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Jos. S. Hasting

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# THE CARTHAGINIAN.

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### Romance of the Pyrenees.

I am a Spaniard and the only son and sole heir of Don Guzman de Mansoria, a grandee of Spain of the second class, by whom I was educated according to my fortune and exalted rank. At the age of twenty-five I lost my father. It is the custom in Spain that at the death of a father the nobles should wear mourning for one year and pass that time in a state of absolute solitude at their respective estates. I loved my father tenderly and deeply regretted his loss. I observed my country's custom on that event as a holy duty and in conformity thereto removed into Aragon where I had a castle situated at the foot of Mount Maladetta, on the extreme frontier between Spain and France. This was in the year 1779, when Spain was still beautiful and mighty, a though the nobility and clergy ruled it with an iron despotism; and the feudal laws more rigidly enforced than they had ever been, even in France, were better consolidated by the perfect understanding on this point between the priests and the crown. The nobles ruled the people and the king ruled all. For my part, I frankly admit that I was proud of my title of Count and prized the prerogatives of my rank and the rights of my birth. My steward dispensed justice to my vassals in my name, and when his decisions appeared unjust to them they appealed to me in person.

The gallows, which stood before the great gate of the castle, pitilessly announced my power of condemning to death within the limits of my county. By law all smugglers were subject to this rigorous penalty, to which my deputy always condemned them with unflinching severity, and which I always commuted to a lighter punishment. At this time the smugglers were in greater numbers than they are now, and as I had received directions from court to suppress the illegal traffic, I had armed my vassals, who patrolled all the defiles and by-roads, scoured the mountains, and assisted the officers of the king's customs on all occasions. This rigorous pursuit of the smugglers increased their audacity and inspired them with desperation and revenge. Before they were only dealers in prohibited articles; they now became brigands, organized regular bands into troops, and opposed open resistance in the field to the king's and my jurisdiction. One day fifty of my people were attacked near La Picade and cruelly massacred by these bandits; whereupon I vowed never again to remit or commute the sentence of my deputy, but to hang up the first smuggler who should be captured.

A few days afterwards the worthy functionary was announced and presented me with a death-warrant for my signature. I hesitated, trembled and could not proceed. It is such a shocking, chilling thought that a few letters, so rapidly and easily traced, should have the power of depriving a fellow-creature of life! I tried to read the sentence, but my eyes were clouded and I could not see distinctly, so I asked the steward to read it. He commenced with an official tone, but I stopped him at the second line—when I found that the culprit was a girl only eighteen years old.

"My lord," said the functionary, "Milanetta is the daughter of the captain of the smugglers. She daily deceives the vigilance of the guards, and passes and repasses between Spain and France with intelligence to direct the movements of the two troops of bandits, and they could not possibly baffl our authority but for her. This young woman is guilty; I have condemned her, and it is your duty to sanction the law's award. You have pledged yourself to the rigid execution of justice to your vassals, and you owe it to the kind. The word of a Spanish grandee is sacred; therefore, my lord, you must sign that paper."

"Never! What! send a girl only eighteen years old to death! I could not muster strength to do it. What did she urge in her defense?"

"Nothing."

"Has she confessed the charge?"

"No."

Then I suspend the execution of the sentence. Conduct Milanetta here. I wish to see and interrogate her personally."

My deputy obeyed, and in an instant

afterwards Milanetta stood before me. Oh, if you had seen that youthful creature, glittering with grace and beauty! Had you noticed the sublimity of her looks at that trying moment, the clear olive of her expressive brow (the sun, you know, kisses the Spanish maidens with a scorching embrace), her dark tresses floating loose in the mountain breeze, her noble attitude and the majestic bearing of her head, like me; you would have felt an involuntary respect for her beauty, perhaps you would have loved her! I was then only twenty-five, and knew nothing of woman but what I had learned in the cloisters of Salamanca or the courts and revels of Madrid. My heart was yet in its virgin freshness, my head was heated under our burning sun, and I felt that insupportable want of something to love; something to invest with the rich worship of my soul; something which should burst upon me like a vision of light, even if it consumed me in its revelation. When I commenced my examination I was much more agitated than my prisoner. We were alone, and I am sure my emotion must have been apparent when I said:

"Do you know the punishment to which the steward has condemned you?"

"Yes, my lord," she answered, in a low, calm voice—"to death."

"Before confirming the law's sentence, I have desired to see you, to ascertain from yourself whether you have no extenuating circumstances to allege."

"Nothing."

"You are a smuggler, then?"

"Oh, no!"

"Why, then, do you cross into France every night? What other motive could induce you to expose yourself to such peril?"

"That I will never disclose."

"Recollect that the only means of saving your life is a frank and unreserved declaration of—"

"I know it, but I will not do it. I will reply to you, my lord, as I did to your judge: 'I have never smuggled.' Whether I cross nightly into France or not is my own business, and my motives are my own. My doom is spoken; let it be executed; I am ready to suffer it. My lord, I shall not answer another inquiry."

From that moment she was insensible to advice, menace, or entreaties. Nothing could overcome her obstinate silence. During three days I was content with her, and did all that I could to extract her secret from her; but she treasured in the bottom of her heart what she wished to conceal from me, while she soon guessed what I dared not disclose to her. Yes, it was in her cell and comfortable cell that I—her judge, her lord, the arbiter of her life—fell at her feet and revealed in passionate accents what she had already read in my looks and gestures. It was in her prison that she coldly rejected my love and rejected her pardon on the terms I offered it. No one who had seen us then would have said: "He is the judge and she is the victim." She was always calm, cold and resigned, while I endured all the tortures of disappointed love irritated by repulses. The vault of the prison resounded with my entreaties and angry exclamations, with my sighs and passionate appeals; and I momentarily was the prey of every exciting emotion—now ready to kill Milanetta, and now resolving to save her at all hazards, now begging her to be mine, and now determined to bid the executioner perform his fatal office. I was no longer myself—I loved for the first time, and the being to whom I poured out my heart and soul in protestations of adoration, transport, and idolatry, coldly answered: "I cannot listen to you; I love another." After an awful outbreak of rage at such an announcement, I insisted upon knowing who my rival was, but she replied, with the same calmness of tone and look, "That you shall never know."

At this juncture a violent knocking was heard at the prison door. My people were looking for me on all sides, as a French nobleman had just arrived in great haste at the castle, and demanded to see me immediately. I went to him at once, striving in vain to hide from my servant the emotions with which I was agitated, and at whose violence I myself was alarmed. I made my appearance in the great hall, a prey to the most gloomy forebodings. I there saw a

young man who was pacing the hall with hurried steps, and who desired to converse without witnesses.

"I am the Marquis de Clairval," said he; "I possess a castle in France, which like yours, is on the very frontier, and like you, I am engaged in suppressing, smuggling and executing justice against those engaged in it."

The name of the marquis was familiar to me, as we had corresponded together to devise measures for the security of frontier.

"But," continued he, "however rigid and unrelenting may be our justice against those taken in the act, it is rather too much that we should condemn innocent people to death merely because they refuse to give reasons for their behavior."

"To what do you allude, Monsieur?"

"Listen to me. A young girl, named Milanetta, has fallen into the hands of your officers—"

"Hail! can you explain—?"

"That is the sole object of my visit. It was but this morning that I heard of her arrest, her condemnation and that she declined disclosing the motive of her frequent trips into France by night. I know the cause and am come to unfold it to you; but it is in full confidence of your honor and discretion. Milanetta is mine!"

"Yours? You Milanetta's lover!"

"You seem surprised at this, because such a beautiful creature as Milanetta did not reside with me in my castle, or that I did not take her with me to Paris during last winter. You may be also astonished that a noble of France should be sufficiently enamored of a peasant girl to submit to the constraint of mystery and the harass and trouble of nightly and dangerous interviews. But Milanetta is not one of those women who yield easily, nor is she one whose influence can be easily shaken off."

"I think I know her character," I added.

"Oh, no! You never can know the deep well of love and energetic feeling in the heart of that young creature. She has risked everything to see me and to love me in secret, and now you have the object of her nocturnal journeys, which she would not disclose to you because she would have had to blush at the confession, and lest a public declaration made to her judge should come to the ears of her father. To prevent this she would have died without opening her lips. Now, my lord, I have said sufficient to convince you that she is unjustly condemned. You are absolute here. I ask her pardon of you and fear assured that you will gladly concede it."

The marquis's language, the love which he confessed, and Milanetta's passion for him, of which he boasted so proudly and fervently, threw me into rage and despair. Ideas of vengeance and of blood rushed through my brain till I grew giddy. Without a consciousness of what I was doing, or going to do, I rang the bell impatiently and ordered Milanetta to be brought immediately before me.

"Do not let her see me!" cried the marquis; "let her not be acquainted with what I have done! If she learned that it was to me that she owed her life, her feelings towards me would be all absorbed in gratitude, and it is her love only that I desire."

This expression increased my frenzy, while the marquis, who was nearly as much agitated as I was, did not perceive my emotion. He only heard the sound of steps in the corridor, and thinking that it was Milanetta who approached, he asked me where he could conceal himself. I pointed to the door of my closet, and the moment it closed upon him Milanetta came into the hall. For a moment I was speechless, overpowered by transports of envy and passion. Milanetta turned away from the fierce expression of my features. With a hoarse voice I shouted: "I know your lover now; I am no longer ignorant who it is you prefer to me. He has come to solicit your pardon. The Marquis de Clairval has cleared you of the charge of smuggling, but has acknowledged that you are his love!"

"What! she frantically exclaimed, "has the marquis been here?"

"He is here still, Milanetta."

"What, here? here in your power? Oh! spare him, my lord, spare him. It is I only who have deserved your ven-

erence—death is my portion; out for him!"

"Yes, scornful girl! Death for you! He has asked for mercy for you—he has come to ask me to place you again in his arms; but I will give you to the executioner, and your lover shall witness—"

The marquis flung open the door with violence. I had quite forgotten that he was here, and he had heard every word I spoke. At his appearance Milanetta started and departed in a shriek, while I looked at them both vindictively. He beckoned me aside, and said with a low voice: "My Lord Count, you are a gentleman by birth, but you have disgraced your name and rank. Among people of our station the sword is the only arbiter, and the injuries of jealousy and love are settled by that appeal. It is not by hanging Milanetta that you should revenge yourself when you have the opportunity of a gentleman of fighting me."

"What! Would you accept a challenge?"

"This very instant."

"But you know the strict laws against duelling, and the rigorous strictness with which both kings exact the penalty."

"I know very well that both in France and Spain the duellist is punished by the forfeiture of his estates; that his shield is defaced and his coat of arms burned, and that if his enemy is killed he is beheaded; but I hate you now as strongly as you can hate me, and to hold my sword's point to your heart I would face every peril and every disgrace."

"To-morrow, then, at daybreak, I will be at Vennesque with a second."

"Be it so. And now sign Milanetta's pardon."

"Her pardon!"

"It is the first and only condition of our meeting."

I signed it, and handed it to Milanetta, who refused to take it.

"What will it avail me," said she, "when my father knows the secret of my nocturnal journeys? When he questions me, what answer can I give him? If I tell him the truth he will kill me on the spot."

"Kill you, Milanetta?"

"He is only a smuggler or a bandit in your eyes; but this bandit is as jealous as any peer of France or grandee of Spain. He will kill me I tell you, and I would prefer dying by the executioner's hand to his."

Next morning, before the sun rose I was at the very extremity of the Spanish frontier, and the marquis made his appearance almost as soon. He brought his second but I had forgotten to bring one. A man on horseback was passing within a few paces of us. I called to him and asked him if he would become my second in a duel.

He immediately dismounted, measured our swords like a man accustomed to the business, and offered me his own as better tempered than mine. We had scarcely crossed our blades when the French and Spanish guards came running up, separated us, enjoined us to desist, and threatened to arrest us if we renewed the combat. Milanetta had informed them of our intentions. I perceived the rage and mortifications of the marquis at this interruption, but I told him that we could laugh at their interference, and fight before their faces without their having the power to interfere.

"The frontier of France and Spain is marked by that cross. You, who are a Frenchman, cross into Spain, while I step into France. We can then cross our blades, with our feet touching the frontier line, which we can keep between our bodies and our swords. The Spaniard who fights a Frenchman on French ground, and the Frenchman who meets a Spaniard on the Spanish soil, cannot be reach by the law, for the King of Spain has no more power over you than the King of France has over me, and neither would violate the laws of nations by arresting their subjects on a foreign territory."

With one bound I stood upon the territory of France, while the marquis remained in Spain, and we both called to the guards. "Back, marshals of France, you have no authority over a noble of Spain." "Away, holy brotherhood of Spain; keep your hands off a gentleman of France!"

The soldiers fell back amazed and

irresolute, while we stood and fought in the narrow pass, where there was not room for more than a man to stand. Our swords had scarcely recrossed when the marquis fell, pierced to the heart. I rushed forward to support him, when my second, holding me in his iron grasp, shouted: "Stop where you are! One foot forward and death stares you in the face, and that upon the scaffold!" His words were interrupted by a shriek, and we saw Milanetta fling herself upon the dead body, uttering the most passionate exclamations of agony and tenderness. My second gnashed his teeth, when he saw and heard her. He rushed to her and tore her roughly from the body which she embraced. She uttered a heart-piercing shriek, and falling on her knees and clasping her hands, she exclaimed:

"Forgive me, father, forgive me!"

"Dishonored!" answered he, with a gloomy voice. "Then die with him!" and with one blow of his knife he laid her lifeless at his feet. Then lifting up her body he flung it to me, saying: "She who loved a hated Frenchman is not worthy of finding a grave in her country; the soil of Spain rejects the body of Milanetta."

The guards of the holy brotherhood surrounded the smuggler, who threw his knife away and held out his hands to them.

"Bind me," said he, "I am the leader of the smugglers—you can hang me at once for smuggling, but not for killing my daughter. You have outlawed the smuggler, and the afore he takes justice into his own hands."

My estate was confiscated, my estate outshone disgraced, my castle burned and a price set upon my head; but heaven has punished me in lengthening my existence and protracting my sorrows. I have survived this event fifty years, but my heart is still young in recollections and sufferings, and from that time I have never trod upon the soil of my country!

ics and many of the other ills so common to mankind. The quality of our food and its preparation, are often of as much importance as its quantity. We all eat too much grease, condiments, rich sauces, and gravies.

When our country fails to produce so great an abundance of the luxuries of life, we shall learn that one half the substances we have been accustomed to waste in solid and liquid diet, are sufficient to support life, and will support more strength of body and vigor of intellect than the plethora of eating with which their fathers "obfuscated" all their powers of mind, plugged themselves with bile, and were clothed with melancholy in the midst of happiness, ease, luxury, and security.

Sir James Eyre, physician to Queen Victoria, says perhaps we might lay it down as a rule, that the majority of men eat twice as much as is really required for the support of health and strength; but in most cases, the error is to be referred to ignorance of the laws of health, rather than to the mere pleasure of over-indulgence. It is a common mistake among all classes, that the more we eat the stronger we shall be, and nothing is more fully believed than that our vigor depends upon the quantity as well as the quality of our food.—S. O. J. in *Country Gentleman*.

GOOD HUMOR.—It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the "minor miseries," that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality. It helps nobody, and hinders everybody. It is always foolish, and always disgraceful, except in some rare cases when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another; and even that "noble rage" seldom mends the matter. No man does his best except when he is cheerful. A light heart makes nimble hands and keeps the mind free and alert. No misfortune is so great as one that sours the temper. Till cheerfulness is lost nothing is lost.

The company of a good humored man is a perpetual feast. He is welcomed everywhere. Eyes glisten at his approach, and difficulties vanish in his cheering presence. Franklin's indomitable good humor did as much for his country in the old Congress as Adam's fire or Jefferson's wisdom. He clothed wisdom with smiles and softened contentious minds into acquiescence.

WARM BATHS FOR CHILDREN.—A physician, in a very sensible article upon bathing, says: For the "wind in the stomach" children are thought to have, for their tiresome crying, and for the restlessness and worrying at night with which they are afflicted, if warm baths were resorted to oftener, and the dosing of soothing syrups and worse nostrums less, it would be better for the children."

An Affectionate Wife.

We know an old woman who poisoned her husband. The old man was rather tough and did not die before the alarm was given and neighbors gathered in, and a doctor was called. The old woman acknowledged she administered the poison, but when told that if the old man died she would be hung, she began to abuse the doctor for not curing the old man and finally told the doctor that if he left her dear husband to die she would prosecute him to the law, and if the law failed, she pointed to a shot-gun in the room and said: "That never fails."—Los Angeles Star.

We seldom find persons whom we acknowledge to be possessed of good sense, except those who agree with us in opinion.

He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.

### SUPPOSED TRUTHS.

He who surpasses or subdues mankind must look down on the hate of those below.

Life becomes useless and insipid when we have no longer either friends or enemies.

Dignity is expensive, and without other good qualities is not particularly profitable.

No man ever enjoyed the benefits we have enjoyed, nor forgot the favors received.

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; his is neither hot nor timid.

Cities force growth, and make men talkative and entertaining, but they also make them artificial.

You had better learn to conquer your own will than strive to obtain the mastery of that of others.

Friendship is the medicine for all misfortunes, but ingratitude dries up the fountain of goodness.

### Wit and Humor.

An inveterate old bachelor says ships are called 'she' because they always keep a man on the lookout.

I tell you as a showman, you can't make animals drink whiskey. They know better.—Lecture by Barnum.

'Economy is the road to wealth,' and we begin to suspect that it is the one which has no turning.

A barking dog never bites, but the same measure of confidence isn't to be placed in a buzzing bee, even if he does go to war backwards.

What is the difference between a school-boy studying his lessons and a farmer watching his cows? One is stocking his mind, and the other minding his stock.

'Ma! did you know corn could walk?' 'No, my boy—I never heard of such a thing.' 'You didn't? Well, corn stalks.' 'Nurse, give Johnny some medicine, and put him to bed.'

A shrewd patent medicine man has been chasing Alexander II. Stevens around for three months, trying to draw a bead on him with a pocket camera. He wants him for a preface to his advertisement to illustrate 'before taking.'

Wm. L. Dayton, while at college, could not pronounce his r's. One day he told his professor that the students on the campus were having a row. 'A what?' asked the professor. 'A wiot,' said Dayton. 'A what?' said the professor. 'O, a wumpus,' exclaimed Dayton, as he stalked away.

An outside passenger by a coach had his hat blown over a bridge and carried away by the stream. 'Is it not very singular,' said he to a gentleman who was seated beside him, 'that my hat has taken that direction?' 'Not at all,' replied the latter. 'It is natural that a beaver should take to the water.'

How women can manage to sit bolt upright and not change a position, looking neither to the right nor left, during a sermon in church, passes understanding. A man will sit on a picket fence all the afternoon to see a ball match, but put him in a church-pew for three-quarters of an hour, and he will wobble all over the seat. It can be said for women that they never wobble.

An old bachelor was rather taken back a day or two since as follows: Picking up a book, he exclaimed, upon seeing a woodcut representing a man kneeling at the foot of a woman. 'Before I would kneel at the foot of woman I would encircle my neck with a rope and stretch it.' And then turning to a young woman, he enquired, 'do you not think it would be the best thing I could do?' 'It would undoubtedly be the best for the woman,' was the sarcastic reply.

### HYGIENE.

This is for your Health.

### Advantages of Temperance in Eating.

The ancient physicians of Egypt ascribed all diseases to the overloading of the stomach, and their materia medica was limited to emetics and cathartics, and abstinence from food was their chief advice. Certainly the surest method to preserve constitutional health and strength is to eat less than we are in the habit of doing.

Cheyne said that if we would keep our stomachs clean, we should find our heads clear. The lamentable prevalence of brain diseases is more attributable to the overloading of the stomach, than to the overworking of the brain. The brain is weakened by the general prostration of the whole system, and first proclaims the misuse of its powers.

The ancient philosophers, from Pythagoras, all agree that it was needful to relieve the stomach by a careful abstemiousness, when they desired to make demands upon the imagination or reason for the exercise of all their forces.

Mr. Pitt, when he intended to deliver an oration before the House of Commons, dined on cold mutton.

Newton confined himself to a slight diet while he was composing his dissertation upon colors.

Buerhaave remarked that the oppression of food on the stomach almost extinguishes the active powers of the mind.

A mathematician can resolve a problem before dinner, while after a full repast his mind would be too dull and inactive either to study or demonstrate. A blind man who had learned to distinguish colors by the touch, could do it only when fasting.

Law, the founder of paper credit, and a financier of great ability, was remarkable for his great abstemiousness, and ate the smallest possible amount to support life when engaged in subjects of deep calculation.

The newspapers of the day are filled with notices of sudden deaths, attributed to heart disease, when often the verdict should be, "Died of over-eating."

Habitual over-eating produces dyspepsia, nausea, headaches, col-