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THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

He sleeps within a nameless grave,
Where spring's luxuriant blossoms wave,
For summer's reign is nigh.
The solitude around his tomb
Is beautiful as Eden's bloom
Ere beauty learned to die.

Her fairest and most fragrant flowers
Kind May in bright profusion showers
Upon that lovely spot.
Where the sick heart and weary head
Rest in their last dark, narrow bed,
Forgetting and forgot.

No drooping mourners kneel beside
That lonely grave at even-tide,
And bathe it with their tears;
But off the balmy dews of night
Lave it in pity, when the light
Of kindling stars appears.

No love's ones breathe the holy prayer,
But nature's incense fills the air,
And seeks the distant sky.
Her artless hymn the song-bird sings;
The dreamy hum of insect wings;
Are prayers that never die.

—Chamber's Journal.

Two Sides to a Bureau.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

ONE SIDE.

When I turned round and she was coming in the door, I'm sure I thought I was dreaming. If it had been the Queen a-coming in, I shouldn't have been more surprised; and the three children with their three faces like little pigs. "Here, you," whispered I to Benjamin Franklin, "you just go 'long and stick your face in some water, quick metrel! And give Johnny's a scrubbing, too." And I wet the corner of my apron between my lips in a hurry and rubbed Sue's mouth; and then I made believe I hadn't seen her before, and dusted the other chair for her; and she sat down, and I sat down, and we looked at one another. Lord! she was that fine! Her frownces were silk, and they were scalloped like so many roses, and lace showing under the edges of them; and she had such boots, setting like gloves—just enough to make your eyes water. But the flowers in her hat—you should have seen them! Well, she seemed to fill up the little room, and if ever I was glad of anything, I was glad that I had scrubbed the floor that very day, so that it was clean enough to eat off of—glad, too, that I'd taken Jim's old hat out of the broken window and put in the smooth bottom of a box with a good respectable-looking tack. Jim might have mended that window, for he's a perfect Jack-all-trades; but he'd rather play the fiddle than eat, and he was a-playing it out in the tie-up that moment, with all the wind there was blowing. However, I couldn't complain, for he'd just mended the chair, so that it was almost as good as new, and had put me up as tidy a shelf as you please, over the stove for the brush and comb and hair-oil bottle. If I'd been a little slicked up myself, with my new print and my pink apron, or if I'd only had my bang on, I wouldn't have minded. But when Benjamin Franklin came back with just the top dirt rinsed off, and the rest all smeared, I did feel so vexed that I gave him as good a shaking as a nut-tree gets in harvest.

"Bless my heart!" says she, "what are you doing that for?"
"Because he's so aggravating!" says I. "There, you go 'long;" and I gave him a shove.

"Why," says she, "don't you remember how it used to feel to be shaken yourself?"

"I don't know as I do," says I.
"As if you were flying to atoms? And your body was as powerless as if it had been in the hands of a giant, and your heart as full of hate?"

"Why, look a-her," says I. "Be you a missionary?"

"A missionary?" says she, laughing. "No; I'm Mr. Mulgrave's wife. And I came up to see how the new house was getting on; but the house is so full of plaster dust inside, and the whirlwind is blowing the things off the roof so outside, that I thought I would venture in here till the cloud passed."

"Oh," says I.
"I did come precious near it last fall," says I—for I wanted her to see that it wasn't altogether an impossibility, and I wasn't wasting my time in vapors—

"When Jim was at work up here, helping lay out the garden. He was paid by the day, you know; Mr. Mulgrave paid him; and he was paid here, and I had the handling of the money; and I said to myself, 'Now or never for that bureau!' But, dear me, I had to turn that money over so many times to get the things I couldn't do without any way at all, that before I got round to the bureau it was every cent gone!"

"Yes," she says, "it's apt to be so. I know if I don't get the expensive thing when I have the money in my purse, the money is flattered away and I've nothing to show for it."

"That's just the way it is with me," says I. "But somehow I can't seem to do without the shoes and flannel, and all that. Oh, here's your husband!"

"That's a powerful horse of his. But I should be afraid he'd break my neck if I was behind him."

"Not when my husband's driving," says she. "And she bids me good-day, and kisses Sue, and springs into the wagon, and is off like a bird, with streamers all flying."

Well, so far so good. Thinks I to myself: "She'll be a very pleasant neighbor. If she's ever so fine, she don't put on airs. And it does you good once in a while to have somebody listen when you want to run on about yourself. And maybe she'll have odd chores that I can turn my hand to—plain sewing, or clear-starching, or an extra help when company comes in. I shouldn't wonder if we were quite a

mutual advantage." And so I told Jim, and he said he shouldn't wonder too.

Well, that evening, just at sunset—now I'm telling you the real truth, and if you don't believe me, there it is to speak for itself—Jim was a-playing "Roslyn Castle," and I was a-putting Sue to sleep, when I happened to look out of the window, and there was a job-wagon coming straight up the hill, with something in it that had a great canvas hanging over it. "It's a queer time of day," says I to myself, "to be bringing furniture into Mr. Mulgrave's house, and it not half done, either. But it's none of my business. Maybe it's a refrigerator to be set in the cellar." And I went on patting Sue, when all at once Jim's fiddle stopped short, as if he broke, and I heard a gruff voice saying, "Where'll you have it? Here, you, sir, lend a hand." And I dropped Sue on the bed, and ran to the door, and they were a-bringing it in—there, look at it, as pretty a bureau as you'll find in a day's walk. It's pine, to be sure, but it's seasoned, and every drawer shuts smooth and easy; and its painted and grained like black walnut, and there's four deep drawers, and a shallow one at the bottom, and two little drawers at the top; and in the upper drawer of the deep ones there's a place for this all parted off, and a place for that, and a place for the other; and to crown the whole, a great swinging glass that you can see yourself in from head to belt.

Just look! Oh, I tell you it's a great thing! "With Mrs. Mulgrave's compliments," says the man, and went off and shut the door.

I never waited for anything. Sue was screaming on the bed; I let her scream. I never minded Benny's rattling nor Jim's laughing. I got down every bandbox and basket and bundle I had on the shelves, got out every bag there was under the bed and behind the doors, and in ten minutes that bureau was so full you couldn't shut a drawer. Then I took them all out and fixed them all over again. "It's ours, Jim!" says I; and then I just sat down and cried.

THE OTHER SIDE.

"Well, Lawrence, I'm so glad you've come! I thought you never would. And I've had such a lesson read me!"

"Lesson? Who's been reading my wife a lesson, I should like to know?"

"Who do you think? Nobody, but that little absurd woman there—that Mrs. Jim. But I never had such a lesson. Drive slow, please, and let me tell you all about it—this horse does throw the gravel in your face so! I'm expecting every moment to see the spokes fly out of the wheels. There, now, that's reasonable. This horse is a perfect griffin—has legs and wings too!"

"Well—steady, Frolic, steady!—now let's have your lesson. If there's any one can read you a lesson, Mrs. Fanny Mulgrave, I should like to hear it."

"Now, Lawrence! However, you know I came up to look at the house, for I've been having my misgivings about that room. And when I went in it did look so big and bare! I was dismayed. I paced it off this way and paced it off that way, and thought about what I could put in the corners; and how that window with the sea view would be as a picture; and how the whole mantle-piece, with its white marble carvings and giddings and mirror, was a perfect illumination; and how I must confront it in that great square alcove with a mass of shadow; and we haven't a thing to go there, and how magnificently an ebony and gold cabinet like that Mrs. Watrous and I saw at the exhibition—the one I went into ecstasies over, you know; that goes from floor to ceiling—would fill the place. And the more I thought of it the more indispensable such a great ebony and gold cabinet seemed to be. And I knew it was perfectly impossible—"

"If I did you know it, may I enquire?"

"Oh, they cost—oh, hundreds of dollars. And, of course, the horse itself takes all you can spare. But I felt that it would be utterly out of my power to make that room look anything like what I wanted without it. And I kept seeing how beautiful it would be with those gold-colored satin curtains of your aunt Sophy's falling back from the windows on each side of it. And I sat down and stared at the spot, and felt as if I didn't want the house at all if I couldn't have that cabinet. And I thought you might go without your cigars and your claret and your horses a couple of years, and we could easily have it."

"Kind of you, and cheerful for me."

"Oh, I didn't think anything about that part of it. Just fancy! I thought you were the most selfish man in the world, and I was the most unhappy woman; and all men were selfish, and all women were slaves; and—and that ebony and gold cabinet was obscuring my whole outlook in life. I felt so angry with you, and with fate, and with everything, that hot, scalding-hot tears would have shaken down if you had happened to come just then. I'm so glad you didn't, Lawrence dear; I couldn't have spoken to save my life, and should have run directly out of the room, for fear, if I did speak, I should say something horrid."

"Should you, indeed? And do you imagine I shouldn't have followed?"

"Oh, I should have been running."

"And whose legs are longest, puss?"

"Well, that's nothing to do with it. Just then the whirlwind came up, and the window-places being open, all the dust of the building, all the shaving and splinters and lime and sand about, seemed to make a sudden lurch into the room, and I couldn't see across it. And there I was in my new hat! And I made for the door as fast as my feet could fly."

"Silent thing you could do."

"I suppose so; for when I was outdoors, the boards of the scaffolding were pitching through the air at such a rate that I could neither stay there nor go

back; and I saw that little shanty just around the corner, and ran in!"

"That was sensible."

"Thanks. And there she was, pots and pails about the door, and a hen just blowing in before me, and a parcel of dirty faced, barefooted children cumbering round. And such a place! It fairly made me low-spirited to look at it. I was in mortal fear of getting a grease spot on my dress. But I was in before I knew it, and there was no help for it, and the wind was blowing so I had to stay."

"And the lady of that house read you a lesson?"

"Such a lesson! You'd have thought to begin with, that it was a palace. She did the honors like a little duchess. It didn't occur to her, apparently, that things were squallid. And that made it so much easier than if she had apologized, and you were forced to tell polite fibs and make believe it was all right, you know. She was a trifle vexed because the face of one of the children wasn't clean, and afterward she repentingly gave him the molasses jug to keep him quiet; but another of the children was such a little darling! Well, presently her tongue was loose."

"Humph!"

"Humph! Didn't you want to hear about it? Oh, I know the whole story of my tongue, but I find you like to listen to it!"

"So I do, my dear; so I do. And then?"

"Well, as I was saying, presently her tongue was loose, and I had the benefit of her experience. And I know she has a good-for-naught of a husband, whom she loves a great deal better than I love you—oh yes, she does, for she seems never to have thought one hard thing concerning him, and I was thinking so many of you, you know! And there she is, and has been, with her cooking-stove and table, her two chairs, a bed, and a crib, with a contented spirit and a patient soul, and her highest ambition and her wildest day-dream just to have—"

"An ebony and gold cabinet?"

"Oh no, no! Do drive faster, Lawrence. How this horse does crawl! I want to get it up to her to-night. A bureau. To think of it, only a bureau! You needn't laugh at me. I've an awful cold in my head. And I mean she shall have it, if it takes every cent you gave me for my new jacket. I'll wear the old one. I think I can get what she'll consider a beauty, though, for twelve dollars or thereabouts. Drive to Veneer's please, dear. I do feel in such a hurry, when it takes such a little bit to make a woman happy."

"An ebony and gold cabinet, for instance?"

"Oh, nonsense! How you do love to tease, Lawrence! I never want to hear of such a thing again. I wouldn't have it now."

"Stop, stop, good-wife! You'll say too much. You silly little woman, didn't you know that that ebony and gold cabinet which you and Mrs. Watrous saw was made for the place between your windows?"

Funny Incidents in the Paupit.

At a clerical dinner party some time ago, says Appleton's Journal, the question went around to each, as follows: "Were you ever so placed in public in the performance of a service as to lose all sense of the solemnity of the occasion and be compelled to laugh in spite of your more serious self?"

The following are some of the replies that were made: A very solemn clergyman and his assistant, who were disturbed in their chancel by a miserable looking street cat, which had come in from some unknown way, and was rubbing itself up against their legs, meowing piteously. The rector beckoned to the assistant to put the cat out, which he did, but in a few moments she was back again. Upon this the very solemn rector placed the poor creature under one of the heavy box stools in the chancel, and placing his foot on this improvised kennel, gave out the hymn beginning:

"A charge to keep I have"

The last experience mentioned was that of a clergyman at his first baptism of infants. He was then very young in years, and had never before held a baby that he could remember of, much less hold a baby and a book in the presence of a church full of people. The first infant given into his arms was a big, squirming boy of thirteen months, who immediately began to corkscrew his way through clothes and wrappings. The minister held on bravely, but in a few moments the child's face disappeared in the wraps, and his dangling legs beneath were worming their way to the floor. Seized with the horrible impression that the child was tunneling his way through his clothes and would soon be on the floor in a state of nature, he clutched the clothes violently by the sash-band, and, straddling the child upon the chancel-rail, said to the mother: "If you don't hold that baby he will certainly be through his clothes, and I shall have nothing left but the dress to baptize."

Love.

The love that survives the tomb is the noblest attribute of the soul. If it has words, it has likewise its designs; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is lulled into the gentle tear of recollection, then the sudden anguish and convulsive agony over the present ruins of all we most loved are softened away into pensive meditation of all that it was in the days of its loveliness. Who would root such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hours of gloom, yet who would exchange it for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charm of the living.

Painted Faces.

Paint is not confined to the natural and maturing beauties who are doubling the critical years of the thirties and the forties, but is reaching the faces of the young women. This painting of the face is matter of regret, for the American woman is known in all civilized lands for the beauty of her complexion, the delicate quality of it being recognized in the term of "the American tint." To move away from the artistic side and look on the moral one, it appears still worse. Ten or fifteen years ago the calling of the woman who wore a painted visage was undoubted; it was to a certain extent the sign of her commerce, and there are yet old-fashioned people who judge a painted face with the eyes of the past.

The motive which leads her to this lavish use of color is, of course, that she may become beautiful, and if she really did become so, no objection might be made, at least from an artistic point of view. But her mistake is radical—she does not become so. Viewed as an object of art, she is unlovely to look upon—utterly unskilful, and the oscillatory test is supreme.

It is more or less a matter of indifference to man that the ugly woman should be given over to such a practice for she may not be saved in an aesthetic sense; but when the young woman endowed by nature with a pure skin, resorts to it, he is moved to commiseration and regret. He is wounded in his national pride, for European fingers have pointed to the complexion of Columbia's daughter as something unobtainable to her sister across the sea. The roses are too red, on the British cheeks or the flre is too rough; there is lack of clearness in the French skin, and that of the Italian is too sallow. Remarkable purity and delicacy belong alone to the typical American girl, and these characteristics will continue to be hers if she will avoid the vandaic paint-box and kohol pencils. The first artist of the world has already drawn her with his gracious lines and painted her with his beautiful colors, and his name is Nature.—The Galaxy.

An Unfeeling King.

The French King Louis XIV., at one period of his reign, in addition to his other accomplishments, undertook to make verses, and received from two of the literary men of the day instructions as to the best method for succeeding therein.

He made one day a little madrigal which even he himself did not think any too good of its kind, and then said to the Maréchal de Gramont:

"Maréchal, I beg of you to be good enough to read this little madrigal, and see if you ever saw a more miserable affair, because people have lately learned that I am fond of verses and they bring them to me of all kinds."

The Maréchal, after having read them, said to the King, "Sir, your Majesty judges divinely well of everything. It is true that this is the silliest and most ridiculous madrigal that I ever read."

The King began to laugh, and said to him, "Is it not true that the one who made it must have been a great coxcomb?"

"Sir, it is impossible to give him any other name."

"Oh, well said the King, 'I am delighted that you have spoken so honestly to me about it, for I am the one who made it.'"

"Ah! Sir, what treachery! Let your Majesty give it back to me, for I read it carelessly and in a hurry."

"No, M. le Maréchal; first sentiments are always most natural."

The King laughed a great deal at this little joke, and every one was of the opinion that it was one of the most cruel things that could be done to an old courtier.—Providence Press.

A Clever Text.

The Worcester Spy revives an old but good story concerning the wife of John Adams and the mother of John Quincy Adams. This noble woman was Abigail Smith, daughter of the Rev. William Smith, of Weymouth, Mass. At the time of their courtship, John Adams did not appear satisfactory to her parents. The story goes that they neglected him, left his horse standing at the hitching-post when he visited Abigail, and denied him the hospitalities of the house. Her oldest sister was married to a Boston merchant, and her father preached for her a "marriage sermon." Finally, they consented to Abigail's marriage to John Adams. After the marriage Mr. Smith said to her, "Well, Abigail, I suppose I must preach a marriage sermon for you; but you must choose the text." Her quick-witted reply was: "Very well, I choose this text: 'John came neither eating nor drinking, and ye say he hath a devil.' It is a good story, and very characteristic of the wife of John Adams."

The Earth's Danger.

In the preface to his recent excellent book, "The Abode of Snow," Andrew Wilson, well known as the author of one of the most interesting works on the Chinese Empire revives the old theory of M. Adhemar that the earth will topple over one of these days and send the oceans sweeping over the continents. The theory is that owing to the greater preponderance of water in the Southern Hemisphere, the greatest accumulation of water is round the South Pole; when the accumulation has reached a certain point the balance of the earth must be suddenly destroyed—the center of sphericity abruptly change far from the center of gravity, and the whole earth almost instantaneously must turn transversely on its axis, move the great oceans, and so produce one of those grand cataclysms which have before now altered the whole face of the globe.

To be without passion is worse than a beast, to be without reason is to be less than a man. Since I can be without neither I am blessed in that I have both. For if it be not against reason to be passionate, I will not be passionate against reason. I will both grieve and joy if I have reason for it, but no joy nor grief above reason. I will so joy in my good as not to take evil by my joy, and so grieve at any evils as not to increase my evil by grief. For it is not a folly to have passion, but to want reason. I would be neither senseless nor beastly.—Arthur Warwick.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Your business will surely be attended to if you do it yourself.

Soft words and soft water should be abundant in every home.

With most men life is like backgammon—half skill and half luck.

God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest.

Do not give to thy friends the most agreeable counsel, but the most advantageous.

Success has a great tendency to conceal and throw a veil over the evil deeds of men.

Zoroaster says: "When you doubt abstain." Hoyle says: "Trump, and take the trick."

He submits himself to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

Carlyle says there may be a courage which is the total absence of fear. That is when the fence is between you and the dog.

It is only by labor, that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy; and the two cannot be separated with impunity.—Ruskin.

It is curious to note the old sea-margins of human thought; each subsiding century reveals some new mystery; we build where monsters used to hide themselves.—Longfellow.

What a revolution! The expression "Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high" corrupts the saying. "Everything is lovely when the goose hanks high." The honk is the note sounded by the wild goose in its flight, and is about the only music in which that bird indulges.

"At the time the Diet of Nuremberg was held," says Tholuck, "Luther was earnestly praying in his own dwelling; and at the very hour when the edict granting free toleration to all Protestants was issued, he ran out of his house, crying out, 'We have gained the victory!' Do you understand that?"

The monument recently erected to Sir John Franklin in Westminster Abbey has been mutilated in some mysterious way, about one-half inch of the chief mast of the Erebus having been broken off. This is said to be not the only act of vandalism committed in the Abbey the head of Major Andre having been removed not less than three times.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of a hammer at five in the morning, or ring at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer, but if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money next day—demands it before he can receive it in a lump.

Dr. Holland says of the two noble sciences of killing and curing; "Take the human system, and in any of the organs there are more mysteries than can be comprehended in a thousand years; yet, this complex organization is trusted to the country doctor, while it requires twenty-five men to make a musket. The study of a single branch of surgery is more than enough to occupy the whole time of the greatest mind."

It is a popular belief that lightning has never been known to strike a beech tree. In a recent thunder shower in Goshen, a beech and a maple standing near together, with branches interlocking each other, received an electric bolt from a passing cloud which shattered the maple and passed into the earth through a prostrate hemlock tree lying near, which was stripped of its bark nearly the whole length. No trace of the lightning was left upon the beech.

There is one noble means of avenging ourselves for unjust criticism; it is by doing still better, and silencing it solely by the increasing excellence of our works. If instead of this you undertake to dispute, to defend or criticize by way of reprisal, you involve yourself in endless dissidences, disturb that tranquility which is necessary to the successful exercise of your pursuit, and waste in harassing contentions that precious time which you should consecrate to your art.—Cassius.

The continued abstraction of manuscripts, books and works of art from Roman monasteries has attracted the attention of the Italian Ministry, and energetic measures are to be taken to put an end to a profitable traffic. Not only smaller works, but large altarpieces and entire libraries find their way to the rooms of Paris and London dealers. The rumor is heightened by the assertion that hundreds of chests are sent out from the Vatican under the Papal seal, which allows them to pass free of search and duty.

Java possesses a curious fish that aquarium managers should look after. In the tank inhabited by the fish a stick is placed upright, projecting a few inches above the water, and a fly or an insect of some kind is placed on the top. The fish swims round the stick and examines the prey, and, after apparently measuring the distance, rises to the surface and discharges a few drops of water at the insect, rarely failing to secure its game. This "shooting" fish is of a plain yellowish color marked with dark stripes, and is about ten inches long.

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There are two kinds of geniuses, the clever and the too clever.