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Wayside Gleanings.

FOR THE TIMES.
GROWN WEARY.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.
Nelle, I'm weary of the chain
That binds my spirit here;
Behind each joy there lurks a pain,
Behind each smile a tear.

I have grown weary with the strife
'Tis earthliness and sin
And all that hidden holier life,
That pants and pines within.

I've kept the fount of deepest thought
From every beating heart,
Till I at last have really taught
My own a life of art!

This should not be! 'tis sad indeed
To wrong the spirit so;
It hath a nobler, higher need,
Than years of gathered wo.

Sometimes a spirit like thine own,
Comes floating around mine,
And whispers in love's thrilling tone,
Its sweetness half divine,
And for the moment then I cease
My restless longings wild,—
For thou hast whispered words of peace,
In accents low and mild.

God bless the weary one who pines
To rest his earth-soiled wings;
Whose fettered flight to heaven inclines,
'Tis bound to earth by things,
Make his impatient spirit brave,
His lot in life to share,
That he may live beyond the gear,
For none are weary there.

HARTFORD, Conn.

WE ARE PASSING AWAY.

BY MAQUIE E. ROYSTER.
"All that's bright must fade
The brightest, still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest."

Thus, ever thus, it has been
The sweetest hope, the brightest dream
Are those that quicken
Wrapt in fears. The smile that plays
On the innocent face of the fragile
Babe, passes away; and in a moment
As it were, a tear-drop trembles on its
Silken lids. Darkness folds its shadowy
Wings and passes away. Then aurora
Bursts forth mingling her roseate hue
With the rays of the potent King of
Day. A sun-beam strays down to our
Beautiful green earth. What is its mis-
sion? Alas! to kiss away the spar-
kling dew-drops that glisten like a dia-
mond on the delicate petals of the rose.
Nature's gifts! they, too, must fade;
For though so sweet, so beautiful, fill-
ing the air with their aromatic odor,
and enlisting an exclamation of praise
from every beholder, the scorching
rays of the sun must blast them, and
what was so fresh and green at dawn,
at eve will be but parched relics.

Listen to the melody of the wood-
land songster, as it carols its wood-land
lay. It sports among the boughs of
the forest oaks, as they are gently
fann'd by the laughing zephyrs, and it
seems frantic with delight; but a few
weeks, and it is no more. Yes! the
little feather'd gift has pass'd away.
Look at the little celandine as it nestles
in its mother's bosom; it smiles, it
plays, it sips the cup of life, and in the
twinkling of an eye, the goblet is dash'd
from its lips, and it is winging its way
to a more genial clime. See again the

blooming child in all the freshness of
youth, just as she begins to appreciate
the Mother's love and Father's ten-
derness. The angel Death claims her
as his victim; and she is reluctantly
torn from earth and transplanted to
the eternal regions of celestial bliss. A-
gain a beautiful maiden reclines grace-
fully upon a bank of violets, her dark
glossy hair is buried amid their soft
petals, and her ruby lips and dark glow-
ing tresses almost bid defiance to
Death's sharp arrow; but ere the beams
of another sun shall fall upon the earth,
she may pass away. All things in
nature speak the mournful truth, that
we are passing away. The brightest
hope must be blighted; the sweetest
dream vanish; the fairest flower droop
and die. The little shrub must perish;
the mighty oak decay; the gallant
—older fall, and all, all, must wither
and pass into nonentity. The young
bride has bid farewell to her child-
hood's home; and turned her back to the
scenes of early youth, and given her
young being into the keeping of one,
who, by both looks and words, prom-
ises to love, cherish and protect. Ah!
but a few short months she too passes
away. Another session has passed,
and the joyous school-girl, who left
home with such bright hopes, is to re-
turn unto the same hearth-stone to
meet with lov'd ones there; but per-
haps the vacant chair will too plainly
divine the saddest face and subdued
tones. Alas! a parent—a brother—
a sister; or a friend may have pass'd
away. Eighteen hundred and fifty-six
has dawned upon us; but the future,
so wisely unrevealed, lies before us.
It may teem with pleasure or be bur-
dened with sadness. Shall we sully
its fair pages with foul deeds, or shall
we brighten them by such actions, as
will meet with the approval of con-
science and above all of God?

Stars that shine and fall—
The flowers that droop in springing,
These, alas! are types of all—
To which our hearts are clinging."

Young's X Roads, N. C.

Day Dreams.

The poet tells us that the visions of the
night are—
—less beguiling far,
Than waking dreams by light-day are.

Stoves and gas-lights are driving the joys
of twilight from our homes, which is not
a pleasant thing to think of. The glare
of gas but ill replaces the dusky glow of
the red fire-light, that was wont to cheer
our twilight hours. We are living so fast,
of late years, that we have no time for twi-
light dreamings, and we leap from day-
light to gas-light without a pause. We may
accomplish more, but do we enjoy as much?

The power of abstracting one's thoughts
from outward things has been possessed
by some great thinkers to an extraordi-
nary degree. It is related of Socrates that
at Potidaea he spent a day and a night
standing in one place and position!—La
Fontaine was so given to abstraction that
he did not know his own son when intro-
duced to him. When his mind was thus
occupied his body was nothing more than
a machine. Madame de Brillon, going
one day to Versailles, found him, in the
morning, meditating under a tree in the
park. On returning in the evening, he
was still in the same spot, and even in the
same attitude, although it was very cold,
and the rain had been falling all day. This
absence of mind sometimes gives rise to a-
musing incidents. One such is related of
Moliere, whose reveries were much like
those of La Fontaine. Having one day
hired a sedan chair to take him to the the-
atre, and being in great haste, he was so
annoyed by the slow movements of the
carrier, that he in his impatience leaped
out, and began to push the vehicle! Nor
in his abstraction was he aware of what
he was doing, until aroused by the peals of
laughter which came from the man, to
whose aid he had come, in order to quicken
his speed.—Portland Transcript.

WAKING UP SINNERS.—We have heard
of an old minister in Kentucky, who pur-
chased a whistle, and when his hearers
went to sleep, as usual, he emitted from
it a shrill sound. All were awake, and stood
up to hear him launch forth thus:
"Well, you are a set of smart specimens
of humanity, ain't ye?" as he slowly gazed

at his wondering people; "when I preach
the gospel, you go to sleep; when I play
the fool, you are awake, and look like a
rush of hornets with a pole in their nest."

Hope.

Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust, return—
O, then, thy charge resigns the awful hour—
Heaven to thy kingdom comes, immortal Power!
What tho' each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye,
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day.
[Campbell.]

Literary.

FOR THE TIMES.
MESMERISM AND STRYCHNINE,
OR,
THE CITY-GENT IN THE COUNTRY.

BY SIMON HARDTIMES.

The trials and difficulties which of-
tentimes beset the pathway of the "City
Gent," while sojourning in the coun-
try, are both numerous and formidable
—especially if he be of that class who
are ignorant of the manners and cus-
toms of country life. A city buck of
huge pretensions is sure to run against
snags, get into more scrapes than he
can find it convenient to get out of, and
his life is generally one continuous
thread of mishaps and adventures. Our
story will relate the experience of one
of our city friends during a five months'
sojourn in a little village away "down
east."

A few years ago a new name was reg-
istered at the Hardscrabble hotel, in the
nice little town of Hartshorn. The
location of this place is between Stink-
ing creek and Ramcat valley—a region
that has no place on our maps, because
of its peculiar position. So few were
the arrivals at the hotel aforesaid dur-
ing this particular season of the year,
that any new comer was sure to be
"the centre of attraction" or the ob-
served of all observers for days after-
wards; and consequently our hero came
in for a full share of observation and
criticism from the peaceful but quaint,
comical and curious denizens of Hart-
shorn. There was nothing in his ap-
pearance to excite remarks save a cer-
tain air of pomposity that ill became
one of his inches. But, while there
was nothing to rouse special attention,
it was evident that material for fun was
in him, and it was resolved in solemn
council, that he should be put through
a regular course of instruction concern-
ing the forms and ceremonies of our
good people. And being thus resolved
measures were forthwith entered into
for the consummation of the project.—
Accordingly, on one of the gloomiest
nights of January, when the storm-god
was out in all his fury, the lightning
flashing, and the heaviest artillery of
heaven was roaring thro' the elements,
there might have been seen seated in the
counting room of one of our stores, a
clique of young men who were evident-
ly planning some scheme to have a lit-
tle sport. Nor were they long in com-
ing to a point. Mesmerism, in those
days, was in high repute, and the num-
ber of "operators" was increasing daily.
Just as our junto had come to this
conclusion, a quick knock was heard,
and the clerk of the store opened it,
when lo! much to their gratification,
in walked our city hero, who for the
sake of convenience we shall call Aaron
Moultrie.

"Walk in, walk in," they all ex-
claimed, each one inwardly rejoicing
in this unexpected accession to their
number.

"Bad night, gentlemen," spoke
Aaron, shaking the rain from his coat,
and taking a seat near the blazing fire.

"Yes, quite bad," said Elford, who
was evidently the chief of the crowd;
"but locked in securely from the rag-
ing tempests we can laugh dull care a-
way, and let the winds howl on."

"Then propose some plan to keep
us awake," spoke several at the same
moment.

"Well, gentlemen," began Elford
in slow and measured tones, "I have
been reading to-day about this myste-
rious dogma called Mesmerism, and I
must confess my prejudices are some-

what shaken. I shall doubtless become
a convert to the new doctrine."

"There is nothing more certain,"
broke in Doctor Pain, "than that we
can be placed in such a position as that
our will be made subservient to the will
of others, and that the operator can
control the subject as completely as
though he were a horse." And hav-
ing thus delivered himself the learned
disciple of Baeulapius leaned back in
his chair and in a moment was lost in
profound thought.

"I have been thinking of this very
subject," languidly spoke Mr. Yard-
arm; and I feel so entirely willing to
believe in it that I should have no hesi-
tation to give it a fair and honest trial,
for once at least."

"Doctor, doctor, can you exercise
mesmeric influence? if you can, try
your hand on Yardarm," chimed in
several, among whom was Moultrie.
He was quite a non-believer, and was
anxious to see an experiment.

After a good deal of apparent and
well feigned hesitation, the Doctor ag-
reed to operate upon the believing
Yardarm; and it was but a few mo-
ments ere the yielding youth was com-
pletely in the Doctor's power. Moul-
trie was non-plussed—his eyes were
wide open, and he stood there the per-
fect picture of astonishment.

"Gentlemen," said the Doctor, "in
order to convince you all of the truth
of science, I will order the patient to
perform certain acts. This command
he will obey with readiness, as my will
and his become so perfectly united that
to order is to obey." So saying he
put a large walking stick in the hands
of the mesmerised Yardarm, and de-
manded him to hold it up in nearly a
perpendicular position. The patient
was standing in an upright attitude;
and Moultrie was just in front of him,
equally mesmerised with astonishment.
The stick was raised, and the Doctor
commanded Yardarm to lower it—the
motion being first made by himself and
then imitated by the obedient patient.
Before the unfortunate city gentleman
was aware of the fact, the heavy stick
had descended upon his head with such
force that he forthwith laid himself
down upon the soft side of a plank,
to be only aroused by repeated applica-
tions of the active stick. But Moul-
trie soon found it necessary to leave
that place. So springing up, he sought
refuge under the bed, but it afforded
him no protection. Then he was un-
der the counter, over it round and round
he went, but he was followed by the
mesmerised patient. At last discover-
ing an open door he went at rail-
road speed, and finding his case was
growing desperate, he set up the yell
of fire so furiously that he brought out
the whole town, set the dogs to howl-
ing, the chickens to crowing, the old
women to crying, the old men to swear-
ing, and even the bleating herd partook
of the universal fright and went to bel-
lowing. On Moultrie and his relent-
less pursuer went at forty-two on a
plank road, until reaching his hotel he
tumbled in nearly frightened to death.
Seeing the good old landlady at the
door, attracted there by the bustle out-
side, he caught her in his arms, and
over they went. Old dog Trousar caught
him in a peculiar part of his pants, and
it was not until quite strenuous efforts
were made that he was released. Mean-
while Yardarm returned to the room
to laugh over the success of their in-
genious scheme.

Our hero, having extricated himself
from the dog, made an apology to the
terror-stricken landlady, and explain-
ed everything, went to his room to rub
his bruised limbs and take that repose
he ought to have been wooing rather
than a beating from the subject of mes-
merism.

The company in the counting room
laughed heartily at the unexpected de-
nouement of their plan; and determin-
ed to give him another dose on the very
first opportunity. Had Moultrie even
suspected the hoax possibly the laws
that govern men of honor would have
been appealed to, but it never entered

his head that it was anything but a
stern reality; and so he became a con-
vert to Mesmerism—firmly believing
Dr. Pain to be the most wonderful man
in the world.

It was not long before another op-
portunity for the display of their in-
genuity presented itself.

About a month after the above oc-
currence, the party, Yardarm, Elford,
Dr. Pain, and all, including two or
three newly initiated members, were
seated in the same room, which, by the
way, was a pleasant place of resort for
the young men of the town, when in
walked Moultrie. Being thirsty, he
walks up to the water stand, fills a glass
and takes a hearty draught of water.
But imagining something wrong in the
taste, he said

"This water has a curious taste,
has anything been in the tumbler?"

Elford, who was reading, suddenly
jumped up in great consternation, and
enquired if he had drank out of a par-
ticular glass.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Great heaven! General Winston
came here to-day and purchased a
quantity of strychnine to kill crows,
and I really forgot to wash that tumb-
ler. Doctor, do give Moultrie a dose
of something to counteract the influ-
ence of the poison, else he be a dead
man in a short while." This was said
in such apparent earnestness that Moul-
trie was sure the thing was so, and that
unless speedy relief could be given, he
would have but a short time to wind up
his sublunary concerns.

"Give him," said Dr. Pain, "six
ounces of solution of camphor, imme-
diately."

Elford sprang into the adjoining
room, and while he was measuring the
medicine, the Doctor examined the pa-
tient. He had all the fearful symp-
toms of a poisoned man. Elford soon
came in, and notwithstanding Moultrie
was a rigid Son of Temperance, he
grasped the glass and quaffed down the
six ounces of bald face whiskey at one
breath. This acted as an emetic. Give
him six ounces more, said the doctor.
It was given him. He was quietly put
to bed; he retaining his senses all the
while. Great caution was observed in
walking over the floor, lest noise would
disturb the now drowsy man. But he
wakes in excruciating agony. Tells his
friends farewell, sends a message to
his relatives and then sank down.

"He lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him."

And yet again he roused himself, and
the doctor noticing he was awake, or-
dered Elford to give him a large glass
full of French brandy with a couple of
drops of Croton oil in it. This had the
desired effect, and ere daylight came,
poor Moultrie was in a most unenviable
predicament. It was the object of El-
ford and Company to get him drunk,
and they induced our unfortunate friend
to drink by representing him to be poi-
soned. But being drunk, conveys but
a faint view of his real condition. He
was gloriously corned, and he woke in
the morning to find himself in just such
a fix as he most solemnly declares he
never desires to be in again.

The first thing he did after dressing
himself was to consult his physician,
who advised him to take all the exer-
cise he possibly could—running, for
instance, was very good. The doctor
wound up his advice by telling him to
run one mile twice a day for three days,
which would have the effect to cleanse
the stomach of the poison, and to re-
store him to health.

So the next morning
our friend Moultrie might have been
seen winding his way to the starting
point. Arrived there, he leaped off
quite nimbly, but after going about one
hundred yards, he fell quite exhausted;
yet again he rose and sped on—ever
and anon falling from pure exhaustion,
but persevering to do or die.

The last we saw of him he was en-
deavoring in all earnestness to complete
his first mile, which I could see no hope
for him to do, as he was dragging his
slow length along in a crippled condi-
tion.

And thus ends the adventures of
Aaron Moultrie.

Common Schools.

From the Massachusetts Teacher.
Natural Philosophy in Schools.

Do not suppose from this heading that
we are about to enter upon a prosy vindi-
cation of the utility and importance of this
science, as forming one of the series of
studies in our higher grades of public
schools. Such would be but a defence or
what is already universally admitted. We
wish merely to refer to some of the objec-
tionable features in the mode of teaching
this branch of science, too commonly
practiced.

It is said that every teacher has his
hobby,—some favorite science in which
he enlists with that commendable enthu-
siasm which is a sure guaranty of success.
This shows itself in the art of happy illu-
stration; in the power of so commending
the subject to the minds of his pupils as
to awaken in them a like enthusiasm. A
class in English Grammar, for instance,
commence under the instructions of a zealous
and thorough linguist; he leads them
step by step through the otherwise dull
and dreary windings, over the dry and
dusty course of paradigms and rules, and
by his skill and tact renders really invit-
ing and attractive, this usually most unpleas-
ant of school exercises. Now let such a
class change instructors; let them come
under the charge of one so unskillfully exact
in following the course prescribed by the
book,—never breaking in upon a settled
monotony by ingenious and well-timed il-
lustrations,—careful never to attire the
barren details with the least charm of nov-
elty; and how rapidly will the scene
change, and enthusiasm relapse into posi-
tive indifference.

No branch taught in our schools requires
more skill and tact, more extra labor, for
its successful teaching, than Natural Philo-
sophy. It is for this reason that this de-
partment is so often neglected, or fails of
attaining its appropriate results. Natural
Philosophy is an experimental science; and
in order to enlist an interest, so as to
fix the principles to any considerable extent
requires an actual mechanical illustration
of these principles by the use of some kind
of machines. The teacher who never
advances beyond written or verbal illustra-
tions, will find his instructions crowned
with comparatively slight success. The
illustrations furnished in Nature are sel-
dom duly noticed and carefully studied,
from learning a mere description contained
in the text-book; but let a miniature ex-
hibition of these operations of Nature be
presented to the eye in connection with
their study, and the mind of the scholar
is prepared to observe, and assign causes,
as he sees the same phenomena on a broader
scale in daily life. Skill in experimental
illustration is, then, an important requisite
for success in teaching this branch of
school study.

The importance of experimental illustra-
tions of the principles of Natural Science,
in our High Schools and Academies, has
come to be quite generally felt, and in-
struments for this purpose have accordingly
been provided to a considerable extent.
An erroneous impression, however, prevails
in regard to the experience and mechan-
ical skill requisite for using successfully
such instruments. It is very generally
supposed, that a graduate from a College
or Normal School is, in some way, amply
qualified for overcoming all the intricacies
and difficulties of philosophical manipula-
tion.

But how, we would ask, is that which
is mainly the result of manual skill and
mechanical experience, to be learned from
merely listening to illustrated lectures from
the seats of a college lecture-room?—
What teacher ever learned from the lec-
ture-room, or from the reading of works
upon general science, how to use a pneu-
matic apparatus, an electric machine, or a
galvanic battery, so as to operate these,
with their various appendages, success-
fully, and avoid the numerous liabilities to
accident and failure? As well might one
hope to become skillful in the use of the
pen from merely seeing an expert penman
write; or expect to learn the practical de-
tails of husbandry, how to sow wheat, hoe

corn, or make butter, from merely hearing
or reading general essays on agriculture.

To be sure, he might succeed "after a
fashion;" but a poor and expensive fash-
ion it would most likely be. The success-
ful illustration of scientific truths is a dis-
tinct art, acquired only by study and pa-
tient experiment; and yet it is commonly
regarded as a necessary consequence of an
acquaintance with the general principles
of science. To see how to operate in a lec-
ture-room, is one thing; to know how,
quite another.

MR. CLINKER'S EXPERIENCE.

The School Committee of Graecetown
appoint Mr. Septimus Clinker to the
principalship of their High School. The
school is liberally furnished with philoso-
phical apparatus, which Mr. Clinker, being
a graduate and a fine scholar, is sup-
posed to know how to use to the best pos-
sible advantage. Indeed, so he himself
supposes, although he has never had the
first hour's experience in practical mechan-
ics or philosophical manipulation.

He attempts to illustrate, before his
class in philosophy, the mechanical prop-
erties of air; but vents too freely his up-
ward pressure cylinder, which causes the
suspended fifty-six to descend on one side,
and causing the brass plate attached to the
connecting hose to make, at the same time,
a ruinous fall among the glass ware upon
the other. The equal descent of light
and heavy bodies in a vacuum is illustrated
by screwing a tall "Guinea and Feather"
tube to the centre hole of the pump plate,
with such force as to wrench off the screw
of the stop-cock. The expansive force of
air is shown by bursting a thin and tight-
ly sealed glass bottle beneath an exhausted
receiver, and ready for receiving serious
scratches from the small fragments of
glass, whenever the next receiver shall be
placed upon it. All the various experi-
ments requiring the use of mercury and
acids are attempted, and result in the air
pump's being thoroughly dragged by
mercury within, and spotted by acids
without. And the result is, that the in-
struments, after one or two exhibitions,
are packed away in some dark corner to
complete a speedy and premature ruin.

The illustrations in Electricity are
next attempted. Here Mr. Clinker hopes
to win some laurels. He places a smart
boy at the crank of the electric machine,
requests the class to join hands, charges a
Leyden jar, and places it in the grasp of a
timid juvenile. The result is, that the
class receive a shock, and the jar is upset
and broken. Mr. C. next attempts to il-
lustrate, by means of his thunder house,
the utility of the lightning rod; and for
want of a proper communication between
the inner and outer coatings of the jar,
fails in the experiment and receives him-
self a painful yet ridiculous shock. Thus
he proceeds with a series of expensive
blunders, until the electric apparatus is
consigned to similar quarters and in a
similar condition with the pneumatic set.
Galvanism and Electro-Magnetism are
passed. Mr. C's experience in illustrating
previous subjects deterring him from fur-
ther attempts at experimenting, especially
where water and acids are requisite.

Now with such an experience as we
have described, Mr. Clinker comes to feel
a dislike for experimental philosophy, bor-
dering even on disgust; and the science is
"so hard and so dry," that every member
of the class votes it a nuisance. The in-
struments, too, are pronounced defective in
construction, and the manufacturer round-
ly censured for not making them of such
materials as to resist the action of mercury
and acids.

REMEDY FOR THE EVIL.

Such a description may be highly
wrought, but still contains much more of
truth than of fiction. Is it then a matter
of wonder that men of sense, in view of
such attempts at philosophical illustrations,
should so often pronounce a gaudy sham,
and the appropriations of money for in-
struments a prodigal waste? Where,
then, is the remedy for all this? We
answer, in the teacher's properly qualify-
ing himself for this as for other manual
arts,—in his devoting to the mechanical
illustration of Natural Science the same
thought and practical attention as to other
labors of skill that are of equal importance.
A false pride too often governs teachers
and lecturers, in their attempts at the use
of philosophical apparatus,—an unwill-
ingness to own their ignorance of the me-
chanism and proper use of machines.
Hence, rather than betray their want of
knowledge by frank inquiry of the exper-
ienced, they choose to bubble on, to their