

WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

THE STRONGEST BULWARK OF OUR COUNTRY—THE POPULAR HEART.

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RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

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| STATIONS. | PASSENGER. | FREIGHT. |
|--------------------|------------|------------|
| Leave Wilmington, | 8:00 A. M. | 6:00 A. M. |
| Arrive Lilesville, | 4:15 | 10:00 |

| 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.
Arrive at Buffalo, 11:30

RETURNING.
Leave Buffalo, 1:30 P. M.
Arrive Charlotte, 5:30

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WESTERN N. CAROLINA RAILROAD.
Passenger Trains on this Road run as follows:

| STATIONS. | MAIL. | EXPRESS. |
|---------------------|-------------|----------|
| Leave Salisbury, | 4:00 p. m. | |
| Arrive at Marion, | 12:45 p. m. | |
| Arrive at Old Fort, | 1:32 | |

| STATIONS. | MAIL. | EXPRESS. |
|----------------------|------------|----------|
| Leave Old Fort, | 7:15 a. m. | |
| Arrive at Marion, | 8:04 | |
| Arrive at Salisbury, | 3:32 p. m. | |

RICHMOND AND DANVILLE RAILROAD COMPANY.
NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION: GOING NORTH.

| STATIONS. | MAIL. | EXPRESS. |
|--------------------|-------------|------------|
| Leave Charlotte, | 7:10 p. m. | 6:25 a. m. |
| Arrive Greensboro, | 12:59 a. m. | 10:10 |
| Leave Greensboro, | 1:45 | 11:10 |
| Arrive Goldsboro, | 11:05 a. m. | |

| STATIONS. | MAIL. | EXPRESS. |
|--------------------|------------|------------|
| Leave Goldsboro, | 4:00 p. m. | |
| Arrive Greensboro, | 1:50 a. m. | 3:30 p. m. |
| Leave Greensboro, | 2:15 | 4:00 |
| Arrive Charlotte, | 7:20 | 8:30 |

All passenger trains connect at Greensboro with trains to and from Richmond.
Pullman Palace Cars on all night trains between Charlotte and Richmond, (without change).
S. K. ALLREN,
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W. H. GREEN,
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THE AIR-LINE RAILROAD.
Out Passenger and Freight, three times a week, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

| STATIONS. | MAIL. | EXPRESS. |
|------------------|------------|----------|
| Leave Charlotte, | 7:30 a. m. | |
| Arrive Black's, | 11:25 | |

In Passenger and Freight, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
GOING EAST.
Leave Black's, 2:00 p. m.
Arrive Charlotte, 5:55

B. Y. SAGE,
Engineer and Superintendent.

Speak Gently.

"Speak gently—it is better far
To rule by love, than fear;
Speak gently—let not harsh words
mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently! Love doth whisper
low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently Friendship's accents flow;
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild:
It may long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to hear—
Pass through this life as best they
may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart!

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring—know
They may have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so—
Oh! win them back again.

Speak gently! He who gave this life
To bind man's stubborn will,
When elements were in full strife,
Said to them: "Peace be still."

Speak gently! 'Tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well!
The good, the joy, which it may bring
Eternity shall tell."

Experiments in Nature's Laboratory.

The experimental method, now so universally accepted as the sole means of arriving at scientific facts, is mostly carried out in laboratories provided with more or less expensive apparatus, which however large and commodious, rivals in a pitifully small degree the grand, subtle, and delicate appliances of nature. No artificial arrangements can emulate the enormous pressures to which in nature various materials are subjected. No furnace constructed by man, though seven times heated, can approach in intensity of action the heat of volcanic origin; and this last is, so to speak, cold when compared to the high temperatures of the solar atmosphere.

What comparison can be made between all the varied and skillfully contrived apparatus of modern chemistry and that which exists in the respiratory, digestive, and circulatory of organs of animals, or even plants? Not all the instruments and processes yet devised by man for investigation of organic chemistry are equal to the construction of a blood-corpuscle, a cell, or an animal tissue. We know that these things are produced in obedience to law, as surely as that winds blow, iron rusts, and rivers flow in accordance with fixed and invariable principles. Could we establish the proper conditions, a blood-corpuscle would result.

The feeble experiments of the philosopher are merely attempts to establish in each case a determinate set of conditions. This done, he awaits results. It is only through the agency of natural law that he establishes conditions, he himself acting in as blind obedience to law as does the cloud from which he culls a specimen. He even thinks in obedience to law from which he can no more escape than matter can escape from the mysterious influence called gravity.

People often speak about violating the law of nature, and of the punishment which follows such violation. The fact is, however, that there is no such thing as breaking through natural law. If we eat that which nourishes us, we are nourished according to law. If we take arsenic, it acts to poison us in obedience to other provisions of the same inexorable code. Tobacco entails nervous and other disorders upon man, when used as a stimulant, under

the same law that it kills ticks on lambs. Nature is perfectly indifferent whether a flame burns sticks or our fingers. It is the eternal fiat that gases heated to incandescence shall produce certain effects on certain other substances, and neither sticks nor fingers can evade the everlasting unchangeable decree. Underlying the ever-changing complexity of phenomena is the never-changing, inflexible, sternly coherent law, so much superior to the puffy will and strength of man that one wonders at even the careless application to it of the term "violation."

It is questionable whether, in the search for artificial appliances through which to control conditions, we have not in some measure come to underrate the value of close observation of results of conditions already established in nature. It is quite recent that we have learned to appreciate the possible effects of winds in abrading rocks exposed to their action. The artificial application of the sand blast to the cutting of the hardest substances within the last two or three years is only a repetition of a process which has been going on under the eyes of mankind for ages.

Who has ever thought of consulting any of the processes going on in the natural world for confirmation or negation of the elementary character of those substances now called chemical elements? Who has said, inasmuch as the chemical processes of digestion and assimilation are infinitely more refined than any I can conduct, let me see whether in the animal or vegetable economy phosphorus or sulphur (which are, to say the least, open to the suspicion of compound character) is not sometimes produced from food which contains neither? Should such a fact ever be discovered, it would as effectually settle the composite character of phosphorus or sulphur as could the most successful laboratory analysis.

All honor to the splendid corps of investigators—now, thank God! in no want of recruits—who are forcing their way into the interpenetrals of nature in schools, in laboratories, in shops, and in garrets! All honor to the genius that has given us the balance, the thermometer, and the barometer; that has widened our field of vision by the microscope, the telescope and the spectroscope! All honor to him, though the humblest, who has added one implement to our common stock! Yet, with due reverence to genius, we believe there is something to be seen with unaided eyes, and outside the laboratories and observatories of our universities.—*American Artisan.*

Power of Man to Endure Cold.

One who took part in a late telegraphic expedition in Siberia writes as follows:—"I didn't believe that it would be possible for me to lie out in the snow, without shelter, in a temperature of even 20° below zero, but I have done it once in 50° below, and repeatedly in 45°. One of Bush's parties, in February of last year, passed the night on an open, barren steppe, with their spirit thermometer standing 28° below zero, or 100° below the freezing point. Quicksilver they molded into soil bullets with four minutes' exposure to the air. It is true they did not dare to go to sleep that night, but I believe that had they been properly fitted out with heavy furs and wolf skin sleeping bags to tie over the head, they might have done it with perfect safety.

"I'm afraid you would think that I was availing myself of a traveler's privilege, and relating a very large yarn, if I told you how comfortably I have slept on the snow in a temperature of 30°, 40°, and 45° below. We are obliged to sleep in fur bags, of course, with our faces entirely covered, to take the utmost care to have our fur stockings perfectly dry; but I have slept in that way through the long Arctic nights as comfortably as ever I did in bed at home."

Family Government.

There are some subjects which cannot be too often, nor too impressively brought before the public. As the most important of this class of subjects, may be mentioned family government. Parents should remember that the character of the inhabitants of the earth during the next, and it may be for many succeeding generations, depends almost entirely on the manner in which they govern their offspring at home under their own roof.—Properly governed children at home, rarely ever fail to make good citizens to the extent of their natural endowments; whilst misgoverned children as rarely make good citizens. A well governed family is a nursery in which choice seeds are rearing for both Church and State. No salutary form of State government can be established by those who have been misgoverned in childhood at home. Parents who neglect to exercise, properly, the authority which God has delegated to them over their offspring, are rearing thorns and thistles for the State, and planting thorns in their own pillows which will torment on a dying couch.

This is not all. By the ordinance of heaven we enter the path that leads to heaven, or the broad road that leads to perdition under the parental roof. Parents are generally particular with regard to the choice of associates and companions for their sons and daughters; but, too often, parents themselves are not good associates for children. Led by the instincts of nature, children follow their parents. As a rule, children approve and disapprove of every thing that meets the approbation or disapprobation of their parents. They, in every respect, are like their parents. This is true naturally, and by the power of association, what is natural becomes habitual. Bad parents make their offspring bad, and good parents impress their likeness upon their children. If parents would be more careful in the management of their children, there would be less crime in the world than is, and fewer on the road that leads to everlasting destruction.—*Yorkville Enquirer.*

A Lesson for Boys.

In Parton's Life of Horace Greely, it is recorded that while an apprentice to the printers' trade, in the office of the *Northern Spectator*, a weekly journal published at Poultney, Vermont, he became one of the leading members of a debating society. Although only in his sixteenth year, he ranked with men in the maturity and soundness of his opinions, and in the ability to maintain them. He was always ready, and deeply interested in the question to be discussed. Thoroughly furnished with arguments and facts, dates, names, figures, places, statistics, etc., he was a formidable debater, and an opponent to be afraid of. It is a singular fact, but one which, with other circumstances, furnishes a key to his character, that he never made the slightest preparations for the meetings of the society, in the way of dress, except to put on his jacket. He wore two garments ordinarily, viz.: a shirt and trousers. His trousers were very short, his sleeves tucked up above his elbows, and his shirt open in front. A straw hat, which cost twelve and a-half cents, completed his costume. In winter, his clothing was really insufficient. But he denied himself, in order that he might piously contribute the entire amount which he received for his services—forty dollars a year—to his father, who was struggling in the interior of Pennsylvania with the difficulties of a new farm and insufficient capital. This was his practice during all the year of his apprenticeship, and for years afterward, and was a most remarkable instance of filial

duty. He subsequently worked seven months, without loss of a single day, in the office of the *Erie Gazette*, at twelve dollars a month. Months after months passed, and he drew no money. His habits and appearance remained the same. The proprietor remonstrated with him upon his persistence in wearing the hereditary homespun, saying, "Now, Horace, you have a good deal of money coming to you, don't go about the town any longer in that outlandish rig. Let me give you an order on the store. Dress up a little, Horace." To which he replied, "You see, sir, my father is on a new place, and I want to help him all I can." Upon the settlement of his account it appeared that he had drawn, for his personal expenses, for seven months of his residence at Erie, six dollars. He took fifteen dollars more in money, and the rest in the form of a note, which he generously gave to his father.

We commend this example to our boys and young men, who throw their money away on the merest trifles—such as billiards, cards, cigars, and other useless, and, it may be, hurtful indulgences. Truly, "the child is father of the man," and the habits and manners of our boyhood are likely to stick to us. If we are extravagant, idle and prone to pleasure, as boys, as men we shall probably be spendthrifts, and of no real use in life. If we appreciate and practice self-denial, if we show zeal for knowledge and virtue, and disregard mere appearances, we shall, in all probability, find some good position in life, where we may become valuable to our fellow-men and win their confidence and esteem. Horace Greely was a dutiful boy; he became a trusted man, and his untimely death was more mourned than that of any man since Washington.

Manufacture of Glycerine in America.

More than two million pounds of glycerine are now manufactured in the United States annually, of which Hartmann Laist & Co., of Cincinnati, make about one-half. When the writer first devised the use of glycerine in gas-meters in 1852, just twenty years ago, in the laboratory of Dr. John Torrey, at the old Medical College in Grosby Street, he refrained from securing a patent for his invention, though fully realizing the beauty and perfection of the device, for the reason that all gas men he talked to about it, looked on it as chimerical, glycerine being then little more than a curiosity of the laboratory, and the charging of a meter with it would have cost more than the meter itself.

We have recently had an opportunity of inspecting some samples of the products of the Cincinnati firm above named. There were three grades of it. That which is used in meters of coarse crude, though of excellent quality for a crude article. Though somewhat colored, it had little odor and though said to contain some little limesalts, these are scarcely perceptible to the taste. Its density is 25° Baume, equivalent to a specific gravity of 1.210, water being 1.000. It is almost perfectly neutral. For charging meters this is mixed usually with an equal volume of water. Meters are in use that have been filled for nine years with this mixture, and still give satisfaction.

Two other qualities we saw had been distilled; one of them once, making an article much used by nitro-glycerine makers; the other twice, and suitable for medical purposes and perfumery. This last article was really superb, being as dense and thick as molasses, as white and clear as distilled water, possessing a pure, intensely sweet burning taste absolutely free from every trace of odor

when rubbed on the warm hand, and in every way equal to the highly expensive imported products of Trommsdorff, Price, and others. The manufacture is carried on by a peculiar apparatus, the invention of Mr. Laist, which we shall hope at a future day to have the pleasure of seeing in operation. No satisfaction is greater to us than to realize that we are competing in this country with European manufactures in any of these refined modern chemical products. It is stated that the manufacture of a purified article of glycerine has increased of late years more rapidly in the United States than in any European State.

Of Messrs. Hartmann & Laist's products we have secured samples which will be submitted to careful chemical tests, and the result duly reported to our readers.—*Glaslight Journal.*

How Much the Hog Weighed.

A bluff-looking man, in a farmer's work-day costume, entered a railway car at a way station. The car was well filled, all the seats being occupied—but one, which was half filled by a finely dressed exquisite. The farmer, seeing his only chance for a seat, asked the exquisite if "other half of the seat was 'took." Receiving a negative answer, he responded: "Waal, then, I reckon I'll squat."

Like most of our hardy yeomanry, he was inclined to be sociable.

"Suug winter morning," said he.

No response.

"Shouldn't wonder if we had some more snow after night."

Still no response from the exquisite, who looked out of the rear window, evidently much annoyed.

After several futile attempts to elicit some reply, the farmer gave a yawn, and quietly remarked: "Killed a hog yesterday; but you can't guess how much he weighed?"

Driven almost to desperation, the poor fellow said drily: "Four hundred pounds."

Yawning again—"No, it didn't weigh that."

"Well, three hundred and fifty."

Another yawn—"No, it didn't weigh three and a half."

Very impatiently—"Three hundred."

Yawning still—"No, not that much."

Almost ready to explode—"How much did your old hog weigh, anyhow?"

"Waal, he wasn't much of a hog and I didn't weigh him."

Judge Dowling, of New York, loves a practical joke. His old day a man was before him charged with whipping his wife.

"How came he to beat you?" asked Judge Dowling.

"Underneath where we live, No. 470 Grand street, there is a dance house," explained the wife. "I was told my husband was there, and I took a woman with me, and went and looked in."

"Was your husband there?" pursued the Judge.

"Yes, sir."

"Dancing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you go inside?"

"No, sir, but my husband saw me, and soon came up to our own room, when he beat me and smashed his furniture."

"It was not the proper place for her to go," spoke up the husband.

"It was a proper place for you, I suppose."

"Any place is proper for men."

"Do you really think so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, I'll send you to the penitentiary for three months."

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.—An old minister enforced the difference of opinion by this argument: "Now, if everybody had been of my opinion, they would all have wanted my old woman." One of the deacons, who sat behind, responded, "Yes, and if everybody was of my opinion, nobody would have had her."