

WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

THE STRONGEST BULWARK OF OUR COUNTRY—THE POPULAR HEART.

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RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

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The Silver Harp.

BY ROSALIE E. GRAYSON.

There is a harp in each human breast. The strings of which are never at rest;

Where music forever breathes and lingers, Awakened by thousands of viewless fingers.

That play like the hum of fairy wings, Their notes on its thousand quivering strings.

This heaven born harp is a priceless boon, In its mortal frame, with its strings in tune;

But, whether tunes of this living harp Are gentle and tender, flat or sharp,

Where louder dirge depends always On the ear that hears and the hand that plays.

How touchingly tender is its moan As it gives to sorrow its monotone; When touched by the palsied hand of fear

It vibrates quick on the startled ear; And its strong wrought frame in frenzy leaps

While passion on its diapason sweeps. But happier spirits are hovering near,

And the music they play we love to hear; They throng each heart with the grave and gay,

And many a note I've heard them play— So often too they are playing the same.

That we know their touch, and call them by name. There is love who comes on his fluttering wing—

And low it thrills when he touches the string! Fame thinks he is heard all over the land

As he strikes the chord with a master hand; But to Faith and Hope is the mission given

To touch the notes that are heard in heaven. They linger still when the rest are gone—

And left the frail harp broken and lone! And when Death plays the last sad strain,

Breaking the chords he shall ne'er touch again. They bear it away with joyous wing,

And string it anew where the angels sing.

Love's Young Dream.

The following choice piece of sarcasm, from the *Metropolitan Record*, which purports to have been written by a young lady in New York to her prim spinster maiden aunt in Boston, may, in truth have been indited by the latter amiable lady herself, with a view to exposing the absurd infatuation with which girl-brides shut themselves up in the delusion that their husbands are embodiments of perfection. If the old lady did write the document, it was hardly fair of her to go and palm it off on the innocence of inexperienced bridehood:

MY DEAR AUNT:—Although you told me when I invited you to my wedding, that I was too young to marry, and not capable of choosing a mate for life properly, and with due consideration, I know that you may now feel that I was wiser than you thought. In selecting dear Orlando I have gained a most affectionate and attentive husband, and one who has neither a fault nor a vice. Heavens! What must a girl suffer who finds herself united to a dissipated person, neglectful of her, and disposed to seek the society of unworthy persons, who drink, smoke, and do all sorts of dreadful things! Thank Heaven, Orlando is perfection.

To-day is my eighteenth birthday, and we have been married a year. We keep house now, and I can make pretty good pie, only the under crust will be damp. However, I think that must be the oven. Once I put pepper mint in the pudding sauce instead of lemon flavoring; then Orlando was trying to kiss me, right before the girl, who didn't like either of us going into the kitchen at all.

The flowers are coming up beautifully in the back garden. We sowed a great many seeds, but hardly expected so many plants. Among the most numerous is one variety with a very large leaf, that scratches one's fingers, and don't smell nice. I wonder what it is? Orlando frightens me by talking about weeds; but

weeds always come up, don't they? De r Orlando! I come back to him again—so excellent, temperate and true. Tell all the girls to marry as soon as they can find a husband like mine.

I have but one trial—business takes him so much away from me. A lawyer must attend to his business you know; and sometimes they carry on the case until two at night. Often and often he has examined witnesses until half past twelve, and comes home perfectly exhausted. And the nasty things smoke, so that his dear coat quite smells of it. And it makes him as ill as it does me. I have to air it, and sprinkle the lining with Cologne water, before he dares to put it on again.

I had a terrible fright the other night—dreadful. Orlando had told me that business—I think he said it was a case of life and death—would detain him late. So I sat up, as usual, with a book, and did not worry until one o'clock. After that I was a little anxious, I confess, and caught a cold in my head, peeping through the up-stairs window blinds, for, dear aunt, it was not until three o'clock that I heard a cab driving up the street and saw it stop at our door; then I thought I should faint, for I was sure some dreadful accident had happened to Orlando.

I ran down to open the door, and Mr. Smith, a friend of Orlando, who is not, I confess, very much to my tastes—such a red-faced, noisy man—was just supporting my dear boy up the steps.

"Oh, what has happened?" cried I. "Don't be frightened, Mrs. White," said Mr. Smith. "Nothing at all; only White is a little exhausted. Application to business will exhaust a man, and I thought I'd bring him home."

"All right, Bella," said Orlando, "Smith tells the truth—I'm exhausted."

And, dearest aunt, he was so much so that he spoke quite thick, and couldn't stand up without tottering. Mr. Smith was kind enough to help him up stairs; and he laid upon the bed so prostrated that I thought he was going to die. Then I remembered the French brandy you gave me in case of sickness. I ran to get it out.

"Have a little brandy and water, dear!" I said.

"The very thing. Smith is exhausted, too. Give some to Smith," he said.

And so I reproached myself for not having thought of it before Mr. Smith had gone. But I gave a glass to Orlando, and under Providence, I think it saved his life; for oh, how bad he was!

"Bella," said he, quite faltering in his speech, "the room is going round so fast that I can't catch your eye. And besides, there's two of you, and I don't know which is which."

I knew these things were dreadful symptoms.

"Take a drink, dear," said I, and I'll try to wake up Mary and send her for the doctor."

"No," said he, "I'll be all right in the morning. I'm all right now. Here's your health, you're a brick!"

Oh, why do men think so much of money-making? Is not health better than anything else? Of course as he had laid down in his hat, I took that off first. And I managed to divest him of his coat. But when it came to his boots—dear aunt, did you ever take off a gentleman's boots? Probably not as you are a single lady—what a task! How do they ever get 'em on? I pulled and pulled, and shook and wriggled, and gave it up. But it would not do to leave them on all night; so I went at it again, and at last one came off so suddenly; and over I went on the floor, and into his hat, which I had put down there for a minute. I could have cried. And the other came off in the same way, just as suddenly; and I sat in my sewing chair all night. Oh, how heavily he breathed! And I had as you may fancy, the most dreadful fears. He might have killed himself by his own over-application to business, for all that I knew. The perfect ones go first, it is said.

Oh, how differently should I have felt had anything happened to my beloved Orlando. He has not had so exhausting a day since, and I think he sees the folly of overwork; though if courts will keep open so late, what can poor lawyers do! I think it is very inconsiderate of the Judge. I wonder if he has a wife—the mean old thing!

About Popes.

When a Pope dies there are some peculiar ceremonies. For instance, as soon as it is known in his place that he is dead, a man enters the room where his body lies and raps on his head three times with a silver mallet, calling his name three times; then, having waited for the reply, which he knew beforehand would not come, he announces formally that the Pope is dead, as if the rapping on his skull were the final proof. Then the great bell of the Capitol is tolled, and everybody knows by that what has taken place; then there is a funeral of nine days, in which time the city seems given over to noise and disorder, as if it was without any one to govern it. Meanwhile, watched day and night by a guard, he lies on a sumptuous bier, with tapers blazing around him; and crowds of people come and kiss the toe of his slipper, and look at him in his splendid robes, and at last he is laid away in the vault, and the cardinals begin the struggle for a successor.

The choice is always from their own number; consequently every one aspires to the office; and deep is the scheming as soon as there is a probability that it will become vacant. Each is entitled one vote, and his right cannot be taken from him. Even if he is a criminal, he may be taken from prison to vote. The Pope must be an Italian by birth; no man from any other nation has occupied the place for nearly three hundred and fifty years.

At the ceremony inaugurating a new Pope, one of the customs is to put a bunch of tow on the end of a staff and burn it just before his eyes, and while it is swiftly blazing and vanishing, the voice of the official who holds it solemnly says to him: "St. Peter, see *transit gloria mundi*," to remind him that all things are vain and perishable.

It used to be necessary that the horse ridden by the Pope on state occasions should be gray; and when he mounted it must be from a stool with three steps; and if any royal person were present, he should hold the stirrup, and walk beside the horse, leading him.

The first who dared to set himself above sovereigns, was Leo III, who was a friend to Charlemagne; and at some grand festival where the French nobility and Roman clergy were present in all their glory, Leo came forward, and to the surprise of every one, placed a magnificent crown on the head of that prince and anointed him.

After this, the Popes took part in politics, made wars and treaties, forbade marriages, and excommunicated whoever displeased them. They meddled in the affairs of nearly every court in Europe, and made themselves a terror. The excommunication of a sovereign was felt to be a most dreadful calamity, and no wonder, for while he was in this state, the church bells were not rung, sacrament was not administered, altars and pictures were covered with black cloth, statues of saints were taken down and laid on beds of cinders and ashes and there was a general appearance of desolation and mourning.

Sometimes the Pope granted what was called a "dispensation," if the offender would build a church, or pay a heavy fine; and in this way a vast amount of wealth was gained by this potentate. A man's estate was liable at any moment to be forfeited if he gave offence in any way. It was so in all Catholic countries. There were frequent contests before property and rights were given up, but the one man at the head of the Romish Church usually prevailed; for his secret agents were everywhere and men were superstitious and fearful. More than one king asked his forgive-

ness, going barefoot and on his knees even, to sue for it.

The number of popes, according to the Romish calendar, from St. Peter to Pius IX., is two hundred and fifty-eight. Not many of them have been known by their true names; thus, Nicholas Breakspare, an Englishman, and the last who was of foreign birth, is known in the list as Adrian IV. Immediately after his election, the Pope takes a new name; the first one who did this is supposed to have been ashamed of his own, which was Osposco (hog's flesh) and his successors, without similar reason, followed his example.

Peter has not been a name chosen, because one wished to assume that of the first, the vicar, as they say, whom the master appointed. There have been sixteen called Gregory; Clement, fourteen; Benedict, fourteen; Innocent, thirteen; Leo, twelve; Pius, nine. The present Pope, Pius IX., has occupied the place longer than any other.—"Kirkland" in the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

Too Anxious to be Thought a Murderer.

London has a new diversion. An individual, anxious for sport, gets drunk, and then hangs himself over to the police as the perpetrator of some shocking murder recently committed, in which the murderer had heretofore been undiscovered. After giving the police and newspaper reporters much trouble, the amateur murderer regains sobriety, declares his innocence, and is discharged. This joke is ghastly, but on several occasions it was successfully repeated, though the last attempt at it was probably caused to be abandoned. A girl, named Harriet Boswell, was recently murdered in Grant Coram street, and there was much excitement over it, and an unsuccessful search for the murderer, until a Mr. George Cooper presented himself at a station, declared that he had done the deed for a friend of his in consideration of \$500. He was kept in jail over night and next morning arraigned at Bow street whereupon he calmly announced that his whole story was a falsehood, his only excuse for telling it having been that he had been drinking whiskey and old ale for a week and had a touch of delirium tremens. He expected to be discharged, as previous jokers of the same sort had been, but the magistrate thought proper to look at the matter in a different light, and he remanded Cooper to hard labor for a month, pending further inquiries. The magistrate said that he did not suppose that Cooper was the real murderer but the whole affair justified his being retained in custody, and, besides, a little hard work and total abstinence from whiskey and old ale would do him no harm. So the crestfallen joker was taken back to jail, and the popular but ghastly diversion has received a merited rebuke.

The Modoc Lava Bed.

Jesse Applegate, writing to the *Portland, Oregon Bulletin*, gives the following description of the lava bed in which the hostile Modoc Indians are now intruded:

The stronghold of the Modoc Indians is a "pedregal" of the most extensive and elaborate description—an irregular volcanic surface of basalt, trachyte, &c., more or less broken into upheavals from below, and cracked and fissured in the process of cooling. It occupies with but few intervals, nearly 100 square miles. If you can imagine a smooth, solid sheet of granite, ten miles square, and 500 feet thick, covering resistless mounds of gunpowder, scattered at irregular intervals under it; that these mounds are exploded simultaneously, rending the whole field into rectangular masses, from the size of a match-box to that of a

church, heaping these masses high in some places, and leaving deep chasms in others. Following the explosion, the whole thing is placed in one of Vulcan's crucibles, and heated up to a point when the whole begins to fuse and run together, and then suffered to cool. The roughness of the upper surface remains as the explosion left it, while all below is honey-combed by the cracks and crevices caused by the cooling of the melted rock. An Indian can, from the top of one of these pyramids, shoot a man without exposing even so much as an inch square of himself. He can, without undue haste, load and shoot common muzzle-loading rifle ten times before a man can scramble over the rocks and chasms between the slain and the slayer. If, at this terrible expense of life, a force dislodges him from his cover, he has only to drop into and follow some subterranean passage with which he is familiar, to gain another ambush, from whence it will cost ten more lives to dislodge him.

Brain Work.

One thing I would like to impress upon those who are exceptionally excitable. The very slightest stimulants, which others may use with impunity, are bad for them. I have known cases of chronic neuralgia, from which torture had been endured for years cured by ceasing to drink tea and coffee regularly, or by leaving off smoking. The nerves are such delicate affairs that they often make us a great deal of trouble with very little cause, seemingly. Excessive brain work renders them much more susceptible. This susceptibility must be counteracted by the avoidance of those things which tend to excite. What a steady brain worker wants to replace (not stimulate) his vitality as fast as he uses it up. At this end he wants everything that is nourishing and soothing. A stimulant crowds out so much part of the requisite nourishment, since the system can only receive a certain portion of matter into it at a time and appropriate it hurriedly. If you set it to work on a stimulant, or set a stimulant to work on it, the action is mutual. It will not assimilate fully the nourishment which may come immediately afterward.

All the diseases to which we are constitutionally liable are aggravated by the use of stimulants. They assist the development of chronic complaints, and make all sickness harder to cure. It is not necessary to speak of their bad effects on ailments of the brain. But most of these, I believe, are to be traced originally to their use. A healthy brain naturally seeks relief in sleep when it is tired. But one that is spurred and driven on by stimulants loses that inclination. From the inability to rest springs the whole train of nervous and cerebral diseases.

I believe that one, working the brain at proper hours and giving it the requisite rest, relaxation and nourishment, and never stimulating it into unhealthy action, might go on doing the very hardest mental work from youth to extreme old age and never suffer an atom from it—on the contrary, be benefited.—Howard Glyndon.

There's a great deal in gravity. It looks like wiscom. Many a man owes his reputation entirely to his serious aspect and to his quiet tongue. We are all easily misled by appearance. Without designing to pun, we involuntarily fancy that a man with a serious countenance is a 'solemn' un.

It is said that three-fourths of the females of Boston wear false teeth, but this is no preventative of back-biting.