

Hillsborough Recorder.

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

Vol. XLIII.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., MAY 14, 1862.

No. 2143.

THE HILLSBOROUGH RECORDER.

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No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

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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.

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:

A single copy, one year,	\$2 00
Clubs of six, one year,	10 00
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Payment always in advance.

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

CARD.

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

C. E. PARISH,

Attorney and Counsel 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—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. Initiate 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. 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—



RURAL ECONOMY.

"May your rich soil,
Exuberant nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land."

SOWING WHEAT ON GRASS SOD.—A Hudson river farmer makes the following statement and valuable suggestion in the Country Gentleman:

"I harvested a crop of wheat last summer, on seven and a half acres of land, at an average yield of thirty-three bushels and five quarts per acre, weighing 63½ pounds per bushel. I followed it with a crop of buckwheat, the yield of which was thirty-one bushels per acre. I then ran one of Shares's Coulter Harrows over the ground, without plowing, and sowed with rye. The results perhaps you will learn another time. By the way, should not our farmers sow their wheat on sod ground, and then follow with corn, in lieu of planting corn on sod ground and following with wheat? I think they should, and believe substantial reasons can be given. What say the wheat growers? My success has been on sod ground."

SORGHUM BROOM CORN.—Mr. Page, of Morrow county, O., sends a sample of his sorghum brooms to the Delaware Gazette, with a note, from which we extract below. According to his statement the plant is something very valuable:

"The sorghum broom corn excels the common kind one hundred per cent. in yield of brush, and fifty per cent. in value in the eastern markets. The fodder being of a saccharine flavor, it makes a nutritious and palatable food for all kinds of stock, especially milch cows. Its growth in height is not more than one-half that of the broom corn, and it does not impoverish the land as much by fifty per cent., and the brush can be harvested with one-half the labor."

While the above praise of sorghum is extravagant, it answers our purpose to indicate the great value of its brush for making brooms. For this purpose it is fully equal to the other variety.

THE CASTOR OIL PLANT.—We urge on all farmers, and gardeners, who can procure seeds, the advantage of devoting good room to the castor oil plant. We are told by Mills: "The Palma-Christi, or Castor Oil plant, has been cultivated in Kershaw District with great success. Mr. Rudolph, of Camden, some years ago, planted fifty or sixty acres of it, and from the berries expressed large quantities of cold drawn oil. The product was one hundred to one hundred and fifty gallons to the acre, and its medical qualities as effective as those of the imported oil."

TEXAS PRODUCE.—We learn from the Houston Telegraph of the 11th April, that Texas will have a surplus of not less than three millions of bushels of wheat this year, as well as near ten millions bushels of corn, if nothing breaks up the present prospect. The same paper says bacon bids fair next winter to be abundant at ten cents. If New Orleans remains in the hands of the enemy, and the blockade continues, not a dollar's worth of this produce can be sent beyond the limits of Texas.

HUMAN NATURE.—For the benefit of the people of the present day we make the following extract from volume three, Macaulay's History of England:

It is the nature of man to overrate present evil, and to underrate present good; to long for what he has not, and to be dissatisfied with what he has. The propensity, as it appears in individuals, has often been noticed both by laughing and weeping philosophers. It was a favorite theme of Horace and Pascal, of Voltaire and of Johnson. To its influence on the fate of great communities may be ascribed most of the revolutions and counter revolutions recorded in history. "Down to the present hour rejoicing like those on the shore of the Red Sea have ever been speedily followed by murmurings at the waters of Stryfe. The most just and salutary revolution cannot produce all the good that has been expected from it by men of unconstructed minds and sanguine tempers. Even the wisest cannot, while it is still recent, weigh quite fairly the evils which it has removed. For the evils which it has caused are felt, and the evils which it has removed are felt no longer."



To Arms, to Arms, ye Brave!

Ye sons of the South, awake to glory,
Hark! hark! who bids you rise?
Your children, wives, and grand-sires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries.
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts and ruffian band,
Affright and desolate our land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

Now the dangerous storm is rolling
All o'er our Southern land,
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling
To prey upon our little band;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
White lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embreuing?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The insatiate despot doted,
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air;
Like beasts of burden would they load us—
Like gods, would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man—and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!

Oh, Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrant's wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath!
March on, march on,
On victory or death!

MARCUS STANTON; OR, THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

BY R. E. B.

CHAPTER I.

'Tis a bright and beautiful night. Myriads of little twinkling stars sweetly in the blue expanse above, and bright, cold "Luna" shines softly down whilst ten thousand little "dew-drops glitter on the grassy sward."

"Oh! what a lovely night, and what a dark contrast between it and my troubled spirit within," exclaimed the "drunkard's wife," and she covered her face with her hands and wept bitter tears! Ah! who but a drunkard's wife can tell how bitter.

Ten years ago and Marcus Stanton, the gifted, high-minded young lawyer, led Carrie Ellington the beautiful blooming heiress to the altar as his happy bride. Oh! how envied were they, and how serenely joyous did the months pass around! No cares or sorrows came to spread their darkening influence o'er those happy hearts!

Years rolled on and little bright angels were added to them to increase their mutual joy—to crown their earthly bliss; but alas! they were not destined to live always in such peace and joy. The despoiler came and brought with him his damning blight! The once respected and successful lawyer, the proud, loving father and fond husband, from the social glass went step by step down to the lowest dissipation and the verge of eternal ruin, and now, where once the roses bloomed, the thorny briars grow, and gloom and grief walk boldly amidst that once happy circle.

The "little ones" that once like angels were, who used with laughing eyes and floating curls to sing their merry songs and with childish glee to cull wild flowers to lay at a happy mother's feet, now in tattered garments walk the streets and beg their bread. The joyous bride—the happy wife that gloried once in a fond husband's love, now weeps alone in silence, in an attic dark, o'er the downfall of her hopes, and calls herself with bitter tears the "Drunkard's Wife." She sits at her window this bright spring night and gazes out upon the green earth beneath and the beautiful starry firmament above; a soft sadness steals o'er her still beautiful features as her thoughts wander back to the years that are gone: in the mirror of the past—she sees herself the pet fondling of a father's heart—the happy, hopeful maiden—she remembers, oh! how well, the time she "saw and loved." No troubling thoughts for the future ever entered her mind—all seemed bright and beautiful. In succession she sees herself—the joyous

bride—the happy, loving wife—the fond and doting mother—and now she compares the past with the dreary present—turns and gazes on the sleeping forms of her little ones—thinks of their future—of their drunken father, and weeps while choking sobs rend her heart already worn with grief and care.

"Oh! God, show me the ark of safety; help me to reclaim from the damning bowl my poor husband, and all will yet be well; once again his voice will be heard in the chambers of the nation, and wealth and honor will again be his; again the roses of happiness will bloom on my faded cheeks and light beam in my sunken eye. Help him, oh! God, and my darling but beggared babes will learn to lisp your name in prayer—to sing thy never dying praise."

And the praying mother drew inspiration, for the little stars as she gazed up to them they seemed to smile sweetly on her and bade her—hope. She felt in her heart that God had heard her prayer; that brighter, better days were in store for them, and the "angel Hope" drove away her tears. A little while late and a heavy tottering step the anxious wife heard approaching. She hastened to the door and met—a drunken husband; but with a woman's heart she loved him still, and hoped by kind affection to reclaim him from ruin's grasp. She threw her loving arms around the drunkard's neck and kissed his bloated lips. She met with cold repulses and a bitter curse.

"That night by his rude couch—herself denying sleep—she sat and watched and with her own hands she bathed his parched brow. Would God let live a brute that could withstand such gentle kindness. That night the drunkard husband dreamed.

CHAPTER II.

"It seemed that his loving wife upon a dying bed did lay; placed there by a drunken husband's hand. Late one night he came in laboring under a fit of "mania a potu."

His wife as usual met him at the doorway, with kind greetings and a loving kiss. With bitter curses he bade her leave him; she clung the closer to him and tried to remind him of those happy days that were only served to make their present life more bitter. With weeping eyes she pointed with a trembling hand to her sleeping babes, and begged him, if but for their sakes, to desist and cast forever aside the damning bowl—to retrace before 'twas too late his downward course. In his drunken ignorance he laughed an unearthly laugh and swore he'd have the lives of those "darling little ones."

Trembling and pale the wretched mother did plead to move him—but all in vain, it only served to incite him. From his bosom he drew a gleaming dagger and in his mania he rushed upon the happy little dreamers and raised to strike the fatal blow; the frightened mother saw her children's danger and rushed between. The glittering blade descended and pierced her fair bosom; full upon him she turned her sad, reproachful eyes, then dying—fell. In that last agonizing look was mingled, reproach, forgiveness and love. It sobered the drunken man and brought back his wandering reason. Oh! who can picture the despair of that poor wretch; terror-stricken he stood and viewed his awful deed, he rushed madly around the room and called on God for help, kissed again the bloodless features, bent over the fallen form and calling by every endearing name besought her to answer him; but alas! 'twas too late, the spirit of the wife had left its tenement and her warm kiss was still upon her murderer's lips.

Oh! how mad with grief was he and how well he knew if he could retract that fatal stroke that he would never touch another drop, and how fondly he would devote his life to her happiness, but ah! 'twas all too late. Did he not see before him his wife cold and dead with the death-gasp in her bosom? Too surely true. In the midst of his grief a white-robed angel appeared and stood by the bedside and he called himself a "Son of Temperance," and he spoke and told the man that if he would promise to join him and obey his laws, he would restore his wife. And the drunkard fell at the angel's feet and kissed his garments and promised. Then the angel spake; and the wife alive and well, arose, and the drunkard— with a scream awoke and found his loving wife by his bedside still anxiously watching. He gazed wildly around and could hardly believe his senses. "Are you ill, my dear husband; you've been talking and tossing here for more than an hour like one in a troubled dream?"

"I have been dreaming, my wife. Carrie, do you still love your poor husband?"

"Love him! oh! yes, I will ever love you, my husband, and will pray to God to help you to retrace your downward steps, and the wife placed her little arms around his neck and he kissed her, and wept, and told her his dream. They wept together,

and the wife was happy, for she knew that a change had come—that God had answered her prayer.

The next day Mark Stanton became a "Son of Temperance," and from that day he has flourished. Health and happiness once again bloomed their roses on his wife's cheeks—her children no longer cried for bread. His voice again was heard among the people pleading eloquence for the down-trodden and oppressed. He is now an old man, and he sits on the Judge's bench and the people reverence him for his many virtues.

AWFUL CATASTROPHE IN MEXICO.

We find in an extract from the Eco de Europa, of the 15th of March—a newspaper which follows the army, and is now published in Orizaba—the following details of the awful catastrophe which took place in San Andres Chalchicomula:

On the 7th instant, the village of San Andres Chalchicomula was the scene of one of those terrible accidents which cannot be witnessed without a feeling of pity, mingled with terror. Some 2,000 men, with about 300 women and children, belonging to or following the Mexican army, and most of whom attached to regiments, raised in the State of Oaxaca, had taken up their quarters in the commissariat building, in which were stored great quantities of gunpowder and ammunition. But these, instead of being kept in a room for that purpose, were left scattered in the yards, exposed to the heat of the sun and the fire of smokers. At 3 o'clock in the evening, a spark fell in one of the boxes, set its contents on fire, and the fire being communicated to the other stores a general explosion followed, and the whole pile was blasted with a tremendous noise, the walls tumbling down with a fearful crash, and burying under their ruins all human beings gathered under that roof. More than one thousand persons were killed, and the remainder wounded more or less dangerously.

As soon as this catastrophe was known in Orizaba and Cordova, the surgeons of the French and English troops hastened to the scene of that cruel accident, to attend to the wounded. The bodies were taken from the scene and buried in pits, which a number of ignorant women had made in the yards near the boxes, in order to cook the victuals of the soldiers.

MISTOOK THE LANDING.—A few days ago five negroes who had absconded from their masters near Milton, Florida, while attempting to go on a visit to Fort Pickens, safely landed at a point on the main land which they mistook for Santa Rosa Island. Upon meeting an officer they stated the fact of their escape, and that they were seeking the hospitality and protection of their Northern friends. The officer, of course, received them very courteously, and asked them many questions about our forces at Pensacola and the Navy Yard, the number of guns and batteries, and the feelings of the citizens towards the Yankees, if they had friends among them, &c., &c., to which the negroes made the most correct answers, and presented the officer with a number of newspapers, and a drawing showing the position of our camps and batteries, the number and calibre of our guns mounted, &c., and asked the officer to send them North. He invited them to his camp, and told them they would be justly treated, and that a steamer was then ready to sail and that they could go aboard that night. They were conducted to a vessel and put on board, and they left perfectly elated. But instead of going North, they were landed on the wharf at Pensacola, and under a guard escorted to the city prison.

Greenville (N.C.) Observer.

A WOMAN WHO WAS DETERMINED TO FIGHT.—A soldier in camp at Kinston informs us of rather a novel incident which occurred there recently. A short time ago some recruits were brought into camp for a company from Caldwell county, among them was a man named Blaylow, who was drafted in a man named Caldwell. Week before last Blaylow got a discharge, and immediately another soldier applied for a discharge, stating that he (or she) was the lawful wife of Blaylow. It she) was the lawful wife of Blaylow. It she) appears that when Blaylow was drafted, his wife cut her hair off, put on men's clothing, and went with him into camp and enlisted for the war. She drilled with the company and was learning fast, when it became necessary to make her sex known in order to accompany her husband home. The boys were sorry to part with such a good soldier, but they are unable to determine which she loved best, Blaylow or the Confederacy; but it was unanimously voted that Mrs. Blaylow is "some punkins."

Charlotte Democrat.

A lady, describing an ill-tempered man, said: "He never smiled but he seemed ashamed of it."