

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.

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
4 "	4.00	10.00	20.00	30.00	45.00
8 "	8.00	20.00	35.00	45.00	70.00
1 column	15.00	40.00	60.00	80.00	125.00

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

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.

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

HOTELS.

VILLAGE HOTEL,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.,
A. J. SCOGGIN, Proprietor.
This old and favorably known house is now open for the reception of visitors.
The table will be supplied with all the delicacies of the market.
Pleasant and attentive servants will be employed, and all pains taken to make guests comfortable.

THE BURNETT HOUSE,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
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.
C. BURNETT, Proprietor.

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

BUSINESS CARDS.

WANTED! WANTED!!
200 CORDS GOOD TAN BARK,
D. MAY & CO.,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

W. H. JAY,
HOUSE AND SIGN
PAINTER
PAPER HANGING, & CO.
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Graining, Marbling and Kalsomning 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, 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.

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.
J. V. WILKINSON.

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 Sts. John.
J. L. RUCKER, W. M.
R. W. LOGAN, Sec.

WEST-CAROLINA RECORD,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT \$2 PER YEAR,
CLENDENIN & CARPENTER,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

Shall We Know Each Other There.

When we hear the music ringing
Through the bright celestial dome,
When sweet angel voices singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care,
In the land of light and glory,
Shall we know each other there?

When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends who greet us,
In the glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the dark eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining
Fondly round us as before?

Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices,
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago,
And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know.

O! ye weary ones and lost ones
Droop not, faint not, by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and lost ones
In the land of perfect day,
Harp strings, touched by angel fingers,
Murmur in my raptured ear;
Evermore their sweet tones linger—
We shall know each other there.

A LEPELERS' VILLAGE.

A CURIOUS TOWN IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

In William R. Bliss' new book of travel in the Sandwich Islands he describes as follows a "Leper Village."

"There is leprosy in the Hawaiian blood, but none of it is to be seen in Honolulu, as those who are afflicted with it are sent to the lepers' village, on the island of Molokai.

"To visit the settlement on Molokai, which is about thirty miles east of Honolulu, we embark on a clipper-schooner bound to windward to bring down a cargo of sugar from Lahaina—a town on the island of Maui, where lepers may be seen in its one broad street.

"After rolling to starboard and rolling to larboard all night long, the schooner 'heaves to' at sunrise off the southern coast of the island, and we are set ashore from a small boat in the little harbor of Cannakaki.

"The island is green with vegetation, but is nearly deserted. There are less than fifteen hundred persons on it, although it contains one hundred and seventy square miles. As we ride on horseback away from the shore up the ascending plains, in a northeastern direction, we pass deserted garden patches, fallen walls and ruins of native huts, on which knots of long grass are waving like signals of distress.

"Crossing a succession of green hills, we come suddenly to the brink of the precipice of Kalaupapa, which looks north to the ocean and is two thousand feet high. Below, from the foot of the precipice, stretches a plain, diversified with hills and vales, and reaching to the distant shore, where it curves like a scythe into the sea, turning up a white swath against the trade wind. The plain is covered with luxuriant vegetation; but we can see no life on it. Here and there a few brown huts catch the eye. Far on the right are dots of white houses. That is the leper village.

A steep, bridle path zigzags down the front of the precipice, and we must descend it. Under wreathing vines, white blossoms and swinging trailers, which adorn and obstruct the descent into this valley of death, the horses step carefully and tediously. In an hour they reach the plain, when a gallop of two miles brings us to the settlement. It consists of detached houses, enclosed by low walls or picket fences, standing in open pasture lands and sweet potato fields. Capara, puhala, banana trees and a winding brook give a picturesque ap-

pearance to the village. Its horizon is bounded on one side by the flower-precipice, which shuts off the world, and on the other side by the ocean.

"Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

"Every person in this community is a leper. Of those who have not sore hands or feet, the men till the ground and women braid mats. Those who cannot take care of themselves are nursed in hospitals by leper nurses. The boys and girls go to school to leper teachers, learning the branches of a simple education which none of them can probably live long enough to appreciate. They leave the school with frolicsome shouts; they romp across the green field, enjoying the air and sunshine like the children in either lands, unconscious of their misfortune.

"In a grassy field, near the sea shore, stands a little church, visited all day by the sun and sea-breeze. Here a native minister, a leper, leads religious services on Sunday for his miserable fellows.

These poor people seem to be contented. A ration of five pounds of fresh meat and twenty pounds of vegetables is issued weekly, in addition to what each one cultivates with his own labor. This support is so much better than any Hawaiian ever has at home, that natives living on other parts of the island have desired to make themselves lepers in order to be taken care of in this village of death. As we turn away for our homeward journey, is natural to wish, for the sake of humanity, that there might be in this beautiful valley a river Jordan into which these miserable people could dip and be cleansed. But the curse of Elisha upon his corrupt servant seems to be irrevocably fixed upon them:
"The leprosy of Naaman shall cleave unto thee and unto thy seed forever."

Farmers' Gardens.

It is a great mistake to plant small fruit bushes or canes in well sheltered and shaded nooks and corners about the homestead, as they will do much better with plenty of exposure to the sun, away from overhanging shade or shelter, and placed in rows, so that the spaces between them can be worked with the plow and cultivator. Two or three acres of land near the homestead, well enclosed, will be useful for many purposes. Unless near a good market, it may not be advisable for a farmer to raise more small fruits than he needs for the use of his family, but a large garden will admit of several varieties of crops, some of which will be very useful for feeding hogs, cattle or sheep. Large patches of early corn, beets, parsnips, carrots, turnips, cabbages, etc., may be raised in drills in this garden, without the application of the manure that can be obtained in a year, giving daily attention to the collection of substances and liquids which do not appear of any importance. Bones make a valuable manure when ground or dissolved. Wood ashes, soot, decayed vegetables, green weeds, offal from the kitchen, poultry manure, etc., all mixed together and saturated with liquid manure from the tank, will form a fertilizer which will be very useful in promoting the growth of vegetables or any crop in the garden or field.

During the rigors of winter when very little out-work can be done, increased attention should be given to the collection of manure—the procuring of poles for beans, bushes for peas, stakes for tall flowers—making boxes for choice plants, not-bed frames, etc., also to the preparation of the manure for hot-beds, placing the manure in heaps, and keeping it from excessive fermentation by layers of dead leaves. Every farmer should have a hot-bed, and raise plants for his own use.

Near Home.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer hope to-day
Than I ever have been before:

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea:

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark before my sight,
That brightly on the other side
Break on a shore of light.

O, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If it be I'm nearer home
Even to-day than I think:

Father, perfect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the Rock of a living faith!

A Mid Air Compromise.

Not many years ago, and not far from the city of Elmira, at a locality known as the "Female College," the circumstance we are about to relate took place. It seems that the Principal of the College overheard a plan among a number of this young lady students for drawing a young gentleman up to one of the third story rooms in a basket, at night, as no gentleman suiters were permitted to visit their college lady-loves, and see them alone, under the strict rules of the institution. The Principal acted accordingly; and at the appointed time was on the designated spot, and when the basket was let down took the lover's place, gave the signal twich, and commenced going up toward heaven, drawn by a trinity or two of angels. When two-thirds up, the angel expectant, on looking down from the window discovered to her terror and dismay that instead of her lover she had another man in the basket! and, nearly frightened out of her wits, made the fact known to her helpers in mischief with the pertinent inquiry of "What shall we do? What shall we do? Oh! girls, what shall we do?" Whereupon one of their number, noted for her coolness and presence of mind in trying emergencies, said:
"Here you hold on to this cord now, do just as I tell you, and I'll take care of the man, no matter who he is nor where he comes from."

Then taking out her pocket knife and opening it, she leaned out of the window and in a low but firm voice, said:

"Who are you in that basket?"

No response.

"I say, who are you in that basket? Do you hear? I have a knife in my hand, and unless you answer this in less than ten seconds I'll cut the rope."

"Why, it's your principal; don't for mercy's sake, cut the rope! Keep your knife farther away from it."

"Well, you are in a pretty fix, Professor, a pretty fix indeed, and hanging between heaven and earth, between life and death. What do you think ought to be done with you? A principal of a female college who thus endeavors at night to clandestinely reach the room of a lady student, you ought to be severely punished and also exposed."

"Oh! I beg of you do not harm me nor expose me, but let me down again carefully, and don't let the rope slip."

"Professor!" said the shrewd beauty, "on one condition only will we comply with your request."

"Name it! Name it!"

"You must solemnly promise that none of us who have engaged in this little enterprise shall be disciplined for it and that you will make no mention of it to a living soul, while we are inmates of the college, with the understanding that we are to observe

the same solemn promise. What say you?"

"I promise—solemnly promise."
"Very well. Hold up your right hand. You solemnly swear that you will faithfully keep and observe that promise, so help you God?"

"I do!"

"Enough, girls! He has taken the oath! Lower away!"

The Professor was soon carefully and safely landed once more on terra firma, greatly to his own relief and greatly to the joy, no doubt, of the other party to the compromise; and he lived up to his oath.

In after years, however, when time had absolved him from it, and the lover whose basket he had monopolized on that eventful night had, so the story goes, married the girl, who, on that occasion was so far above him, the Professor used to tell the adventure to his particular friends, and laugh over it till the tears ran down his cheeks, as the only one he was let off under an oath administered.

Theories True and False.

The mariner, afloat on the broad Pacific, without chart or compass, is in a dangerous condition. Sailing without a guide over unknown waters, he may, at any moment, dash against a rock or a reef, and find a watery grave for himself and all on board. Still, knowing the danger of his position, he is forewarned, and hence cautious; and is, therefore, much better off than though he trusted to erroneous calculations, and, while believing himself secure, sailed onward to destruction. Just so with that man who founds practice upon conjecture, or builds theory upon assumption. Far better to have no theory than a false one; much wiser is it to be empiric, knowing the danger of experimental practice, than to be the victim of a false system, walking unconsciously into disaster and destruction. And yet this is just where human society has founded. Men have ever been the dupes of false systems; and chiefly because they persist in assuming principles without investigating them, and drawing conclusions from premises entirely erroneous. The starting-point being false, of course all that follows is evil and disastrous. The premises being unsound, the theory is untrue, and confusion necessarily result.

And the reverse is just as true. Wherever confusion and doubt are inseparable adjuncts of a system, we may know that error is there. If the error is superficial, affecting only in detail, it will necessarily soon be righted.

Under such circumstances, every additional experience in life is a guide-post, pointing to the truth, and will surely enable us to reach correct conclusions; but if we start wrong—if the fundamental principles of the system be false, each new experience is but a source of confusion and doubt. The old proverb is then appreciated, that the more we know, the less we seem to know—the more experience, the less faith; the more facts, the less confidence in theory, which never occurs in a true system. Facts, when interpreted in the light of a true theory, are always additional sources of faith, confidence, and knowledge; but, when interpreted by false theory, are no better than fancies; indeed, they seem worse, because they lead to doubt and confusion.

We state it, then as an event, if not a self-evident truth, that wherever constant and ever-recurring difficulty, confusion or disaster, follow the practice of a system through a succession of years or of ages, there are the very best of reasons for suspecting the correctness of the principles on which the practice is founded. Men are neither so dull nor so wicked, that, having started right, they inevitably go wrong; but, on the contrary, are quite well endowed

faculties, and generally capable of determining the right, and of acting accordingly, provided they start from sound premises.—*Science of Health.*

Industry, Intelligence and Virtue Essential to National Prosperity.

The rising generation must be taught that labor is honorable—that idleness is disrespectful—that he who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow is truly "God's nobleman"—and that indolence, a want of enterprise, or the habit of living upon the fruits of others's toil, and scorning those whose muscles are hardened with honest labor, is unapproved of God and depreciated by an educated and elevated humanity. This must be done, else an aristocracy more dangerous than that of some of the nations of the Old World will hasten our destruction. It must continue to be an element of our religion, or the great promoter of moral goodness and perfection. The dissemination of intelligence among the people, with an appreciative sense of our reliance on "Him who holds the destinies of nations in His hands," is necessary as a people. Without the approving smiles of Jehovah, vain will be our efforts in perpetuating the great fabric of our nationality.—*Judge Brown.*

A Newspaper Philanthropist.

Imagine a character like this:—A person of really kindly and helpful disposition, who begins by doing good on the sly, and spending a large part of his time in keeping his doings secret; who is—much to his chagrin—accidentally found out; much more to his chagrin—praised privately by his friends; still more to his chagrin—praised anonymously, in the newspapers; later, to his intense mortification, actually named in the newspapers as not altogether disconnected with a certain piece of philanthropy, which if obscure and unpretentious, is all the more rare and praiseworthy in these days of self-honoring benevolence; and who at last acquires such an appetite for public recognition of his generous and unselfish life that the objects of his anxiety are altogether removed from the field of philanthropy to that of journalism; he lives on the applause of those who never suspect the utter change wrought in his once beautiful character, and dies triumphant in the sure prospect of a costly monument.—*The Old Cabinet; Scribner's.*

Purity of Speech.

The great excellency of the Christian religion, is its power to purify the heart from sin. The types and emblems of the ceremonial dispensation showed forth in every particular the idea of purity.

"The grace of God which bringeth salvation" was manifested to the world in the person of our Savior, "who gave himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people." His character while on earth, his actions, his precepts, his words, all were marked by spotless purity. If Christ is formed within us, the hope of glory, then "when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see Him as He is." "And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure." Those who will give attention to the matter, will be impressed with the number and clearness of the passages of Scripture, that refer to the care we should exercise in regard to words. There is no duty more plainly set forth, or more solemnly enjoined.

A negro was put upon the stand as a witness, and the judge inquired if he understood the nature of an oath. "For certing, boss," said the citizen; "if I swear to a lie I stick to him!"