

The Rutherford Star AND WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

VOL. VII.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., SEPTEMBER 5, 1874.

NO. 30.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. W. HARRIS, M. D.
Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Rutherford and vicinity.
All cases entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
He may be found at his Office or Residence when not professionally absent. 1 ly

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RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Continues the practice of Medicine, Surgery and Midwifery, in Rutherford, and the surrounding country. 50-ly.

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Practice in the Federal Courts, Supreme Court of North Carolina, and in the Counties of Catawba, Caldwell, Rutherford, McDowell, Henderson, Mitchell and Yancey.
Collections made in any part of the State. 38-ly

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SURGEON
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MECHANICAL
Dentist.
38-ly RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

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Physician and Surgeon,
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DR. J. L. RUCKER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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Sunbeams and Shadows.

Long dear to me your gladsome play,
Ye sunbeams, o'er the hills of gray,
When at the blushing break of day,
With many a prank,
Yet chased the tardy shades away
From rock and bank.

I watched your veiled gleaming leap
At eventide o'er valley deep,
Or o'er the hill tops lightly creep
In sombre lines,
With touch too soft to break the sleep
Of nodding pines.

Now far from me your glances grace
The towering mountains rugged face,
No longer I your gambols trace
Through changing hues,
Which o'er the waving foliage race
When Zephyr woos.

I see no more the swelling hills—
Birth place of merry, rippling rills—
Monotony of level hills
The extended space:
No oft repeated echo thrills
From mountain base.

But o'er the boundless prairie sea
Succeeding waves of shadow flee,
Frisking away in frolic glee—
Luring me still,
As when they crept o'er forest tree
And verdant hill.

A Remarkable Dream.

AN OLD STORY OF A DISASTER
AT SEA RETOLD.

Some of the residents of the city of New York may yet remember those days of private and public agony, in October, 1854, when the Collins' steamship was overdue and supposed to be lost at sea.

The Collins' vessels were so regular that merchants timed the delivery of the mails almost to the hour; and when day after day sped by and neither the vessel nor any tidings of her came to hand, the gloom became deeper and deeper. Strange to relate, one of the most desponding was Mr. E. K. Collins, the manager of the line, and the person after whom it was named. The crowds who flocked to the office to question him, and who naturally expected to see him full of hope found him pale, dispirited, and often in tears. His wife and two children were on board; but it was thought that his confidence in the staunchness of his vessels, and the seamanship of those in charge of them, would make him treat the matter in a totally different spirit from what he did. Much surprise was expressed; but the actual reason for his great depression was at that time known only to a few of his relatives and most intimate friends. It arose, in

truth, from a dream, which left an impression beyond his power to overcome, and which in the end was verified in every particular.

A number of the directors and various merchants were assembled in the private office of the company on a Monday afternoon. The vessel was then some two days overdue, having been expected on the previous Saturday evening. At the time, Mr. Collins lived at a magnificent residence in Westchester county, and had remained in town over Sunday, to receive his family on the arrival of the steamer. He spent Saturday night at the house of his brother, and on Sunday morning came down to the breakfast-table so haggard that it attracted attention. When spoken to about it, he frankly stated that he had passed a restless night brooding by a dream that the Arctic was lost. The matter was laughed at by the brother; but when Monday morning came without the vessel having been reported, Mr. Collins again spoke of his dream. During Monday he related it to several others, and at the hour of the assemblage in the private office it was told over again—with an injunction of secrecy, however, which prevented it from reaching the public. As one after another came into the office, they were painfully impressed with the gloom which was pictured in the face of Mr. Collins. A fine man, of erect stature, and marked dignity of manner, he did not look like a person who would give way to any useless fears on any occasion. But he was far more quiet than usual; he seemed to shrink away from conversation, and his face was of a death-like paleness.

"What's the matter with Collins?" asked one and another in whispers.

"Remember his wife and children are on board the Arctic," observed some one, in reply.

"Yes," responded another, "but there is no occasion for alarm. The ships are staunch ones, and within a few hours at most will, I think, come gallantly to the wharf."

"Never!" said a deep solemn voice.

All gave a slight start at the tone and words, and turned in the direction from whence they proceeded. The speaker was Mr. Collins himself.

"I am satisfied, gentlemen," he remarked, in the same solemn manner, "that the Arctic has gone to the bottom."

"Impossible!" cried all.

"I am quite astonished at that opinion," said Mr. John Brown, a leading director. "No one knows better than you do, Mr. Collins, the superior construction of the ships of our line, and the qualifications of the chief officer and crew in charge of the Arctic."

"Any vessel may be lost," said Mr. Collins; "and while I am satisfied that as directors and public servants we have done all that human beings could do in such a matter, still I believe the Arctic to be lost. May Heaven have protected those on board!"

Here his voice failed him, and his eyes were suffused with tears. With his thoughts far out on the broad, dangerous ocean, had seen the faces of his wife and children among those helpless ones, and for the moment he could say no more.

The scene was affecting in the extreme, and perhaps never had its equal in any counting-room in the world. For some time there was an entire silence, and then Mr. Brown, remarked: "Mr. Collins, you must have some reason for your opinion."

"None in the world," returned Mr. Collins, "except a dream."

"A dream!" replied one and another in astonishment.

All sneered, and some almost laughed aloud.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Collins with a dignity which was peculiarly impressive in him—"gentlemen, you no doubt regard this as a great weakness. Perhaps it is. Dreams are generally looked upon as foolish things, but I have had one under such circumstances that it has become to me a presentment of evil to this ship, which no power on earth can remove."

Every person there listened with his ears wide open, and looked full in the face of the usually strong-minded man, who spoke these words so seriously and impressively.

"Last Saturday night," continued Mr. Collins, "I dreamed of the Arctic. I saw her as perfectly before me as I ever saw her. It was her graceful model, her spacious deck, and her noble officers and crew—I saw all of this, and more. I saw a hole in her side; there was a panic on her decks; people were running hither and thither, and crying to be saved; and, gentlemen, I saw that noble ship go down!"

"But all this was a dream," said Mr. Brown, after a moment.

"I believe it a reality," replied Mr. Collins; "and again I say may heaven have protected those poor souls on board. However, I beg that neither my dream nor convictions may reach the public."

Soon after the several merchants went their several ways. Not one of them could shake off the impression made by what had occurred. Meanwhile, the newspapers endeavored to sustain public confidence by all kinds of plausible stories. Three days later, the first of the survivors reached American shores with the *Arctic*, and of the loss of most of those on board.

When all the facts became known, they were exact in every particular with Mr. Collins' dream, and it may be properly regarded as one of the most striking and remarkable that ever occurred.

Long Lost Brother.

Robert M. Greene has been knocking around the terrestrial ball since he was eighteen. Under the same roof-tree in London, where Robert hived his first infant squall, an elder brother was born. About fifteen years ago this elder brother, too, began playing the role of the rolling stone. He has, however, been a resident of St. Louis nearly three years, and for nine months past the brothers have been living within a half dozen squares of each other, walking the same street daily, and yet never met.

The elder brother a few evenings ago chanced in a hotel to hear a gentleman say, "I start for London to-morrow." He addressed this gentleman and asked him if he would deliver a letter to a certain number in Terrace Garden, London. "With pleasure," responded the gentleman, "and, by the way, there is another man here who gave me a letter to deliver at the same place and to the same person. Are you relatives?"

A reunion was the consequence, and the brothers, who had neither seen nor heard of each other for fifteen years, met.

What's in a Name?

The *Buffalo Globe* has a pleasant column upon the peculiarity of the names of business firms, such as the teachers Biggs & Hugs, who advertised explicitly in their circular that "Biggs teaches the boys and Hugs the girls;" the firm of plumbers who seemed gratified to hurry up jobs by working the whole twenty-four hours, Day & Night; also Fish & Ketchum. A hatter by the name of A. Gahn died leaving his business to his son James, who advertised as "James Gahn, Son of A. Gahn."

The *Plain Dealer* says Cleveland for many years had a firm whose large sign was conspicuous, and it was supposed to do a larger business than any firm in the city—every body seemed to patronize it. The firm was "Fever & Ague."

No Forgiveness for the Black Unionist.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin, Republican: The purpose of this league is to keep the black men in the dust, and we are inclined to believe that to its operations, to its brutality and cruelty, to its exclusion of the negro from his rights as a citizen and a man, and to its attitude of unremitting hostility to him, the conflict at Austin and all other disturbances in which the blacks unite as actors are attributable. If such is the case, there can, of course be no doubt where the blame should lie.

The old rebel element has never forgiven the Southern black that he has aspired to and attained citizenship and its accompanying privileges, and it never loses an opportunity to wreak its spite upon him in that barbarous and inhuman spirit which has distinguished it from the day that it attempted to murder Mr. Sumner in the Senate chamber to the time when it made the Andersonville prison a hell upon earth. The negroes do right to resist it, and while we may deplore the fact that such strife exists in any part of the country, we cannot be indifferent to the solemn fact if the civil authority cannot or will not protect these wretched beings from outrage and insult, they have a natural and divine right to protect themselves.

It is not difficult to find an explanation of the renewal of these outrages at the present time. The sudden manifestation of active hostility to the negroes which has been displayed recently in different portions of the South may be attributed chiefly to the failure of Congress to pass the Civil Rights bill.

The Southern negro-haters have argued from that neglect that Congress has resolved to leave the blacks to themselves, and to withhold from them any further protection from persecution, and they have begun again the practices which distinguished the reign of the Ku Klux. It is to be hoped that the injury thus done to the negroes may be repaired next winter by the passage of the bill. Such action is needed not only as an assurance that the Government is determined to protect the colored people in the enjoyment of their rights, but as an act of justice, without which the work of emancipation will want completeness. And, further, if the White League continues in active existence, we demand that Congress shall again put the Ku Klux laws into operation, and use the power of the Federal Government once more to suppress this outlawry.

A Wild Girl Hunt.

IDAHO, Aug. 15.—It is a tale of Idaho. There are romantic youngsters in the West as well as in the East; and two of them, who are fond of the chase, have had a romantic adventure. They were out repairing their flumes near Idaho City. Near by a hardy old miner had squatted upon a quartz lead, but he was rarely seen and the youngsters were not aware that within that old man's tunnel resided a sylph-like creature, the joy of the old miner. Looking over toward the old tunnel on the hillside they saw a sight that thrilled them with rapture. A young girl, about fifteen years of age, beautiful as a Cleopatra, barefooted and bareheaded, with a wealth of rich auburn hair drooping about her like a silken robe, stood sunning herself on a grassy knoll in the bright morning. Such a divinity had never been seen in the wilds of Idaho before, and they supposed she was a wild girl. She was game that must be bagged alive. Cautiously they crept through the tangled thickets toward the spot where the beautiful Nenetta drank in the glorious beauty of the morning. All at once, from under cover, the hunters made a dash for the wild beauty. But she was off like a frightened fawn at the approach

of the sportsmen. Suddenly she disappeared and "though lost to sight to memory dear" the chase was not abandoned. Into the dark tunnel, as the likeliest place of refuge, the keen hunters plunged, only to stand aghast at the sight that met their gaze. When their eyes became accustomed to the darkness they beheld their beautiful wild girl swooning in the arms of the rough old miner. The burly miner had seen the poor frightened fawn chased to the tunnel and saw the keen hunters at bay before him. He disengaged his arms from the inanimate beauty. He advanced a few paces, made a little dration of one word:—"Ruffians!" then lifted a heavy boot, drew it back a few feet, see-sawed with it a little in the air and sent them back to their saws and hammers at the flumes. That entire day the flume was neglected. The young wild girl hunters were busy repairing the canvas seats of trowers and reducing swellings. They have no longer a desire to hunt wild girls in the Idaho thickets. Moral—Never go wild girl hunting without the permission of her papa if you would avoid pantaloons rents and tailors' bills.

Strangest Wedding on Record.

By a strange perversion of legal principles, it was supposed by our ancestors that whosoever married a widow who was administratrix upon the estate of her deceased husband, represented insolvent, and should thereby possess himself of any property or thing purchased by the deceased husband, would become an executor or administrator, and would thereby make himself liable to answer for the goods of his predecessor. Major Moses Joy became enamored of Mrs. Hannah Ward, widow of William Ward, who died in 1788, leaving an insolvent estate, of which Mrs. Ward was administratrix. To avoid the unpleasant penalties of the law, on the morning of her marriage with Major Joy, Mrs. Ward placed herself in a closet, with a tire-woman, who stripped her of all her clothing, and when in a perfectly nude state she thrust her fair, round arm through a diamond hole in the door of the closet, the gallant Major clasped the hand of the buxom widow, and was married in due form by the jolliest parson in Vermont. At the close of the ceremony the tire-woman dressed the bride in a complete wardrobe which the Major had provided and caused to be deposited in the closet at the commencement of the ceremony. She came out elegantly dressed in silk, satin and lace; and there was kissing all around.—*Montpelier Argus.*

Didn't Kiss Her.

A gentleman who has been recently traveling in the lower counties, tells us the following amusing story: He was stopping over night at a house where the partition walls were particularly thin. The adjoining room was occupied by a mother and her daughter. After retiring the mother began to rebuke the daughter for an alleged partiality to some body named John, which soft impeachment the daughter denied vigorously.

"But," said the mother, "I saw him kissing you at the cow-pen, yesterday morning, Amanda."

"No, ma, he wasn't kissing me at all."

"Why did you have your head so close up to his for? you deceivin' critter."

"Well, you see, ma, I had been eating pitallas (the fruit of a species of cactus,) and you see, ma, I got some of the prickles in my lips—and—and—"

"And what you wicked, wicked critter."

"And I couldn't get them out myself, you know, and John pulled them out with his teeth—but he didn't kiss me any time."