

WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

THE STRONGEST BULWARK OF OUR COUNTRY—THE POPULAR HEART.

CARPENTER & GRAYSON, Editors.

CLENDENIN & CARPENTER, PUBLISHERS.

VOL. I.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., SEPTEMBER 6, 1873.

NO. 30.

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	16.00
2 "	2.00	5.00	12.00	18.00	30.00
3 "	3.00	7.50	18.00	27.00	45.00
4 "	4.00	10.00	24.00	36.00	60.00
5 "	5.00	12.50	30.00	45.00	75.00
6 "	6.00	15.00	36.00	54.00	90.00
7 "	7.00	17.50	42.00	63.00	105.00
8 "	8.00	20.00	48.00	72.00	120.00
9 "	9.00	22.50	54.00	81.00	135.00
10 "	10.00	25.00	60.00	90.00	150.00

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, begs, by prompt attention to all calls, to merit a continuance of the same.

W. LOGAN, J. M. JUSTICE,
LOGAN & JUSTICE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to their care.

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

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

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

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

Flemming House,
MARION, N. C.
Board per Day, \$1.50
" Week, 7.00
" Month, 21.00
B. B. FREEMAN, Proprietor.

McDowell House,
HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.
This house is now open for the reception of travelers and all transient custom.

BUSINESS CARDS.
W. H. JAY,
HOUSE AND SIGN
PAINTER,
ASA HANCOCK, & CO.
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Gilding, Marbling and Kalsomning executed in the best style.

BLACKSMITHING.
Bradley Dalton would announce to his friends and customers that his Shop is in full blast on Main Street, South of the City. Terms as low as the lowest.

Shoeing Horses \$1.00.
Country produce taken in payment for work market prices.
Give him a Call. 10-ly

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

BLACKSMITH SHOP.
The undersigned would respectfully inform 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.

The Wilmington Journal,
ENGELHARD & SAUNDERS,
Editors and Publishers,
Wilmington, N. C.
Published every morning except Monday at 7 o'clock.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Record.
To a Shadow.

FAIRY BELLE.

And is there, in this love-bewildered world,
One human heart that craves not human love?
That calm could see its life-dream downward hurled
And only say "accept the shadow Belle?"

Oh, spirit cousin life without love?
Aye, human love—there's not one true, high heart
Throbbing beneath yon shining stars above,
But would with life itself far sooner part.

'Tis easy talking of a love like this,
Fixed in the skies, which gives the bosom calm;
But in one answering heart-throb there's a bliss
Ye would not change for Gilead's mystic balm.

And have not you felt this? "The earth is bright
And I am earthly, so I love it well;
Though Heaven is holier and full of light
Yet I am frail and with frail things would dwell."

Again "Love is not grief nor shame nor sin,
And if the first sweet draught, e'en as we taste,
To ashes turns, must the parched soul let in
No other stream that gushes in life's waste?"

Should "mould create?" there is a crumbling clay,
As every earnest, soulful spirit knows—
Form it in classic mould—one murky day—
'Twill sink into the dust from whence it rose.

I would not chill one heart that trusts in me,
Nor from the path allotted turn away,
But may not spirits, linked by sympathy,
Enjoy an hours commune though far away?

I care not though the form I ne'er behold,
If the soul's breathing language answers mine;
The darkened scroll from off my heart is rolled
And Love's pure essence poured upon its shrine.

And not one spirit in ten thousand here
E'er finds an echo to its quivering thought;
Its flash of bright intelligence—its tear
With love and fear and hopeful trembling fraught.

And when it is so blest, can it be wrong
To clash but once that hand—exchange one glance
Which might inspire, in heaven's pure realm, a song
Whose notes would fill Eternity's expanse?

If this may never be, oh, why was placed
By One All-wise this struggling stream of love
Within the soul, if it might never taste
One answering glimmer from the skies above?

Coming Fashions for Autumn.

The New and Old in Colors—Walking suits—Fall Costumes—Paris Modes—Bonnets—Absurdities.

The new and varied names attached to colors are legion, and while many new shades have been introduced a large portion of the prevailing colors are but old under a new name. Dark blue shades predominate among the new silk importations. Summer lines, with cashmere, camel's-hair, and other fine wool fabrics have become so popular in these hues that it is prophesied dark blue silk suits will find especial favor as winter costumes; and by way of further commendation

merchants say these French blues are equally becoming to blondes and brunettes.

The comprehensive term grosbleu includes various shades with specific names, such as black-blue, which is very nearly black; old blue, like the colors seen in English china; indigo blue, and the dull Napoleon blue were introduced in the spring; tourmaline is the color of the stone of that name, and mandarin is the familiar Chinese blue. There are also mongrel blues with a dash of foreign color—as, for instance, the gray-blues, among which is a sea tint, a "deep and dark blue ocean" color, appropriately called, Byron; a still grayer, more murky shade, is Euxine blue; while a light tint is known as rosemary. Greenish-blues are not as largely imported as formerly, but a few of the peacock shades are in vogue, and labeled canard blue, or shallow blue, a soft dark shade of remarkable beauty.

Among grays the clearest are the slate gray and dark iron gray. Mixed blue-grays and the resedating green-grays are again displayed, but no longer new; oxidized silver-gray, and a dark purple-gray that will look well associated with violet, are especially admired. Bronzes are darker than ever, and the shades that will find most favor are brown and black. Pure shades of brown are so dark that the color is invisible except in certain lights; in this list are Turco brown, corbeau or crow-black brown, and ink brown.

There is nothing in the name of Persian green, it being a reproduction of the yellow tinge so familiar in olive and bronze greens.

The tea greens of various shades, with sage, mirtle, moss and rifle green, will be used.—Deep royal purple, plume color, puce and blue prune are largely imported. The only red shade found among gros grains is the French ecarlate, which is softer and darker than ordinary scarlet, and the new current color. Rose pastle, Indienne blue, with green pearl color, are the prominent shades for evening silks, and are pale, shadowy tints that require gaslight to develop their beauty.

A very pretty wilking suit is in brown gros grain. The skirt is cut plain and trimmed with a wide gathered ruffle at the bottom and folds of the material edged on one side with a cording of black gros grain. The polonaise is open in front, with turned down collar and coat sleeve, and is trimmed with folds similar to those on the skirt, passementerie agrafes and black silk cords.

Another in pearl-gray foulard. The skirt is trimmed in front with gathered puffs of the material and with folds, kilt-plated ruffles, and bows of pale pink gros grain. The back of the skirt is trimmed with a gathered foulded ruffle and with folds and kilt-plated ruffles of gros grain. The overskirt is cut in scollops of the under edge and bound with pink gros grain ribbon. The trimming for the waist consists of reverse, folds, and kilt-plated ruffles of gros grain. Sash and bow of the same. Black tulle bonnet, trimmed with gros grain ribbon, feathers, and pink roses. Parasol of gray silk and lace, lined with pink lustering.

A very elegant suit is in ecru de beige. The skirt is plain, trimmed with two very wide gathered ruffles, trimmed on the under edge with a fold of dark olive green mohair, quite wide, and on the upper with a narrow fold of the same material. The folds are edged on one side with cording of the material. The overskirt is plain, forming a tablier in front, and is trimmed on the under edge with a fold of olive green. The basque is open in front, with vest, and it trimmed with rows of olive green material, with white pearl buttons.

tight sleeves, and high ruffs, which will be applied to jockery basques, round waists, and polonaises.

Double-breasted redingotes will have ruffs placed inside. Single-breasted polonaises have a pretty finish given to the neck by adding a standing English collar with pointed revers front, made of the dress material, or else of the silk with which it is trimmed. The neck of the dress is cut very high in the throat, and above this collar appears a white muslin ruff which is to be worn very close and high all around, and is called the "Amy Robsart" ruff.

From advices received from private modists in Paris it seems that for the coming season polonaises will be worn very long and flat in front, much shorter behind, and looped high on the sides. The long, straight scarf front, with square corners below, and clinging closely to the figure, is seen in imported suite. Silk skirts are trimmed with bias bands of cashmere, and so profusely trimmed that it is difficult to decide whether the skirt is silk or cashmere. Small mantles, pelerines, and Dolmans with square mantilla fronts will be added to polonaises to give necessary warmth. English sacques of "diagonal" clothes will be in vogue for early fall.

Importation of bonnets for the early season show a decided change, and the tendency is toward a turn to a real bonnet shape. They have broad crowns and high coronets cut in square turrets, or eels dipping fronts with flaring sides. They have also very full face trimmings, while at the back is a band nearly approaching to a cape. Most of the trimmings in the way of flowers and feathers are massed on the back, but there is very little pendant drapery of lace, ribbon, or silk. Pompons, aigrettes, and ornaments of cut steel or jet are stuck directly in front, in imitation of a conspicuous ornament worn by the Shah. The face trimming is a full vine of leaves, a wreath of flowers, or else a twist of silk knotted at intervals or else dotted with flowers.

The Rabagar will again be revived and become popular, as it can be worn either as a bonnet or hat, as strings are added or omitted. The silk that will mostly be used for trimming bonnets of velvet, straw, and royale is called gros de Sarry, and is a soft, finely repped silk. Bonnets of fashionable dark or somber hues are brightened by large red roses; trimmings of light shades will be used on dark velvets; flowers will be worn extensively on winter bonnets, and ostrich pompons and aigrettes will be very fashionable, as well as long plumes sweeping over the crowns of round hats.

Some beautiful combinations are already shown, one, a bonnet of invisible brown velvet has pale blue facing and purple pansies; a violet velvet bonnet has reseda pipings on the crown, with groseille rosses hanging low on one side; a black velvet bonnet shows a pale blue pleated facing in front, with a coronet wreath of green leaves, while drooping low behind is a long ostrich plume of mingled green and blue shades; a garnet velvet bonnet has soft gray facings, and a Persian green has trimmings of a lighter shade, with groseille rosses.

One of the absurdities which it now seems will come into vogue is the "grasshopper bend," one of summer follies originated at Saratoga. Imagine a figure draped in a walking suit, with dark skirt, bright-striped polonaise, with immense rolling collars, tight sleeves and vest, and bustles elevated to an angle of forty-five degrees, with jaunty hat tipped half over the eyes, a belt with buckles large as saucers clasped behind, containing a short umbrella, like dagger, protruding behind and before in a very inconvenient, as well as ungraceful, way, and the

costume is completed of a belle who essays the grasshopper bend." —Chrysele

How a Paper is Made.

A PARODY.

"Pray, how is a newspaper made?"
The question is easy to ask,
But answer it fully, my dear,
Were rather a difficult task;
And yet in a bantering way,
As the whippoorwill sings in the glade
I'll venture a bit of a lay
To tell how a paper is made.

An editor sits at a desk,
And ponders the things that appear
To be claiming the thoughts of the world—
Things solemn, and comic, and queer—
And when he has hit on a theme
He judges it well to parade,
He writes, and he writes and he writes,
And that's how a paper is made.

An editor sits at his desk,
And puzzles his brain to make out
"Telegraphic" so squabbled and mixed,
It is hated to tell what it's about
Exchanges are lying around—
While waiting dispatches delayed,
He clips, and he clips, and he clips,
And that's how a paper is made.

An editor out in town,
In search of things that are new—
The things that the people have done,
The things they're intending to do—
Goes peering and prying about,
For it's of many a grade;
He tramps, and he tramps, and he tramps,
And that's how a paper is made.

And all that these workers prepare,
Of every conceivable stripe,
Is sent to the printer, and he
Proceedeth to stick in type,
His lines, all, all respecting his will,
In slow moving columns parade—
He sticks and he sticks and he sticks,
And that's how a paper is made.

In short, when the type is all set,
And errors cleared up, more or less,
'Tis "locked in a form," as we say,
And hurried away to the press,
The pressman arranges his sheets,
His ink gives the requisite shade,
Then he prints and he prints and he prints,
And that's how a paper is made.

The Origin of "Hail Columbia."

In the recollections of Washington, just published, occurs the following anecdote:

The song of "Hail Columbia," adopted in measure to the "President's March," was written by Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, in 1783. At that time war with France was expected, and a patriotic feeling pervaded the community. Mr. Fox, a young singer and actor, called upon Hopkinson one morning and said:—"Tomorrow evening is appointed for my benefit at the theatre.—Not a single box has been taken, and I fear it will be a thin house. If you will write me some patriotic verses to the tune of the 'President's March,' I feel sure of a full house. Several about the theatre have attempted it, but they have come to the conclusion that it cannot be done; yet I think you may succeed." Mr. Hopkinson retired to his study, wrote the first verse and chorus, and submitted them to Mr. Fox, who sang them in parpsichord accompaniment. The song was soon finished and that evening the young actor received it. The next morning the placards announced that Mr. Fox would give a new patriotic song. The house was crowded; the song was sung the audience delighted. Eight times it was called for and repeated, and when sung the ninth time the whole audience stood up and joined in the chorus. Night after night "Hail Columbia" was applauded in the theatre, and in a few days was a universal song of the boys in the streets. Such was the origin of our national song, "Hail Columbia."

Bones.

A writer in the "Horticulturist" buys bones of butchers at a dollar the hundred pounds, and considers them the cheapest fertilizer he can obtain. He transforms them into meal by the following simple process; "I have a large water-tight hoghead standing outdoors, near the kitchen. In the spring I cover the bottom about six inches deep with dry soil. On this I put a layer of bones the same depth, and covered them entirely with unleached ashes. On these another layer of bones, then ashes, and so on until the hoghead is full. I leave it then exposed to sun and rain all summer and winter, until the next spring. Then, on removing the contents of the hoghead, I find nearly all the bones so soft that they will crumble to powder under a very slight pressure, and they give a nice pile of manure, ready for immediate use. Any of the bones not sufficiently subdued, I return to the hoghead again for another twelve months' slumber."

An Apt Reply.

A German paper contains a reply from a clergyman who was traveling, and who stopped at a hotel much frequented by what is termed "drummers." The host not being used to having clergymen at his table, looked at him with surprise; the clerks used all their artillery of wit without eliciting a remark in self-defense. The worthy clergyman ate his dinner without apparently observing his neighbors. One of them at last, in despair at his forbearance, said to him:

"I wonder at your patience! Have you not heard all that has been said against you?"
"Oh! yes, but I am used to it. Do you not know who I am?"

"No, sir."
"Well, I will inform you. I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum; such remarks have no effect upon me."

The Products Labor.

Human labor is a thousand little rivets replenishes the fountains of man's earthly existence. It sends its tiny but powerful roots into the soil, that the crops may, in due season, fructify and replenish and gladden the earth; it dives into the darkened mind, where cheering sunlight never penetrates, to bring forth some of the most important necessities of modern civilization; for what would civilization be without iron, coal and salt. As we value the products of labor, how much more should we esteem the intelligent agencies by which they are produced. In whatever sphere of action it may be, labor is honorable, and there is, at times a moral heroism and spirit of self-denial exhibited which not only renders it sublime, but god-like.

Daniel Webster is not the only bright boy born in New Hampshire. Another has been discovered—a youth residing in Dover, who refused to take a pill. His crafty mother thereupon secretly placed the pill in a preserved pear, and gave it to him. Presently she asked, "Tom, have you eaten the pear?" He said "Yes, mother all but the seed."

Alice.—"Do you know, uncle, that that horrid Mr. Binks declares that you have taken to hard drinking?"
Uncle George.—"Not true, my dear—no! never drank easier in my life."

A man addicted to snoring remarked to his bedfellow in the morning that he slept "like a top." "I know it," said the other—"like a humming top."

The largest room in the world is said to be the room for improvement.