

WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

THE STRONGEST BULWARK OF OUR COUNTRY—THE POPULAR HEART.

CARPENTER & GRAYSON, EDITORS.

CLENDENIN & CARPENTER, PUBLISHERS.

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NO. 17.

WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

1 Copy 1 Year in Advance, \$2.00
6 months, 1.00
Any person sending us a Club of five with the Cash at above rates for one Year, will be entitled to an extra copy.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE	1w.	1mo.	3mo.	6mo.	12mo.
1 inch	1.00	2.50	6.00	9.00	18.00
2 "	2.00	5.00	12.00	18.00	30.00
4 "	4.00	10.00	20.00	30.00	45.00
8 "	8.00	20.00	35.00	45.00	70.00
1 column	15.00	40.00	60.00	80.00	125.00

Special notices charged 50 per cent higher. Local notices 25 cents a line.
Agents procuring advertisements will be allowed a commission of 25 per cent.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. J. L. RUCKER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Grateful for the liberal patronage heretofore received, hopes, by prompt attention to all calls, to merit a continuance of the same.

R. W. LOGAN, J. M. JUSTICE,
LOGAN & JUSTICE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to their care.
Particular attention given to collections in both Superior and Justice Courts. 11

J. B. CARPENTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Collections promptly attended to. 11

HOTELS.

VILLAGE HOTEL,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.,
A. J. SCOGGIN, Proprietor.
This old and favorably known house is now open for the reception of visitors.
The table will be supplied with all the delicacies of the market.
Light and attentive servants will be employed, and all pains taken to make guests comfortable. 7 u.

THE BURNETT HOUSE,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Is open for the accommodation of the travelling public, and with good fare, attentive servants, and good stables and feed for horses, the proprietor asks a share of patronage.
C. BURNETT,
Proprietor. 11-17

ALLEN HOUSE,
HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.
T. A. ALLEN, Proprietor.
Good Tables, attentive Servants, well ventilated Rooms and comfortable Stables.

BUCH HOTEL,
ASHEVILLE, N. C.,
R. M. DEEVER, Proprietor.
BOARD \$2.00 PER DAY. 16

BUSINESS CARDS.

WANTED! WANTED!!
200 CORDS GOOD TAN BARK,
D. MAY & CO.,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
12-11

W. H. JAY,
HOUSE AND SIGN
PAINTER,
PAPER HANGING, & CO.
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Graining, Marbling and Kalsomining executed in the best style.
Orders from neighboring towns promptly attended to. 6:3m

BLACKSMITHING.
Bradley Dalton would announce to his old friends and customers that his Shop is still in full blast on Main Street, South of the Jail, where he may be found at all times. Terms as low as the lowest. Country produce taken in payment for work at market prices. Give him a call. 10-17

BLACKSMITH SHOP.
The undersigned would respectfully inform his old customers and the Public, that his Shop is still going on, and that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line at short notice.
My terms for work is "pay down." All kinds of produce taken at market prices for work.
All persons indebted to me for work will have trouble by calling and settling.
J. V. WILKINSON.
1-11

WESTERN STAR LODGE
No. 91. A. F. M.
Meets regularly on the 1st Monday Night in each month, Tuesdays of Superior Courts and on the Festivals of the St. John.
J. L. RUCKER, W. M.
R. W. LOGAN, Sec.

WEST-CAROLINA RECORD,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT \$2 PER YEAR,
CLENDENIN & CARPENTER,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

Written for the Record.
To Miss Maggie L.

OF MAPLE CREEK, N. C.

Why I love you—ask the flowers
Why they love the morning dew;
Let their tender lips of beauty,
Breathe my answer unto you.

Why I love you—ask the daisy
With its blue, uplifted eye,
Why it loves the sunny meadow,
Why it looks up to the sky.

Why I love you—ask the lily,
Why its pure and pearly glow,
Is reflected on the bosom
Of the brooklet in its flow.

Why I love you—ask the roses,
(Well their gentle answer weigh),
Why they press their tender faces
On the bosom of the May.

Why I love you—ask the willow,
Why its bough of tender green,
Low are drooping o'er the river
With a gentle passing mein.

Why I love you—ask the dew drop
Why it nestles on the rose,
Why, beneath the morning sunlight,
Like a diamond flash it glows.

Why I love you—ask the snow-flake,
Why it melts beneath the sun!
Ask the jessamine why its fragrance
By the starlight soft is won.

Why I love you—ask the swallow,
Why it seeks the sunny chime—
Why the bells at evenings hour
Bring a softer, sweeter chime.

Why I love you—ask the streamlet,
As it softly flows along,
Why it loves to woo the woodland,
With its happy, soothing song.

Why I love you—ask the billow,
Why they wander to the shore—
With a weary, pleading murmur,
When the storm of wrath is o'er.

Why I love you—ask the river
Why it flows down to the sea—
Bid its voice of "many waters"
Give my answer unto thee.

Why I love you—ask the spirit,
Why it gladly soars away,
From the night of dreary shadows,
To the realms of endless day.
WILL J. ...

The Press Convention.

The editorial Convention at Goldsboro, last week, was well attended and harmonious in its deliberations. Important business was transacted, adopting a constitution and by-laws, and a series of resolutions which will have a tendency to elevate the tone and character of the newspapers of the State. We are glad to announce so complete a success. The following resolutions were, among others, adopted:

"Whereas, The custom amongst many publishers in the State of receiving advertisements from Advertising Agencies at such prices as are inimical to the general interest of the press, therefore,

"Resolved, That the convention disapprove of any discrimination in favor of any Advertising Agency, north or south, and that the Press feel themselves in honor and in duty bound to charge published rates to any Agency and will not deviate from such rates, to take effect on the expiration of the present contracts, and that all "special rates" of a lower grade may be discontinued.

"Whereas, It appears that several papers in the State have adopted the practice of having the outsiders or insiders of their papers, containing advertisements detrimental to the dignity and good character of the profession,

"Therefore, This Convention of the Press of North Carolina do resolve, that it deprecates and disapproves of such practice as aforesaid, and do recommend and urge that it be abandoned as early a day as practicable.

"Whereas, The prevalence of the credit system, of subscriptions, has been found to work serious loss to publishers who have adopted it, and whereas experience proves that the cash system is the only and safe one; therefore,

"Be it Resolved, That the cash system be adopted as far as possible, and adhered to as closely as practicable.

The following is a list of the officers of the Association:
President—J. A. Engelhardt, of the Wilmington Journal.

Vice Presidents—C. N. B. Evans, of the Milton Chronicle; P. F. Duffy, of the Greensboro Patriot; J. C. Mann, of the Wilmington Post.

Treasurer—John Spellman, of the Raleigh Sentinel.
Recording Secretary—R. T. Falghum, of the State Agricultural Journal.

Corresponding Secretary—J. D. Cameron, of the Hillsboro Recorder.

Executive Committee—Jordan Stone, of the Raleigh News; H. E. T. Manning, of the Weldon News; G. W. Nason, Jr., of the Newbern Republic Courier; R. M. Furman, of the Asheville Citizen; and J. B. Hussey, of the Hickory Press.

The next annual meeting will be held in Raleigh.

After adjournment a number of the editors, accepting the invitation of Mr. Stanley, President of the Atlantic and North Carolina Railway, left Goldsboro for Beaufort, where they remained during the day in the full enjoyment of seaside scenes and other delights returning Saturday morning.

Ancient and Modern Wealth Compared.

If now-a-days one is in possession of a million of dollars he is almost worshipped. It is now supposed that the Sprague family of Rhode Island is one of the richest in the land. They have built a monument worth \$100,000. Much is spoken of the fortunes of the Astors, Vanderbilts, Stewart, and the Rothschilds, but their wealth sinks to insignificance compared with fortunes of other times. Ptolemaus Philadelphus, in Egypt, had a fortune of \$350,000,000. Cleopatra drank a glass of wine in which was dissolved a pearl worth \$40,000. Stewart, in New York, built a house that cost \$500,000. What a pittance! Cicero paid \$1,500,000 for a country-seat. Mescilla paid \$2,000,000 for a homestead. Seneca, a philosopher like H. Greeley, was worth \$12,000,000. Tiberius left property worth \$12,000,000.

Now-a-days every one is astonished if a man gets in bankruptcy with \$100,000. Julius Caesar owed \$14,000 before he had any office. Marcus Antonius owed \$1,500,000 on his election, March 15, and paid it off March 17. Not enough, he afterwards cleared \$720,000,000. Now if an entertainment cost \$1,000 it makes old people's hair stand upright! What is this to old Roman times? Aesop, the poet, paid \$400,000 for a single party. Caligula paid the same price for a supper. They drank old wines worth twenty dollars an ounce; and roasted pigs over fires made of nuts and raisins. The bedsteads of Heliogabalus were of pure silver and gold. Eighty thousand dollars was necessary to keep up the dignity of a Roman Senator. Cicero and Pompejus once paid a visit to Lucullus. Nobody was at home. They helped themselves, and it cost Lucullus \$4,000.

The capacity of Rome's theatres was fabulous. The wooden theatres of Sharururs had 80,000 seats the Coliseum 87,000 seats, besides 22,000 standing places. Rome had then between three and four millions of inhabitants. The circus Maximus had room for 30,000 spectators. There were at that time nine hundred public bathing places.

In the fifth century, after Rome was plundered by the Germans and Vandals, Zacharias, a historian, reports from Rome 384 streets, 80 golden statues, 56,597 palaces, 13,052 fountains, 2,785 bronze statues of emperors and officers, 22 colossal horse statues, 41 theatres, 2,300 perfume stores and 2,291 prisons.

Thebans had paid for income duty in one year six million of dollars. Alexandria had a library of 700,000 volumes, at a time when manuscript was rare and costly. Athens had the theatre

of Bacchus, capable of holding thirty thousand people.

Boy Lost.

Here is a beautiful, tender thought amplified with all the feeling of genuine originality, indeed so pure and effortless that we feel it a duty to send it broadcast for the "culture of the mind."

"He had black eyes, with long lashes, red cheeks and hair almost black and curly. He wore a crimson plaid jacket, with full trousers buttoned on; had a habit of whistling, and liked to ask questions; was accompanied by a small dog. It is a long while now since he disappeared. I have a pleasant house and much company. My guests say: 'Ah! it is pleasant to be here. Everything has such an orderly, put-away look—nothing about under foot, no dirt.' But my eyes are aching for the sight of whittlings and cut paper on the floor; of tumbling down card houses; of wooden sheep and cattle; of pop-guns, bows and arrows whips, tops, go-carts, blocks and trumpery. I want to see boats a-rigging, and kites a-making. I want to see crumbles on the carpet, and paste spilt on the kitchen table. I want to see the chairs and the table turned the wrong way about. I want to see candy-making and corn-popping, and to find jack-knives and fish-hooks among my muslins. Yet these things used to fret me once. They say:—'How quiet you are here! Ah! one here may settle his brains and be at peace.' But my ears are aching for the pattering little feet, for a hearty shout, a sun whistle, a gay tra la la, for the crack of little whips; for the noise of drums, fifes, and trumpets. Yet these things made me nervous once. A manly figure stands before me now. He is taller than I, has thick whiskers, wears a frock coat, a bosomed shirt and a cravat. He has just come from college. He brings Latin and Greek in his countenance, and boasts of the old philosophers for the sitting room. He calls me mother, but I am rather unwilling to own him. He avers that he is my boy, and says that he can prove it. He brings his little boat to show the red stripe on the sail (it was the end of the piece) and name on the stern, Lucy Dove, a little girl of our neighbor, who, because of her long curls and pretty, round face, was the chosen favorite of my boy. The curls were long since cut off, and she has grown to a tall, handsome girl. How his face reddens as he shows me the name on the boat! Oh, I see it all as plain as if it were written in a book! My little boy is lost, and my big boy will soon be. Oh! I wish he were a little tired boy in a long, white nightgown, lying in his crib, with me sitting by, holding his hand in mine, pushing the curls back from his forehead, watching his eyelids droop, and listening to his deep breathing. If I only had my little boy again, how patient I would be! How much I would bear, and how little would I fret and scold! I can never have him back again! But there are still mothers who have not yet lost their little boys. I wonder if they know they are living their very best days: that now is the time to really enjoy their children! I think if I had been more to my little boy, I might now be more to my grown-up one."—Home Magazine.

How Married Men Sew on Buttons.

It is bad enough to see a bachelor sew on a button, but he is the embodiment of grace alongside of a married man. Necessity has compelled experience in the case of the former, but the latter has always depended upon some one else for this service, and, fortunately for the sake of society, it is rarely he is obliged to resort to the needle himself. Sometimes the patient wife scolds her right hand or rubs a sliver under the nail of the index finger of that hand, and it is then the man clutches the needle around the neck, and forgetting to tie a knot in the thread, commences to put on the button. It is always in the morning, and from five to twenty minutes after he is expected to be down street. He lays the button exactly on the site of its predecessor, and pushes the needle through one eye, and carefully draws the thread after, leaving about three inches of it sticking up for ice way. He says to himself, "Well, if women don't have the easiest time I ever see." Then he comes back the other way, gets the needle through the cloth well enough, and lays himself out to fine the eye; but in spite of a great deal of patient jobbing, the needle-point persists in bucking against the solid parts of that button, and finally, when he loses patience, his fingers catch the thread, and that three inches he had left to hold the button slips through the eye in a twinkling, and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it up without a single remark, and makes another attempt to fasten it. This time, when coming back with the needle he keeps both the thread and button from slipping by covering them with his thumb, and it is out of regard for that part of him that he feels around for the eye, in a very careful and judicial manner, but eventually, losing his philosophy as the search becomes more hopeless, he falls to jobbing about in a loose and savage manner, and it is just then the needle finds the opening, and comes up through the button and part way through his thumb with a celerity that no human ingenuity can guard against. Then he lays down the things, with a few familiar quotations, and presses injured hand between his knees, and then holds it under the other arm, and finally jams it into his mouth, and all the while he prances about the floor and calls upon heaven and earth to witness that there has never been anything like it since the world was created, and howls, and whistles, and moans and sobs. After awhile he calms down, and puts on his pants, and fastens them together with a stick, and goes to his business a changed man.—Ex.

Read an Hour a Day.

There was a lad who, at fourteen, was apprenticed to a soap dealer. One of his resolutions was to read an hour a day, or at least at that rate, and he had an old silver watch, left him by his uncle, which he timed his reading by. He stayed seven years with his master, and it was said when he was twenty-one, he knew as much as the young squire did. Now, let us see how much time he had to read in, in seven years, at the rate of one hour a day. It would be 2,555 hours, which, at the rate of eight hours a day, would be equal to 319 days; equal to 45 weeks; nearly a year's reading. That time spent in treasuring up useful knowledge would pile up a very large store. It is surely worth trying for. See what you can do. Begin now. In after years you will look back upon the task as the most pleasant and profitable you have ever performed.—American Rural Home.

An X lent is an excellent argument against loaning.

Bill Simpson on Courts.

Many years ago the Legislature of Tennessee passed an act to organize the county McNairy, otherwise Snake.

At that time the county embraced in the limits of Snake was occupied by a steady set of backwoodsmen, totally unacquainted with courts, jails, etc.—The county assembled at the appointed site for the purpose of cutting logs, making board, etc., to build a court house and jail. The only theme of conversation, when the men were assembled, was the court, etc. None of them had ever seen a court in session, as yet developed. Each one would give what his idea was of court, etc.

None, however, were entirely satisfactory, until Bill Simpson was called on to give his ideas. He said he knew all about a court—that he had a law suit in North Carolina. One of his neighbor's hogs kept coming when he fed his hogs until it got fat. One morning he got so d—d mad that he shot the hog. He thought it would not do to throw it away, so he cleanded and salted it. Shortly afterwards his neighbor and a man came to his house, and took him to town and put him in a little office. About three months after that, this man came and took him up to a large room. A large man sat upon a high bench—a man was sitting at a desk—about a dozen fine dressed men sat in a place that was puled around. The man put in a pen just behind them.

He then called in twelve men, they took seats in a box in front that was writing gave the twelve men a book and said something about Bill Simpson and State. Then one of the fine men read something about Bill Simpson and the hog, and he and another one of the fine dressed men had the biggest quarrel you ever heard—I thought they would fight every minute, but they didn't. It was Bill Simpson and the hog, and the hog and Bill Simpson, and sometimes Mr. Simpson, but d—d seldom. After they quit quarreling, the big man talked a while to the twelve men, and then they went out and staid a short time, and came back; and said something to the man at the desk. The man on the bench said something to the man that put me in office, and he took me out and tied me to a persimmon tree, and commenced fighting me with a cowhide, and it made me so blamed mad that I shook all the persimmons off the tree.

Young Simpson, just beginning the study of natural philosophy, became fond of applying technical names to the common objects to impress hearers with a sense of his profound knowledge, and tried the game with his father one evening. When he mentioned to him that he had swallowed some marine accephalous mollusks the old man was much alarmed, and he suddenly seized Simpson and threw him to the floor, and held him, and screamed for help. And when Mrs. Simpson came with some warm water and the hired man rushed in with a garden pump, they forced half a gallon of water down Simpson, and then held him by the heels over the edge of the porch and shook him, while the old man said: "If you don't get them things out of William he will be pizened." And when they were out, and William explained that the articles alluded to were merely oysters, then his father scolded him for half an hour with a truck strap for scaring the family. Subsequently Simpson transcribed his language in more familiar phrases.—Danbury News.

Why is the earth like a school-room black-board? Because the children of men multiply on the face of it.