

WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

THE STRONGEST BULWARK OF OUR COUNTRY—THE POPULAR HEART.

CARPENTER & GRAYSON, EDITORS.

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WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

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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.

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Meets regularly on the 1st Monday Light in each month, Tuesdays of Superior Courts, and on the Festivals of the Sts. John.

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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 save trouble by calling and settling.

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Dear Love, For Ours.

FREDRICK W. LORING.

Do you ask me, starry eyes,
To describe the lover true?
Wonder not at my surprise,
Who should know as well as you.
Think of all that you have seen,
All the lovers that have been;
He is true whose love is shown,
For her sake, and not his own.

What he does, he does alone,
Yet he hopes it wins her thought;
All that in his soul has grown,
To her sovereign feet is brought;
To his soul her image clings,
She seems woven in all things,
And each thought that in him stirs,
Is not for his sake, but hers.

This is the true lover, sweet—
True as ever I am true;
For my love is all complete,
Perfect since it comes from you.
Darling, yet 'tis not true—no!
For I could not let you go,
I must keep you where you've grown,
For my sake, and for your own.

For your own, because I love
More than any other can;
More than ever love could move
Heart of any former man.
Look at me and then agree,
None have ever loved like me;
For whatever I may do,
Is because I live in you.

Kiss, and so shut speech away,
When old age our life has spent,
'Twill be time enough to say,
What is love in argument.
For the present all stars shine;
You are here, and you are mine,
Love makes light, and song, and
flowers,
For whose sake? Dear love, for
ours.

From the Raleigh News.

Life of John Allen Ketchey:

SALISBURY, N. C.,
July 9th, 1873.

Early yesterday morning the citizens of this place were much relieved by hearing the news of the arrest of a notorious character by the name of John Allen Ketchey. His name has been the topic of conversation for two days. Crowds gather on the streets and talk of his life, narrow escapes from death, etc. So notorious and desperate was he that the news had spread all over the city before the sun was up. Persons knowing it were known to go to their neighbors, wake them up and tell the news, "Ketchey has been captured at last." Hundreds visited the jail before ten o'clock to get a glimpse of the prisoner. For some weeks past numbers of young men have left the place and searched for days for him through the country, returning without their game. All visitors to the jail were refused admittance, your reporter among the number. Finally, however, upon my expressing a desire to report for the Raleigh News, I was told by the Sheriff to call at his office at twelve o'clock, and he would admit me to the jail. Accordingly at the appointed time I called, waited for a few minutes, when I was led by the Sheriff to one of the back doors of the Court House, through a garden, and then into the back yard of the jail. The building I found to be a large strong three story brick building, situated in a beautiful lot on the principal streets, only one block from the public square. As we reached the back door, I was made to promise that I should not let any one in the city know that I had been admitted to the prisoner. On the first floor we came to a large iron door, fastened by large pad-lock, bolt and chain. After we passed through, it was locked behind us. Upon reaching the top of the steps we came to another door heavier and larger than the one passed. After some difficulty we passed this and came to another which opened into the passage, on one side of which was the cell of the notorious

JOHN ALLEN KETCHEY.
We found him apparently sleep-

ing. The Sheriff called him to the door of his cell and I introduced myself as the reporter for the News. He seemed glad that I had called. I found him to be a young man of twenty-seven years, 5½ half feet high with a very intelligent and innocent look, black hair, dark eyes, heavy moustache, with light side whiskers. He was lying on blankets that had been spread in his cell for him. He is a fine looking man, and seems to be in the wrong place. When called he seemed slow to move, as he was suffering severely from the wounds received nine days ago. From Ketchey, with the assistance of Sheriff Waggoner, I elicited the following: "I was born and raised in the county of Rowan, within a few miles of Salisbury. When I had become about 16 or 18 years of age I was sent to school in Salisbury by my father, to an old gentleman by the name of Grossclove. I was much loved by my schoolmates, and am sure that I did not have an enemy in the whole place." Here the prisoner raised his head, gave a groan and exclaimed, "Oh, God! how I do wish that I could recall all that I have done since I went to school, could wipe it all out, be a free man. I would then be a model man, a good man. I would show the people of Salisbury and the world what a good man was. When the war was getting pretty hot I was conscripted, but never served long. I was always being arrested and court-martialed for many things that I was forced to do." Here the prisoner was asked what he did, but he gave no answer. "Near the close of the war I deserted and went home; stayed in the woods until its close; was arrested several times for stealing money, but always managed to make my escape from every jail I was in. In the year 1868 I was arrested in Salisbury while sitting on the street, upon the charge of stealing a horse in town of Greensboro, was tried at Spring Term of the Court, found guilty and sentenced to the Penitentiary for a term of seven years; broke jail about 10 o'clock the first night after I was sentenced; was recaptured the next morning about sunrise and taken back to prison; remained there for about a month, when I again broke jail and made good my escape. During this time there were many crimes committed, such as horse stealing, house breaking and burning, and a rape committed; all these I was charged with. The officers of the law were looking for me all the time; but I was not troubled with them until last Christmas night, when I was arrested by three men from Salisbury, Sam'l. Reeves, David Bringle and John Beard. They came upon me at the house of John Swink, situated one mile and a half from Salisbury. I made no resistance whatever; was brought to Salisbury and lodged in jail that night. On the 10th of February, 1873, about seven o'clock in the evening, I managed to loose myself from the chains and handcuffs, with which I was fastened to the floor, forced open the great iron door of my cell, ran down stairs and made good my escape. The rape for which I was arrested and am now charged with was committed about the latter part of June 1872, on a white girl 18 years of age, very pretty and said to be respectable. I know nothing about this, never dreamed of it until I was informed that I was accused of it. As soon as I broke jail, I left home and went down on the W. C. & R. Railroad and got board at a station by the name of Lilesville, went from there to Wilmington, remained only a short time; from there I went to Goldsboro and Raleigh; stayed in Raleigh a few days; walked about the city, saw the Capitol, &c. In traveling I never try to conceal myself. From there I went to Weldon, thence to Petersburg; stopped in Richmond two days; went from there

to Acquia Creek; thence to Washington City; stopped at the Metropolitan Hotel. Before I left Salisbury I heard that Sheriff Waggoner had been accused of aiding me in my escape from jail, so I told my brother Louis that before the Sheriff should lose his office on my account, I would give myself up to him. While in Washington, I saw an extract taken from some paper that I had escaped and that the Sheriff was suspected of being instrumental in it, and that the Court was about to make it go hard with him. I thereupon sat down immediately, and wrote a note to Mr. J. J. Bruner, Editor of the Salisbury Watchman, exonerating him from all blame. I asked the Editor to publish it, and was glad to find afterwards that he did so. From Washington, I went to New York, Philadelphia and Boston; from there I returned home, by the way of Baltimore. In every place that I would stop at, the first thing I would do was to buy a newspaper to see if it contained anything about me. I love to read and write dearly. I was often much amused by seeing pieces in the paper about me, where I had been seen, what crimes I committed, &c. All these were lies. I had not been at home long, before Sheriff Waggoner heard of it and for weeks and months I was hounded down, often thinking that my time for going up had come. I evaded all of them until the 31st of June, 1873; some of my supposed friends betrayed me and informed the Sheriff whereabouts I frequented. So on the morning of the 31st, Sheriff Waggoner, after having from fifty to seventy-five men out looking for me, summoned a posse of seven men, together with his Deputy, Moses A. Smith, who I could have killed a hundred times before, and concealed themselves in a dense thicket of black jack bushes, about a mile and a half from Gold Hill on the Salisbury and Albemarle road, where I was to pass that morning. About seven o'clock in the morning I was walking up the road by the side of my young brother, Louis B. Ketchey's waggon, he and a man by the name of Brady were riding in the wagon, I walking. I was in continual fear of being shot down all the time. As we neared the thicket I heard a noise in the bushes, at the same instant brother Louis spoke to his horse which had become frightened and hallowed to me to look out. As I turned my face to the bushes I immediately recognized the face of Sheriff Waggoner. The wagon in which was my brother and Brady, was between the Sheriff and myself. I saw in an instant that he had several men with him. Determining to escape, I turned and ran in the opposite direction from there across the road; jumped a rail fence and started across an open field. I heard the Sheriff say: stop, John Allen, and immediately afterwards they fired on me, four distinct shots almost simultaneously. The first shot took effect in my left hand, tearing off the fat ham of my thumb and my fore finger, also breaking the first three fingers. I continued running but had not gone more than ten steps before I received several shots, one in the back part of my head, one in my neck, one in my left leg, and three shots in my right hand; one pistol bullet in my right wrist and another in my shoulder and back. I began to feel weak from the loss of blood and found it very difficult to continue running, so I determined to make for the woods. After I reached the woods I found that I was out running them, but that they were tracking me by the blood on the leaves and bushes which fell from my hands as I passed by. I had on a hat which I took, put my hands inside and ran with all my might for about a quarter of a mile; stopped and listened but could not hear anything of them. I found afterward that all the guns

were loaded with fifteen buck shot each. My coat here has twenty-six holes in the left side of the tail. After I had been wounded for several days I found that I was suffering intensely and was compelled to have medical attention. My hands began to rot and get full of worms. All the time I remained close to a branch of water so that I could lath my wounds frequently. I sent for Dr. Caldwell, of Salisbury, several times but before he arrived I got scared that he would be followed by officers, and I would be arrested. On the 5th of July, five days after the shooting, my brother Louis told Sheriff Waggoner where I was; but before he reached me, I left and went near Salisbury, just within the corporate limits. Here on the 7th I received medical attention from Dr. Caldwell. The Sheriff heard that the Dr. had seen me at the place, so night before last, at 11½ o'clock, Sheriff Waggoner, accompanied by Mr. William Brown, of Salisbury, arrested me. I was under a house in the north western part of town; name of the place will come out on the trial. Mr. Brown saw me first and caught hold of me. As soon as I saw the Sheriff, I begged for mercy, and prayed him not to shoot me, but to spare my life and I would willingly go with him. They then brought me to the jail. The prisoner informed me that he never drank any liquor, never played cards never used tobacco in any shape or form in his life. He says that he has a plenty of everything, and is not compelled to steal for a living, but that it has grown upon him so, that if he were clear of every crime that he ever committed, and sent free, if he were to see a good horse and a good chance to steal it, he could not help it if his life depended upon it. John Allen Ketchey has been sentenced to the Penitentiary not less than eight times for horse stealing; has broken into and robbed several stores and dwellings, and now stands charged with the crime of rape. For more than eight years he has been a most notorious and daring thief, and a terror to all the people of this part of the State. Sheriff Waggoner certainly deserves great credit for his energy and the skill he has put forth to secure his arrest, having himself been out in the woods away from home, sleeping on the ground for weeks at a time, trying to rid the good people of this county of a most notorious and desperate man. His trial comes off the first Monday in August, and the universal desire and belief here is, that he will hang for his crimes. The people will not be satisfied unless he suffers the extreme penalty of the law. He seems to be glad that his trial comes off so early; says he feels much relieved, as he has medical attention at present. He is very feeble and weak, and in a critical condition. One of his hands will have to be amputated. His whole body seems to be riddled with bullets. You will, I guess, hear more of him next month.

G. B. E.

The Raleigh News says that on Wednesday last twenty Masters of the twenty five Granges now in operation in this State assembled in Metropolitan Hall, for the purpose of organizing a State Grange: Col. D. Wyatt Aiken, Grand Deputy of the National Grange, called the meeting to order, making some practical remarks in relation to the operations and designs of the order, and the good which would ensue from its extension throughout the State. J. W. Hall, Master of Rowan Central Grange, was called to the chair, temporarily. C. R. Jones and R. T. Fulghum were appointed Secretaries. Messrs. J. S. Long, C. R. Jones and T. L. Vail were appointed a

committee, through their Chairman, Mr. Long, submitted a series of by laws, which were adopted. The election of officers of the State Grange was next gone into, which resulted as follows: Master—W. S. Battle, of Edgecombe. Overseer—Columbus Mills, of Cabarrus. Lecturer—John S. Long, of Newbern. Steward—E. C. Davidson, of Mecklenburg. Assistant Steward—A. J. Galloway, of Wayne. Chaplain—J. W. Hall, of Rowan. Secretary—G. W. Lawrence, of Cumberland. Gate Keeper—J. M. Campbell, of Moore. Cerees—Mrs. W. S. Battle, of Edgecombe. Pomona—Mrs. S. A. Mills, of Cabarrus. Flora—Mrs. E. C. Davidson, of Mecklenburg. Messrs. A. T. Mail, George Z. French and J. W. Hall were chosen as the Executive Committee. The first to hold office for three years, the second for two and the third for one year. On motion, deputies for the propagation of the order were appointed as follows: In the East, Jno. S. Long, for the Centre R. T. Fulghum, and for the West, E. C. Davidson. A. T. Mail offered the following resolution, which was adopted: Resolved, That the State Agricultural Journal, published in the city of Raleigh, by R. T. Fulghum, be considered the organ of the State Grange; that we recommend it to the support of all the members of the order. On motion of J. W. Hall, the State Grange adjourned to meet again in this city on the 3d Wednesday of next February, unless sooner called by proper authority. One who was present informs us that a crowd of more than four thousand persons assembled at Wilkesboro' on Friday 24, of June, for the purpose of seeing the struggle of George Graham, under sentence of death, on the gallows. The prisoner was brought out to the scaffold, and as every preparation had been made for the hanging, it took the audience by considerable surprise when the Sheriff drew from his pocket a commutation of sentence, to imprisonment for life from the Governor. The culprit took little or no notice of this commutation of sentence, regarding the proceedings with stoical indifference. It is understood that he denied any participation in the murder of Miss Seamon, but mentioned under the gallows, while under the impression that he was to be hung, the names of several persons who he said could tell all about it. We heard none of the names.—Statesville Intelligencer.

Quarrelling.

If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after it than before. It degrades him in the eyes of others, and, what is worse, blunts his sensibilities on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more peacefully and quietly we get on, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the better course is, if a man cheats you, cease to deal with him; if he is abusive, quit his company and if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm and quiet way of dealing with the wrong we meet with.