

Hillsborough Recorder.

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

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THE HILLSBOROUGH RECORDER

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BY DENNIS HEARTT.

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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
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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.

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. — 12m

JOHN W. GRAHAM,

Attorney and Counsel at Law,
Office one door north of M. Lynch's Jewelry Store
HILLSBOROUGH, N. C.

June 27. — 48-ly

O. B. PARISE,

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. — 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. — 06-

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 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-

From Miss Pardoe's Episodes in French History.

THE CAPTURE OF IVREE.

The French army was preparing during the campaign of 1800 to meet the Austrian forces under the Archduke Charles in the plains of Italy, and was traversing with almost incredible difficulty and perseverance the stupendous line of the Alps which extends from St. Bernard to Nice and Montecotte, encountering hour by hour obstacles so formidable that neither the courage of the troops, the immense resources of the commissariat, nor the military genius of their leaders, were enabled entirely to overcome them.

Nothing daunted, however, by either suffering or fatigue, they toiled on, as if they already foresaw that the indomitable will of their General-in-Chief was destined to make them masters of Milan and Turin, to lead them to Genoa, and to dictate his own terms of peace to his haughty rival on the battlefield of Marengo.

Within a few leagues of Milan, in a hollow between two hills, and on the left bank of the Docia Baltea, they at length came upon the little town and fortress of Ivree, which they scarcely anticipated would venture to dispute their passage even for an instant, its fortifications being almost nominal, and the nature of its position rendering it impossible that its garrison could sustain a regular siege.

They were, however, in error; courageous, wonderfully adroit, and fanatically patriotic, the inhabitants of the town, and the troops in the citadel, consisting only of four thousand men with twenty-five guns, held the place three entire days against an army of thirty thousand men commanded by three of the youngest, but already three of the best generals in Europe: Bernadotte, Massena, and Lannes.

Furious to find himself arrested on his march before so insignificant an obstacle, Bonaparte—who had taken Alexandria in a day, and Cairo in an hour—and who was, moreover, anxious to possess himself of a position which would facilitate his operations on Milan, issued an order for the division to attack upon the town, and to compel a surrender. A battalion of the 22nd demi-brigade, led by General Cochet, first ascended to the fortress, and carried it at the point of the bayonet; when the French no sooner found themselves in possession of the fifteen field-pieces which had defended the entrance than they turned them upon the town, and opened for their legions a perilous, but unobstructed path, along which they boldly advanced, singing the *Marseillaise*. After three hours of a struggle as heroic as it was hopeless, driven from the citadel, decimated in the streets of the town, shot down on all sides when beyond the reach of their enemies, or cut down by the sabres of those by whom they were overtaken in their flight, a few of the Austrian soldiers and the mere handful of inhabitants who had escaped the carnage, took refuge in the house of the Austrian Adjutant-General, resolved to hold out so long as one of them should be left alive.

In a few instants the residence of the brave veteran was transformed into an actual fortress: loop-holes were perforated in the walls, barricades were hastily erected, and every energy was exerted to accomplish an effective defence.

Cochet was the first to enter Ivree, but he was closely followed by Lannes, who sent an officer and two battalions of the 22nd to force the position of the enemy. We refrain from naming this officer out of respect to his family, several of whose members have, since the event which we are about to record, filled with honor to themselves an elevated rank in the French army; let it suffice that Major L., who was conspicuous in the Republican forces for his ferocity and headlong courage, penetrated, at the head of one of the battalions (by passing over the bodies of the forty gallant fellows by whom his entrance was opposed,) into the house of the Austrian General. This dauntless man, after having seen all his little garrison fall and expire around him, had armed himself with a hatchet, which he wielded with superhuman energy against his advancing foes; and as Major L. appeared at the door of the room where he had taken up his last post, he aimed so furious a blow at his head with the formidable weapon to which his hand had already become accustomed, that had not the wary officer adroitly struck it aside with his sword, it must have felled him to the earth. It was his closing effort, however; in the next instant he fell, and the apartment was invaded by the French soldiery.

Major L., who had never during his fifteen years of military service given quarter to an enemy, was already advancing towards the veteran to complete his work of blood, when a young and singularly beautiful woman rushed out of a neighboring chamber, and, falling at his feet, and clinging to his knees, pale, dishevelled, writhing, and

almost insane, shrieked out in a voice of terror and despair, from which all the tenderness of the woman and the wife had disappeared:

"Mercy! Mercy! Do not kill him. He is my husband, and the father of my child."

The Republican officer looked down upon her without pity or emotion.

What had he to do with the agonies and the outcries of a woman? In a second he had thrust her violently from him; and taking one step forward, had fired his pistol at the head of the gray-haired veteran.

The discharge of the weapon was echoed by a cry wrung from the very soul of the unhappy wife.

"George, my child, where are you? Your mother calls you. Come."

At the well-known voice, a lovely boy, scarcely three years of age, who, as he saw his father fall, had concealed himself, pale and trembling, beneath that father's bed, approached his mother, and having reached her side buried his face in the folds of her dress, as if to shut out the frightful scene around him. But frenzied by despair, she plucked him from his new hiding-place; and leading him to Major L., said in a tone as hard and emotionless as though it had proceeded from lips of stone:

"Coward! Your work is not yet done. You have still his son to murder."

At this moment loud acclamations were heard from without; and a French general, surrounded by a group of officers, appeared upon the threshold of the blood-stained apartment.

Major L. turned pale as their eyes met; but the young widow, as if suddenly inspired, rushed towards the new comer, exclaiming:

"Revenge him—revenge me—"

"Calm yourself, Madame," said the general, in an accent so low and gentle that it thrilled to every heart; "I must understand what has taken place before I can pledge myself to anything. War is a fearful ordeal for a woman; and doubly so for one so young and helpless as yourself."

He had scarcely ceased speaking, however, and a dark light shone in his eyes, as if he saw revealed the truth at once; the major, with his pistol still grasped in his iron hand—the disfigured corpse, its white hairs dabbled in blood—the frantic woman, careless of all the conventionalities of her sex, though surrounded by a horde of ruthless soldiery—the child, pale but tearless, calling to his father to awake from the dreamless sleep from which there is no waking upon this earth. After one rapid eagle-like glance, he understood all; and at once felt that there was room neither for doubt nor justification. His eyes flashed as he crushed his glove in his clasped fingers, and turning abruptly towards the murderer, who stood before him trembling, stupefied, and stammering out a few incoherent words of explanation and excuse.

"You are a coward, Sir!" he exclaimed vehemently; "You have assassinated a wounded and defenceless man—a brave soldier—in the very presence of his wife, who cried to you for mercy. It was the action of a felon!"

"General—" gasped the culprit, who felt that he was lost.

"Can you deny the charge that I have brought against you? Can you produce one witness to prove that I have accused you wrongfully? Oh! do it, Sir; do it; that I may be spared the shame of knowing that a murderer has for fifteen years been sheltered beneath the flag of France."

"General, I was ordered to perform my duty in face of the enemy, and I have performed it. He would have taken my life, and I have taken his. The game was an even one."

"Silence, Sir, silence!" was the stern reply; "A fallen foe should be as sacred as a friend. Face to face, and foot to foot, every loyal soldier should meet his foe; but to shoot down an unarmed man—to murder in cold blood one who is incapable of resistance—*Pah!* it is sickening. You are no longer worthy to serve the Republic; nor shall you do so another hour. Deliver to me upon the instant your sword, your epaulettes, and your decoration. From this moment you cease to belong to the 22d demi-brigade; you cease to belong to the army of Italy."

The Major looked up haughtily.

"General," he exclaimed steadily, but with the concentrated emotion of one who was yielding up the better portion of his existence; "here are my cross and my sword. I now demand a court-martial."

"You shall have one, Sir; you shall have one; and no later than to-morrow," was the rejoinder. Then, turning towards the officers who had remained silent spectators of this exciting scene, the general approached the corpse of the Austrian veteran, and removing his hat, said solemnly: "Follow my example, Gentlemen; too much honor can never be paid to the fallen brave."

During the remainder of this frightful day the young widow continued a prey to the most agonizing despair. After having seen her husband laid in his grave with all the impressive ceremonies of a military funeral, the unfortunate woman, who had lost in one hour all that she had loved on earth except her child, fell into a perfect state of apathy; that apathy alike of soul and body which is not fatigue, which is not terror, which is not madness, but the utter apathy of despair. Not even the tears or caresses of her son, the idol of her maternal heart, could rouse her: she did not hear his voice, she did not feel his kisses upon her lips, she was unconscious that his loving arms were clasped about her neck; she breathed, but that was all; her inner life was extinct.

So long as she had a husband to avenge, a child to defend, she had retained strength and courage to speak and to act; but now that the assassin of her husband had undergone the disgrace of a public degradation, while the prompt and fearful retribution of a military tribunal threatened his life, she remembered only the immensity of her loss, the depth of her bereavement; and she was consequently more astonished than alarmed when, early on the following morning, a French aide-de-camp came to apprise her that the General-in-Chief desired an interview with her at the Town Hall, in which he had established his head-quarters.

Without the hesitation of a moment the newly-made widow took her child by the hand, who was pale and feeble from terror and want of rest; and then, lifting him in her arms, she followed the messenger with a firm step, but without having uttered a syllable.

Introduced at once into the council-chamber, she found herself in the midst of all the most celebrated generals of the French army—those men who were subsequently to fulfill such different destinies—who were to gain or to lose thrones; and to leave upon the field of battle, or in the intrigues of courts, or amid political conspiracies, some their honor, and others their heads. There were assembled Murat, Duroc, Lannes, Desaix, Dumas, Mathien, Massena, Huche, were subsequently to become famous; while in their midst stood the General-in-Chief, his arms folded tightly across his breast, and his eyes bent upon the ground.

As the lady entered he looked towards her, advanced in silence, and led her to a seat; passed his hand with a melancholy smile over the fair curls of her boy, and then commenced a slow and measured walk from end to end of the apartment.

This sudden summons, this strange reception, and the deep silence which reigned around her, at first astonished, and finally alarmed the unhappy woman. A vague feeling of terror stole upon her; but she could not articulate one sentence to inquire of those with whom she had been so strangely brought into contact, what she had to fear, or what to hope.

Suddenly the roll of a muffled drum fell upon her ear—a discharge of musketry followed it—and the report had no sooner died away than the General-in-Chief stood motionless for an instant; and then approaching her, took her hand, and led her to a window from which she looked down upon the melancholy close of a military execution.

"Shrink not, Madame," he said, as with a natural horror she averted her head from the painful spectacle; "the dead man lying yonder was a French officer whom his countrymen and comrades have just shot, for having, in a town taken by assault, murdered an Austrian."

He paused, cast a lightning glance over the group around him, and then added:

"You are at perfect liberty to quit Ivree whenever you may wish to do so. To you the town must be full of bitter and cruel memories; nor is it at this moment a fitting place of residence for one so young, and—pardon me—so handsome as yourself. I shall place you under the escort and protection of General Desaix, who will answer for your safety to the Republic. Farewell, Madame; all I ask of you is to tell the Archduke Charles, on your arrival in his camp, what justice you have seen and experienced in the French army."

"And the name of my preserver—of my avenger—that I and my child may remember him in our prayers?"

The stern soldier turned aside for a moment; and then, with studied and gracious courtesy, he said in a voice which was somewhat less steady than his wont:

"I thank you, Madame; I may not ask those prayers from you for France; but still I gratefully accept them for Napoleon Bonaparte."

ENGLISH VIEWS.

The London Times, in a long article on the American War, says:
"Altogether, the position of the two hostile communities is one which should induce

every man of good sense and kindly feeling at the North to reconsider his opinion. An armistice, and then a settlement of this deadly quarrel by a peaceful separation, is the only solution of the difficulty which presents itself to the minds of English statesmen, and, we may add, the statesmen of other countries. In this matter we may say, without hesitation, that all Europe is unanimous. At the time of the first rupture, when secession and the depth of the feeling that inspired it were little understood, there was in this country a large party, and in France and Germany a still larger party, which were indignant against the Southern leaders, and cheered on the North to what was considered the easy overthrow of the political conspiracy that had usurped the government of a deluded and bewildered people.

"Whatever may be the sympathies of any person, however much he may condemn the institution of slavery or the principle of secession, yet he feels that all that is past and gone, and that the question is now whether a war of extermination shall be carried on by one community against another.

"If the Americans had been wise enough to let the South go freely at the first, it is quite possible that by this time it would have been seeking re-admittance, for the Union party was then a reality and not a fiction, and a re-action against the policy of the secessionist leaders might have taken place. Although it is too late to hope for such a reconciliation, yet the North may even now, by a dignified concession, avoid the terrible sacrifices and the intensity of hatred which a persistence in the war will necessarily produce."

"Ever since the beginning of this unhappy conflict, the crowning victory which was to restore the South to Federal supremacy, has always been dancing like a will-o'-the-wisp before the eyes of the Northerners. It has led them through a boundless waste of blood and money; it has caused them to stir up hatreds which a century perhaps will hardly appease, and it now glimmers before them as deceptively as ever, while they are sinking slowly but surely into the slough of a five thousand men, the fourth of July, 1861, was fixed for the termination of the rebellion, which was declared to be reprobated by a majority in every State but one. That fourth of July came and went, and at no time since has the fall of the Confederacy been fixed for a later date than three months from the time of speaking; and now another fourth of July is upon us, and the South is still unbroken in strength and determination.

All the power of the Federal Government has been put forth; a debt which no man accurately knows, but which all suspect to be vastly greater than admitted by the government, has been contracted; men have been raised by the hundred thousand; Europe has been put under contribution to furnish arms and stores and all the apparatus of conquest; four main armies have advanced in the Confederate territory; half a dozen expeditions have fastened themselves on the coast, and yet the South remains unconquered. It is demonstrated that the Federals can only effect their purpose by a campaign far more gigantic and by an expenditure far more lavish than that of the past twelve months.

The present result of their immense exertions is that their gubonats control the great rivers of the continent, with the cities on their banks, and that their armies, besides securing Kentucky, have military possession of certain parts of Virginia and Tennessee. But it may, we think, be said with complete accuracy that in these two States the Federals hold only the ground they stand upon. The hostility of the population in the neighborhood both of McClellan and Halleck is admitted by every soldier in the two armies. In an enemy's country, which is desolated by the Confederates themselves, the Federals find themselves brought to a stand still by the obstinacy of the Southerners, or by the heats which begin their intensity about the time of the solstice.

"This state of affairs must cause deep reflection among men of every class, both in England and America. Happily, the people of this country, with the exception of an insignificant minority, have long formed their opinion of the war. They can see that if the South is to be subjugated and held by the force of arms, this consummation must be preceded by the most savage and relentless contest in the history of mankind, and followed by a political condition to which even war might be considered preferable."

VERY GOOD.—A lady asked a friend of ours yesterday, "Why is North Carolina in danger of being crushed in the present crisis, and when it was given up she answered, 'Because the Yankees lie upon her, and the whole Confederacy relies upon her.'