerges from the trees; she is walking along a foot-path he had marked well. They approach at a speed commensurate with his feelings. They pass, but the package falls directly at her feet; his smile of gratification is answered by a similar glance, but one combining that of pleased surprise, from a face suffused with blushes, and then they are far apart.

This time he marked her well, and every exquisite line of her lovely face was fast set upon the canvass of his heart. Was it really a woman, that graceful, young wood-nymph? Did those large and expressive blue eyes, and those classic features, that rich brown hair, clustering in natural ringlets, and that complexion of dazzling purity, that form of faultless mould and grace of easy motion, belong to a mere country girl? He was debating this question with an intensity of thought that rendered him unconscious to the entrance of the conductor, who startled him rudely by the exclamation: "Why, Harry, what in creation is the matter with you?"

"Matter with me—matter?" replied Harry, blushing and stammering in his confusion, "nothing is the matter with me—nothing at all." But his looks contradicted his assertion, and so the conductor thought. There seemed to be a cloud before Harry's eyes the balance of that day, and he never found his duties so perplexing and arduous. He put out an old woman's trunk at the wrong station, and carried a gentleman's valise beyond his stopping place. He became annoyed and vexed, lost his usual good nature, and surprised every one by his changed manner. On the return trip he watched for two miles before he reached that clump of pines, and then his eye searched among them in vain for the brown ringlets and the pink dress.

The succeeding day he had another package ready; but this time, with an appreciation of a woman's taste, he added to the newspapers a few choice literary journals. While standing at the car door, awaiting his approach to the clump of pines, a sudden impulse caused him to open the folds of one

of the papers and write upon the margin: "With the compliments of Harry Judson." There was the laughing, roguish looking wood nymph, with her fluttering, brown ringlets dancing to the music of her eyes, and her merry glance of thanks and recognition overthrew the last stern resolve to "have a little common sense and act like a man."

As he looked back and saw her pick up his trifling gift, Harry realized that he had a heart, and that it had proven vulnerable to one of Cupid's keenest shafts. At last, after having passed harmless through several of the earliest and most susceptible years of manhood, and that in a city noted for its beautiful women, he had fallen captive to a merry, artless flower of the forest. And he no longer strove to reason against himself or what seemed to be his destiny. He was satisfied in his reading of that face, and content in the certainty that only the truest of souls and the best of natures could beam through such eyes.

After this not a day of fair weather passed but on the down trip Harry found his wood nymph embowered among the clump of pines, unnoticed, perhaps unseen by any but one upon the train. And as readily as Harry divined from that speaking face that their singular acquaintance was by no means distasteful to her, he likewise read there the frank and guileless nature that put no curb of artificial modesty upon her demeanor, but betrayed her into the acknowledgment of an impression by the constancy with which she kept their tryst at the pines.

Nor were they long without a means of correspondence, although it was one that would seem very unsatisfactory to most lovers. Harry fell naturally into the habit of writing a few lines upon the margin of his papers, and found no difficulty in reading the answer from her eyes at the next day's meeting. On one occasion he was bold enough to indite: "Will you not give me that rose bud in your hair?" With a beating heart he waited for their meeting on the following day, his breast the scene of conflicting hopes and fears that made the suspense seem almost unendurable. But fortune was on his side, and as they passed she threw him, with a merry laugh, what he distinctly recognized to be a rose-bud, with its stem wrapped in paper, and tied to a little stone.

But unluckily she was not skillful enough in tossing the love token at a flying train, and it struck the side of the car, bouncing off upon the ground. She must have seen the look of bitter disappointment that mantled Harry's face. Here arose an obstacle to their means of communication that he had not thought of before. From habit he had acquired a dexterity in throwing papers from the car that enabled him to send them almost into the hands of those he intended them for, but it did not appear possible that she could ever acquire such a skill. Hence he must be content with the simple language of her eyes.

His calculations were at fault, and so he found them next day, for if his wood nymph was not dexterous enough to throw rose buds into the car door, she had a young Nimrod in the little brother who often accompanied her to the clump of pines. He was a beautiful, a most girlish looking boy of five or six years, the very counterpart of his sister, and there was an evident bond of affection between them amounting almost to devotion on her part. When the train passed again, the little fellow, with a true aim his sister could not attain, sent the stone, with its rose bud attached, right into the arms of Harry, who had just time to observe the watchful girl waving her handkerchief in triumph at his success.

Everything about such a missive as that was precious to Harry, and he carefully unwrapped the paper from around the stem. What was his surprise and delight to read there the words: "From Nelly Watson."

Nelly Watson! That name rang in his ears and filled his thoughts. The steam-engine whistled only "Nelly Watson," and upon every box and trunk he read that magic name. He recalled every feminine title he had ever heard or read of, to try and discover a sweeter one, but that of Nelly appeared beyond comparison above them all. And in the innocence of her trusting soul she had given him her name, unasked for unless by his eyes. Harry was truly a happy man, and castles of prospective love and joy built themselves grandly in his fancy, where Nelly Watson was always by his side.

Now where the instantaneous glances from the flying car and the stationary pines too short a bliss for him, and he felt that the lips could express even more than the eyes. And thus he came to the determination of seeking a formal acquaintance with his wood-nymph. Whenever he passed the clump of trees he wore the rose-bud in his bosom and held the slip of paper, that bore her prized signature, in his hand. Once she caught in her hands the package of papers he threw her, and, unconsciously, they were pressed to her heart, although at the same instant a

deep blush upon her cheek showed her discovery of this betrayal of her feelings. Harry was enraptured, and could lose no more time in the consummation of his scheme for an interview. He applied for a week's leave of absence from his post, and thought the two days that elapsed before he received a favorable reply were at least two weeks. He immediately indited a polite and sensible note to Nelly, asking her permission to gain an introduction to her family and pay her a visit. He read the missive over and over again, but was satisfied with it as it stood, for it was worded naturally, simply and respectfully.

Now that the moment approached for its delivery, he was swayed with trembling emotion, for he realized the fact that a crisis would be reached that was to be followed by the dearest hopes or the rude dashing of them to the earth. On that trip he could not let the note leave his grasp, but held it in his hand all the time, only to be parted from when it would fall at the feet of her to whom it was directed. Apprehension found little room in his heart before the stronger presence of hope, for would she, could she callously spurn his respectful prayer after having shown, despite herself, by a thousand little indications that he was not of indifference to her?

The way station was passed, and the train had just acquired full headway, when Henry was aroused from a blissful reverie by a shrill, piercing cry that seem to come from beneath his very feet and curdled the blood in his veins. The next moment came the sharp signal from the steam whistle to the rear platform of the baggage car. The brake wheel flew round under his nervous grasp until its chain was strained to its utmost tension. Then, taking his place upon the lowest step, he was the first one to leap forward to the ground. Quickly recovering from the momentum of the cars, he turned and ran back along the track at the greatest speed. A wild, indefinable terror rested within his breast, and he dared not let himself think. Before he had gone forty yards he saw ahead of him, lying just outside the rail, and apparently with his head twisted singularly around, the form of a little boy. His scarcely beating heart at once told him who it was—Nelly Watson's little brother! Oh God, that he could be mistaken! But no, at every stride that he approached that motionless form he identified still surer the clothes and every other means of recognition, until sick at heart he closed his eyes for a moment, although he still ran onward.

He was within three or four yards when he opened his eyes again and looked before him. Horror! It was a headless trunk!

A sudden faintness came upon him. He stopped and staggered back, with his hands clasped upon his eyes, scarcely able to support himself. A low moan broke from his lips, and it was the sound of his own voice that suddenly aroused all the strength of his spirit and the courage of his heart. Again he advanced and leaned over the little corpse, while not a tear moistened his eye nor a muscle of his features quivered. Then arising, he walked further on until he saw the severed head lying between the rails. The clustering brown hair was dabbled in blood, and there was an expression of curiously mingled fear and pain upon the face, while the eyes were open and glassy in the stare of death. Carefully, oh so tenderly he carried the head to where its body lay and wrapped them both up in his coat, which he took off for the purpose. Then he lifted the bundle in his arms and walked slowly toward the waiting train.

"What is it, for God's sake, what is it?" cried several who now came up with him from the cars. They read in his stern silence and that implacable fixedness of expression a rebuke to their idle curiosity which at once hushed them into an abashed muteness.

"Back the train down to the station," he said to the conductor and it was done, while all the time he sat sternly, immovably silent in the baggage car, with that fearful bundle clasped in his arms.

At the station he got out before a crowd of people, who had rapidly assembled to discover the cause of such an unexpected return of the train. He faced them and enquired: "Does any one here know a little boy named Watson, who lives a few miles along the road?"

"Yes," quickly responded an old farmer, who had been eyeing the bundle with a strange apprehension, "I know him well, and his old father and his sister Nelly. They live only half a mile from my house. But that is not him you have in your arms?"

"It is," responded Harry in a quick tone and with a voice that was rapidly growing husky; "he was run over and killed. If you have a spark of compassion, my friend, take charge of the body and try to break this