

WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

THE STRONGEST BULWARK OF OUR COUNTRY—THE POPULAR HEART.

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WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

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Grateful for the liberal patronage heretofore received, hopes, by prompt attention to all calls, to merit a continuance of the same.
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EASTERN DIVISION: GOING WEST.
STATIONS. PASSENGER FREIGHT.
Leave Wilmington, 8:00 A. M. 6:00 A. M.
Arrive Lilesville, 4:45 10:00
GOING EAST.
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 FREIGHT.
Leave Charlotte, 8:00 A. M. 11:30
Arrive at Buffalo, 1:30 P. M.
Leave Buffalo, 5:30
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Leave Old Fort, 7:15 a. m.
Leave Marion at 8:04
Arrive at Salisbury, 3:32 p. m.

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STATIONS. MAIL. EXPRESS.
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Leave Greensboro, 1:45 11:10
Arrive Greensboro, 11:05 a. m.
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Arrive Charlotte, 7:20 8:30

All passenger trains connect at Greensboro with trains to and from Richmond.
Palman Palace Cars on all night trains between Charlotte and Richmond, (without change).
S. E. ALLEN,
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THE AIR-LINE RAILROAD.
Out Passenger and Freight, three times a week, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
GOING WEST.
Leave Charlotte, 7:30 a. m.
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GOING EAST.
Leave Black's, 2:00 p. m.
Arrive Charlotte, 5:56
B. Y. SAGE,
Engineer and Superintendent.

Twilight.

Creeping slowly o'er the mountains,
Came the sombre twilight hour,
Shadows draped the crystal fountains
Moonbeams kissed the dewy flower.

Darkness hid the wreath of roses,
Morn had twined in joyous glee,
And the songsters of the twilight
Sang the vesper melody.

Soft and silvery fell the moonlight,
From the azure arch above,
Floating richly in its beauty,
Like a fairy dream of love.

Bright and dazzling in their splendor,
Burned the starry gems on high,
While the night winds murmur softly
Where the weeping winds do sigh.

And on love's sweet tender bosom,
Sinks the weary careless child,
While rest so gentle and so soothing,
By low music is beguiled.

And angels from the starry heavens,
Come to guard the sleeping world,
Shield it from dark haunting evil,
While night's banner is unfurled.

A STRANGE STORY.

HOW A DEAD MAN'S BRAIN WAS TRANSFERRED TO A QUICK SUBJECT.

A correspondent of the New York World, writing from Paris, gives the following strange and hardly credible account of the recent transfusion of a dead man's brain into a living subject. The facts are reported by the World correspondent as recorded in the Gazette Hebdomadaire, taken from *Vichou's Archives*, a medical journal published at Berlin:

It was at Leipzig that the experiment was performed. A soldier who had killed the colonel of his regiment in cold blood, and whom the severity of Prussian military discipline would have caused to die a hundred deaths, had it been possible, was deliberately handed over to the surgeons, by sentence of court-martial, and was confined in a strong room in the military hospital, entirely in the dark as to the fate which awaited him. He was kept there ready for an emergency, which did not fail to occur. A keeper of a beer cellar in Leipzig, a man resembling in many respects the condemned soldier, and who had been seized with acute inflammation of the heart, or rather of its investing membrane, was brought to the hospital to die of that incurable, and promptly fatal, malady. No sooner had the anticipated death taken place than the dead saloon-keeper was placed on the table by the side of another operating table, on which was the chloroformed but living body of the soldier. Two surgeons, with assistants, proceeded alike in both cases to divide the scalp over the summit of the skull from ear to ear, turn back the divisions and remove the skull-cap by incisions passing around the skull like a crown. In the soldier, whose carotid arteries had been prepared for compression, these vessels were clamped so as to prevent hemorrhage, and but a few drops of blood were lost during the entire operation. In each the dura mater was incised, and the hemispheres of the brain were removed by an incision with a sharp, thin bladed knife passing about the cerebellum, or a narrow portion of about two inches in a diameter called the crura cerebri. The brain of the saloon-keeper, which was sound, the heart disease having left it intact, he having been sensible to the last, was transferred to the skull of the soldier, and by an ingenious contrivance, the continuity of the arterial and venous tubes was established. The greatest care was taken in securing the natural adaptation of the parts to a fraction of a line, and the skull having been replaced simply, was held down in position by the scalp, which was drawn over, and its edges confined by strips of adhesive plaster, and over all was placed a bandage. It was not until several days had passed that the pressure upon the carotid

arteries was entirely relaxed, although before the skull was replaced the flow of blood in the vessels of the brain was proved to be restored. The chief fear was from the results of inflammation and suppuration, but fortunately neither ensued, and the wounded parts healed kindly. There was from the first no difficulty in feeding the patient, nor was difficulty anticipated, for it is well known that in puppies and kittens in which the entire brain has been removed sucking and swallowing go on as well as before the operation, and in this case the nerves which preside over deglutition and digestion were far below the point of section. The patient remained in a sound sleep for two weeks, as in a case of apoplexy, the circulation, digestion and all the vegetative functions of life being uninterrupted. The gradual union of the parts was shown by faint but gradually increasing movements of the limbs, of the jaws and of the muscles of expression in the face. Speech did not become possible until the close of the third week, and then it was hesitating, stammering, as a child learns. Although it was evident that the patient tried to utter words and sentences it was very gradually that the power of intelligible articulation returned.

The Gazette contains the report in a tabular form of the increasing voluntary power over the arms and hands, as measured from day to day by the dynamometer, the measurements given in kilogrammes; also the daily temperature of the limbs, as shown by the thermometer in degrees of centigrade; also the measure of retropulsive sensibility of the fingers and lips, as given by an instrument called an oesthesiometer; but I omit these, as your readers will be interested in the main facts only.

When speech became intelligible it was found that the soldier, as he seemed, had forgotten entirely his military training and discipline; on the other hand he told, at a formal examination, in the presence of a number of witnesses, the price of all the wines and beers, such as the saloon-keeper had been in the habit of buying and selling, manifesting the unimpaired cerebral activity of the latter. His memory recalled the saloon-keeper's relatives, friends and customers, whom he called by name. The soldier had been ugly, taciturn, revengeful; he now had the saloon-keeper's frankness and even garrulity, in spite of his stammering utterance. He was totally blind. Although the nerves of smell and sight had been approximated in the approximated in the operation, they failed to unite. It was both sad and strange to see and hear the soldier groping in his infirmity of blindness and giving proof of all the patient endurance and goodness of heart which had made the saloon-keeper deservedly esteemed and prosperous. These are the main facts in the case as far as detailed in the Archive, but the subject of experiment presents so many important problems of the relation between blood and brain, of heart-power and nervous energy, that we may be well assured to no facts of interest in the changed condition of the culprit will be permitted to escape notice and record. A grave point of discussion is whether he must still be considered a criminal and suffer execution as a guilty soldier, or shall be pensioned and liberally cared for in his infirmity as a guiltless and much suffering beer-seller. Public sentiment is divided. Emperor William says: "Ya," peremptorily. The Emperor William's judge, therefore, all say "Ya wohl." The Emperor William's professors of metaphysics in the Emperor's universities say it is clearly a case of ego and non-ego, and the people seem willing that the matter should rest there as far as the metaphysical aspects of the question are concerned.

For my part I merely give the facts of the case and the proof on which they rest.

A Mormon Woman's Story of its Operation—How the Polygamous Intent First Shows Itself Among the Men.

Mrs. Stenhouse, in her lecture on "Life in Utah," says: "She was proud to say that the Mormon women did not willingly accept polygamy. They were betrayed into obeying a revelation which was said to come from God, which made it necessary to their salvation and exaltation in heaven that they should give to their husbands other wives, even though that act of obedience should crucify themselves; and they were betrayed by that abnegation which women have always shown in a religious cause. The more alluring doctrine of a kinship of spirit, the assertion that all women must have husbands in order to be saved, and that true marriage was not for the time only but for all eternity, was taught. The first symptoms of polygamy that is perceivable by the first wife is generally a little quiet sighing on the part of the husband. He becomes very serious. His mind is evidently occupied. He exhibits more than usual zeal for the faith. He goes regularly to church. He becomes concerned about his future kingdom. 'Coming events cast their shadows before.' If in good circumstances, he is certain to bring home some present, and tell his 'sweet little wife' how much he loves her, that 'she fills his heart,' and that 'he is so happy in her affection.' When a wife in Utah hears this kind of language, she may be certain there is another revelation awaiting her.

The affectionate husband becomes very reflecting and observing. His brother Jones has three wives, brother Smith two, and brother Robinson, who has not been half so long in the church as he has, has even four wives, while he, poor man, has only one. He then begins very gently, 'This will never do, my dear; we are not living our religion. I am sometimes afraid the anger of the Lord will be kindled against us.' He makes his wife feel it is as much her duty as his. He asks his wife which of all the young girls of her acquaintance would make a good wife—a pleasant companion for her—one who would respect her. He mentions a half dozen, one of whom he has determined upon, and that one is selected. The wife, of course, is deceived; she feels that opposition is useless.

Soon the husband has meetings to attend, business engagements after business hours. He is seen walking or riding with a young girl, and the wife finds it is nothing new, and then she feels that she has been deceived, and her idol is broken. If a man has twenty wives he makes the last one believe that she is the first and only true love. There is a class of women in Utah professedly devoted to polygamy, as they are to faith in Christ, who act as drill-sergeants to the other women. These lead Mormon polygamic society and get up memorials to Congress, ect. They form what is called the female relief society, and to women who object to marrying they say, 'Would it not be better for you to be one of the officers of a fine ship of war than to be the captain of a small fishing smack?' meaning it is better to be one of the wives of a great man than the only wife of an obscure man. A broken-hearted wife went to Miss Eliza B. Snow—one of the wives of Brigham Young—and told her the misery of her life. 'I cannot endure it,' exclaimed the unhappy woman. 'But you must endure it,' replied her comforter. 'It will kill me—I know it will!' she uttered in despair. 'Then you will wear a martyr's crown, sister,' replied this soulless woman.

In Utah it is no common thing to find a wife's own sister or sisters brought home as wives, and some mothers have been obliged to give their own daughters to be the wives to their husbands. Brigham Young once admitted to Hepworth Dixon that he saw no objection to brothers and sisters marrying.

Carolina! Carolina!

We should look more closely into our own resources to learn what a State we have. There is none like it in climate, in soil, in variety of production, in diversity of mineral wealth, in unrivalled water power, and with an extended system of internal improvements, in commercial position. The census of 1840, the first accurate statistical information furnished to the people of the country, showed that North Carolina, furnished to a greater or less extent, something of the products of every one of the other States of the Union, and was the only one that could make such exhibit. Nor were these productions mere samples or specimens, but with the exceptions of the sugars of Louisiana, staples, all raised on a large scale. There was the sugar of Louisiana, and the maple sugar of Vermont, the rice of South Carolina and the barley of New York, the indigo of Georgia, and the buckwheat of Pennsylvania; there was wheat, and oats, and rye, and corn, all produced in large quantity, while all the great southern staples cotton, and tobacco, and rice were raised extensively.

Since 1840, there have been some changes owing to the liberation of life here. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you the wisest way is generally just to let him alone, for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

The tide of immigration will be turned this way at no distant day, and then will the superior advantages of our State be seen, and appreciated, in the meantime our own people will learn to stay at home, and appreciate what is so attractive to the foreigner

"Carolina! Carolina! heaven's blessings attend her.
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her."

Nothing Great but God.

When Massillon pronounced one of those discourses which have placed him in the first class of orators, he found himself surrounded by the trappings and pageants of a royal funeral. The temple was not only hung with sable, but shadowed with darkness, save the few twinkling lights on the altar. The beauty and the chivalry of the land were spread out before him. The censers threw forth fumes of incense, mounting in wreaths to the gilded dome. There sat Majesty, clothed in sack-cloth and sunk in grief. All felt in common, and as one. It was a breathless suspense. Not a second stole upon the awful stillness. The master of mighty eloquence arose. His hands were folded on his breast. His eyes lifted to heaven. Utterance seemed denied him. He stood abstracted and lost. At length, his fixed look unbent; it hurried over the scene, where every pomp was mingled and every trophy strewn. It found no resting place for itself amidst all that idle parade and all that mocking vanity. Again it settled; it had fastened upon the bier, glittering with escutcheons and veiled with plumes. A sense of the indescribable nothingness of man, "at his best state," of the meanness of the highest human grandeur; now made plain in spectacle of that hearsed mortal overcame him. His eyes once

more closed; his action was suspended; and, in a scarcely audible whisper, he broke the long-drawn pause, "There is nothing great but God."—Sermons by Dr. Hamilton.

Quarrels.

One of the most easy, the most common, most perfectly foolish things in the world, is to quarrel, no matter with whom, man, woman or child: or upon what pretence provocation, or occasion whatsoever. There is no kind of necessity for it, no manner of use in it and yet strange as the fact may be, theologians quarrel, and politicians, lawyers, doctors and princes quarrel, the Church quarrels, and the State quarrels; nations and tribes, and corporations, men, women, and children, dogs and cats, birds and beasts, quarrel about all manner of things, and on all manner of occasions. If there is any thing in the world that will make a man feel bad, except pinching his fingers in the crack of the door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after than he did before one; it degrades him in his own eyes, and in the eyes of others, and what is worse blunts his sensibility to disgrace on the one hand, and increases to power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is the more quietly and peaceably we get on the better, the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is, if a man cheats you, to quit dealing with him; if he is abusive quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that no man will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you the wisest way is generally just to let him alone, for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

Croaking is not confined to the South, nor is farming without its drawbacks even in the great fertile West. Here is what an Illinoisian Jeremiah has to say in the *Country Gentleman*, of the condition and prospects of the agriculturists of the "Garden of the World": "It would not hurt him, [a would be immigrant] to stay two years and learn how the Illinois farmer grows corn and oats at 20 cents a bushel, cattle at 2½ and hogs at 3 cents a pound, is taxed, ten per cent. on the assessed value of his property, pays 5 cents a mile when he takes the train, hauls water two miles when it is dry, gets sloughed in his own door-yard when it is wet, harvests with the mercury at 110° in the shade, and feeds his cattle with the thermometer at 34° below zero." Now, though we suspect this picture is much too highly colored, it serves to show that our little troubles, here in the South, are not so bad as they might be, and that we need not envy the farmers of less favored regions because they possess the one advantage of a more fertile soil.

To the sailmaker seeking a situation—look a loft.

A Maine jury decides that Rhode Island hop beer is intoxicating.

A San Francisco firm advertises for skulls of deceased Indians.

How dangerous to defer those momentous reformations which the conscience is solemnly preaching to the heart. If they are neglected, the difficulty and indisposition are increasing every month; the mind receding, degree after degree, from the warm and hopeful zone, till at last it will enter the arctic circle, and become fixed in relentless and eternal ice.