

# WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

THE STRONGEST BULWARK OF OUR COUNTRY—THE POPULAR HEART.

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## WEST-CAROLINA RECORD

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

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Meeting the Sabbath.

The Synod of Baltimore, at its  
meeting, adopted the follow-  
ing resolution in relation to the  
celebration of the Lord's day,  
which is applicable to other churches.

The Synod of Baltimore, ob-  
serving with deep solicitude the  
decline of the Sabbath now be-  
ing made by those who would  
not respect its divine author-  
ity, earnestly and tenderly  
remind every Christian pro-  
fessing membership in the  
churches under its jurisdiction  
of his privileged and perpet-  
ual obligation to stand firm against  
such, inroad open or con-  
cealed, and to maintain the suc-  
cess of the day of holy rest, in  
individual acts, in his house-  
hold, and in the community where  
he is cast. Especially does  
the Synod enjoin upon all under  
its care to refrain from partici-  
pating in parades, processions,  
unnecessary appointments for  
dances, and from traveling on  
the Sabbath, and from the recep-  
tion and use within our house-  
holds of Sunday newspapers, so  
as to unfitting them for the  
discharge of the sanctuary and de-  
votion of the day. "Ye shall  
keep my Sabbath, saith the  
Lord."

Children at one Birth.

On the 21st of August, Mrs.  
Mary Bradlee, of Trumbull,  
Ohio, gave birth to eight  
children—three boys and five  
girls. They are all living, and  
healthy, but very small. Mr.  
Bradlee was married six years  
to Ennice Mowery, who  
bore two hundred and seven-  
ty pounds on the day of her  
birth. She has given birth  
to four pairs of twins, and now  
more, making twelve chil-  
dren in six years. Mrs. Bradlee  
triplet, her mother and father  
both being twins, and her  
mother, the mother of five  
twins.—Berrien Co. (Mich.)

### Disarmed.

O Love! so sweet at first!  
So bitter in the end!  
I name thee fiercest foe,  
As well as falsest friend.  
Whit shall I do with these  
Poor withered flowers of May—  
Thy tenderest promises—  
All worthless in a day?

How art thou swift to slay,  
Despite thy clinging clasp,  
Thy long caressing look,  
Thy subtle, thrilling grasp!  
Ay, swifter far to slay  
Than thou art strong to save;  
Thou renderest but a blow  
For all I ever gave.

Oh, grasping as the grave!  
Go, go! and come no more—  
But canst thou set my heart  
Just where it was before?  
Too selfish in thy need!  
Go, leave me to my tears,  
The only gifts of thine  
That shall outlast the years.

Yet shall outlast the years  
One other, cherished thing,  
Slight as the vagrant plume  
Shed from some passing wing:  
The memory of thy first  
Divine, half-timid kiss.  
Go! I forgive thee all  
In weeping over this!

—LARA C. REDDEN, in Harper's  
Magazine for December.

### Indian Jugglery.

Jugglery is another amusement  
of which all Oriental nations are  
extremely fond. So numerous  
and various are the feats practised  
by the performers in this line  
that "Indian Jugglery" is famous  
the world over, and their wonder-  
ful dexterity in all matters requir-  
ing unusual slight-of-hand has  
passed into a universal proverb.  
A visit at the house of a wealthy  
Hindoo, on the occasion of his  
son's marriage, gave me an op-  
portunity of witnessing some of  
their rarest feats in this line. The  
wedding festivities comprised two  
whole weeks of banquets, processions  
and entertainments of all sorts  
with a most extravagant display  
of jewels and torches, flowers and  
silk along the pathway of the  
bridal party, the whole costing, it  
is said, nearly a lakh of rupees, or  
some forty-five thousand dollars.  
But, then, the bridegroom was an  
only son, and there is no other  
occasion on which an Oriental  
will so lavishly pour out his wealth  
as the birth or marriage of a son.  
During the day the time was di-  
vided between eating, dancing,  
theatrical exhibitions, concerts,  
gambling and jugglery, and at  
night there was always a brilliant  
display of fireworks while the festi-  
val lasted. But of all, the jugglery  
was most wonderful. Grass  
seed was sown before our eyes,  
and in five minutes after a beau-  
tiful green lawn of smooth-shaven  
grass lay at our feet. A tiny,  
two-leaved plant was handed us  
to look at. We saw and felt it,  
and perceived that it was a genu-  
ine mango tree, having but two  
imperfectly developed leaves, with  
a portion of the seed still adher-  
ing. In half an hour we ate the  
mangoes plucked apparently from  
this very tree, which had seemed  
to grow before our eyes till it had  
towered above our heads, budded,  
blossomed and bore fruits that  
turned from green to golden al-  
most as rapidly as they could be  
plucked and eaten.

A bronze basin of clear water,  
which we had the privilege of ex-  
amining, was placed on a stand;  
and though, when we thrust in  
our hands, there was found nothing  
but the water, in a little while  
a magnificent lotus or water lily  
sprang up therein, and lo! its  
huge blossoms, pink-hued and  
fragrant, were before us—man-  
moulted, eighteen inches in  
diameter.  
The spectators were in ecstasy.  
Young and old, even the natives,  
who had all seen the wonders be-  
fore, clapped their hands with de-  
light; only the magician himself  
was quite reticent. Presently he  
held up a piece of yellow tissue  
paper, perhaps six inches square,  
and after turning it round and

round, in various positions, he  
formed of it quite a natural-look-  
ing butterfly on his open palm,  
and so arranged two wax lights  
as to allow him to wave a fan  
rapidly between them without af-  
fecting the flame, and then by a  
more gentle motion over the in-  
sect, he started it into apparent  
life. First, it moved slowly to-  
ward the fan, as if testing its  
powers of locomotion, then tripped  
more lightly along the edge,  
and finally bore away, wheeling  
and dipping toward a vase of flow-  
ers that stood near, then floating  
away in very wantonness, and  
presently returning, lighting and  
coquetting among the dainty blos-  
soms like a thing of life, the wings  
fairly quivering with excitement.  
Just then a mate was supplied to  
the lonely excursionist by the  
same magic power that had given  
the first its life, being; and to-  
gether the fairy tourist set forth  
on their travels. Round and  
round they wheeled and floated,  
but always within the charmed  
circle about the conjurer's head,  
sometimes kissing his cheeks and  
lips, together or singly lighting  
on the outspread fan or returning  
to flutter among the flowers, then  
flirting or coquetting with each  
other, putting their tiny heads to-  
gether in mutual caresses, and  
shaking their gauzy wings with  
all the pretty airs and graces of  
live birds. The scene ended by  
the magician taking a small pearl  
box out his bosom, opening it  
and holding it toward the butter-  
flies. They seemed to observe  
the downy cotton with which the  
box was lined, and in circling  
curves they moved towards it,  
and crouched down, with wings  
still outspread, upon the dainty  
couch prepared for them. The  
juggler closed the box at once,  
and as he did so, we saw seated  
upon the top, a live emerald that  
carolled forth sweet songs until  
its little throat seemed ready to  
split, as if striving to compensate  
for the departure of our butterfly  
favorites. Suddenly the song of  
joy was changed into piercing  
notes that betokened horror or  
alarm, and we saw at the conjur-  
er's feet a deadly cobra di capella,  
coiled as if to spring, and with its  
glaring eyes fixed upon the bird,  
that seemed spell-bound to the  
spot, either too frightened or fas-  
cinated to move. The man wait-  
ed, till the snake was in the very  
act of springing, and then, with a  
few words spoken in low, musical  
tones, and a gentle stroking move-  
ment of his hand, he seemed to  
throw the cobra into the same  
trance-like state that the bird had  
evinced, while the latter roused  
up and flew eagerly into the jug-  
ger's bosom, which had been  
opened for its reception. From  
this same capacious receptacle,  
apparently exhausted in its re-  
sources, was drawn out another  
cobra, and after allowing them  
time to make each other's ac-  
quaintance, sometimes exciting  
them to anger, and again sooth-  
ing to quietude by his soft words  
and droning motions, the juggler  
wrapped them around his neck  
and arms, and stood with exul-  
tant pride, allowing them to touch  
his nose, the tip of his tongue,  
and in one instance the pupil of  
his eye, with their vibrating  
tongues. But all the while he  
held a small lute in his hand, and  
when words seemed to fail he  
played a few notes on the instru-  
ment, which soon reduced the  
reptiles to a state of dreamy  
quiescence. After performing  
various daring feats with them,  
to show the audience that the  
snakes had in no way been multi-  
cated, he threw a large chicken  
between them. Both struck at  
it, and it died in about five min-  
utes.

### Congressional Duels.

Forty, and even thirty, year  
ago personal altercations often  
took place in Congress between  
Northern and Southern members  
having their origin in sectional  
disagreements. There was al-  
ways a class of men in the Hon-  
orable South who sought to  
make a reputation with their con-  
stituents by pitting themselves  
against Northern members, whose  
principles and education made  
them repugnant to their feelings.  
It was a cheap method of gain-  
ing distinction, wholly unworthy  
of men of true chivalry. Occa-  
sionally these gentlemen ran  
against high-spirited Northern  
members of firmness and bravery,  
prompt to repel an affront, and  
prepared to meet an antagonist in  
any way. In cases of that kind  
the fire-eaters were often signally  
discomfited. It was during the  
administration of Mr. Monroe  
that a collision occurred in the  
Senate between General Samuel  
Smith, of Maryland, and Mr.  
Lloyd, of Massachusetts, the result  
of which gave much satisfaction  
at the North. General Smith  
was known as a fighting man, a  
brave soldier, who had rendered  
important services in the War of  
1812. He was a large, imposing  
figure of a man, of peremptory  
manner, and rather inclined to  
be dictatorial and overbearing.

Mr. Lloyd, on the contrary,  
was small in stature, delicate and  
almost effeminate in appearance,  
dressing always in elegant style,  
and looking like a courtier of  
the days of Louis XIV. In course  
of discussion Mr. Lloyd had con-  
troverted with some sharpness  
and great effect certain statements  
and arguments of General Smith.  
A logical reply suitable to the  
case did not occur to the Senator;  
so, instead of reaffirming his facts  
and attempting to confute the  
reasoning of Mr. Lloyd, he tried  
the effect of a little personal in-  
timidation.

"Mr. President," said he, in  
the tone of a schoolmaster lectur-  
ing his pupils, "gentlemen com-  
ing from a section of the country  
where the doctrine of personal re-  
sponsibility is not recognized  
ought to be specially cautious in  
the language they use toward  
gentlemen in this Chamber. If  
their own principles or the senti-  
ments of their constituents prevent  
them from giving satisfaction for  
words not properly chosen, they  
should take care not to wound  
the feelings of Senators who were  
educated in a different school."

Mr. Galliard, of South Caroli-  
na, was presiding in the Senate  
in the absence of the Vice-Presi-  
dent, and he, knowing the stuff  
of which Mr. Lloyd was made,  
smiled quite significantly as Gen-  
eral Smith took his seat. On the  
part of Senators generally there  
was an expression of lively inter-  
est as Mr. Lloyd rose to reply.  
He spoke in a low voice, and in a  
tone as mild as if he were inviting  
a lady to take a turn in a waltz.  
"Mr. President, I am not ac-  
quainted with the sentiments of  
my State upon what the Senator  
calls the doctrine of personal re-  
sponsibility. I recognize this doc-  
trine to its fullest extent, and am  
prepared to be held responsible  
in any way for every word I utter  
on this floor. Furthermore, Sir,  
in order to prevent any miscon-  
ception hereafter, I give the Sen-  
ator from Maryland to know that  
I shall hold him responsible for  
every word he speaks derogatory  
to my character or injurious to  
my feelings."

General Smith made no rejoinder,  
and the flurry passed, but it  
was observed thereafter that there  
was a studied courtesy in the  
bearing of all the fire-eaters to-  
ward Mr. Lloyd.

The last fatal Congressional  
duel was that in which poor Cilley  
lost his life. The quarrel was a  
political one, and Cilley was a  
sacrifice to the rancor of party  
strife. There was no personal  
animosity on the part of the an-  
tagonists. They fought with ri-

### Introduction of Coaches into England.

Coaches came into general use  
in England earlier than on the  
continent of Europe. Queen Eli-  
zabeth's state carriage was the  
first vehicle which was designed  
by that name in the island. In  
1588 the queen rode from Som-  
erset House to Paul's Cross, to re-  
turn thanks after the destruction  
of the Spanish Armada. It was  
presented to her by Henry, Earl  
of Arundel. It is described as "a  
chariot throne, drawn by two  
white horses." The royal fashion  
found many imitators; and al-  
though the coaches of that period  
must have been clumsy and un-  
comfortable, they multiplied so  
rapidly that Dekker, satirizing  
the follies of his day, complains  
that "the wife of every citizen  
must be jolted" now—a very ex-  
pressive phrase, since the coaches  
were made without springs, and  
the roads were of the most primi-  
tive kind.

But long after the introduction  
of coaches it was considered ef-  
feminate and disgraceful for men to  
use them. Queen Elizabeth al-  
ways preferred to make her jour-  
neys on horseback, and even in  
old age and sickness took reluc-  
tantly to her coach. "In Sir Philip  
Sidney's time," says Aubrey,  
"so famous for men at arms, it  
was then held to be as great a  
disgrace for a young gentleman to  
be seen riding in the Street in a  
coach as it would now for such  
a one to be seen in the street in a  
petticoat and waistcoat; so much  
is the fashion of the times altered."

Like most other improvements,  
coaches were vehemently attack-  
ed, on the ground that they pro-  
moted effeminate luxury. Taylor,  
the water-poet, declares "that  
housekeeping never decayed till  
coaches came into England;" and  
much later, in 1672, a Mr. John  
Cresset wrote a pamphlet urging  
the abolition of the stage-coaches  
between London and the interior.

Among other grave reasons, for  
their suspension, he urged that  
"such stage-coaches make gen-  
tlemen come to London on every  
small occasion, which otherwise  
they would not do, but upon ur-  
gent necessity; nay, the conveni-  
ence of the passage makes their  
wives often come up, who, rather  
than come such long journeys  
upon horseback, would stay at  
home. Then, when they come  
to town, they must presently be  
in the mode, get fine clothes, go  
to plays and treats, and by these  
means get such a habit of idleness  
and love of pleasure as make  
them uneasy ever after."

We are told also that the shop-  
keepers complained bitterly that  
they were ruined by the coaches.  
Formerly, they said, "when ladies  
and gentlemen walked in the

streets, there was a chance of ob-  
taining customers to inspect and  
purchase our commodities; but  
now they whisk past in the coach-  
es before our apprentices have  
time to cry out, 'What d'ys lack?'"  
Another complaint was, that in  
former times the tradesmen in  
the principal streets earned as  
much as their rents by letting out  
their upper apartments to mem-  
bers of Parliament and country  
gentlemen visiting London on  
pleasure or business, until the  
noise made by the coaches drove  
the profitable lodgers to less fre-  
quented streets. Another class of  
men was scarcely less bitter against  
the new mode of locomotion—the  
boatmen on the Thames, whose  
business was sadly interfered with  
by the introduction of the more  
convenient vehicles; and one of  
their number, who is known in  
English literature as "Taylor,  
the water-poet," wrote an invective  
against the new system, enti-  
tled, "The World runs upon  
Wheels." In this composition he  
vigorously attacks coaches, and  
enumerates, in his peculiar style,  
all the disadvantages caused by  
their general introduction. In  
another publication, called, "The  
Thief," he thus inveighs against  
them:

"Carroches, coaches, jades, and  
Flanders mares  
Do rob us of our shares, our wears,  
fears:  
Against the ground we stand and  
knock our heels,  
While our profit runs away on  
wheels."

From "Locomotion—Past and  
Present," by S. S. Conant, in Har-  
per's Magazine for January.

### Justice in California.

The first Alcalde, in 1851, in  
Yreka, California, was known as  
"Cat-eye Foster," but he left no  
docket, and soon ran away, and  
George C. Vail resigned in his  
stead. No law book was ever  
used in his court; he decided  
each case on its own merits, writ-  
ing out the full history, and his  
docket is a curiosity. In one case  
brought before him, a boy had  
driven a team from Oregon, and  
worked all winter for a man, who  
declined to pay. He sold out in  
the spring and was leaving sud-  
denly, when, on complaint of the  
boy, Vail and two constables stop-  
ped him on the road. "It was  
proved that he had received three  
thousand dollars on his sale, but  
he declared himself unable to pay,  
though not denying the boy's  
claim. Judge Vail decided in  
these words: "Constable, stand  
this man on his head, shake him  
well, and see if you can't hear  
something drop!" No sooner  
said than done. A vigorous shak-  
ing brought to light a wallet con-  
taining two thousand dollars in  
gold dust; the boy received his  
claim of three hundred dollars,  
the judge and constables took an  
ounce apiece for their trouble,  
and the defendant went his way a  
lighter man. Justice like this  
was cheap at three ounces.

### An Afflicted Widow.

It is said that the following let-  
ter was written to a lady in An-  
burn by a bereaved and stricken  
widow of Cincinnati:

DEAREST LOUISA—Darling John  
died last night, Congestion of the  
lung. Our loss is his gain. I  
have ordered the loveliest mon-  
nair for the funeral—made with  
polonaise and trimmed with real  
point lace. Loss covered by in-  
surance, on the ten year plan;  
will be paid in 60 days. I know  
you sorrow with me. We had  
four doctors at two dollars a visit.  
Aunt Maria will not go into  
mourning because she has just  
bought her new fall and winter  
suit. Her bonnet is a straw.  
There is a balm in Gilead; but  
my heart is nearly broken, send  
me a cut paper pattern of that  
sacque of yours.

Cotton-eyed Joe is the name of a  
gentleman lately elected to repre-  
sent Kansas city in the penitentiary.