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"ONLY A PRINTER."

BY HARVEY HOWARD.

"Only a printer!" a fair maid said
As she laughingly tossed her golden head.
"Only a printer! and poor as a mouse
That's lived for years in a meeting house!"
Only a printer! and when he sought
The hand that robes might have bought,
A cold quick "No!" was her scornful reply,
With an added smile as she marked the sigh
With which, lamenting, he turned away.
"He'll do to flirt with; but tell me, pray,
If you think I'd marry a workingman
If I want to marry a Count I can."
"Only a printer!" But after days
See men walking in devious ways
From those they have traveled in days of old,
And holding posts that they did not hold.
"Only a printer!" The years sped past,
And honors came to the typo fast.
"Only a printer!" at last had come
Into the heirship of quite a sum;
And following the bent of a printer's mind—
For true it is they are all inclined,
No odds how happy they be at home,
To leave it, in foreign lands to roam;
Following this bent, as I've said before,
He traveled the land from shore to shore.
And finally crossed the raging sea,
And wandered around in the "old country."
One morn as he smoked a contemplative pipe,
Lamenting, the tears from his eyes to wipe—
For he thought of the golden head that was
Tossed
By the maiden that he in his youth had lost—
He suddenly thought he would take a shave,
For shorn men always appear most grave.
He entered the shop, and cast his eyes
Upon the barber, who sat close by.
Aha! and why that startled gaze?
Why shouts the printer in wild amazement?
Seated upon that chair by the door
Was one who had shaved him in years before.
Yes; shaved him—but not his bearded face!
Shaved him—but not in a barber's place!
Shaved him of stamps in a little loan,
When "only a printer," had "Count Tyrone."
And the girl who cast off the typo man
With "if I'll marry a Count I can."
Had married the Count—and become the wife
Of a Paris barber! Oh! such is life!
And the fancy French she had learned at
school
Was all the stock of the little fool
Who had wedded a barber rather than one
Who was now at the head of the highest ton.
"He was only a printer!" Ah, yes, my girl,
Your scornful "Oulice" at printers hurl.
"Only a printer" is much the same thing
As only a hero, or only a king.

Aunt Estelle's Story.

"Oh, Sibyl! Sibyl! You cannot be so cruel. I don't ask you to be my wife now. No one can accuse me of being a fortune-hunter. All I want is one word of encouragement from your lips, Sibyl. With your love to cheer me on, how easy it will be to climb the rugged path and reach the pinnacle of fame."
Charlie Ashton looked down at the cold, set face before him as if his very life depended on the answer that came from the colorless lips.
Sibyl Lamar's lips quivered, and her eyelids drooped until the dark, curling lashes rested upon her cheeks; but her emotion was but momentary, for the next instant her eyes sought her lover's face, determination gleaming from their dark, luminous depths.
"Charlie, your pleading makes me feel miserable, I would rather hear no more of it. I repeat we can never be more to each other than mere friends."
"But Sibyl, you love me; your actions your words have told me so all along. Oh, Sibyl! Sibyl! do not turn away—pity me, pity yourself," cried the young man, in a passionate voice.
But Charlie Ashton might as well speak to a stone as Sibyl Lamar, in her present mood.
"Leave me," she said, in icy tones, "I have given you my answer. We can never be more than friends."
"Then I shall not trouble you with my presence again. This evening I leave W—forever. Good bye, Sibyl."
Another minute and Charlie was gone. A moan escaped from Sibyl Lamar's colorless lips, and covering her dark, passionate face with her hands she sank into the luxurious depths of an easy chair.
"What is the matter with Charlie's said Miss Estelle Lamar, a spinster of forty-five, hurriedly entering the room. "He rushed past me. Why Sibyl, child what has happened, what means that ghastly face?"
"Nothing of any consequence has happened, Aunt Estelle," answered Sibyl, trying to look unconcerned.
"Now, Sibyl, do not tell me that. Something must have happened to make lovers act so strangely."
"We are not lovers, Aunt Estelle. Charlie Ashton has just asked me to be his wife, and I have refused him!"
"Sibyl Lamar, are you mad?"
"I hope not, Aunt Estelle."
"Then why have you refused Charlie, whom you loved so dearly?"
"Because Charlie is so very poor, and the world expects me to make such a brilliant match. A Lamar never married beneath them. I will marry Henry Bidwell, he is handsome, courted, and wealthy."
"My poor, poor child," said Aunt Estelle, compassionately. "I never dreamed

the cursed pride of the Lamar's had taken such deep root in your heart. So you are going to please the world, and make yourself miserable for life?"
"Oh, aunt, please do not talk to me so. I feel miserable enough now. I love Charlie as I shall never love another, but—"
"But what?" interrupted Aunt Estelle, impatiently.
"I cannot marry him. It would be such a disappointment to father—such a surprise to everybody?"
"Sibyl, do not put it off on your father you know he would deny you nothing. Call Charlie back while there is yet time, child, or the sorrow of twenty-seven years of my life, caused by the silly pride of my girlhood, may yet be your experience."
"Why, Aunt Estelle, I never knew that you lived under a cloud," said Sibyl, looking up into her aunt's face.
"I suppose not, my dear; the wonderful pride of our family keeps the Lamar women from wearing their hearts outside as a pin-cushion for everybody to stick a pin in, said Aunt Estelle, a quiet smile stealing over her features. Have you never wondered why I am unmarried Sibyl?"
"Yes indeed, aunt; and I have often been on the point of asking you the reason, but your manner always forbade me. You are beautiful now. You must have been very beautiful when you was a young girl; surely it was not your own fault that you are not married?"
"Yes, it was all my own fault. At your age I was considered very beautiful—very like what you are now Sibyl. I had suitors by the score. I accepted one who was my equal in wealth, station, pride, everything. I loved him as my very life, and we were to be married in a very short time, when suddenly he was reduced to poverty. His father had been induced by a certain man, in whom he placed implicit confidence, to invest all his wealth in a speculation that turned out to be one of the greatest frauds of the day. Report said that my lover's father had committed suicide when the news reached him that he was a ruined man. I might have overlooked the poverty; but marry the son of a suicide? The pride of the Lamars forbade. I sent a messenger to learn if it was true that my lover's father was dead. Yes, it was true; and I sat down and penned a note telling him he must not call on me again—that we could never be anything to each other now. Without a second thought I sent the note. Oh, Heaven! shall I ever forget that night? How my conscience upbraided me after. I had done that deed! To strike such a blow at the man I loved when his heart was already crushed and bleeding! When I think of it now, I do not wonder that he never forgave me. I bitterly repented sending the heartless note, and I determined, when the morning came, to send for him and beg his forgiveness. I walked the floor all night. Morning came, and before I could send for my lover, my brother—your father, Sibyl—came and told me there was no truth in the rumor of the night before, concerning the manner of my lover's father's death. He had not committed suicide, but dropped down from the disease of the heart when he heard of his misfortune. I was glad to hear it for my lover's sake, and I sent for him at once. Whether he thought I had taken this course after I heard the report of the night before was untrue, or not, I cannot tell. Only this I know—that his pride was even stronger than a Lamar's for he refused to come; and I never spoke to the man I loved again. I saw him after that several times, I heard now and then of his struggles with the world. Two years after he married a beautiful young girl but as poor as himself; and a year from the day of his marriage he died, leaving a young wife and a babe penniless upon the world. Although my lover married another he never ceased to love me—never, Sibyl, for he told your father as much on his dying bed. From the day of his death I have seen to his widow and child. Not many years since the mother too passed away, and I saw that the child was taken good care of. When he arrived at the proper age I had him sent to college; but since he became a man I have given him no assistance, for two reasons; one—a very powerful one—I had not any to give, for you know how very unfortunate I have been in money matters, and another, he would not accept any from me."
"Aunt Estelle, said Sibyl, in a trembling voice interrupting her aunt for the first time, "what is the young man's name? Do I know him?"
"Yes, you know him, Sibyl. The name of my lover's son is Charlie Ashton; and Henry Bidwell, the man you are going to marry for his wealth and station, is the son of the man who induced my lover's father to invest his wealth in that fraudulent speculation twenty-seven years ago. The wealth that you would share with that man rightly belongs to the man you discarded for his poverty to-day."
"Oh, Aunt Estelle, is this true?" cried Sibyl, as she fell sobbing on her aunt's bosom.
"It is only too true, my darling," said Aunt Estelle, folding her arms about her beautiful niece. "That story has never passed my lips before, and I would not tell it now, only to show you how the silly pride of my girlhood has shadowed my whole life. Sibyl, do you truly love Charlie?"
"Love him? Oh, Aunt Estelle, if he were only here now that I might ask his forgiveness! I despise myself for acting as I did. Marry that man who is supporting himself in splendor on other people's money! Ugh! and with a shiver, Sibyl covered her face with her hands."
"Aunt Estelle rose and left the room quietly."
"Will I, too, be telling a story of misery caused by my silly pride, when years pass over my head?" thought

Sibyl, and with a moan she cried: "Oh Charlie! Charlie! will I ever see you again?"
"Of course you will, dearest," said the pleasant voice of Charlie Ashton, entering the room, and the next moment astonished Sibyl was clasped to his heart.
"Oh, Charlie, is it you? Where did you come from? I thought you would be on board the train by this time."
"So I would be, darling had not Aunt Estelle met me after I left you, and insisted on my remaining until she had spoken with you."
"Dear Aunt Estelle!" murmured Sibyl "her story has saved me!"
Taste in Household Furniture.
In a very interesting lecture which Cardinal Wiseman once delivered in England, he pointed out to his audience that the old vases and cups and boxes and other objects which were kept carefully under glass in museums, which were so graceful and refined in form, and were treasured by us as precious relics of an extinct art, were the ordinary vessels of the uses and conveniences of the life of the times from which they descended. Is there any good reason that the wash-bowls and pitchers and jugs and jars of old Rome and Athens should be beautiful, and ours, designed for the same purpose, clumsy and ugly? And if we cannot invent new forms of beauty for ourselves, may we not copy pleasing models rather than unpleasing? Whether we go back for our model a year or a thousand years, there is really no need of selecting an ugly one. So in the cost of finishing and furnishing the house, the pumpkin in Cinderella's kitchen did not more surely hold the gilded coach, nor her own "filthy rags," than every little dollar is full of neatness, fitness, and beauty, if we have the gift of seeing them and extracting them.
It is a subtle gift, indeed, for it is taste. All the dollars in the world will not buy it. It is like that ear for music which those who have it not deride and deny. Yet good taste is, not the first but the second, household magician. The first is good temper. Good temper will make a hard, stiff, horsehair chair delightful; but good taste, without good temper, will make the most luxurious and beautiful lounge uncomfortable. The two combined make the perfect household. The minor magician, indeed, has one advantage over the other, and it is that she develops her. Good taste promotes good temper, but good temper no more promotes good taste than the smile of the gardener ripens strawberries. On the other hand good temper has an advantage. It can not buy good taste, but it may buy its works. You may not know mushrooms from toad-stools. But if an honest man who, as you know, can distinguish them, offers to sell you mushrooms, you may buy in tolerable confidence that your fillet will not be garnished with poison. It is so with the mystery of household art. You may not perceive the harmony of colors, nor the superior grace of one form to another. But if a person whom you know to be an expert assures you that this paper and that carpet are harmonious, and that this or that table is graceful and pleasing, if you really do not know, why should you not trust him? Mrs. Potiphar perennially shows her confidence in Mr. Marcotte by giving him carte-blanc to redecorate and furnish. She does it, perhaps, quite as much because of his fashion as of his taste. But what she does expensively for fashion, may not do so economically for taste? In a word, it is the apparent mission of what is known as household art to show that cheap and nasty are not synonymous.
The Little Houses on the Telegraph-Poles.
Fastened to the telegraph-poles in New York City are five hundred and forty-eight little houses, in each of which dwells an invisible spirit with greater powers than the fairy godmother who made a carriage for Cinderella out of pumpkins and horses out of mice. They are built of iron and painted green, and look for all the world like postoffice boxes. Indeed I have been told that honest country folks visiting the city sometimes almost wrench them to pieces with their umbrellas trying to get their letters in.
Under the eaves of these little houses there is a bit of glass window, behind which is a blind with some printing on it, and the printing says that a key to the door may be found at the baker's or the tailor's or the shoemaker's over the way. But the possessor is forbidden to loan it, unless there happens to be a fire in the neighborhood and the spirit is wanted to go on an errand. So, in order that we may have a peep within, we will enlist the services of a friend of mine who is a city fireman, and who carries a duplicate key in his pocket.
When the door is opened, we look in to the front room; let us call it the parlor, and, like many other parlors, it is cold and bare. The only furniture is a little knob projecting from one of the walls. The back room, which the fireman opens with another key, is much more interesting, however; and it is here that the wonderful spirits imprisoned in a curious-looking machine, with brass cogwheels, levers and springs, which is set in motion by that simple knob in front.
He is on duty all the year round. Pull the knob, and he will fly like a flash of lightning over the wire that enters the house from behind, telling the firemen throughout the city that they are wanted, and where. His name is Electricity, and his house is called a fire-alarm telegraph-box. So you will see that I am writing something more real than a fairy-story, although the facts I have to relate are about a kind of giants and dwarfs.—St. Nicholas Monthly.

Venetian Point Lace.
It was made to last forever, and for centuries some of it has lasted; nor does there seem any reason why a piece of well-wrought geometrical lace, or of that wonderful *point de Venise en relief*, of which a gondola might be made, so strong is it, with its tiers upon tiers of stitches, and its ribs of massive outline like the beams of a ship, should not last forever. The lighter kind of *point de Venise*, however, might have been wrought by Venus herself, that Aphrodite who came out of the sea, and perhaps brought them with her for ought we can tell, with all their tangled recollections of sea-weed and shells, and the feathery growth that lies deep under the waves. After the somewhat icy regularity of the geometrical patterns, there is a whole sea story in the Venetian designs. Mrs. Bury Palliser tells a pretty legend of how a young fisherman on the lagoons brought to his betrothed, as she sat working her *point* on the marble steps of some landing-place, a bit of the delicate wide sea-weed called *Mermula's lace*, and how she wondered and puzzled over it, and at last shaped it into her work, and made its tangles the foundation of a new development. The story deserves to be true, as the example given in Mrs. Palliser's instructive and popular book will show the reader, supposing him (or her) to have no more precious specimen at hand. M. Seguin's illustrations are much larger, and of course for that very reason, more satisfactory; but M. Seguin's book is perhaps too luxurious and costly to be very accessible, and the smaller pictures represent with perfect clearness the lovely tangle of curved and clinging lines laden with indescribable budlings—half flower, half leaflet, half water-bubble—with small stary specks thrown in between, and irregular lines of connection, all fretted with little spines and prickles which children offer you on the blazing edge of the Lido, salt from the Adriatic. There could not be a better illustration of the possibilities of realistic decorative work. Sea-weed and shells dabbed down with blank flatness of imitation would constitute ornaments of a very primitive and unrefined class; but look into the delicate tracery of the finest *point de Venise*—dream lace too exquisite, one would think to be worked by any but fairy fingers—and you will find it all there, the blobs of the sea-weed, the star fish at the bottom, the spines and curves of the shells. Even that little horror of a sea-horse (what is its name?) which we picked up that scorching fiery day when the blue roll of the wave lapped over the thirsty sand, apparently on a higher level than they,—even that tiny grotesque monster gleams at us out of the delicate confusion.
It seems almost matter of fact to say that the stiff patterns of the earlier art have "suffered a sea change into something rich and strange." The heavier *point de Venise*—that which is in relief, and which, with crochet-stitches and thick cotton, young ladies not long ago took to copying, is almost more salt-water than we like. Nothing more boldly decorative, more splendid in line and mass, could well be. But it is not so much the lovely rarities of the seabottom that it suggests to us, but odd monsters with dull big eyes and mighty limbs. Visions of the octopus come before our startled vision. Forgive us, gallant M. Seguin, gentle Mrs. Palliser, and all ye knights and ladies who are amateurs and connoisseurs! but it is true. Even the delight of possessing it would scarcely make up for the nightmare horror of being devoured by one's own color! We admire, but shudder at the suggestive monsters.—Blackwood's Monthly.

The White Mountain Butterfly.
In a paper in the *American Naturalist*, Mr. August R. Grote suggests the probable cause which induced the isolated community of White Mountain butterflies to take up their abode on the rocky summit of that lofty eminence. The mountain is 6,293 feet high, and the butterflies never descend below an elevation of about 5,000 feet. Here they "disport during the month of July of every year," thriving upon the scanty deposits of honey found in the flowers of the few species of hardy plants that grow in the crevices of the rocks at that great altitude, and upon other available liquid substances. The insect measures from tip to tip of the expanded fore wings, about 1.8 inches. It is colored in shades of brown, with various bands and marblings diversifying the surface of the wings. The butterfly is known to naturalists as the *Enis semides*, and was first described in 1828, by Thomas Say. An allied species occurs on Long's Peak and other elevated heights in Colorado, and another is found at Hopedal, Labrador; but they are confined to the widely separated localities.
Mr. Grote surmises that the White Mountain butterfly was brought down from its original home in the North by the glaciers, which, advancing at the rate of less than a mile in 100 years, carried them as far south as the latitude of Virginia. When the ice retraced its steps in consequence of a change in the climate, "it was as the retreat of an army with all its baggage and equipments, and in perfect order. Year by year it called upon its plants, its butterflies, its animals, and they followed in its regal train; * * * they were to go back with the ice, nor be seduced by the lakes and streams its retreat unveiled, and soon became companions to the mammoth. And it succeeded, for the most part, until it reached the White Mountains." There a colony of the *Enis* were tempted to remain by the shallow ice-rivers that then filled the ravines of the mountain, and they stayed so long that return to the home of the glaciers was impossible. As the local glaciers melted at the base of the mountain, and crept constantly higher and higher, the butterflies followed, for warm weather was uncongenial to them, and at last they were landed on the mountain-peak, which is now bare of snow in the brief

Roman Archaeology.
The *Voice della Verita* states that in the course of the excavations which are being carried on between the Forum and the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, at Rome, several archaeological discoveries of the highest interest have been made. Among other things has been found a large fragment of the famous fasti consulares, half of which has long been in the Capitol. The fragment newly discovered gives the series of ordinary consuls and suffetes who held office during the six years between 755 and 760. This discovery is all the more important as it supplements and makes complete the fragments possessed by the Capitol, which gives the list of consuls from the year 761. The names are engraved upon a massive stone which was evidently used as the coping-stone of some large building; and this fact tends to confirm the theory of the archaeologists that the fasti were inscribed not upon single stones but upon the blocks of marble which were employed for the construction of the temple. Among the other discoveries is the base of an imperial statue in the Forum. The name engraved upon it is effaced, and the only inscription still legible is the date of its dedication and the name of a sub prefect of cohorts. The presumption is that this statue was dedicated to one of those Emperors whose memory was condemned by the Senate, and whose name was effaced from all the public buildings.
The Rose of Sharon.
The rose of Sharon is one of the most exquisite flowers in shape and hue. Its blossoms are bell-shaped, and of many mingled hues and dyes. But its history is legendary and romantic in the highest degree. In the East, throughout Syria, Judea, and Arabia, it is regarded with the profoundest reverence.—The leaves that encircled the round blossom dry and close together when the season of blossom is over, and the stalk withering completely away from the stem, the flower is blown away, at last, from the bush on which it grew, having dried up in shape of a ball, which is carried by the sport of the breeze to great distances. In this way it is borne over the sandy waters and deserts, until at last, touching some moist place, it clings to the soil, where it immediately takes fresh root and springs to life and beauty again. For this very reason the Orientals have adopted it as the emblem of the resurrection. The dried flower is placed in a vase of water beside the beds of women in labor, by the Jews, and if it expands by moisture the omen is considered favorable. If it does not, the worst is at all times feared.
—Miss Mary Abbott, of Smyrna, Del. has been led a blushing bride to the altar seven times. She has been Miss Williams, Mrs. Truax, Mrs. Farrow, Mrs. Riggs, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Pratt, and now Mrs. Abbott, and has married a widower every time but once, and has reared numerous step-children for her various husbands, but has never had children of her own.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Oregon produced 250,000 cases of canned salmon last year.
—Eighty persons over ninety years of age died in New Hampshire last year.
—The Pacific Railroads have received from the Government \$64,000,000 and 220,000,000 acres of land.
—Parson Winters, of Dayton, Ohio, says he has married 4,094 couples in that town, and that the average fee is \$4.
—There are 21,255 Baptist churches in the United States, with 13,117 ministers, and a total membership of 1,815,000.
—Middle Tennessee will, within the next few months, ship 40,000 lambs North.
—A Boston journal says that New York spends \$2,000,000 a year for flowers alone, and for plants and fruits \$3,000,000.
—Ohio supports 116,000 dogs. Georgia, with less than one-half the population, has 350,000. More dogs than voters.
—Mr. Emerson has accepted an invitation to address the literary societies of the University of Virginia on the 29th of June.
—The Department of Agriculture estimate the United States hog crop for 1875 at 25,774,291 head, a decrease of 2,147,909 since 1874.
—The State of Massachusetts is in debt \$15,000,000 on account of the Hoosac Tunnel, and is now adding to this debt \$1,000,000 a year on the same account.
—Notwithstanding the mild Winter a Worcester, Mass. skate manufacturer has sold 40,000 pairs of skates this season, and is now busy filling an English order.
—A reply from London was received at Hartford the other day, in an hour and eleven minutes after the message was sent, and this is said to be the best time ever made.
—A tree was recently cut near Sweetwater, Tenn., which yielded 2,400 three feet boards, 3,452 two-foot boards, 286 ten-foot rails, 172 six-foot rails, and six cords of kindling wood.
—A suit is being tried in Boston for \$2,000 damages against a druggist for putting 240 times too much tartar emetic into a prescription. The boy who took it was made sick.
—Secretary Taft, when he graduated from Yale College, was the valedictorian of his class. His eldest son, when he left the same institution a few years ago, occupied a like position.
—A summer's growth. Last year the town of winter, California, was a wheat field, and a crop was gathered from it. To-day it has 1,200 inhabitants, and town lots are worth \$600.
—Professor Proctor has written to the Boston School Committee, offering to deliver a lecture, free of charge, on the subject of astronomy, to the children of the public schools of that city.
—The annual production of leather gloves in France is estimated at 2,500,000 dozen pairs of all sorts; the average price being \$7 per dozen. There are about 90,000 persons employed in the business.
—A prominent Hudson River Railroad man estimates that it costs \$15 every time that a buffer breaks, to replace it, and every time a train of cars is stopped it costs the company seventy-five cents.
—Houses containing three or more families are classed as tenement houses. It is supposed that there are 20,000 tenement houses in New York City, and that they contain a population of 500,000 persons.
—It is thought the Lenox library in New York will be open to the public next autumn. The land and buildings cost \$900,000, and everything connected with the library has been done on a liberal scale.
—Col. Larken Griffin, of Ninety-six, South Carolina, and Mrs. Jemima Griffin his wife, have been married sixty-six years. He is eighty-eight and she is eighty-one. They are perhaps the oldest couple in the State.
—The State appropriation for public schools in South Carolina for the coming year is \$250,000. It is apportioned to the counties on the basis of the school attendance. The total attendance during the past year was 110,416.
—A number of visitors went to Wisconsin cemetery to see a dog that was said to be watching faithfully over the grave of his dead master. When they got there he was seen chasing a brindle cat up an alley two blocks away.
—The Sacramento beet sugar factory out in 1875 3,000,000 pounds of white sugar from beets, that yielded 13 1/2 per cent. more than the average yield of Europe. The company will plant largely this year and expect a larger crop than last.
—The Rhode Island house of Representatives has passed a bill providing that the land occupied or owned by churches, schools, colleges and charitable institutions, shall no longer be exempt from taxation. Buildings actually used for religious, educational or charitable purposes, are still exempt. Buildings owned by incorporated libraries and free public libraries, are exempt.
—A man of 90,000,000 tons of pure solid, compact rock salt, located on an island 185 feet high, which rises from a miserable sea marsh on the route from Brashear to New Iberia, up the River Teche, in Louisiana, is one of the wonders of the world. How this island, containing over 300 acres of excellent land, ever came into existence in such a locality is a matter of conjecture. Vegetation is prolific, and the scenery is beautiful and varied.