

# Hillsborough Recorder.

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## THE HILLSBOROUGH RECORDER

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Notwithstanding the high price of paper, and every thing else we are obliged to buy, we have made no addition to the price of the Recorder. We still offer it on the following terms:

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Any of our old subscribers who will procure five new subscribers and send us the cash, shall receive their own paper free of charge.

**C A R D .**  
IN the absence of a regular Tuner, I will attend to the Tuning of PIANOS in Hillsborough. Charge Five Dollars.  
**HENRI BASELER.**  
January 22. 27—12m

**JOHN W. GRAHAM,**  
Attorney and Counsel at Law,  
Office one door north of Mr. Lynch's Jewelry Store  
HILLSBOROUGH, N. C.  
June 27. 48—1y

**G. E. PARISE,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
HILLSBOROUGH, N. C.,  
Will practice in Orange and the adjoining Counties.  
Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.  
March 6, 1860. 3—12 m

**THOMAS WEBB**  
ATTORNEY  
AND  
COUNSELLOR  
AT LAW,  
HILLSBOROUGH,  
N. C.  
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 unprovided for; 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. 66—

**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 tender 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 light, 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—



From the Advanced Sheets of the Southern Monthly for May.

**OUR FAITH IN '61.**  
BY A. J. REQUIER.  
That governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive to these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such forms as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.  
*Declaration of Independence, July 4, '76.*

Not yet one hundred years have flown—  
Since, on this very spot,  
The subjects of a Sovereign throne—  
Liege master of their lot,  
This high decree sped o'er the sea,  
From council board and tent,  
"No earthly power can rule the free  
But by their own consent!"  
For this they fought as Saxons fight,  
On bloody fields and long—  
Themselves the champions of the right,  
And judges of the wrong;  
For this their stainless knight-hood wore  
The brand's rebel's name,  
Until the starry cross they bore  
Set all the skies aflame.  
And States co-equal and distinct  
Outshone the western sun,  
By one great charter interlink'd—  
Not banded into one;  
Whose graven key that high decree  
The grand inscription lent,  
"No earthly power can rule the free  
But by their own consent!"  
Oh, sordid age! oh, ruthless rage!  
Oh, sacrilegious wrong!  
A deed to blast the record page,  
And snap the strings of song;  
In that great charter's name a band  
By groveling greed enticed,  
Whose warrant is the grasping hand  
Of creeds without a Christ!  
States that have trampled every pledge  
Its chrysalid code contains,  
Now give the swords a keener edge  
To harness it with chains—  
To make a bond of brotherhood  
The sanction and the seal,  
By which to arm a rabble brood  
With fratricidal steel.  
Who, conscious that their crime is black,  
In puling prose and rhyme,  
Talk hatefully of love and tack,  
Hypocrisy to crime;  
Who smile and sneer, then "heave the gorge,"  
Or impotently frown,  
And call us "rebels" with King George,  
As if they wore the crown!  
Most venal of a venal race,  
Who think you cheat the sky  
With every phrasic face  
And simulated lie;  
"Round Freedom's fair, with weapons bore,  
We greet the light divine  
Of those who throned the goddess there,  
And yet inspire the shrine!  
Our loved ones' graves are at our feet,  
Their homesteads at our back—  
No belied Southern can retreat  
With women on his track;  
Peal, banner'd host, the proud decree  
Which from your fathers went,  
"No earthly power can rule the free  
But by their own consent!"

**BATTLE OF SHILOH.**  
Correspondence of the Charleston Courier.  
Cointh, April 10, 1862.

No reality in the entire range of human experience can be more grandly solemn than to stand on a battle-field and gaze around upon the bloody picture of mangled, dying and dead humanity, which the red hand of carnage has left behind. The sounds of strife have been hushed; the ground no longer trembles under the tramp of legions; and the air has ceased to vibrate with the rolling of musketry, the thunder of artillery, and the wild shouts of men. Naught disturbs the silence of the spot save the whispering of the leaves, the carolling of birds, and the subdued voices of friends searching for the dead, mingled with the moans of the wounded and their pleadings for relief.  
The excitement of the battle has passed away, and before the bodies over which you may have carelessly trodden a few hours before, you now bend in reverence and read lessons whose imprint will never leave your memory. Hearts buoyant with hope and fervor have been forever stilled; lips which

you have been wont to commune, are parted in death; eyes that have looked familiarly into your own, now dim and glassy, are turned towards the cold sky, and faces are pallid with the ghastly marble of the grave upon them. The blood still flows from the unstaunched wounds of the living, or has thickened and dried upon their persons, and passing by, pitiful glances follow you as if they silently implored the assistance which it is not in your power to render. The ground is cold and wet, yet there they lie, unable to move, waiting, while minutes seem to drag into hours, for the arrival of the comrades who are to remove them to the hospitals. It is one of those periods of existence, when emphatically, they

"Count time by heart-throbs,  
Not by figures on the dial."  
And how these poor fellows shudder and groan with anguish at the rough manipulations of those who have come to their relief! How I have seen strong men weep under this burden of agony, and pray for death to relieve their sufferings!  
Ah! if those who ruthlessly make war could stand upon the battle field and see its results, long would they hesitate before they placed human life in the balance to weigh against the accomplishment of their designs!  
As I have already informed you, the theatre of the recent conflict cannot be less than three or four miles in extent. Over the entire area the victims were scattered by thousands, here and there, where the struggle was desperate, lying almost in piles, so that you could step from one body to the other. The ground is covered with the limbs of trees and bushes that have been shot away, while great clots of blood frequently mark the spot where some unfortunate soldier has poured out his life's libation in a torrent. The earth is ploughed up by the wheels of artillery, the hoofs of horses, and the footsteps of men, and the debris of the fight—muskets, cantens, haversacks, and useless booty, are visible on every side. Imagination only can fill up these rude outlines of the battle field of Shiloh.

Turn your thoughts yet a little farther, and count if you can, the hearts broken, the tears wept, the homes made desolate, the garbs of mourning, and brows of sadness, that follow in the train of such an event, and pray God that this unholy crusade upon our affections and our hearth-stones may come to a speedy end.  
One of the most touching sights I have seen during this war came under my observation this morning. The remains of a young lad of fifteen, who had fallen in the fight of Monday, were brought to Corinth to be placed in a coffin and forwarded to his home in Louisiana. He was a fair-haired, handsome boy, with features so delicate and beautifully rounded that, but for the stamp of manliness upon them, they might have been taken for those of a girl. They seemed to be the shrine and type of every noble trait in human nature. He had fallen pierced by a ball in the breast.  
The corpse was accompanied by a brother by whose side he had fallen, and, as the comrades around were preparing to put it in a coffin, the poor bereaved young man threw himself upon the body, and wept as if his heart would break. He told us, who stood around, that the little fellow was an only brother to whom he had been attached with almost a woman's devotion; that he had refused to be separated from him, and, young as he was in years, felt it to be a conscientious duty to lead even his feeble arm to his country. His widowed mother had bidden them both "God-speed" on their journey but a few weeks before, and now her soul was to be torn again by an affliction more terrible than the first. All he loved in the world but his mother was now gone—his noble, gentle, generous, lion-hearted little brother. He became almost frantic in his grief. He convulsively threw his arms around the dead boy, pressed a kiss upon the cold lips, and then nature gave way, and he fainted. There was not a dry eye in the little company that looked upon the scene, and I doubt if its memory will ever be obliterated from the mind of any individual by whom it was witnessed.

I saw two more brothers in the office of the Tishomingo House, which has been appropriated to hospital uses. One was wounded in the leg and had undergone amputation. The other was sitting by the side of the rude cot on which his brother lay, and there, for hours, he quietly held the mutilated limb, and watched him as he slept, nursing him as tenderly as a woman, while great tears now and then stole down his bronzed face at the thought of the affliction and danger consequent upon it.  
Speaking of boys, there appear to have been hundreds in the fight, and every one from whom I have heard, has acted like a hero. I have seen some fifteen or twenty of these wounded. The following incident which I have from a Captain of one of the

Kentucky Regiments, concerning a lad under his command, will illustrate the spirit to which I allude.  
Though he had volunteered, the youngster was deemed too small to endure the fatigues of the campaign, and it was suggested to the parents that they should procure a substitute. This was accordingly done, and the latter took his place in the ranks. The boy, however, obstinately refused to go home, and when the regiment went into the battle he dashed not only into the thickest charges, but always managed to keep far ahead of his companions. On one occasion he left the regiment three or four hundred yards in the rear, and reckless of the danger of being shot from behind, crept from tree to tree and bush to bush, until he arrived within fifty yards of the enemy, and there coolly loaded, fired and brought down his victim at every shot. Several men seeing his critical position, went up to induce him to return; but he "had his paddy up," and obstinately refused to budge. Fortunately the enemy made no advance, and though the little hero was hit in his clothing several times, he escaped harm, and now has one of the proudest reputations that can follow him through life. I wish I had his name to give to the public, but it has escaped my memory.  
I was informed to-day by an officer high in command, that had we pursued the Federals to the river brink on Sunday night, we might have bagged thousands more. Major Gilmer, of the Engineers, and a party, rode down to within musket shot of them, and describe their confusion to have been immense. They were huddled together like a covey of partridges, and making their way as best they could on board their transports. The presence of the gunboats and the desire to economise life were doubtless the prudential considerations which prevented this step, and probably it is as well that no advance was made.

I am more than ever satisfied that on both days we obtained a victory—on the first a decided physical victory, and on the second a moral one. We have not only captured three or four thousand prisoners, including a General, a large amount of artillery, fifteen thousand stand of arms, all their transportation wagons, and destroyed a considerable portion of their tents, clothing, and personal effects, but, we have demoralized the Federal army, blighted the prestige of invincibility with which they came into the fight, and have caused a concentration of the enemy in front of us, where if they advance at all, they must leave the water courses, and stand upon an equal footing with ourselves. Nothing but the intervention of their diabolical gunboats and the river Tennessee prevented a complete rout, and if they will only afford us an opportunity to try their mettle without these adjuncts, they will speedily learn that Beauregard and his army are a match for all the troops that are likely to be brought against us.

Among the trophies of the battle I have seen are some of the Federal shields with which the courageous officers and men, who can afford it, are wont to envelope their valuable personal identities. They are made of steel, and completely cover the body from the neck to the thigh joints, being supported by adjustable bands which pass over the shoulders like suspenders. One of them, taken from the body of an officer, had a dent in it, made by a minnie bullet, deep enough to embrace the head of your thumb, yet the metal was not pierced, and the life of the wearer was reserved to be sacrificed to an uncharitable bullet in the head. Their weight is thoroughly inconvenient, and must prove a terrible drawback to the Yankees when they run. Probably the next invention will be a bomb and bullet-proof helmet, and possibly a complete personal masked battery. One of our soldiers put on the shield to which I have referred, and allowed another to strike him with an iron bar with all his strength, but it produced no more effect, except to bend the bar, than if the blow had been aimed at a solid rock. They are undoubtedly a great invention—for cowards.

Of other trophies we have an abundance. Fully nine-tenths of our army are now wearing Federal hats and overcoats, and look like very aristocratic Yankees, but woe to them if they should show themselves during a fight. They would be killed by our own people without a scruple of deliberation. Needle books, hair oils, pots of preserves and jellies, handkerchiefs, deguerreotypes, letters, watches and Federal money, are floating about on the curious wave of camp life in abundance, and many of our men have added really valuable acquisitions to their heretofore limited stock of luxuries. Much more might have been supplied to the army could it have been brought away, but this being impossible, the plunder was consigned to the inexorable flames. Many of the officers' trunks were found packed with the finest of clothes, as if they had come to stay, and expected to make a brilliant dash in the

streets of some of our cities. How they must have been disappointed!  
**PERSONNE.**  
From the Richmond Examiner.  
History proves that the trouble of holding a country is far greater than that of taking possession of it by armed invasion. It is a mistake to suppose that the capture of its cities or chief districts is equivalent to the subjugation of a widely extended, thinly peopled, commonwealth. Physical and moral disease does its work very rapidly upon the health and vigor of an invading column. While it falls rapidly into disorganization and imbecility, the population with which it remains in hateful contact becomes more rebellious against the domination; and each day thus doubly increases its peril.  
The true strength of the South consists in its country population. The heart and hope of the South is not in her cities. Her bone and sinew reside in the rural districts. The military idea is not true of the South, that to capture the principal places in a country is to subjugate the country itself.  
The enemy make a fatal calculation, therefore when they suppose that the capture of Nashville or New Orleans, or any other city, subdues the whole circumjacent country. To effectually subjugate the South the enemy would have to post a company of infantry and cavalry in every neighborhood throughout its whole extent; and, unless the aggregate of these were 750,000 men, they would then be surely cut off in detail by the more than million fighting men whom the South can count as her defenders.  
If the "conquerors" should adopt this plan of dispersing their forces over the country to hold us down, they would soon discover a fearful and rapid disappearance of their men. If, on the contrary, they should mass their forces in the towns, these would soon be so demoralized by the ruinous influences that prey upon a stationary army as to be incapable, after a short time, of holding the tamest population in subjugation.  
It comes, at last, therefore, to this: that the South cannot, and will not, be subjugated, unless her own people choose to submit to the yoke. The sacrifices attending resistance are not to be compared with those which submission would entail; and upon a mere calculation of interest the people of the South will prefer the honorable part of a dogged defiance of the enemy.  
The people's experience of the invader, wherever he has appeared, has uniformly been such as to confirm and strengthen them in their resistance and hostility to him. There has been no exception to this rule. Lukewarm and submissive communities have everywhere been converted by contact with the enemy into zealous secessionists. The invader actually strengthens the Southern cause wherever he sets his foot on Southern soil. The work of subjugation begins to grow impossible at the very moment when he thinks it is completed.  
The subjugation of any Southern cities which he may succeed in entering will soon be rendered impracticable by another another cause. He will enter them, if he enters at all, at the beginning of the period of the Black Vomit; a foe whom he will find incomparably more formidable than Gen. Lovell and his Confederate troops.

**A YANKEE LIFE-PRESERVER.**—A gentleman exhibited to us yesterday, a steel-lined vest, taken from a Federal officer who was killed in the late battle. It is an excellent specimen of Yankee ingenuity, and admirably adapted for the purpose intended—a bullet, sword, or bayonet-proof protection to the upper portion of the body in battle. Although of considerable weight, padded springs reaching over the soldier cause it to sit easy upon the person, and it does not in the least impede the movement of the wearer. A ball had struck the plate on the right breast of the owner during the battle, causing but a slight indentation and falling harmless. He was afterwards killed by a ball in the head. The vest was numbered 18,385, showing that thousands of the enemy are provided with similar articles.  
The utility of these articles was made manifest by one of our own troops on the battle-field. Discovering a fallen enemy close to him, he removed the mail vest and applied it for the protection of his own person. A few moments afterward he was struck full in the left breast by a ball from the enemy's ranks. He was unharmed, of course—the invention being all its designers intended.  
Memphis Appeal, 13th ult.

Experiments have been made in England, which give reason to believe that Armstrong will soon produce 600 pounders which will do great damage at a distance of 2,200 yards to mail clad steamers.  
Great indignation, it is said, is expressed at the North, on account of the heavy loss of life of the Yankees at Shiloh.