

WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

THE STRONGEST BULWARK OF OUR COUNTRY—THE POPULAR HEART.

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Any further information will be given on application to the publishers.

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.

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 Justices' Courts.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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Collections promptly attended to.

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THE BURNETT HOUSE,
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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.

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.

Fleming House,
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Board per Day, \$1.50
" Week, 7.00
" Month, 21.00
B. B. FREEMAN, Proprietor.

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This house is now open for the reception of boarders and all transient custom.

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W. H. JAY,
HOUSE AND SIGN
PAINTER
PAPER HANGING, &c.
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Gilding, Marbling and Kalsomining executed in the best style.
Orders from neighboring towns promptly attended to.

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

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 Six John.
G. M. WHITESIDE, W. M.
M. H. JUSTICE, Sec.

Kick Him When He's Down.

When the sun of prosperity's shining,
And man's growing rich every day,
When in ease and comfort reclining,
And golden success crowns his way,

How friends will then flock about him;
But if fortune should happen to frown,

How quickly he'll get the "cold
shoulder,"
And be "kicked because he is
down."

How kindly the world will smile on him
When life with successes abound;

How cordially, blandly 'twill greet him
As in pleasure he's riding around!

But then let reverses o'er take him,
And his friends both in country
and town

Have not a kind sentence to cheer him,
But will kick him as soon as he's
down.

Let a man get position or wealth,
Matters not by intrigue or fraud,
The world nods approvingly at him,
And his acts will loudly applaud;

What though he may be a great
villain
With the simple, the wise, and the
clown,

While he's up he's a "tip-top fellow,"
But they'll "kick him if he ever
gets down."

When a man has plenty of "green-
backs,"
And he's healthy, and festive, and
gay,
He's counted a "bully good chum"
then,
And the crowd approves all he
may say;

But just let him lose his treasures,
Perchance, too, his health may be
gone,
He'll get to be nobody quickly,
And sure to be "kicked when he's
down."

What's the use of being moral or
honest,
Or strive to be upright and true;
For unless a man has "lots of
money,"
The world's bound to "put him
right through;"
They'll "go for him" certain and
surely,
From the jockey to priest in his
gown—
And all stand ready to "snub" him,
And "kick him because he is
down."

Written for the Record.
THORNS.

BY

I met the Rev. Mr. Vanity yesterday. He carried himself as if he thought it a very honorable thing to be a Minister of the Gospel. It surely is. Occasionally he calls on old Mrs. Pious. I charitably hope that it is not because he is expected to do this, and therefore he dare not pass her by. While there he deprecates the wickedness of his fellow men, and ardently longs to see the day when the wicked will forsake his ways, and become an humble (2) follower of our blessed Saviour. The Rev. gentleman dines very often with Bro. Cash, and also with Sister Wealthy. While with them he talks affably about Science, Literature, the Fine Arts, the Markets, &c., and, I suppose, remembers with a start that he forgot to say anything to them about the welfare of that impalpable organ which they are supposed to possess, termed their souls. But then, they will hear him preach next Sabbath, and he can warn them sufficiently then. Besides, he might bore them, and this thought is dreadful. Mrs. Wealthy's son, who is an observing boy, when he listens demurely to the Rev.'s eloquent appeals, on the following Sabbath, to the flock in his charge, to carry Christianity into their every-day life, is rather disgusted with the

worthy man, and with the Gospel in general, though it comes to him up so much pomp and glitter and worldly respectability. But this only shows how much natural evil there is, even in the heart of a child. Ministers are but men, and we all have enough sense now-a-days, or should have, not to expect them to live during the week as they preach on Sunday. A few Sundays back, as this good minister came out of Church, after preaching very feelingly on the humble christian graces, he almost ran over poor Bro. Hardup in his eagerness to shake the offered hand of Bro. Cash. Bro. Hardup had patches on his elbows and knees and should have kept out of the way. But Bro. Hardup's wife, who is not a member of the Church, saw the occurrence, and felt, for a moment, like she would rather take her chances elsewhere, than to follow this "conceited, toadying, hypocrite" to the place which he said was heaven. Of course she was only making her own destruction sure, by thus despising in her heart this good minister of the Gospel of Christ.

The world has advanced in knowledge and civilization.—Christianity should keep pace with it. Christians have become too respectable, talented and wealthy to be compelled to follow in that low and humble track laid for it by its Divine Builder. We should be glad.

Rev. Mr. Vanity is a fine man. I have but one suggestion to make to him. If he will adopt it I might almost say he is a perfect man. That is—Let him strike out those absurd doctrines of meekness, humility, and the like which were only applicable to the old semi-barbaric times. If he will only do this in theory, as he has already done in practice, and preach what he practices, he will be entirely up to the latest and most approved ideas of modern Christianity.

In conclusion, let me beg of you, do not misconstrue the following text of Scripture into having any allusion to the condition of such churches as the one supplied by the Rev. Mr. Vanity. "If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness."

For the Record.
"Junius," etc.

Messrs. Editors.—The remarks of your correspondent "Junius" in your last issue, are so true and well-timed that I am compelled to write in commendation of his article.

Every true man in the State rejoices in the largest number possible of good schools. But all such men most honestly deplore the many impositions and money-traps imposed upon the people all over the State, and especially so in the Switzerland of America, Western North Carolina. At least two thirds of all who call themselves teachers know as little of the correct methods of teaching as a horse knows of moral obligations. Of the hundreds who sit in the "Master's Chair" in North Carolina, west of Raleigh, not more than *ten* can tell the difference between an *Idea* and an *Ideal*. Of course, I refer to Common School Teachers, Peabody Instructors, and Priests.

pals of the so-called High Schools. Many of them are "High Schools" indeed; but high in tuition and extravagance of dress, &c.

The Common Schools are simply in this State a burlesque on School teaching. As a general rule, the biggest fool that can be had is selected for the teacher, because he boards himself and teaches for eight or ten dollars per month; besides, he "has no 'learnin', hardly," and he will stultify our children better than the "College-learned teachers."

The Peabody Schools are the grandest temptations to trifling and lazy people of any thing in the State. Any man, boy, or woman who can get together a certain number of pupils, and keep them together for a specific length of time, gets the money, and that is the grand object; whether the children are made worse or better, is no part of the teacher's thoughts.

It often happens, too, that old brokendown Doctors, briefless Lawyers, circuitless Preachers, lazy Farmers and others, who have no character or capital of their own to sustain them, work their nieces or nephews, or some old maid relative into these Peabody Schools, while they themselves pocket the forth-coming greenbacks.

And so the work goes on in Western North Carolina, and those very persons who are making these grand impositions, upon the beneficence of the old man Peabody, are the ones who exaggerate to the disgust of "Junius" and all other sensible men.

It takes men of age, experience, learning and piety to be teachers. The work is the work of men, intellectually and morally. Children, simpletons and wicked men are not fit for instructors.

More anon.

SENEX.

The Swimming Collar.

Swimming collars indeed?—Who ever, until lately, heard of such a thing? One has heard of "grinning through a horse collar," but to swim in collar seems, at first sight, so great an absurdity that the idea alone suffices to raise a smile. The swimming collar is a very thin and light India-rubber circular, cylindrical inflated tube, which is placed round the neck by being drawn over the head before inflation; or, in those far use of women, tied round the neck. It is then inflated through a small tube, long enough to reach the mouth. As, however, the India-rubber cylinder would not of itself be strong enough to bear rough usage, it is inclosed in an outer cover or case of elastic cotton, similar in texture to a cotton stocking; which outer cover, being smaller than the inner tube, is tightly filled before the latter is so, and thus receives all the strain from any outward pressure or blow. This is the same principle as that on which the American inflated tubular boat was constructed, which some time since crossed the Atlantic, from New York to Southampton. The invention is manufactured in London, and costs only about five shillings. The buoyancy of the collar, which will float an iron weight of eight pounds, will raise a person's head quite out of the water, and float him with his mouth open about 4 or 5 inches above its surface. The actual weight of the collar is less than two ounces. If music however, be borne in mind that the swimming collar is not intended to

supercede the life-belt; nor is it fitted to do so, since a proper life-belt will have sufficient buoyancy to float the person with the shoulders and chest above the water, which no belt or collar round the neck could do; but then a life-belt is a comparatively large and cumbersome thing, while the neck-collar, when uninflated and folded up, is no larger than a pair of gloves or a thin stocking.—*Home Journal.*

One Hundred Miles an Hour.

A scientific journal says: The fitted railway speeds in the world are attained in England, and the highest railway speed in England is attained on the Great Western Railway, and this speed may be taken roundly as fifty miles an hour. Mr. Stirling has run with one of his great outside cylinder express engines, and sixteen carriages at seventy miles an hour on the Great Northern; on a level or slightly falling gradient; and we know that the Yarmouth express on the Great Eastern sometimes has reached the speed of sixty-four miles an hour on the Brentwood bank. On two occasions, some years ago in Ireland, we ran 14 miles in sixteen minutes with a powerful engine and a train of but two carriages. Much of the run was done at over 65 miles per hour. On the Boston and Albany road, United States, the fifty-four miles between Springfield and Worcester were run by an engine with 16 inches cylinder, 22 inches stroke, and 6½ feet driving wheel, in fifty-eight minutes. Much of the run was done at nearly seventy miles an hour. On what occasions there can be no question, therefore, but that a speed of sixty-five miles an hour may be available with safety. We believe that it would be possible to lay a permanent way, so well, and to maintain it in such excellent order, that trains might travel on it with perfect safety at 100 miles an hour. Miles upon miles of such track are now to be found on most of our great main lines, but it is not to be disputed that nowhere can 100 consecutive miles of permanent way in perfection be found; and as a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, so a few hundred yards of bar track would spoil, for the purpose of traveling at 100 miles an hour, a whole line.

A Fox Story.

A certain Norwegian hunter, who was one morning keeping watch in the forest, saw a fox cautiously making his approach toward the stump of an old tree. When sufficiently near he took a high and determined jump on to the top of it, and after looking round awhile, hopped to the ground again. After Reynard had repeated this knightly exercise several times, he went his way, but presently returned to the spot, bearing a pretty large and heavy piece of dry oak in his mouth; and thus burdened, and as it would seem, for the purpose of testing his vaulting powers, he renewed his leaps on to the stump. After a time, however, and when he found that, weighted as he was, he could make the ascent with facility, he desisted from further efforts, dropped the piece of wood from his mouth, and coiling himself upon the top of the stump, remained motionless, as if dead. At the approach of evening an old sow and her progeny, five or six in number, issued from a neighboring thicket, and pursuing their usual track, passed near the stump in question. Two of her sucklings followed, somewhat behind the rest, and just as they neared the stump, Mischel, with the rapidity of thought, darted down from his perch upon one of them, and in the twinkling of an eye bore it in triumph to the fastness he had so cunningly prepared beforehand. Coupled at the shrieks of her

offspring, the old sow returned in fury to the spot, and until late in the night made repeated desperate attempts to storm the murderer's stronghold; but the fox took the matter very coolly, and devoured the pig under the very nose of its mother.

Luck.

It is the shallow who believe in luck: who say of a successful man, "he was always lucky," or of an unsuccessful one, "Poor fellow, just his luck." A man's luck is generally the measure of his capacity and perseverance. Cause produces effects, the world over. Water does not run up hill nor do we gather, even in these days of progress, grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles. If we would gather golden grain, we must first sow the seed. If we would be wise, we must work for wisdom. Riches, goodness, fame, love—each has its price, and can be purchased for no less. Life is a perpetual auction, where all prizes are knocked down to the highest bidder. The world's great men have toiled early and late. Even genius can find no royal road to its goal. Goethe, and Milton, and Newton, labored as the easy-going, fine gentlemen of literature cannot conceive. If they were great, they achieved greatness—it was not thrust on them. Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him the news of a new legacy; labor turns out at six o'clock, and with a busy pen writes a paper, and the foundation of a competency. Luck whines; labor whistles. Luck relies on chances; labor on character. Luck slips down to indigence; labor strike upward to independence.—*N. Y. Evening Telegram.*

Foolsap.

The origin of "foolsap" paper is not generally known. Charles I. of England granted numerous monopolies for the support of the government. Among others was the manufacture of paper. The watermark, of the finest sort, was the royal arms of England. The consumption of this article was great at this time, and large fortunes were made by those who had purchased the right to vend it. This, among other monopolies, was set aside by the Parliament that brought Charles I. to the scaffold, and as one way of showing their contempt for the King, they ordered the royal arms to be taken from the paper, and a fool with his cap and bells to be substituted. It is now over two hundred years since the fool's cap and bells were taken from the paper of the size which the Rump Parliament ordered for their journals bears the name and watermark as an indignity to Charles I.—*Ec.*

Method in Work.

Do instantly what ever is to be done; take the hours of reflection for recreation after business, and never before it. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front do not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily regularly dispatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion; pray mind this, it is one of your weak points, a habit of mind it is that is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not filled up regularly, but is left to their own arrangements. But it is like ivy round the oak and ends by limiting, if it does not destroy the power of manly and necessary exertion.—*Sir Walter Scott's Ivanhoe*