

WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

THE STRONGEST BULWARK OF OUR COUNTRY—THE POPULAR HEART.

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RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

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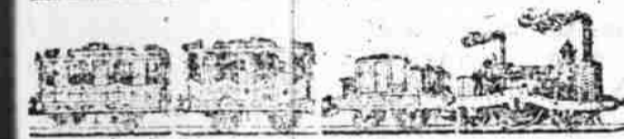
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STATIONS.	PASSENGER.	FREIGHT.
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STATIONS.	PASSENGER.	FREIGHT.
Leave Lilesville,	7:40 A. M.	12:00 P. M.
Arrive Wilmington,	4:35 P. M.	5:00 P. M.

WESTERN DIVISION.

STATIONS.	PASSENGER.
Leave Charlotte,	8:00 A. M.
Arrive at Buffalo,	11:30 "

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STATIONS.	PASSENGER.
Leave Buffalo,	1:30 P. M.
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Arrive at Old Fort	1:32 "	

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STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Old Fort,	7:5 a. m.	
Leave Marion at	8:04 "	
Arrive at Salisbury,	3:32 p. m.	

RICHMOND AND DANVILLE RAILROAD COMPANY.

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STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
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Leave Greensboro,	1:45 "	11:10 "
Arrive Goldsboro,	11:05 a. m.	

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STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Goldsboro,	4:00 p. m.	
Arrive Greensboro,	1:30 a. m.	3:30 p. m.
Leave Greensboro,	2:15 "	4:00 "
Arrive Charlotte,	7:20 "	8:30 "

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THE AIR-LINE RAILROAD.

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Leave Charlotte,	7:30 a. m.	
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STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Black's,	2:00 p. m.	
Arrive Charlotte,	5:55 "	

P. Y. SAGE, Engineer and Superintendent.

Home.

When daily tasks are done, and tired hands
Lie still and folded on the resting knee,
When loving thoughts have leave to loose their bands,
And wander over past and future free;

When visions bright of love and hope fulfilled
Bring weary eyes a spark of olden fire,
One castle fairer than the rest we build,
One blessing more than others we desire;

A home, our home, wherein, all waiting past,
We two may stand together, and alone;
Our patient task-work finished, and at last
Love's perfect blessedness and peace our own.

Some little nest of safety and delight,
Guarded by God's angels day and night.

We cannot guess if this dear home shall lie
In some green spot embowered with arching trees,
Where bird notes, joined with brook notes gliding by,
Shall make us music as we sit at ease.

Or if amid the city's busy din
Is built the rest for which we look and long,
No sound without shall mar the peace within,
The calm of love that time has proved so strong.

Or if—ah, solemn thought!—this home of ours
Doth lie beyond the world's confusing noise;
And if the nest be built in Eden's bowers,
What do we still but silently rejoice?

We have a home, but of its happy state
We know not yet. We are content to wait.

From the Daily News.

North Carolina in Olden Times.

[The following interesting communication was furnished to the Era, and we are kindly permitted by that paper to use it]

We have been favored with a copy of a communication on the subject of our early Indian war in North Carolina, which was produced by a letter from honorable Lyman C. Draper, Secretary of the State Hospital Society of Wisconsin, desiring "the route of General Williamston's Cherokee expedition of 1776, in the western part of our State."

Nearly all those who were engaged in this expedition now quietly sleep the rest that "knows no waking;" and but few of the present age are aware that at an early day, the quiet and lovely region of the transmountain country of our State was traversed by an army, in all "the pride, pomp and circumstances of glorious war." It is to be regretted that Mr. Draper's inquiries had not been earlier made. Gov. Swain, who was a native of this section, had minute knowledge of this expedition, as of every other historical question relative to the State. But he is dead, and the key to much of this information is buried with him. Yet, from his letters to me, the researches of the late Judge Murphy, and from facts gathered from the contemporaries of those who lingered after the campaign had ended; (they now, too, have departed;) and from an article in the University Magazine, I am in some small degree, enabled to comply with the request made, and trace "the route of General Williamston's Cherokee expedition of 1776."

The Cherokee Indians owned at this time all the territory west of the Blue Ridge in North Carolina, and much that is now the domain of Georgia and Tennessee. In the summer of 1776, these Indians committed fearful depredations on the whites in these frontier settlements. Men were killed by them in secret and in

the most brutal manner. Women and children were butchered without remorse, houses burned and fields laid waste by these savages. This roused the spirit of the people. Simultaneously North Carolina, South Carolina and Virginia raised troops to subdue them. The troops of North Carolina were commanded by General Griffith Rutherford, and were 2,400 strong, some say 3,000. The South Carolina troops were commanded by General Williamston, and were 2,000 strong, and the Virginia troops were commanded by Colonel Christian.

General Griffith Rutherford is well known in the History of North Carolina. I have in my possession some original letters of his that show he was like Blennerhasset, "a native of Ireland," if not "a man of letters;" but prove as did his actions that he was every inch a soldier. He lived for a long time near Salisbury, and as early as 1776 represented the county (Rowan) in the Legislature, and again in 1777-'78 and '79, and from 1783 to 1786. He served not only in this campaign against the Indians, but in the Continental Army, as a Brigadier General, in the ill-fated battle of Camden (August 1780) where he was taken prisoner. He removed to Tennessee, was in public life there, (speaker of the Assembly,) where he died. The States of North Carolina and Tennessee preserve his name, in counties called after him; and a descendant of his is at this time, the Third Auditor of the Treasury of the United States. The forces under his command in this Cherokee campaign, in the latter part of August 1776 camped near Pleasant gardens, now in McDowell county, at Old Fort, which it is stated was built by him, crossed the Ridge at the Swananoa Gap and the French Broad River at "the War Ford;" they then followed Hominy Creek to its source, and passed over to Pigeon River on the upper road which passes Colonel Joseph Cathey's; and then Richland Creek to its source. They then crossed the mountains near McLure's, and followed Scott's Creek to its mouth. This stream is so called from John Scott, a trader among the Cherokees. Crossing the Tuckassee River, they came to the Cowee Mountain. When nearer the top of this mountain they were fired on by the Indians, but the Indians immediately fled. Without further molestation the army arrived at the Tennessee River, and passing down Watauga Creek, encamped on the west side of said River near a large Indian Mound, at a town called then by the Indians Nequasse, but which is now known by the more civilized name of Franklin. Here they remained a day; and then marched down the river to a town called Cowee, and encamped. Here they awaited the arrival of the South Carolina troops. After waiting for some time, and hearing nothing from them, General Rutherford resolved to advance on the Valley Towns on the Hiwassee, leaving a strong force at Cowee, where by appointment the S. C. troops were to meet him. He crossed the Nantahala Mountain, where he was met by the enemy in force, and a severe battle was there delivered. The Indians, with some military strategy occupied two ridges of mountains which formed an acute angle; at which Rutherford's men had to pass. This vantage point, they maintained with resolution and desperation, discharging their rifles with fearful effect, and concealing themselves after firing, by the ridges of the mountain. Rutherford's troops suffered severely; but after a desperate struggle drove the Indians from their position, and the Indians fled in great confusion. General Rutherford proceeded to the Hiwassee towns, and burnt them, cut down the growing

crops; and took some prisoners.

General Williamston's forces joined him at Cowee soon after the battle. This delay in joining General Rutherford was chiefly caused by a severe skirmish that he had with the Indians near the present town of Franklin. With his force of 2,000 men he came through Rabun Gap, and passing along the Tennessee river to the place of rendezvous, about nine miles from Franklin he fell into an ambush prepared by the savages in a narrow defile; here he lost thirteen men killed and thirty wounded; this attack was vigorous and sanguinary, and would have proved fatal to the whole command had not Edward Hampton, with only thirty regulars attacked the Indians in the rear, and forced them to retreat. This gallantry of Hampton saved Williamson and his troops. Hampton's courage had been intensified by the appalling news that his brothers wife "little one's and all" had been just before butchered in cold blood by these Indians. It is recorded, of him during his fierce and fiery charge in his haste he rammed a bullet down his rifle; neglecting to put in the powder first. He perceived his mistake, and nothing daunted, sat quietly down on the grass while the storm raged on every side; unbreeched his gun, drew the load, reloaded, and continued his work of slaughter. After this affair General Williamson advanced unmolested to Cowee, but as the object of the campaign had been accomplished returned to South Carolina by the route up the Flivassee. General Rutherford returned home and disbanded his troops at Salisbury.

This same chastisement subdued the Cherokees, and they sued for peace. A treaty of lasting peace was made with them at the Long Island on the Holston River, on the 20th of July 1777. The Commissioners for North Carolina appointed by Governor Caswell were William Sharp, Waughstill Avery, Robert Lanier and Joseph Winston.

A regiment from Guilford county was in this campaign: James Martin was Colonel and John Paisly was Lieutenant Colonel; names since well appreciated in their descendants.

Samuel Lowrie, of Mecklenburg county, who was afterwards one of the Judges of the Superior Courts of the State, was a private soldier in this campaign. Near Waynesville he found a Beech tree, and on it was carved the figures 1706. Years after, when riding this circuit as Judge, he remembered this circumstance and went to the place and showed his brother lawyers the figures. When he recollected that this date was long anterior to any settlement by the whites in this section, for Daniel Boone, who traversed much of our country and lived for a long time in Western North Carolina was not born, historic research may well be exercised to know by whom these figures were cut.

Rev. James Hall, long and favorably known as a Presbyterian Minister, of Iredell county, was chaplain to the North Carolina troops. His history, then, and afterwards, proves that he was as ready to draw the sword for liberty, as to preach the Cross to sinners. He often preached to the troops while encamped at Cowee; with an Indian mound for a pulpit, the hardy troops for his audience, surrounded by enchanting scenery, here were the first tidings of salvation announced, in this lovely region of our country, to fallen man.

I trust the above will be satisfactory to your enquiries. If not as I fear it may prove, if you write to Gov. Z. B. Vance, at Charlotte, he will give you further information, as he is a native of this section of our State, and was one of the editors of the University Magazine, for which I am much indebted for the facts as stated, at the

time the article on the Indian war of 1776 was published, and perhaps the author. R. M. Henry, Esq., of Franklin, Macon county, N. C., may be consulted by you with advantage.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN H. WHEELER.

Building upon the Sand.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis well to wed,
For so the world have done
Since myrtles grow, and roses blow,
And morning brought the sun.

But have a care, ye young and fair,
Be sure ye pledge with truth—
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth.

For if you give not heart to heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've played the "unwise" part,
And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have
A goodly share of gold,
And hold enough shining stuff,
For charity is cold.

But place not all your hopes and trust
In what the deep mine brings;
We cannot live on yellow dust,
Unmixed with purer things.

And he who piles up wealth alone
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffer chest and own
'Tis—"built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
And soothe whatever we can—
For speech should bind the human mind,
And love link man to man.

But stay not at the gentle words—
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pities starving birds
Should scatter crumbs as well.

The mercy that is warm and true
Must lend a helping hand;
For those who talk, yet fail to do,
But "build upon the sand."

The Detective System—How Mr. McFadden Grew Rich.

Samuel McFadden was a watchman in a bank. He was poor, but honest, and his life was without reproach. The trouble with him was that he felt that he was not appreciated. His salary was only four dollars a week, and when he asked to have it raised, the President, Cashier, and Board of Directors glared at him through their spectacles, and frowned on him, and told him to out and stop his insolence, when he knew business was dull and the bank could not meet its expenses now, let alone lavishing one dollar on such a miserable worm as Samuel McFadden. And then Samuel McFadden felt depressed, sad, and the haughty scorn of the President and Cashier cut him to the soul. He would often go into the side-yard, and bow his venerable twenty-four-inch head, and weep gallons and gallons of tears over his insignificance, and pray that he might be worthy of the President's and Cashier's polite attention.

One night a happy thought struck him; a gleam of light burst on him, and, gazing down the dim vista of years with his eyes all blinded with joyous tears, he saw himself rich and respected. So, Samuel McFadden fooled around and got a jimmy, a monkey-wrench, a cross-cut saw, a cold chisel, a drill, and about a ton of gunpowder and nitroglycerine, and those things. Then, in the dead of the night, he went to the fire-proof safe, and, after working at it a while, burst the door and brick into an immortal smash with such a perfect success that there was not enough of that safe left to make a carpet-tack. Mr. McFadden then proceeded to load up with coupons, greenbacks, currency and specie, and to wait all the odd change that was lying anywhere, so that he pranced out of the bank with over a million dollars on him. He then retired to an unassuming residence out of town, and then sent word to the detectives where he was.

A detective called on him the next day, with a soothing note from the Cashier. McFadden treated it with lofty scorn. Detectives call on him every day with humble notes from the President, Cashier and Board of Directors. At last the bank officers got up a magnificent private supper, to which McFadden was invited. He came, and as the bank officers bowed down in the dust before him, he pondered well over the bitter past, and his soul was filled with exultation.

Before he drove away in his carriage that night, it was all fixed that Mr. McFadden was to keep \$500,000 of that money and to be unmolested if he returned the other half. He fulfilled his contract like an honest man, but refused, with haughty disdain, the offer of the Cashier to marry his daughter.

Mac is now honored and respected. He moves in the best society, browses around in purple and fine linen and other good clothes, and enjoys himself first-rate. And often now he takes his infant son on his knee, and tells him of his early life, and instills holy principles into the child's mind, and shows him how, by industry and perseverance, and frugality, and nitro-glycerine, and monkey-wrenches, and cross-cut saws, and familiarity with the detective system, even the poor may rise to affluence and responsibility.—Mark Twain.

Scientific and Mechanical Possibilities.

One hundred and fifty years ago, if any one had dared to announce the possibility of crossing the ocean in a vessel driven by steam, or of carriages driven at the rate of thirty miles an hour by this same agent; or of daguerreotyping the human face on a metallic plate by the light of the sun, and then chemically fixing it there, or of conveying news by electric agency for hundreds of miles, and especially under the ocean, such predictions would have been considered simply ridiculous. And now when science announces that it is possible to control the elements, to cause it to rain or shine at pleasure, and that it is possible to draw from the earth's hidden treasure new resources of untold wealth, imparting the greatest happiness and benefits to the human race, it is still viewed with incredulity by the masses. But a few years since, petroleum was first utilized to our benefit. There doubtless was a time when a man never dreamed of warming himself with artificial heat. For ages the savages did not know that the possibility of heat existed in trees under whose shelter he lay. He pulled up wild roots, picked wild fruits swallowed the raw oysters and mussels; he wandered naked along the beach. A cave by the river or seaside, or a hollow tree served him for a shelter. Many generations passed before he learned to make a fire; by slow steps he passed from rude tents, huts and cabins, to comfortable houses and stately mansions with apparatus by which winter is shorn of its rigor.

Heat increases about one degree to every fifty feet we penetrate the earth; shafts are now sometimes sunk to a depth of 2,000 feet. It is within the possibility of mechanism to bore 4,000 feet more; at the depth we should find heat of at least one hundred and fifty degrees, and in many places even greater than this. Mechanical power could be obtained from the steam and water forced up from this depth. Heated water and steam form these could be carried into our houses and warm our dwellings to a summer temperature. Conducted in pipes under the soil protected by glass we could cheaply grow in New England, all of the southern and tropical plants and vegetables. The snow could be kept melted from the streets of New York, and all the buildings warmed from this spontaneous flow, useful also for cooking and other purposes.

The Garden of Plants in Paris, heated by water from an artesian well eighteen hundred feet deep, with a temperature of 82 deg. Fah., is carried in pipes under the soil. A salad garden at Erfurt, in Saxony, is heated in the same manner, and is said to have yielded 60,000 dollars a year to the proprietor.—Scientific American.