

The Hillsborough Recorder.

C. N. B. & T. C. EVANS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

WE KNEEL TO NONE BUT GOD

TERMS—\$2.50 A YEAR, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE

New Series—Vol. 3. No. 83—

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., AUGUST 23, 1871.

Old Series, Vol. 51

Crockery, Glassware &c.
KELLOGG & GIBSON,
IMPORTERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DEALERS IN
China, Glass, Earthenware
AND HOUSE
FURNISH'NG GOODS

WE have now in store of our own importation, and purchased direct from the manufacturers, the largest and most complete stock of Goods in our line that has been offered in this city since the war. Rich Decorated, Gold Band and White French China, Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Fine Cut, Pressed and Common Glassware, Lamps and Fixtures, Looking Glasses, Silver-Plated Goods of best quality, Fine Table Cutlery, Block Tin and Japanese Ware, Patent Ice Pitchers, Fruit Jars, Stone-ware, at manufacturers' prices, &c., with every variety of Common Goods, suitable for the country trade. We guarantee to sell goods as low as they are sold by any reputable house in this country. Country dealers will save money by giving us their orders. Before you purchase call and see.
KELLOGG & GIBSON,
127 Main-st., Richmond, Va.
Oct 12 6m.

WANTED!
DRIED FRUIT!
ONE AND A HALF LBS. OF
APPLES,
BLACKBERRIES
PEACHES,
CHERRIES
ONE POUND OF
BACON.
When would Dried Berries bring more?
Plums.
June 12, 1871. HENRY N. BROWN.

ROBERT STARR & CO'S Saffin Tin boxes, papers or bladders of all sizes; also fine chewing Tobacco.
Just received fresh Sugar Cakes, Tea cakes, Lemon Picnics, and Soda Crackers.
J. R. GATTIS

MRS. OETTINGER,
FASHIONABLE MILLINER
and dealer in
BONNETS, HATS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, ORNAMENTS
No. 47, Fayetteville street,
RALEIGH, N. C.
EVERY thing usually found in a first-class Millinery Establishment constantly on hand.
Orders from a distance will receive prompt attention.
Oct 22 '40

TO BE FOUND AT
O. Hooker's Drug Store,
To be found at O. Hooker's Drug Store, Ferrieville, S. C., Orange, N. C., and other places.
Gelatine Chloride of Potassium Tablets, (for sore throat and mouth)
Carbolic Acid,
(for wounds or decays of skin),
Gray's Ointment,
Tutti's, Davie's, & Ayer's Pills, Davie's Fruit, &c., most desirably popular remedy. A full supply of all other Drugs.
—June 1st
JOHN WILSON, F. L. WALKER.

WILSON'S WAREHOUSE,
MILTON, N. C.
WE announce to the planters of Orange, Alamance, Granville, Person and Caswell, and the adjoining country, that this house is still open, with superior facilities for selling Tobacco. As it has been enlarged to double its former size, with good accommodations, and has now the largest and best arranged Salesroom in Milton.
WHITE LAMBSKIN LIGHTS.
Light Wagon loaded up in the Warehouse at night. All we ask is a trial.
MAY 9, 1871. WILSON & WALKER.

Boarding & Day School,
HILLSBORO N. C.
THE Misses Nash & Miss Kolloek will resume the exercises of their school on Friday the 23rd July, 1871, and close the December twenty weeks. Circulars forwarded on application.
June 25 6m.

DENTAL NOTICE!
Dr. D. A. ROBERTSON,
WOULD respectfully return his thanks to the citizens of this county for their liberal patronage for the last 15 years. He can always be found at his Office opposite Dr. E. Strickland's, except when professionally absent. He will visit Chapel Hill the first and 3rd Mondays in each month.
Feb. 15

WANTED,
10,000 feet Box Plank—white, post, red & black Oak.
Oct 26 J. Y. WHITTED

CASH—CASH.
Cash paid for Dried Fruit Flour & Wheat
HAVE just received a fresh stock of GOODS and will be adding to it weekly during the summer. Come and look.
JAS WEBB.
Aug 1, 1871.

Evans Improved Farmer's Adjusting PLOW.
I may possibly be mistaken, but I am impressed with the belief that Farmers will find the Plow the best they ever hitched a horse to, and if horses could choose Plows for themselves I feel sure they would prefer this to any other now in use. And why? Because it runs light to the stock and does not tire the horse like the common run of Plows. Though strong enough to last an age, in any soil you may insert it, a small boy can manage it easily. The handles can be lowered or elevated to suit the ploughman. It is a great saving of Plow-points, as one point can be used until it is only an inch long to plow almost any depth. It is a sower or cultivator, as you may desire, and is unsurpassed for the culture of cotton, tobacco and corn. But I prefer to let Farmers who have tried my Plow speak of it, and I therefore annex the following certificate given me by gentlemen who are among the best Farmers in the State of Georgia—I might fill a whole column with names to this certificate, but it is deemed unnecessary.

We, the undersigned, have used Evans' Improved Farmer's Adjusting Plow, and testify that they beat any Plow now in use. You can run from one and a half to five inches deep with one horse, without the least difficulty; can use any common Plow-Hoe on them from a Subsoil to a Scraping. The EVANS' PLOW is the only equine Adjusting Plow in the United States. For running around Corn and Cotton in the Southern States, they are unsurpassed, and you can break up your lands with them and then cultivate any depth you wish with any kind of a Plow-Hoe. The Plow was patented Sept. 24th, 1867, but never presented to the public until recently. Plowmen will do well to adopt them, as their use is almost equal to fertilizing. They run light to the stock and are easy to manage.

F. C. Callier, S. W. Thornton,
W. C. Campbell, Geo. W. Evans,
A. B. Harvard, Isaac Chenoey,
J. D. Woodall, W. S. Collins,
W. C. Curenton, D. B. Bruster, M. D.
W. C. Moore, E. E. Love,
W. B. Brooks, John Carol,
W. K. Clay, Robert Brooks,
T. D. Ferguson, John Cameron,
G. H. Ferguson, T. L. Patrick,
A. L. Aca, N. D.
Talbott County, Ga., 1870.
I wish to introduce this Plow into North Carolina. I am inclined to think the Farmers would prefer it to any other Plow now in use; it is esteemed here the best Plow that ever broke ground in Georgia, and Farmers are discarding all others. I will sell rights by the County or State; or will charter provisions from responsible Plow-makers to act as Agents, though I prefer selling them the right to manufacture for such counties as they may designate. A sample of the Plow may be seen at the Recorder's Office, in Hillsborough, N. C. address
J. D. EVANS,
Pleasant Hill, Ga.

OTTO SALEZMAN,
WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELER,
MILTON, N. C.
REPAIRING of fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry "a specialty."
Attends the Courts of Caswell and Person counties, N. C., also Halifax, Va., and is prepared to do all work in my line.
Hans, John Kerr, E. S. P. Hill, Caswell, co. N. C.
John W. Cunningham, Esq., Person county N. C.
Thos. Owen, Esq., and Hon. W. L. Owen, Halifax, Va.
—April 17—
C. M. PARKER.

COMING, TO-MORROW!
WILL OPEN
TO-NIGHT
40 Pieces New Calico,
A FULL and handsome assortment of Dress Goods, Grenadines, Berelges, Chiffons, Alpacaes, Mullins, Lawns, &c., and other desirable Goods, at
C. M. PARKER.

WATSON'S NEW GALLERY!
East-side Fayetteville Street, RALEIGH, N. C.
IS now open for the reception of customers and visitors. Call and see the many beautiful specimens of art which adorn this spacious establishment, where the very best
Photographs
are made at reasonable prices. Old Daguerotypes re-photographed and colored to nature. Frames, Cases, Albums &c., always on hand. When you visit Raleigh do not fail to call and see my Photographic Hall, two doors above Tucker Hall.
J. K. WATSON.

TO THE PEOPLE OF N. CAROLINA.
J. C. ENRIGHT,
MERCHANT
TAILOR,
DANVILLE, VA.
HAVING established a first-class Merchant Tailoring Establishment in Danville, I will keep constantly on hand all the latest and most fashionable styles of French, English and American Clothing, Cassimeres and Vestings, which I will make up in the very newest styles.
I employ only the best workmen and warrant all work sold by me. When you come to Danville call and see me, opposite Dr. Cole's Drug Store.
June

FARMER'S wanting the **WATT PLOW** can be supplied by applying to me. I am also selling the **GREENBERG** and **MONSTER PLOW**.
ALEX. DICKSON,
March 3 1871.

CALLUM'S Eye Water
is recommended by all Physicians.

LIFE IN THE RING.
Circus Riders and how they Live—Night Travel and Day Work—All about Trick Horses and Jumping, &c.

'Well, it's a pretty hard life at first, but after you get used to it all goes easy enough.'
The speaker was Orlando Henry Harrison, 'the dashing rider of the plains,' and 'unsurpassable hurdle leaper,' as he was described in the coronation's famous papers. I had just been introduced to him in the office of the local newspaper, his particular business of the moment being 'dead head' the editor and his family.

'Yes, but the getting used to it cannot be very agreeable.'
'It isn't so hard as you think. Them big pads we stand on aint much trouble. Walk over to the tent with me, and I'll tell you about it.'
My meeting him in the newspaper sanctum—as country editors invariably style that part of the common room occupied by their desks—had given me a kind of privileged character in his eyes, and he consequently interposed no objection between me and the secrets of what I may call his trade.

We walked together along the single street. Mr. Harrison an object of admiring attention slightly tintured with awe to the juvenile rural mind, and at length came to the tent standing in the center of a large open lot—hired for the day. It was constructed in the usual style, of canvas, kept in place by poles, with a top of the same material, whose middle was affixed to the summit of the tall centerpole. Over all floated the American flag. Near by the small tents devoted to 'side shows' were rapidly erecting; and already the peasant and cheap sight-seers were in position. The benevolent gentleman who gives every one a spin at his golden arrow with the chance of having whatever it stops at for the disgracefully insignificant sum of five cents, was busily occupied in putting up his booth and displaying his enticing wares.

Entering the tent we found a number of men engaged in arranging the foundations for the amphitheater of seats, while in the center of the inclosure a slight circular barrier of turf, with stakes and a circumscribing rope on top, showed the ring.
'You seem to have a good many hands here; I count twenty men fixing the seats.'
'Most of them belong to the company; but in every village or town we come to we always engage a few of the loafers to help in fixing things. They'll do pretty much all we want for a couple of tickets apiece.'
'Do not any of the performers assist in these duties?'

'Not often, unless we happen to be short of hands. You see it's about enough work for them to tumble and ride. A performer has altogether near 5 hours muscular work every day (except Sunday, of course), and he don't feel much like hammering nails and lifting heavy posts and boards between times.'
'I suppose you live pretty well?'

'About the same as other people, only we can't smoke when traveling and can't drink anything stronger than a glass of ale now and then. It wouldn't do to be slinky in the least. Why, I know a trapeze fellow once that used to do the 'leap for life' business. Well, one night he took just a cup of tea, without sugar or milk, before coming into the ring. He thought that it would steady his nerves and do him good, as he'd been kind of out of sorts. The time come for him to make his jump, and away he went. But his hand shook a little just at the wrong time, and down he came to the ground with an awful thump. The audience hollered, 'cause they thought he was dead. But he picked himself up and bowed and walked out just as cool as you ever see. But that cup of tea cost him two broken ribs, and he couldn't do anything for five months.'
'How large is your company?'

'We have fifteen performers and eighteen other men—thirty-three altogether. That's quite a large number; some circuses don't have more than twenty, and hardly one has more than twenty-five—that's about the highest.'
'I should like very much to see some of your horses.'
'I'll show you the best we've got—my own; wait a moment.'
He went into the temporary stable at the back, and in a few moments returned with his horse. It was a dark bay, of fifteen hands, beautifully shaped, and with a kind of intelligent eye.

'There,' said Mr. Harrison, pointing to him with pride, 'I raised him myself from the time he was foaled; he's rising nine now, and just as good an animal as he ever was.' He cost me \$300 at first, but I wouldn't take three thousand for him; no, nor three times that. 'Come here, Charley.' The horse came up to him, and stood looking at me, with his head over his master's left shoulder.
'Is he a trick horse?'

'Do you never punish him?'

'Certainly; but I'm wrapping him for. When he's done wrong he knows it just as well as I do, and knows also that he must take the consequences. But I haven't lifted the whip against him for more than two years.'
'What is the method of educating animals?'

'Well, with different animals there's different ways. With horses and dogs, you show 'em first what you want done, and show 'em often enough for them to understand it. Then I lift them around and put them through the motions. After several times they find out what is wanted, and do it themselves. Then I reward 'em on the spot. It's all easy; you've only to keep your temper and be kind. Very often it is necessary, in the beginning, to fog an animal soundly, but that's to let him know who is master. Some horses learn very quick, but that kind forget just as soon. I like best a slow horse, because he'll remember longer.'
'Have they good memories?'

'So, so. You can teach a horse for a year, and then if you turn him out to grass for a few months he'll forget he's learned except the simplest things and two or three words of command. These they will never forget. I think their minds are not big enough to hold much.'
'How do you dispose of them in winter?'

'Leave them to board somewhere in the country. I keep Charley over in Jersey, and go to see him every week to put him through his tricks. That keeps them fresh. You know during the winter we don't do anything but practice a little now and then, that is, unless we get an engagement in a city. I can make money enough any summer to live comfortably all the rest of the year. I get \$200 a week.'
'Must be rather an expensive business to start a circus?'

'It is that—takes from \$20,000 anywhere up as high as you like to go. And it's a risky business, too. A rain-storm will cut down the money one-half. There's lots of fellows been busted in the business, 'cause the expenses must go on just the same.'
'How do you manage about traveling?'

'We have two agents. One goes on ahead two weeks and makes arrangements for us; gets out the advertisements and sees the posters put up and that sort of thing. He engages rooms, hires the lot for the tent, and writes back telling us how we are to come and by what roads. Then the other agent goes ahead a day, and in case that everything is ready for us and in good order, and if it is necessary, takes out the liceps. When we come along at night he meets us out of town and shows us the lot, and then we go to work.'
'Do you journey much at night?'

'Whenever we can. For, for instance, to-morrow we show at P—, fifteen miles from here. To-night while we are performing the hands will get their supper and be ready to take down the tent before the people are all out of it. While they are doing this we will have something to eat. About 1 o'clock the tent will be packed up, the boxes ready, and we will start off to P—. When there we go to bed. The hands will have to be up early to get the tent up and fix the seats, and after that they will go to sleep again. To-morrow night the same thing, and so on.'
'Is it not fatiguing?'

'Not very; at least I do not find it so. I get all the sleep I want, and as for night traveling, when one is accustomed to it he can't find it. I've been in a circus for a good many years, and it hasn't hurt me yet.'
'Apparently not; but you live such a temperate life.'
'A circus man wouldn't be worth shucks unless he's mighty careful. It's all very nice for Sunday-school books to say that we get drunk every night, but I'd like to know how long a man could perform if he drank a drop. Look at these teetotal fellows ruining their nerves with tea and coffee. Why we don't touch even those. But it's time for me to dress now. Are you coming this afternoon?'

'Certainly.'
I went, and threw to Orlando Henry Harrison the largest bouquet I could find.

There is a man out in Oregon who has a male. A few days ago he was driving the animal across the prairie, when it suddenly stopped. The man left his wagon and attempted to induce that male to move on, but without success. He beat it, he coaxed it, he threatened it, and he cursed it, but it refused to budge. He tied firecrackers to its tail and exploded them, but the male merely turned its head in a languid sort of way, examined the fire works, and calmly winked at the man. Then the man thought perhaps the male had forgotten something and wanted to go back, so

he tried to turn him around; but the male expressed a firm determination not to go home. The man became desperate, and thought he would build a fire under the male; but as fast as he would kindle it, the male, standing firm upon three legs, reached over with its other leg and kicked the flames out. Then he tore his hair and swore—the man did—and he rushed to the wagon and got twelve pounds of gunpowder, and he dug a hole under the male and put the powder in it. The male stood off a little while he lit it. There was a rumble, a roar, then a terrific explosion; and amid the cloud of dust and upheaved rocks, the male was observed to fling its hind legs in the air, and to support itself upon its fore feet in that position until the blast was over, when it quickly assumed its old attitude, and a gentle smile passed over its features as it perceived its master lying down groaning, and cursing the day on which he was born. It was of no use. The man went home.

KING ALCOHOL.
The history of King Alcohol, in a history of shame and corruption, of cruelty, crime, rage and ruin.
He has taken the glory of health from the cheek, and placed there the reddish hue of the wine cup.
He has taken the lustre from the eye and made it dim and bloodshot.
He has taken beauty and comeliness from the face, and left it ill-shapen and bloated.
He has taken the strength from the limbs and made them weak and tottering.
He has taken firmness and elasticity from the steps, and made them faltering and treacherous.
He has taken vigor from the arm and left flabbiness and weakness.
He has taken vitality from the blood, and filled it with poison and seeds of disease and death.
He has transformed the body, fearfully, and wonderfully and majestically made, God's master-piece of animal mechanism, into a vile, loathsome, stinking mass of humanity.
He has entered the brain—the temple of thought—dethroned reason, and made it reel with folly.
He has taken the beam of intelligence from the eye, and exchanged it for the stupid stare of idleness, and dullness.
He has taken the impress of ennobled manhood from off the face, and left the marks of sensuality and brutishness.
He has bribed the tongue to utter madness and cursing.
He has taken cunning from the hands and turned them from the deeds of usefulness to become instruments of brutality and murder.
He has broken the ties of friendship and planted seeds of enmity.
He has made a kind, indulgent father a brute, a tyrant, murderer.
He has transformed the loving mother into a very fiend of brutish inhumanity.
He has made obedient and affectionate sons and daughters the breakers of hearts and the destroyers of homes.
He has taken luxuries from off the table and compelled men to carry on account of famine, and beg for bread.
He has stripped backs of the broad cloth and silken and clothed them with rags.
He has stolen men's palaces, and given them wretched hovels in exchange.
He has taken away acres and given not even a decent burial place in death.
He has filled our streets and byways with violence and lawlessness.
He has complicated our laws and crowded our courts.
He has filled to overflowing our penitentiaries and houses of correction.
He has peopled with his multitude our poor-houses.
He has straitened us for room in our insane asylums.
He has filled our world with tears and groans, with the poor and helpless, with wretchedness and want.
He has banished Christ from the heart, and erected a hell within.
These are the counts of our indictment. Let the world judge of the truth.

HONOR WASHED IN BLOOD.
We wish there could be a 'new departure' in that tone of society which demands that wounded honor should be washed in human blood.
The tongue of slander is glib and active. An evil word spoken in haste is indiscreetly conveyed, and in its repetition, often exaggerated. Both blood is generated, and human blood flows, despoiling the household, leaving widows and orphans the victims of passion, and wounded honor washed in blood smells no sweeter for the lurid abolition.
These thoughts come upon reading the sad tragedy enacted last Thursday in New Orleans. Mr. Rainey having been in business with Mr. Boyd, was dissatisfied with his management, and spoke of Boyd as a thief. Boyd called on him and asked him to retract. Rainey refused. Boyd shot and killed him instantly, without any warning or threat. Both parties moved in respectable circles. Boyd was a cotton press man. Rainey was book-keeper of a national bank.

Has Boyd proven, by being a murderer (for in law he is nothing else; that he is not a thief? If he has never stolen before, has he not stolen a precious life from orphan children which he cannot restore? Why was this killing? Because society had heard the whisperings of this foul slander, and, unless Boyd killed the man who called him a thief, his friends and acquaintance would cut him as a coward and a liar? How blamable the whole affair? And the surface of present society is rotten with this polluted principle. Men should learn that time wears out slander, and that rectitude of conduct gives the lie to cowardice. There is true bravery in leaving the slanderer to perish in his corruption. We need a 'new departure' to correct this evil of society, for the sake of widows and orphans.—*Galveston Bulletin.*

Spurious Money—A List of the Most Dangerous Counterfeits now in Circulation.
Almost every day bankers, brokers, and merchants, or their clerks, are being deceived and defrauded out of large sums, as well as the general public, by having numerous counterfeit bills passed in upon them with genuine ones. The counterfeits, in some instances, are so well executed that detection is almost impossible, unless very closely scrutinized.
In making inquiries it has been ascertained that counterfeit bills on the following banks are being circulated: On the Merchants National Bank of this city \$20 and \$5 are easily disposed of. The engraving is admirably executed upon first-class paper, and is looked upon as being a very dangerous counterfeit. Ten-dollar bills of the American National Bank, Broadway, are freely circulated. They are well executed, but can be detected by the difference of the shading of the large letters. There are two sets of counterfeits issued on the Ninth National Bank; they are \$10 and \$2 bills; are well executed, and printed on good paper, and very likely to deceive. On the National Bank of the State of New York there are also \$20 and \$2 counterfeits. They are well executed, but the shading under the title of "Bank" is bad. These bills should be received with great caution to prevent imposition.
There are several counterfeit issues of United States Treasury notes, the most prominent being \$20 bills of March 10, 1862. These are finely executed, the printing and engraving being above the ordinary class, but the shading in the background of the vignette is coarse. A third fraudulent plate for \$10 United States Treasury notes has just come to light, but it does not come up to the second plate, but the imitation is good. Many imperfections of the second plate have also been rectified in the new plate. There are a number of \$10 United States Treasury notes of the second issue, so well executed that the best experts can hardly tell the difference between the counterfeit and the genuine. They can only be detected in the defective engraving of the portrait of Lincoln. A large number of \$50 Treasury notes, well executed, in several instances have passed as genuine. Twenty dollar bills of the same denomination, of March 3, 1863, are extensively circulated, the engraving being first class, and paper good. There are also a number of \$2 and \$1 bills, but in these cases the engraving is coarse, and with a little attention can easily be detected. Counterfeits of United States legal-tender notes, of \$10 and \$1, are quite plentiful, but as the engraving is very coarse they are not readily accepted in this city.
The following is a list of the country notes which are also said to be freely circulated at every given opportunity: \$20 bills on the First National Bank of Boston, Mass. These notes are well executed and printed on good paper, but are defective on examination with the genuine; \$20, on the Fourth Bank of Philadelphia. The engraving in this case is very coarse, and can soon be detected by any one accustomed to handling paper money; \$20 on the First National Bank of Indianapolis. These notes are well calculated to deceive, and are well printed. The plate used can be easily altered to any of the national currency bank notes; \$5 on the People's National Bank, Michigan. These are poorly got up, \$10 on the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank of Poughkeepsie. These bills are well executed, and printed upon good paper, and will prove a dangerous counterfeit.
The Albany City National Bank \$10 counterfeit bills are also plentiful, but the engraving is very coarse compared with the genuine. \$10 and \$2 Westchester county National Bank counterfeits bills are rather coarse, and ought to be detected by the engraved signatures. There are a number of well executed counterfeit notes on the National Union Bank, Linderpark, Utica City National Bank, Oneida National Bank, for \$20, \$10 and \$5. In addition to these counterfeit bills, there are a number of counterfeit gold pieces of different values, while a number of pieces have been split up and filled with platinum.—*New York Times.*

Vinnie Ream, the celebrated sculptress, is engaged upon a bust of Rev. C. F. Deems.