

THE CARTHAGINIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY STREET BREWER. Office, East side of McReynolds' street; Carthage, N. C.

THE CART

Volume 1. TRUTH WITHIN. CARTHAGE, NORTH CAROLINA.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

HOW SALLIE LOST A BEAU.

"Oh dear! no time to see any one!" sighed Mrs. Turner as a loud rapping sounded at her studio door.

"Walk in, please. I am so glad to hear from Bessie! I hope they are all well?"

"Quite well when I left home?" Mrs. Turner read the first page of the letter, and then offered her hand to her visitor, saying, Mr. Morrison, I am pleased to make your acquaintance.

"As I am an ignorant country boy, you must be Mistress of ceremonies," said Mr. Morrison, "give all the orders, and advise me. One who has been for so many years a resident of this city, should know how much enjoyment may be conduced into a few days, and exactly which sights are really worth seeing, so I leave myself entirely to your guidance."

"Well, go now to a water up Fifth avenue, get luncheon, then return down Broadway. So you will see the ladies and by the time I am ready for our ride, I will send for such a carriage as I want."

"They are so much more elegant than our awkward, blushing, ill-dressed country girls! What fine complexions they have, and beautiful figures! Really Mrs. Turner, one bewitching girl looked so pleasantly at me that I wanted to know where she lived, and ask her to marry me!"

"Mercy on us! What a dreadful fate you have probably escaped! But our carriage is waiting. Let us go."

"The ride was very pleasant; Mrs. Turner, pointed out every object of interest, and all the famous people whom they met; she knew the celebrities of the city by sight, and many of them more intimately, for her well-earned reputation, as a painter of miniature portraits drew to her studio; almost every one worth knowing. The day was charming; one of the loveliest of early October; and the unusual treat of a holiday, and a ride with a valued friend of her best friends, combined with the consciousness that her new bonnet was very becoming, to put the little lady in the happiest mood, so that she became more entertaining every minute."

"Mr. Morrison, had been delighted with his first view of her that morning as she sat painting when he entered her pretty studio. The room itself, with its harmonious colors and subdued yet clear light—to him, coming as he did from the plain, tasteless home, of a large far western farm—had seemed in the highest degree picturesque and beautiful, and as far as possible removed from common life; while the lady looked a fitting fairy queen to preside over this enchanted home, and now she became more gay, more sparkling constantly, until he felt himself so hopelessly bewitched that he gladly yielded to the sway of her fascinations."

"The dinner at Delmonico's intoxicated him, though not with wine, for Mrs. Turner, permitted only a small bottle of Sauterne; but the beautiful room with its brilliant lights, elegant guests, and trained

servants, the delicious repast, chosen by a lady of educated taste, and the lady herself—lively, merry, richly and tastefully dressed and handsome enough to attract the attention of everybody present, but too well-bred to show that she knew it, apparently absorbed in playing hostess, and making the time pass agreeable to him—formed a decided contrast to his accustomed mode of eating. He thought of the long table in a dingy common room, the soiled tablecloth, no napkins, piles

of ill-sorted, badly cooked food grimed roughmen, who swarmed about and fawned as if eating were a penance?"

He looked and listened, mentally vowing that he would make this charming woman to be his wife, placing ample wealth at her disposal, and bid her build up a beautiful house for them both, and since he was an earnest, impetuous young man, whose adage had ever been 'no time like the present time,' he suddenly spoke while attending Mrs. Turner to her house and told her all his wishes."

"The lady tried to check him, she was greatly surprised and much displeased that the pleasant friendship just beginning should be so abruptly brought to an end by this unexpected avowal. She tried at first to treat the proposal as an excellent joke, but this was not permitted."

"But this is too bad of you!" she cried. "Can I never have a friend? I don't wish any one to love me—I am wedded to art!"

"You shall paint as much as you like in your own home." "Impossible! You don't know what you are promising! But indeed, I will never marry again. Beside that, I am several years older than you!"

"But you don't look so! And what if you are? You know how to keep yourself young always—you are too radiant and gay, to ever grow old! No, I being a farmer, will soon get wrinkled and grey—our rough, driving life aged and browned my face!"

"If the young lady is really enough like you to be chosen for your sister, I shall be glad to win her for my wife, since I can't get you; but she must be a rare girl, for I never in my life saw any one like yourself! You seem natural and perfect, like the beautiful flower in the forest. I feel as if you had been growing so charming all by yourself, and no one had seen you till now, when I came and found you!"

"What an exquisite compliment!" thought the little widow. "Love for me would awaken poetry and chivalry in the breast of this manly young rustic! I am almost tempted—but no! Heavily as I am tempted, I must not yield to a momentary weakness."

"Next morning found her resolutely steeled against the thoughts of a marriage, and though she went right-seeing with Mr. Morrison, she was his guard, and led the conversation to grave and earnest themes; yet the time passed very pleasantly to them both."

"That evening in the east-light the studio looked very delightful and picturesque, with its brilliant effects of light, shade and color. Mrs. Turner had spread a gayly striped shawl over the faded little sofa, put away all her brushes and oils, and covered the painting-table with baskets and vases of flowers; while on another small table a delicious, cold supper was spread, and covered with a snowy napkin until needed. Lovely portraits and exquisite paintings illuminated the walls, and the lady herself seemed in perfect harmony with her surroundings. Sallie came late, and was greeted with—

"Oh Sallie! What have you done to your hair? You must wear it that way! It is not at all suited to your face—makes you look hard and old."

"But it is the very latest style, just out; and you must not touch it—no! no! You must not!"

"But it changes you so, Sallie! You used to resemble me when you dressed your hair simply, like mine—had Mr. Morrison is to fall in love with you, because of your likeness to me! I told you all about it," and the widow laughed gayly.

"Yes, you told me," replied Sallie, coldly, mentally commenting—"I never knew before how vain she is!"

"Well, I am glad you wore your blue dress, Sallie. Sit here while I put my point lace collar on you, and this bright pink bow;—just as you had it on last night!"

"And Miss Sallie manoeuvred so skillfully that soon as she had been introduced to Mr. Morrison, she sat once on the rocking-chair, from which Mr. Turner, could not dislodge her, though she tried all kinds of hints and pretexts until she perceived that the young man understood her, and was displeased with Sallie for her non-compliance."

The studio was small, and by the arrangement of furniture and easels the only place for the rocking-chair was directly under the high gas light, as Sallie sat there her full eyebrows and high nose threw deep shadows below them while very little light fell on her face and person where it should. Her soft brown eyes were extinguished in what seemed dark caverns; her clearly cut, short, upper lip was quite hidden and its expression lost, in the shadow of her nose; while her chin appeared more pointed and prominent than usual; her cheek bones looked higher, and light shadows below them hid the delicate bloom of her cheeks; all the effect of her white throat and pink bow were lost, and Sallie seemed a frightful caricature of her proper self."

Mrs. Turner sighed regretfully when all efforts to get her into some other place moved unavailing. She intended to take that position herself, and by the effect of contrast, heighten Sallie's good looks; but her generous intentions were thwarted by her friend's obstinacy, and now she could only exert herself to entertain her guest. Sallie also, tried to be gay and fascinating, but she was quite impressed by Mr. Morrison, who had taken the trouble to arrange himself in a fashionable evening suit, and who now in the full blaze of gaslight looked handsome enough and gallant enough to win the fancy of any girl. But the young man did not respond heartily to Sallie's attempts at conversation; he was evidently disappointed, and went away early in the evening. The next morning he called on Mrs. Turner to express his wonder that any person could ever trace the slightest resemblance between herself and Miss Sallie."

"Such a homely, stupid, ill-bred girl! Why even common good nature would have taught her to give up your chair when you wanted it! Do you think I would take a selfish woman like that for a wife! Let me tell you that you will do yourself such injustice as to suppose that she in any way resembles you!"

"Sallie did not seem like herself last night. Let me arrange another meeting, you must see her by daylight, when you will really be much pleased with her."

"And Mrs. Turner explained to him the effect of the light, but he would not consent to meet the young lady a gain. He did not want a selfish, obstinate, intractable girl for a wife; he said; he would rather remain a bachelor all his days."

"I cannot believe you so lacking in good sense," replied Mrs. Turner. "After this there were still some visits to be made to picture galleries, and though these days were very gay, there was a shadow of regret thrown over them all; and at last they parted sadly—for Love, flitting by, had but smiled on them, and bid, ere they quite knew he was there."

From the National Relation of Labor and Education. Pestalozzi's first reform included manual labor as part of school discipline, though he was never successful in his ideas to success, never gave it up in his first experiments at juvenile criminals, sequence of the

more immediate absorbing character were forced upon him, which completely absorbed his time and attention."

His friend De Fallois, however, established an agricultural school, the first in the world. Here he endeavored to put in practice a theory, which though based upon Pestalozzi's idea, went in advance of it, namely, that education may be obtained through the vocational which yields its fruits hereafter."

In many respects his experiments were successful, and he is justly regarded as the father of technical industrial education; but in the matter of engrafting on the engaged in study is a success so little that it amounts to practical failure."

Attempts to make education self-supporting, through the labors of the students, have frequently been made, but have failed in every instance. The labor of vital force school, physical labor self-supporting, as to render any of intellectual labor, while intellectual the point of most successful acquisition is impossible, pushed to the limit of possible. Astronomy is still until the construction of a telescope opened a new world of nature were profound secrets of

With the abandonment of the idea of a self-supporting education through manual labor, there seems to have been also a practical surrender of the idea that manual labor should constitute a part of school discipline. A little examination will show that these two ideas are not identical, and indeed have little relation to each other. We teach a pupil arithmetic without expecting him to earn his living, while learning, by calculating interest for a bank; we teach him literature, without considering the market value of the crude essays and poetry he writes during the process. So manual skill may be obtained in school; when the rude products have no actual money value."

Froebel, a disciple of Pestalozzi, incorporated the idea of manual training in his system of juvenile instruction. In the kindergarten, provision is made for intellectual culture, beginning with observation, and bringing the higher powers into use, in the order of their natural growth; for moral culture by practicing the amenities necessary for the order and kindly social relations of the school-room; for aesthetic culture in the observation and production of beautiful forms; and for physical culture by rhythmic calisthenic exercises, and by the manipulation of materials, which results in manual skill. In the kindergarten practice, it has been found that the manipulations, which produce physical dexterity and activity are of great assistance to both moral and intellectual improvement, and that each division of the whole school work goes on much more rapidly than though excessive attention was given to either one."

In only two classes of schools in this country, besides the kindergarten, does the idea of doing seem to obtain;—the technical schools where the pupils are fitted for certain branches of advanced industry; and some girls' boarding schools, where a portion of the household labor is performed by the students. In neither the common schools, academies, normal schools, colleges, nor universities, does labor as a means of instruction and discipline, receive attention. As far as our whole public school system is concerned, we would scarcely get the idea that manual labor is a legitimate human

with them. Watt, by his force of thought and skill in manipulation, gave us the mighty power of steam, and Stevenson and Fulton applied the power to the transportation of human beings and the products of human industry over the land and the seas, making a neighborhood of the nations. Upon the wires which Morse proposed and Cornell erected, are flashed the messages of human triumph or disaster, exciting universal sympathies and preparing the way for universal brotherhood."

In the present, the manual labor that whitens the prairie with the harvest, that makes and controls the vast machinery of our workshops, and that lays the whole world under contribution for human comforts engenders nine-tenths of human endeavor, and furnishes the conditions at once of existence, of thought, and of progress."

Not only do our school courses ignore the industries, but the charge is made that they directly discriminate against labor by determining all activities into exclusively intellectual channels; that the graduates of the schools avoid the shops and graduate to the counter or office; that in school, a sentiment is inculcated that devalues labor with the hands, and that looks upon the laborer with the lofty condescension of a superior being. Under this system it is declared that the separation of the laborer and the scholar is becoming wider every day; that no special inducements are offered the workman to obtain an education, and that he increasingly avoids the schools. By this course it is claimed, that the industrial arts, more and more relegated to ignorant men, must deteriorate, and the spirit of caste become rife. How can education answer these charges except by pleading guilty, asking mercy and promising reform?"

Let us next consider the value of labor as one of the factors of education. In every department of education intellectual processes are quickened and invigorated by the manipulation of materials; by the practical doing; by the application of theory to practice; by the conversion of thoughts into acts. This muscular exercise necessary

of the eye of the watchmaker sees minute objects that escape the eyes of ordinary observers. The dealer in wool makes his assortments by the sense of touch rendered acute by long practice. Dealers in dry goods detect qualities in the same manner. In the apparently monotonous click of the telegraphic instrument the operator not only gathers intelligence, but is also able to detect individual characteristics in the operator at the other end of the line. The trained naturalist observes facts, and discovers relations in plants and animals which are not perceived by ordinary men. In each of these cases the special power was the result of combined muscular and nervous action. Yes, in ordinary school affairs the same fact may be observed. The boy almost intuitively grasps the laws of mechanical force, because his life has been played out in his work he has seen and shown you my design and name their practical operations. The girl frequently is not interested in this study, because her experience has not led her to handle mechanical tools, or become acquainted with their properties, delights in the contrary usually, delights in the study of color, its analysis and combinations, a subject in which the average boy takes but little interest; the difference largely depending upon the fact that one has had experience in the manipulation of colored materials, and the other has not.

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"The young architect, who dabbled a little in chemistry, bestowed him of a flask of vitriol which stood upon a shelf, and handed it to his visitor, who swallowed the stuff at one gulp."

"Ah!" said he, "that's good—that's something like. What's this?" and he took up a loaded blunderbuss that stood in the corner. "That's my berry pipe. Should you like a smoke?"

"Fuss rate. Just show me how she works."

"Put this end in your mouth," said the architect, fixing the muzzle between his teeth. "I light it by pulling this bit of iron."

"Bang! The gun was discharged, but the F end merely sneezed, while the smoke poured out of his eyes, nose and ears."

"Fried!" he remarked, "pears to me your tobakker is rather strong!"

"So the F end was invulnerable. But the architect had a relic—a bone of blessed St. Ursula. He rapped the F end on the forehead with that, at the same time, smothering at the plan of the cathedral, which lay open on the table."

"Fool and knave!" yelled the Evil One; "some priest has taught you this trick; but I will be avenged! The cathedral you have stolen from me shall never be finished, and your name shall remain unknown," and with his claw he tore away half the plan."

A short time afterward the young architect died of grief, for he could never repair the damage, or reconstruct on paper the missing part of the plan. The presumed moral is Resist Satan and he will fly from you; traffic with him even for a good purpose, and you are sure to come to grief."

"Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips that they speak not guile."

appreciable to sense, and in men's souls as other chapmen did in hardware and dry goods, and almost as openly. Now let us see what the Evil One had to do with the Cathedral of Cologne."

"There was a certain young architect who had spent in a plan for the cathedral, which was not accepted. Determined to distance all competitors, and feeling some of his genius, he attempted to sketch another plan, but his hand refused to delineate the glories his brain conceived and dictated. In despair he sought the bank of the river with suicidal intent, but he was aided by a stranger, a gray-haired man with a sinister eye, who said:—

"Young man, I know your trouble and can help you out of it. I have a plan for this cathedral which cannot fail to please the archbishop. I will sell it to you on very moderate terms. I know where you live and will call on you this evening and show you my design and name their practical operations. The girl frequently is not interested in this study, because her experience has not led her to handle mechanical tools, or become acquainted with their properties, delights in the contrary usually, delights in the study of color, its analysis and combinations, a subject in which the average boy takes but little interest; the difference largely depending upon the fact that one has had experience in the manipulation of colored materials, and the other has not."

"The young architect was delighted with the design. A church built with that plan would be the most glorious structure in the world. He determined to have it at any price. Then the stranger revealed the cloven foot. He was Satan, and his price, of course, was the young man's soul. The poor young fellow accepted his Satanic majesty's offer, and the cathedral was built on his plan, and the archbishop's name was never mentioned in connection with it."

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