

WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

THE STRONGEST BULWARK OF OUR COUNTRY—THE POPULAR HEART.

CARPENTER & GRAYSON, EDITORS.

CLENDENIN & CARPENTER, PUBLISHERS.

VOL. I.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., JULY 5, 1873.

NO. 21.

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	24.00	36.00	45.00
1 column	15.00	40.00	80.00	120.00	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.

E. W. LOGAN, 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.

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.

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

WANTED! WANTED!!
 200 CORDS GOOD TAN BARK,
 D. MAY & CO.,
 13-14, RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

W. H. JAY,
HOUSE AND SIGN
 PAINTER
PAPA HANCOCK, & CO.
 RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
 Graining, 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, 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.

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

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.

Charlotte Observer,
 Published Daily, Tri-Weekly and Weekly, Charlotte, N. C., by
JOHNSTONE JONES,
 Editor and Proprietor.
 It has a large and increasing circulation. Contains the latest intelligence from all quarters of the world. Market Reports by Telegraph! The only Daily Newspaper in Western North Carolina!
Terms:—Daily \$6.00 per annum.
 Tri-Weekly 3.00
 Weekly 2.00
 Cash in Advance.
 Subscriptions may be forwarded at risk of OBSERVER. Address
CHARLOTTE OBSERVER,
 18-3m, Charlotte, N. C.

The Golden Side.

There is many a rest in the road of life.
 If we would only stop to take it; And many a tone from the better land,
 If the querulous heart would make it!
 To the sunny soul that is full of hope, And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
 The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
 Though the winter storm prevail-eth.
 Better to hope though the clouds hang low,
 And to keep the eyes still lifted; For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
 When the ominous clouds are rifted!
 There was never a night without a day,
 Or an evening without a morning; And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
 Is the hour before the dawning.
 There is many a gem in the path of life,
 Which we pass in our idle pleasure That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
 Or the miser's hoarded treasure; It may be the love of a little child,
 Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
 Or only a beggar's grateful thanks For a cup of water given.
 Better to weave in the web of life
 A bright and golden filling,
 And to God's will with a ready heart,
 And hands that are ready and willing,
 Than to snap the delicate, minute threads
 Of our curious lives asunder,
 And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
 And sit and grieve, and wonder.

FROM DYSARTSVILLE

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.
 "Between Black Mountain and the Green,
 There is a little Village seen,
 And from it do the waters flow
 To carry some and some to Toe."
 I quote from Butler—a poor wandering bard,
 Who tho't, no doubt, his lot extreme-ly hard,
 A generous fellow if you did but know it,
 And fired his muse with 'bold face'—
 the mad poet.
 Burnsville, the most elevated town site on the continent east of the Mississippi river—improves every winter—one or more dilapidated buildings thro' the inclement season disappear by piece meal in *smoke*—ditto rail fences. On the Ray farm a mile from the court house, Capt. Lucius Smith of Asheville is erecting a 'castle' of hewn logs—gothic roof. 'The rivers return to the sea.' He and wife to the home of their infancy. Of the 20 families—3 black—which Burnsville contains—4 or 5 only are residents of long continuance. We are a restless migratory people. In the village are 3 stores, 2 groceries, 3 tanyards, a Masonic Lodge, 2 doctors, Houston and Austin, 2 lawyers, Capt. J. M. Gudger, present senator, Capt. W. M. Moore, elected senator in '68, one minister, Mr. McCampbell, acceptable to church and 'state.'
 In the vicinity resides G. D. Ray, Esq., owner of the most prolific mica mine yet developed in the county, two miles east on the road to Marion, Col. C. F. Young, the late popular and talented Representative. His successor, C. R. Byrd, at Ramsaytown, J. W. Burton, C. C. S. C. on Bald Creek, also David Profit, member house representatives elected in '68, Capt. Sewell Briggs, Register of Deeds, on Jack's Creek, S. S. Peterson, Sheriff, on Mine Fork. The Treasurer, John Hensly, no

matter where—he foolishly cashes your order, does not set up a 'shebang,' and force you to truck it out.
 Of the old-time residents here Gen. McElroy remains, sole survivor—'Like the Last rose of summer'—and long may he bloom.
 'Many are in the cold grave laid'—and among them recently the mortal remains of S. D. Poer, the 'oldest inhabitant'—a soldier in the war of 1812-15, with him lie buried the reminiscences of three score years and ten. He was present at the presidential election in 1800, at a precinct in Montgomery county. A gentleman was invited to partake of the Jefferson elector's treat—with an apology for the gourd and bucket in use on the occasion. 'I'd drink it, sir,' exclaimed the partisan, 'I'd drink it, sir, if it was soupsuds out of a wash-tub.' And amid all the indifference, all the demoralization, all the degeneracy of the evil days on which we are fallen, here and there yet lingers in this Alpine land an independent freeman, who in his exuberant patriotism, in a spirit of self-sacrifice—in his devotion to the public good—to his country and to his party—terms with him synonymous—would still deign on election-day to dip his tin-cup into the contents of an unheated whiskey barrel, were it not for the statute, and while from the summits of yon thunder splintered pinnacles 6000 years look down on him as 40 centuries from the heights of the Pyramids looked down on the soldiers of Napoleon, would manfully do his duty, toss off the flowing bumper of poison fire-water—put himself outside the burning fluid, charge up to the poles, and vote blind.
 The merchants here are prospering. On my first or second visit to Yancey in the 'Longago,' I wrote of the men,—for the ladies—'heaven bless them, always dress well everywhere like so many flowers. I wrote of the men, for a paper published in your town. They patronize domestic manufacturers, the wheels and looms of their wives and daughters.' Now every body is clad—his feet shod—his head tiled—thanks to glass—in imported goods. Whether this is a wise course is another question—but not a hunting shirt, nor a pair of copperas pantaloons at court.
 From 3 to 5 hundred in this county and Mitchell are engaged in Mica Mining. Accidents sometimes occur. A rock lately slid down a black seam on two boys at work in a hole. Rist and Tom Young. Tom was severely injured, and but for the opportune return of his brother from a blacksmith's shop, who extricated him, the consequences might have been fatal. Since then a falling rock badly crushed a young man, John Ramsey, but he is recovering rapidly.
 On my arrival, 16th May, spring had ascended some 500 ft., the Mountain that rises north from the cross street—winter still supreme on the summit. To-day the virgin would advance her banner on the poplar. Tomorrow her procession in green attire would swarm up. In a week she had won to the crest. The top-most twig tossed her colors, and hoary old winter had flown to loftier heights. One morning

Mr. S. H. Fleming, pointed out a cliff beyond which a company of miners were at work, in the evening the day's growth of foliage concealed the rocks.
 I told you I was tired of pedal locomotion. To Mr. W. Young's, boot in stirrup, astride one of those animiles, unknown to the six days work of Creation.
 Beasts that Heaven never made—to bite earth's grass,
 But Spain—the withered beldame showed—"I pass."
 'Half asses' as was sneered in ancient days,
 Until a round sum bo't the poet's praise,
 Simonides—the vernal Lyric poet,
 Who in a mule-race gave the signal—"Go it,"
 And hymned the horse-halves-bred in hybrid form,
 "Daughters of steeds swift as the thunder storm."
 With M. P. Penland, also on a mongrel, to Flat Rock, in Mitchell, Capt. John Gudger not at store, walked in on him at the house, more pleasantly, if less profitably employed. With him to his mica mine, 2 or 3 hundred yards distant. Railroadng qualified him for sinking shafts and running tunnels. He is 'picking his way' into the heart of the hill-feldspar white as flour, lighted us to the terminus, 85 ft., admired his ingenious contrivance for a candlestick, advised him to apply for a patent.
 From a point above the dwelling house the Black-Roan and Yellow are all visible. With Penland down a slope, north, to a green eminence, like the 'Fairy's knoe' in Wiley's 'Alamance,' where like his heroines, very like, we sat, while sunset's lingering beams faded away from the surrounding mountain tops, and the rose of twilight paled in heaven. Penland is poetical, much. I am indebted to him for the idea.
 To the house, conversed with Capt. John, a retired attorney. He has wisely abandoned the 'beggarly elements' of the law, for honest avocations, for more lucrative branches of business, farming, stock raising, mining and merchandizing, happy as all bachelors are, and situated as he is, who could be otherwise? Yet Flat Rock—green in grass—rich in minerals, mica, magnetic iron ore, 4000 acres, is for sale.
 Capt. John resigned to us new bedstead with its accommodations, where we lay, talking life, death, immortality, dorism, deism, till we drownd away in poppy dew to the Lotus land of dreams.
 Rose late, refreshed, sun shining.
 The culinary divinity, who prepared supper for us last evening. Then departed like all lovely oppositions with the day, but returned with the bloom of morning, announced breakfast. Bachelors fare, well, not one but keeps a good table, especially if he sells goods. Saddled, mounted, bade adieu, Capt. John the white, inviting me to call again, (imprudent, I accept.) The 'black brother'—(not the Peak)—is located at Burnsville, and not a lawyer on the circuit has improved more rapidly in the last 12 months, than he.
 Forged North Toe at Blalock's, up Grassy Creek, down the Turnpike to Coxe's, before 11, fed, dined, visitors. The hours sped pleasantly, remained till half past 3, resumed route. At 7 crossed the circumference of the 'corporation' circle and passed from the sunshine into the shadow of night.

Diseased Liver.
 So the doctor says. The patient has dark hair, skin and eyes; a large frame, fine deep lungs, and good stomach. Has formerly been active and ambitious.
 Living in a malarious district, quinine was recommended as the sure preventive of chills. At first it was administered by a physician quinine and cathartics in alternation. That was expensive, and encouraged the thought that they were sick; so quinine was bought by the ounce and dills by the dozen boxes, and the family became their own druggists.
 We queried: "Did it occur to you that in coming from the mountains to the intensely hot valleys, the quality of your food should have been changed?"
 "No, we do not remember ever hearing or thinking of such a thing."
 Did not the doctor direct changes?
 "Oh, he told us we should be little careful of our diet, but he did not explain or specify."
 "What do you now understand by a light diet?" we asked.
 "Anything that relishes or tastes good. If plain meat and potatoes do not relish—a piece of buttered toast with a bit of boiled—a slice of cake and a cup of strong tea and some nice preserves usually taste pretty well."
 "Bread from white flour?"
 "Yes, we don't make bread of horse-feed in this country."
 "How are your bowels?"
 "Months at a time constipated; of late, alternating between the two extremes."
 "Do you bathe?"
 "I wash my feet of course."
 "How often?"
 "All over twice or three times a week, and rub yourself until red and warm?"
 "No, indeed! I do no such thing. I should get my death of cold."
 "Do you never wash all over?"
 "Oh, yes, in very hot weather to cool myself."
 "I suppose you change your cloths two or three times a week in hot weather?"
 "Certainly, because I perspire so freely."
 "How in cool weather?"
 "Only once a week."
 "You sleep on feather-beds?"
 "Yes, with cotton comforts that I brought from the States."
 "Have they ever been washed?"
 "No, they are too heavy."
 "Do you leave the windows open at night?"
 "Mercy, no! the doctor says we must not breathe the night air."
 "How can you help it? Clean air, my good woman, is as much better to breathe than foul, as clean garments are nicer than dirty ones."
 This, dear readers, is a picture of the modes of thought—or rather of the absence of thought—among even intelligent people in reference to the laws and conditions necessary to the possession of good health. This woman is the wife of a clergyman, in whose library are scores of theological books; not one, however, recognizing the fact of *physical life* as a gift and evidence of Divine love; and, therefore, imposing upon men and women obligations to carefully study, and conscientiously obey, the divinely appointed

"Well," said the sick woman, "can you do anything for me?"
 "I can instruct you how to do something for yourself. You have torpid or slow-acting liver—probably an enlarged spleen. If the liver was much inflamed, you could not sit up or do your work. You need—
 "1st. A tepid bath two or three times a week.
 "2nd. A warm bath once a week.
 "3d. On an empty stomach, one or two tumbler of pure water—cool or warm as suits your conditions of chill or fever—take it the last thing at night and the first in the morning, and while in the bath between eleven and twelve o'clock.
 "4th. Breakfast at seven or eight, and dine at two or three o'clock. Eat slowly, masticate thoroughly; use freely *dry* brown unleavened bread with plum, prune, or cranberry sauce.
 "5th. When the pain in the side and the 'agde-ache' trouble you, undress, lie down, have your husband wring a folded flannel cloth in very hot water, apply it quickly over your side, and cover with flannels well tucked under. Repeat five times—once in five minutes—then with a cool sponge wash the red surface, and apply a cool wet and folded towel reaching from the shoulder-blade of the right side, forward across the stomach near the girdle; wet all around, cover with four thicknesses of old flannel pinned snugly over to prevent chillness. Following this fomentation, put your feet alternately into hot and cold water, until they are red and the veins stand out full. Finish with *flannels*—treat them in the same manner.
 "6th. In a stove room, always have a window down at the top. Sun and air your bed-clothes every day. Wear no garment at night which is worn in the daytime. As soon as possible, substitute soft wollen blankets for the heavy and impurity-absorbing cotton comfortables.
 "When your tongue is clean, your rest peaceful, your skin clear, your eyes bright, and pain gone, and you are very sharply hungry, you may select from the scores of healthful articles of food described in this Hygienic cookbook that which pleases you, and eat with moderation. But you must not for three months—or until entirely well—use sugar, milk, or meats.
 "Remembering your constitutional predisposition to torpid liver, we advise you to abstain altogether from pork, butter, spices, coffee, tea, fine bread, pies and cakes."
 Looking up sadly, she said: "It is a great deal of work to get well your way."
 We replied: "Is it any less work to take quinine by the ounce, and pills by the dozen boxes, and mercurials until your teeth drop out, and your joints are rheumatic, your ears buzzing or deaf, your head bald, your whole body corrupt and full of anguish, your faith dim, your conscience seared, your soul, even, involved in despair? If it is, go on in the old way. Think again, and remember, my sister, God washes the earth, and gives water to all birds and animals to drink. The flowers drink dew, and subsist on food adapted to their peculiar forms of life. His storms and tempests sweep over the seas and valley, dispersing malarial vapors; His glorious sunshine vivifies and purifies and makes glad the whole earth. Men destroy or change these divinely-ordained conditions, and birds and beast and plants die. When they restore them, study them, obey them, they live.
 "The same God that cared for the sparrows, numbered the hairs of your head. He—creating human bodies—established laws to control those bodies. Obey them, and you live. Disobey, and you languish and die."—*Science of Health.*

LAW'S OF HEALTH.

These people are conscientious in the observance of the moral law pertaining to spiritual life, but very thoughtless and forgetful of the intimate relation of spiritual and physical life. The activity and vividness of faith and hope depend in a large degree upon physical health; and health depends much upon the quality of food and drink we use. The manner of taking food, exercise, cleanliness and pure air, have much to do with digestion and assimilation.