spreading the blessings of civilization and wholesome government. So far as we may become its custodians, we will endeavor to guard it with jealous care, giving free expression to everything which has a tendency to elevate public sentiment to a high moral standard and discarding whatever is pernicious to morals and the peace of society. We cannot reasonably expect to please all,—our inexperience may involve us in blunders painful even to our best friends; but we will strive at least to win the approbation of the wise and good. We will not willingly become caterers to a vitiated taste, whether in moral, literary or political, nor furnish to splenetics and malcontents a medium for indulgence in bitter philippics and vulgar personalities; but we cordially invite correspondence on any and all subjects, the discussion of which will conduce to the elevation, harmony and prosperity of the whole people, and stimulate to increased energy and activity in every legitimate employment.

We feel grateful to our friends for the encouragement already given us and their many kind wishes for our success. If you will render us substantial aid commensurate to those expressions of your desires, we cannot fail of success. Your County Paper will, in a great measure, be what you will choose to make it. Give us your co-operation and support and we will endeavor faithfully to fulfill the promises we have made.

To the Editorial fraternity we offer a kindly greeting and ask for admission into [illegible] with the brethren may be mutually pleasant and profitable.

W. J. STUART.
STREET BREWER.

The Christmas holidays are over, and young and old, satisfied with the festivities and amusements of the season, are settling down to the ordinary routine duties of life. The little stockings hung around the mantle on Christmas eve were fill'd up with good things by that ubiquitous old gentleman, "Santa Claus."

The laurel-crowned virgin, *Terpsichore*, in many a hall, led her willing votaries in the giddy mazes of the dance—shaking "the fantastic toe" till the "wee small hours of morn," where

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell."

We love to see young people enjoy themselves and would not willingly bar them from participation in any innocent amusement. Dancing *may be* an *innocent* amusement for people of the world. But there is certainly no affinity between dancing and *piety*. If not, church members have no business in the ball-room. We do not propose setting ourselves up as moral censors, but expect to follow our motto, "Truth without fear."

We would say, here to our mothers that our "young americus" seem to be traveling faster than our civilization.—They seem to think that they are able to take care of themselves almost as soon as *weaned*. Do you know that your little boys who have scarcely doffed apron and bib have been sending notes around to the little Misses in short frocks asking the pleasure of their company to "the party"? You ought to have your nurses to watch them more closely and not let them play truant in that way.—We call this doing the agreeable *ad nauseam*.

To You.—

Will you not, if you believe the CARTHAGINIAN is calculated to do good, at home or abroad make an effort to increase our circulation. If each one of our friends would help us to circulate the paper, and thereby obtain one or more subscribers, how much better we should feel, to see the "tin" coming in

---

election, and looking [illegible] tion. Very likely [illegible] are papers enough already [illegible] trouble, [illegible] our fellow-laborers; we trust not to burden, if we cannot relieve. We do not claim that the CARTHAGINIAN will come to you every week with sparkling items, splashing up like crystal water when you drop a stone into its placid bosom. It will be our aim to present a variety of such matter, as relates immediately to the wants and interests of our readers. It is for the good of our county, that we have engaged in an enterprise, of this character. We shall endeavor to promote, and encourage, each and every movement pertaining to her prosperity. We are all citizens of good "Old Moore"—identified with her interests and purposes. We trust, that, we are not wholly unmindful of the demands of the times.

What to do—what to condemn—what to approve—what to praise—what to insist on—what to strive against, are the lessons of the hour, and should be studied by every person; who desires to see his country prosper. We shall endeavor, to treat every subject under our province to discuss, in an impartial and unprejudiced manner. Belonging, to no "set," "clique" or faction, we shall strictly adhere to our motto: "Truth Without Fear," but express our sentiments in as mild and agreeable terms, as we are able. Now we appeal to the good people of our county to rally to our support. Our expences have been, and will continue, heavy. It is for you to say, whether, the CARTHAGINIAN

Eastern War.

Owing to a want of exchanges, we are unable to present our readers with but little news of the Great Eastern War. We do not propose in the future to give only such items as are important and relate directly to the *point*.

This war has been one of very small concern to us, from the beginning. Each one has his own views, respecting the two contending powers. Whether Russia be right, or Turkey, we do not profess to know. Four centuries ago the Ottoman gazed with envy on the beautiful lands on the European side of the Sea of Marmora, and glowed with conquest, pushed across the Bosphorus, drove out the Christian and established the Moslem, fore away the Cross, and substituted the religion of the Prophet. The country subdued was the fairest and richest domain on the face of the earth, now it is sadly ruined through despotic sway. Scarcely any advancement in the arts of peace has ever been made, but, trampling under foot all human rights, he has brought discord and destruction where peace and prosperity should have reigned.—The history of the Turk in Europe is a continuous record of rapine, plunder, oppression, licentiousness, and murder. Constantinople, "the centre of the world," and long its capital, once the centre of the Eastern, as Rome was of the Western Division of the Christian Church, and at a later date the capital of Islamism, holds a position to command the Continents of Europe, Asia and Africa, and is the key to the Orient, China and India. With Russia on the North, always envious, ever ready to pick a quarrel, with a never *satiated ambition* to extend her dominions, and back of all a religious fervor to defend the faith, and the other great [illegible] planed off by popery upon the

---

of pure and [illegible] him, and tha[illegible] wreath of laur[illegible] his brow, shu[illegible] smile. The S[illegible] stood by the s[illegible] fought; and f[illegible] liberty asked [illegible] his sword, his [illegible]

Jonesboro' Male and Female Academy.

We especially call to the notice of our readers the announcement of the next session of the above school. It was our pleasure to be present at the CLOSING EXERCISES of the FALL SESSION and can safely say it equalled anything of the kind we have ever seen. We felt sure it would be a success under the skillful management of Prof. Arnold and Miss Jo. Ivan, and were not disappointed. It is our intention to give an extended report of the proceedings; but as other papers have given sketches of the same, we think it unnecessary at this late day to attempt it. Suffice to say a considerable crowd were in attendance, supposed to be about 100 persons, quite a number for a small town like Jonesboro'. The pieces were well selected and those having instrumental parts were admirably rendered.

[illegible] pronounced a very skillful [illegible] competent judges. Special [illegible] due to [illegible] persons of [illegible] declamation [illegible] subject was fresh and well suited to the times. But the most charming and amusing feature of the evening's entertainment to those less musically inclined and fond of humor, (like ourself) and very acceptable to all, was "Tapping at the Garden Gate" by Misses Arnold and Jones. Miss Arnold would make her mark upon the stage if she should choose to employ her talents in that line. We repeat it was a splendid entertainment, and reflects much credit on the managers. We take pleasure in commending this Institution to the patronage of the public. The principal makes no great show or pretensions, but in a quiet and unassuming way teaches one of the best schools in the State, of similar grade.

We invite to the consideration of those having children to educate, the notice of this school. It affords excellent advantages, as it is under the control of an experienced and competent educator. Mr. McIntyre has had several years experience in the school-room, and bears a high reputation as a teacher, and we hope the people at home and abroad will give him a liberal share of their patronage. The School is located at Cameron—a fast growing place, and bids fair, ere long to be a town of some importance. The people in the village and surrounding country are kind and hospitable—in a thriving and prosperous condition.

Carthage Male and Female Academy.

We as Associate Editor of the CARTHAGINIAN desire to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of this school. The Senior Editor has charge of the same, and it is unnecessary for us to say anything, as to his qualification and experience in the school-room, as he is too well known to need, any commendation from our pen. These two schools have heretofore been separate and apart; but by reference to our columns, it will be seen, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees held this week that they have tendered the use of both academies, to Mr. Stuart; who will hereafter have the care and management of both institutions. This is a "move" in the right direction, and should have been done ere now. It is the only plan whereby a good school, of like grade, can be sustained in Carthage or elsewhere. The theory of educating, both sexes together, has been tried all over the world, and success has crowned the effort thus far. We think it is proper and right. Thus all the stimulants to neatness of dress, purity of language, ease of manner and address, and high intellectual endeavor, growing out of contact with the other sex under wholesome restraints, are secured. It is a source of consolation to know, that our country is beginning to see the fallacy of the Roman Catholic idea that men and women must be immured in cloisters and nunneries, to receive an education that will fit them for the active duties of social and business life. It is a relic of the Dark Ages; a false-

---

The following is the introduction to a series of articles which appeared some months ago in the *North Carolina Gazette*, and are inserted here at the request of a large number of Moore County citizens, who did not see them as published in the *Gazette*.

[EDITORS CARTHAGINIAN,

Moore County—No. 1.

If the estimate placed upon this noble old county is based upon the meagre information furnished by historians, she must be regarded as bearing the same relation to the illustrious individual after whom she was named that the George Washingtons. Daniel Websters, &c. of the present day bear to their distinguished originals. Unfortunately for her reputation abroad, no one competent to the task has ever written anything concerning her varied resources, agricultural and mineral, nor the intelligence, enterprise and refinement of her citizens.

People [illegible] have looked upon [illegible] and cut-throats, and the asylum of deserters. Isolated, until quite recently, from all the thoroughfares leading to commercial centres, her citizens, though laboring under many disadvantages, have maintained themselves, if not in elegance, at least surrounded by most of the necessaries and comforts of life; dispensing a free and bountiful hospitality to the stranger; ready to contribute to every laudable enterprise, not neglecting the interests of religion and the education of their children.

While in the past she has, perhaps, made haste more slowly than many of her sisters, in material prosperity she is behind but few, and the bow of promise in the near future is prognostic of rapid advancement in the development of her agricultural and mineral wealth.

If you will grant your humble correspondent the space in your columns for an occasional communication, though conscious of unfitness for the task, he will endeavor to furnish facts—historical, biographical and miscellaneous—from the formation of the county out of a portion of grand old Cumberland in the year 1784, down to the present time, hoping to satisfy your numerous readers that old Moore, though modest and unpretentious, is not unworthy to bear the name of the noble citizen, the renowned soldier and illustrious jurist, the Hon. Alfred Moore of Brunswick.

The scholar may be wrapped up in the investigation of abstract and physical science; the merchant in his dreams of gold and gain; the surgeon in the contemplation of man's complicated mechanism; and the lawyer in his logic; yet none of them feel in their prolonged contest for wealth and immortality the calm delight and happiness of him in whose heart there are left, undeadened by ambition's seathing fires, a few chords that vibrate responsive to the touch of love. Life without love is not a boon; and with love it is a priceless inheritance. Still love is impotent to render human experience absolutely destitute of anguish, anxiety and gloom, though it contributes largely toward rendering less severe the pangs of these invading evils.

What is life? Is it a brief season, given by the Power above to man in which to amass wealth by every available means, perform great actions for history to record, wander along the mazy ways of metaphysics, or to recline upon the couch of ease and drink deeply from pleasure's jewelled goblet? Ah, who can tell—can paint its light and shade, its tears and smiles, its deathless deeds and its idle dreams? None save Him who paints the gorgeous hues of the summer sunset and the flowers that beautify the garden and the glen.

However, of the philosophy of life, we do know that it means more than loving and being loved; it implies high aims and undeviating fidelity to duty, with love to inspire and wisdom to direct.—He who learns to regard it as such will find its labyrinthian path less a *via dolorosa* for him than it would otherwise be; and as the hand of time unrolls the chart of coming years before him, the harmony of his soul will remain undisturbed by the intrusion of a single note of earth's misery or woe. He alone will have solved the great problem correctly and obtained happiness as the solution thereof.

LEO.

Emigrants to Alabama.—A tract of 100,000 acres in Calhoun county, Ala., has been purchased by the Chicago Colonization and Agricultural Industry Company.

Getting Married.

Were you ever married? Well, in many respects the experience is the funniest thing in the world, especially to a man who is not used to the hampering demands of conventionalities. We'll say the wedding is to take place in the evening at the bride's house. You have a thousand business matters to attend to during the day, and yet you must be prepared to meet your bride and all the "company" as unconcernedly at the appointed hour, as if the affair was a regular part of your diurnal performance.

The fun commences just about an hour before the ceremonies are opened. You are up-stairs dressing in your best. Of course you've got on your gloves just sixty minutes before it is necessary. Your cronies come tumbling in and around you, and every one of them gives you a peculiar glance and shakes your hand.—Then your sister streches her neck above the crowd around the chamber door, and calls you. You elbow your way out where she is; and she insists upon the immediate removal of your gloves which "won't be fit to be seen at the ceremony, if you persist in wearing them." Then you take them off. Then the kind sister suggests that you go to a solitary room, and sit there pensively, and not "get your clothes all perfumed up with cigar smoke." And you follow her advice and go to the room. You've been there about five minutes when your future sister-in-law comes up and tells you "there's a half dozen people down stairs wondering where you are;" and leaves with a faint idea that her remark was a quiet criticism on your Voluntary imprisonment. Then you arise and go down stairs again. A fresh arrival of friends mostly old chummies necessiates a succession of hard efforts to retain your equilibrium.

In the midst of this confusion word is sent that your mother desires to see you. You go out to receive a kind reprimand about allowing yourself to be "hauled round so much," and allusion is made to the fact that your shirt is "terribly mussed," and your necktie is twisted around. Then you stand in the hall and try to get a glimpse of the fair bride through a partially open door. She is surrounded by a dozen ladies, each of whom is aiding her in the arrangement of her toilet. Somebody sees you stretching your neck up like a crane to get a peep over the multiplied heads, and instantly a female scream is heard, and in a jiffy the door is shut with a bang. Then you feel cheap, and walk up stairs to the solitary room. Then you go down again among "the boys," dying to join them in a smoke, but being checked by the remembrance of your sister's warning. Finally there is a stir in the hall. Your "master of ceremonies" comes in to tell you all is ready. Your friends go below and you are left alone. You begin to dust little specks off [illegible] You adjust your necktie and don your gloves. Your mother comes in and reminds you that you are looking very finely. Then you go out into the hall and form into "procession." The bride, of course, looks heavenly in your eyes. The roses on her cheeks are glowing brightly, while her eyes sparkle as they never sparkled before. You go down stairs with your heart bumping like a power press in your bosom. Into the parlor and under a flood of light at last, with eyes staring coldly at you everywhere. You tread on two or three dresses, run against a centre table, upset a lot of flowers, collide with the parson, and finally you are forced by friends into the right position. Then the ceremony opens, and before you know it you are Mr. and Mrs. Somebody. After this it's easy sailing, for the terrible ordeal is passed, the music strikes up, everybody begins to move around, the rigid muscles are allowed full swing, and you draw a long and comfortable breath.

Discouraged.

It is easy to say, "Never give up the ship." It is so easy to hold your head up and step firmly, to laugh cheerily, and have a pleasant word for everybody, when safely hedged in from sorrow and poverty by the love of friends and a bottomless purse. When sickness passes by to knock at some other door, when home is the one "sweet, safe corner" in all the world, when there are those who would suffer that you might go free—ah! then it is easy to feel as if nothing could ever make you quite discouraged. This is a beautiful world, and there are lots of good things in it. Yes many a son and daughter, a few wives and mothers, and about the same proportion of husbands and fathers, do live more in the shine than in the shadow of life. But there are so many more, who have to buckle on their armor and spend their best heart's blood in the daily life.

Such bitter trials as men and women do live through! Who can doubt that Heaven sends them this fortitude? It cannot be of earth. Such strains of heart and brain as hearts and brains do still bear up under! Is it any wonder that weary hands sometimes fall despondingly, and weary heads bow discouraged? Oh! ye, whose paths are in the pleasant places! whose faith was never tried by Heaven's seeming disregard of your prayers and tears! who never knew the lack of tender home-love and protection, exult in your happiness and thank Providence. But while you drink from your cup of life, such honey-sweet draughts, give a thought now and then to those whose daily potions savor so strongly of wormwood, and remember that a kindly word and a helping hand, which cost so little, may make lighter the burdens of some one now almost discouraged.

BE BRAVE.—Youngmen, be brave! Many people imagine that courage is confined to the field of battle. There could be no greater mistake. Even contentions with men—unavoidable contentions—are not by any means limited to the public battle-fields. And there are other struggles in private life—struggles, it may be with habits or appetites or passions—all of which require as much courage, or more of perseverance, than the brief, exciting encounter of battle. Enough to struggle against, enough to contend with, enough to overcome lies in the way of every young man. It may be one kind of difficulty or it may be another, but plenty of difficulty of some kind every young man just starting in life may be sure he will find. And the essential thing about it to him is whether he will have the courage to look all difficulties resolutely in the face, to meet them bravely, and to persevere until he conquers; in other words, whether he will be a coward and succumb, or be what the Indians insignificantly term a "brave." He who never falters, no matter how adverse the circumstances, always enjoys within himself the consciousness of a perpetual, spiritual triumph, of which nothing can deprive him.

PLEASE REMEMBER.

NOW IS THE TIME

WHEN YOU SHOULD SUBSCRIBE FOR THE

Carthaginian.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

published at

CARTHAGE, N. C.

Every man and woman should take their

County Paper.

A good Newspaper [illegible]

TO A FAMILY.

The families of farmers are necessarily much secluded, and do not enjoy the advantages resulting from intercourse with other minds.

THE CARTHAGINIAN

will strive in a great measure to supply this want. We expect to procure the services of a few correspondents who will occasionally give productions relating to the interests of the masses.

MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE

OF A

New Friend,

THE CARTHAGINIAN.

It will cheer many lonely hours, and keep you employing your leisure moments. It will be a rest to the toiling wife and mother, to sit down and look over The

CARTHAGINIAN.

The subscription is so low that we hope there is not a true hearted man in all this section, who will fail to become a subscriber.

If you want to become prosperous and happy, and have that genuine County pride, which you should have, sustain your

LOCAL PAPER.

It is our intention to present our readers a carefully prepared outline of the

VERY LATEST

and most **Interesting News.** It will also be one of our chief desires to give the freshest and

BEST LOCAL NEWS,

and to advance the general interest of Moore County.

If you are friends to us, act as such and subscribe for

THE CARTHAGINIAN.

Don't send your money away from home until you subscribe for the CARTHAGINIAN. If you are not a subscriber, subscribe at once.

If not, why not?

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy one year, " $1,50
" 6 Months, " 1,00
" 3 " " 50

Address,

THE CARTHAGINIAN,
CARTHAGE, N. C.

Wood will be taken in exchange for the CARTHAGINIAN.