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MOONLIGHT.

The bluest gray—the grayest blue,
Where golden gleaming stars are set,
A moon whose glorious yellow waves
Make fair the rippled rivulet.
Night has her curtain over all;
The fire show dark against the sky;
The only sound is in the song
Of a lone nightingale close by.
The wooded walks which seemed so sweet
Seen in the morning's fairy light,
Now dim and shadowy hold no charm,
Save the mysterious charm of night.
One swallow stirs, the gold stars fade,
In the cold sky a chill wind wakes;
The gray clouds frighten out the moon,
And thro' pale mist the new day breaks.
Good morn—good night—which is the best?
God grant some day that I may find
Both true; good morn to joy begun,
Good night to sorrows left behind.

Losing Them Both.

The dearest little rosebud of a girl,
With cheeks where a pink flush came
and went, and blue eyes, with long,
golden brown lashes and hair that
waved without the aid of pins or
irons. I have always thought her name
was the most suitable that could have
been chosen for her, though the only
wonder is that old Farmer Budd, did
not name his only daughter Deborah,
or Rebecca or Sarah Jane.
Rosanna had fortunately been her
father's grandmother's name, however,
and so came a Rose Budd into the
world for Mrs. Budd had made the
Anna a middle name instead of part
of the first and dropped it.
When I began to like Rose Budd
so much that I seriously thought of
proposing to her, Hiram Roper liked
her too. He was five years older than
I; a plain man of 29, with faint scars
on his face and a bald spot on the
middle of his head. A poor man,
studying medicine late in life, because
he had not been able to study in his
youth, only hoping for his diploma
in a year, with the practice all in the
future; and I, at 24, had the Mosswood
estate for my own and money enough
to live on comfortably. There could
be no comparison between us, I fondly
hoped, that would not be favorable
to me, and I coolly, though politely,
took my place before him, and cut him
out on all occasions with Rosebud.
I young and rich and handsome, and
as I supposed, elegantly dressed; he,
plain poor and shabby, looking 10 years
older than he really was. What chance
had he against me?
And so he slipped quietly into the
back ground and I made love to
Rosebud, and one day kissed her on
the cheek, and told her life would not
be worth having to me if I could not
win her; and she said nothing, but
out-blushed all the roses, and let me
kiss her again. After that we walked
boldly arm-in-arm through the village,
and friends teased me, and the other
beaux dropped away, and one day I
gave her a ring to wear on her left-hand
finger.
Two weeks from that day I went
to London on business in the city,
and began to know people. I visited
at the houses of wealthy merchants,
and met their wives and daughters,
and by degrees began to understand
that, though my Rosebud was very fair
and sweet, she was not a hot house
flower. In other words, her dress was
not like the dress of a fashionable
belle; her manners were homespun,
her education poor. She was very
good—excessively good, but not an
elegant lady. Then, too, she sent me
notes in big buff envelopes, and used
little "I" for the personal pronoun,
which should have been honored by the
capital "I."
And Farmer Budd with his uncouth
coats and wonderful hats and long
straggling beard and hair, was not
the sort of father-in-law that I should
admire; and there was Miss Hannover.
Perhaps that fact was the most
powerful one of all the workings of
my disenchantment; for Miss Hannover
was beautiful, all millinery and
upholstery and Papa Hannover was
called Prince Hannover by his friends,
and had his dinner table set for 40
every day; and wore a fortune in
diamonds on his bosom, and made
friends wherever he went, by his
lavish gifts, and was the greatest
stock gambler in London.
Papa Hannover had smiled on me,
and counseled me how to invest,
and had dined me with his daily 40
friends, and had said, "Violette, love,
this is Mr. Markham, one of those
country gentlemen of whom we are
trying to make city men."
And Violet smiled rapidly upon me.
Since then how many tete-a-tetes
had I not with her—how many rides!
I was learning to dance with her,
and I had forgotten to write to
Rosebud for two weeks, when came an
anxious little note on blue paper,
beginning thus:
"Dear Hiram I take up my pen in
hand troubled in mind regarding you
I know you would write if you were
not sick—O, Henry, if you are sick
do tell your mother and let father
come up and see you. Henry will
write you any time until I hear from
you I am too tired."

bled in my mind. We are well and in
the hopes that you will enjoy the same
blessings I remain yours truly,
Rose Budd.
"P. S.—Do let pa come if you are
sick. I am so troubled in my mind."
I hastened to reply, the awful dread
of Mr. Budd's fatherly care hanging
over me, so to speak, by a single hair.
I wrote to Rose but how? When it was
in the box, I did try to fish it out
again but it was too late. It had gone,
and its termination, "Thanks, Miss
Budd, for your friendly anxiety
concerning my health; I am sure that
Mr. Budd does not share it," was
perhaps the worst of all the lines by
which I told her, not in frank, honest
words, but in a manner that no woman
could fail to understand, that I did
not choose to remember we were
betrotted.
After that no more letters in yellow
envelopes came to trouble me, and I
paid attention to Miss Hannover,
and invested my money according to
Hannover's advice. And days and
weeks and months rolled by, and if a
thought of my little Rosebud, falling
because the sunlight of my love was
withdrawn from it, crossed my mind,
I drove it away with a sigh. I could
not help it, I said; it was fate. Fate
meant me and Miss Hannover, for
Violette, and we had met, that was
all. No, not quite all; one day—I
remember it was the day after a
splendid ball, and I called on
Violette, whose escort I had been
the night before—one day I made
this latter statement to Violette
Hannover, and she having heard it,
bestowed on me her most aristocratic
stare and asked me if I did not know
that she had been engaged to Mr.
Twentyplum for six long months.

"And am to be married next week,
Mr. Markham," added she. "So you
see you must be mistaken about fate."
"And you have only been flirting
with me?" I said bitterly. "Do you
know that you gave me reason to
hope everything from you?"
"I know it is time for me to dress
for a drive," said she. "So you must
say good afternoon; and don't look
so ridiculously tragic, Mr. Markham.
I hate scenes."
And I felt that I deserved it all, as
I went for the last time down the
steps of the Hannover mansion.
In a fortnight Violette was Mrs.
Twentyplum. In a month Mr. Hannover
was a bankrupt—one of those who
take a foreign trip with plenty of
money in their pockets, while others
lie crushed beneath the fragments of
their broken branches at home.
My money went with his. I had
come to London with a moderate
competence. I had increased it by
speculation until I was absolutely
wealthy. Now I found myself almost
poor.
There remained to me only the
Mosswood property, which must be
turned into a farm, and I myself
must leave my hope of being one of
the city millionaires behind me, and
become a plain farmer—a man of the
same social status as Rosebud's
father, without his comfortable
knowledge of money in the bank to
comfort me.
However, with the bursting of the
bubble of fortune, the circle which
had gathered about Hannover had
been seemingly scattered by the winds,
and people knew that Miss Violette
had jilted me, and also that my money
was gone. The city had lost many
of its charms, and I wrote to the
old woman who had kept the house at
Mosswood for my father until his
death, to make it ready for my return.
Then selling the furniture of my
bachelor rooms, and packing my
smaller belongings in a few trunks,
I started homeward.
I must go back to Mosswood and
become a farmer. I should find
Rosebud fading gradually away, of
course, and yet I knew she would be
prettier than ever. How she had
loved me—how ungrateful I had
been for that love. Now I would
make amends. I would write as
many repentant letters as were
necessary, and she would, of course,
forgive me. No woman ever forgets
or ceases to love any man she has
ever loved you know. Yes, after a
little maidenly resistance, Rosebud
would bloom for me again. I was
as sure of this as the train bore me
onward, as I was that the moon
would rise that night.
There is no adage more true than
the one that declares that misfortunes
never come alone, but in troops. Often,
of course, one brings the other. In
my case, the anxieties that had
trouped so thickly about me made
me nervous, and so led to a severe
accident.
Having alighted at a certain station,
I delayed my return to the carriage
until they had started. I remember
running after them, and then—what
do I remember then? Darkness,
dreams, pain, and awakening in a
little room, with white curtains and
a toilet table, and a vision
sharply dressed. The same one
saying slowly:
"Yes, yes, yes; I think he'll do."
And understanding this was my
old friend Hiram Roper, I asked:
"How did I come here?" trying to sit
up, and falling in the attempt.

"Well," said Hiram, "wife and I
were at the station, and I saw you
were a good deal hurt, and we
brought you on. You know this is
my house."
"Yours?" said I. "And you are
married and in practice, I suppose?"
"Yes," said Roper. "O, yes; get-
ting on famously. And you've had
a bad time, but you'll be on the
right road soon. Come and tell
him he will Rosebud."
And there—yes, there was Rose.
After I had ruminated on the fact a
few minutes. I felt that truth was
stranger than fiction.
"Are you better, Mr. Markham?"
said Rosebud, bending towards me.
Here was a poetical story worked
out in our proper persons. A
wounded and repentant hero, I had
been sent back to Rosebud, to be
nursed and forgiven. Had she not
forgiven me, she never would have
flown to my aid. All that I could
do just then, was to squeeze her
hand.
She took it away rather quickly;
but that was very natural. I had
not seen her for three years. She
did not know of my contrition. But
she had not plied or faded; she was
on the contrary, stouter and rosier
than ever.
Just then, Dr. Roper being present,
I said nothing, but afterwards, as
the evening shadows fell, she brought
me tea and toast; and then I took
her hand and said:
"Dear Rosebud, how good of you."
And she answered:
"O, dear, no—don't mention it."
"You are an angel of forgiveness."
I said. "And I—I, have always loved
you, Rosebud. 'Tis true, a siren laid
her spells upon me, but the hallu-
cination is over."
"I shall think you are wandering
again," said she, "if you don't stop
talking so. Do take your toast."
"No," said I, "no, not a mouthful,
Rosebud, until you will assure me
that you will forget the past, and
once more give me the love."
"Mr. Markham," cried she. "Rose
if you hated me, would you be here
so kindly ministering to my wants?"
"Here?" said she. "Where should
I be but in my own house? I'm
sure I've nothing to forgive, either.
Since you allude to our flirtation of
three years ago, and since you will
talk of it, I will tell you, once for
all that I don't think that we ever
should have been happy together. And
I always liked Hiram the best, only
he was so shy. And my goodness,
we were married as soon as he got
his diploma."
"Married," cried I.
"Why, yes," cried Rosebud. "How
else should I be here? You know
this is Dr. Roper's house? Didn't
you know I was his wife before? Dear
old fellow he is—the best husband
woman ever had, I'm sure, and Mr.
Markham I know now that I never
really loved you."
I don't know whether that was
true or not, but that did not matter.
She did not love me then, and does
not now and I lost her.
I live alone at Mosswood now, an
old bachelor, with a limp, and the
dyspepsia, and she and a bouquet of
little blossoms flourish over the way
at Dr. Roper's.
Some time, perhaps, I may marry.
Miss Flint would have me and so
would the Widow Wiggins; but
whatever I may get to wear over my
heart it will not be a rosebud. I
threw it away long ago, and Roper
picked it up, and it makes his life
fragrant.

The Brutalities of the Hunting Field.

Any one who reads the hunting
reports even in so respectable a paper
as the Field will find very unpleasant
evidence of the sort of bloodthirsty
delight with which the more brutal
incidents of the chase are relished
by a certain class of sportsmen. It
is impossible to imagine any thing
more sickening than descriptions of
wretched hares and exhausted foxes
being torn into bits and eaten by
the hounds. In one case we read of
a fox being pursued into the cellar
of a country house, and killed in
the presence of an "excited crowd";
and in another the worrying of a
couple of foxes is spoken of as
"the cream of the day."
The sight of an old hare plucked
from its seat by furious dogs, and
as it is gracefully put, "allied to
currant jelly," fills the mind of the
chronicler with "a feeling of gratitude
for an opportunity of sharing the
sport of such a pack." Again—"They
ran into and killed this fox on a
window sill in the middle of the main
street (of a village) to the delight
of the whole population, who, to
judge by the crowd, turned out
to a man." In another case a fine
old dog fox was killed in the
shrubbery of a house and "cast
on the lawn," and the writer
thinks "the hounds well de-
served their fox," a common phrase
in these reports.
It appears that foxes are also
sometimes dug out of a hole for the
mere purpose of being gobbled up
by the hounds. There is really no
necessity for hunting being associ-
ated with such stupid brutalities;
but it is to be feared that custom
has too strong a hold as yet to
admit of any effectual treatment
of such abuses until public opinion
has ripened a little more.—London
Saturday Review.

A preacher's word should be law
only when it is gospel.

The Baltimore Oriole.

Cecilius Calvert, second Baron of Bal-
timore, has a hold upon the recollec-
tions of mankind far surpassing that
secured by any monument in the noble
city which he founded, in the fact that
the most charming bird that makes its
summer home in the parks of that city
bears his name. That bird is the Bal-
timore oriole—Icterus Baltimore of Lin-
naeus. Its plumage is patterned in
orange and black, the baronial color
of the noble lord's livery, and Linnaeus
only paid an appropriate compliment
to the source to which he owed his
specimen of the new species when, in
1766, he recognized the coincidence in
the name.

Then as now the oriole was the most
beautiful and conspicuous of woodland
birds. From the winter retreats under
the tropics they return northwards
as the warm weather advances, arriving
in Maryland during the latter part of
April, and reaching Central New Eng-
land by the middle of May. In these
migrations, performed mostly by day,
they fly continuously and in a straight
line overhead. About sunset they halt,
and uttering a few loud notes, dive into
the thicket to feed, and afterwards to
rest. They do not go in flocks, but
singly, or two or three together. The
males come to us in advance, and in-
stantly announce their presence by a
loud and joyous song, in the execution
of which they continually emulate one
another during the week or more that
elapses before the arrival of the females.
But this emulation does not end with
singing; they have many pitched
battles, chasing each other from tree
to tree and through the branches with
angry notes. The coming of the females
offers some diversion to these pugna-
cious cavaliers, or at least furnishes a
new *casus belli*; for, while they devote
themselves with great ardor to wooing
and winning their coy mistresses, their
jealousy is easily aroused, and their
fighting is often resumed. Even the
lady-lovers sometimes forget themselves
so far as to savagely attack their
rivals, or drive out of sight the chosen
mate of some male bird whom they
want for themselves. This is not all
fancy, but lamentable fact.

Mademoiselle Oriole is not so showy
as her gay beau. Persuade the pair to
keep quiet a moment, and compare them.
They are in size between a bluebird
and a robin, but rather more slender
than either. The plumage of the male
is of rich but varying orange upon
the lower parts, underneath the wings,
upon the lower part of the back, and
the outer edges of the tail; the throat,
head, neck, the part between the
shoulders, wing quills, and middle-tail-
feathers are velvety black; the bill and
feet are bluish; there is a white ring
about the eye, and the lesser wing
quills are edged with white. In the
female the color is the same, but the
tints are duller. The jet of the male's
head and neck is rusty in his mate,
and each feather is margined with
olive. The orange part of the plumage
is more like yellow in the female, and
wing and tail quills are spotted and
dirty. Three years are required by the
oriole to receive their complete plumage,
the gradual change of which is beauti-
fully represented in one of Audubon's
gigantic plates. "Sometimes the whole
tail of a (young) male individual in
spring is yellow, sometimes only the
two middle feathers are black, and
frequently the black on the back is
skirted with orange, and the tail
tipped with the same color." Much
confusion arose among the early
naturalists from this circumstance.

The singing of the male is at its
height now that the females have come,
and they are to be heard, not only from
field and grove and country way-side,
but in the streets of villages, and even
in the parks of cities, where they are
recognized by every school-boy, who
calls them fire-birds, golden-robins,
hair-nests, and Baltimore birds. The
indented avenues of Philadelphia,
the elm-embowered precincts of New
Haven, the sacred trees of Boston
Common, the classic shades of Harvard
Square, and the walls of Central Park
all echo to their spring time music.—
Harper's Magazine.

The Moral Tone of Society.

The present habit of thought with
regard to the morals of society must be
peculiar edifying to the democrats of
the day. It is the custom to speak of
the relations between husband and wife
in the highest classes as we might dis-
cuss the same subject in Parisian life.
Terrible scandals arise in high places,
some of which are hushed up and never
make their way into publicity, others
speedily find an outlet at the clubs, and
gradually filter through the press into
the lowest grades of society. If un-
doubtedly be offensive enough; but un-
pleasant facts could reach the depths
in their naked truth, they would un-
luckily an unsavory story gains so
much dirt as it falls, that when at last
it lights, it is hardly recognizable by
its first originator.
The pity is that the reputation of im-

purity is not easily effaced. It is a case
of giving a dog a bad name; and with
such terrible testimony as we have
from the divorce courts, it is difficult
to destroy the prevailing impression
that local morality is at a very low ebb.
Of course, with such facts as we have
that cannot be disproved, it is doubtless
hard to separate the wheat from the
chaff and to discriminate between the
innocent and the guilty. Many fash-
ionable people adopt the self-same
manner as the wrong doers, without a
thought of evil in their minds. Matters
are discussed before women now-a-days
that our grandmothers would have
shuddered at; but, then again, a period
prior to theirs was infinitely worse than
the present. Young married women
are abused and condemned because they
hold friendly relations with unmarried
men, and many a scandal has been
created by the unfair judgement passed
on such intimacy. The fact, is that in
this celibate age young men avoid the
unmarried of the opposite sex. They
fear to create false hopes, and, as they
do not want to make love, they prefer
the conversation of women of experience
and intelligence to the silly prattling
of the sentimental young lady or the
revolting fastness of the "girl of the
period." Thus the pleasant, married
woman receives all the attention that
her unmarried sister looks upon as her
own proper due, and hence, also arises,
many a bitter, jealous whisper calcu-
lated to create irreparable mischief for
all concerned. An innocent, genial
lady meets constantly an innocent,
genial man; they have many ideas,
many likes and dislikes in common,
and conversation is a mutual pleasure.
But Mrs. Grundy cannot believe in
this sort of platonic attraction; there
must be something tender at the bottom,
and the more outspoken in speech and
manner, the more wily must they be at
heart.

All this is very trying to right think-
ing people, above all now, when the
intercourse between the sexes grows
daily more equal, and is of the greatest
advantage to both. Granting that there
are hundreds of silly and wrong-headed
people who would rather do evil than
not, still it is very hard that others
should suffer in reputation for their
faults, and should be accused of flir-
tation because their friends happen to be
of the opposite sex. If women are ever
to rise intellectually, they must associ-
ate freely with men. "Sweet girl gradu-
ates" may be very interesting in
romance; but in real life they are color-
less creations, apt to bore instead of to
charm, and fitted only to act as a useful
foil to those of their sex who have
learned humility and studied life and
all its teachings equally with men.

Japanese Scenery.

The country is dotted with shrines
and spots celebrated in the historical
and legendary annals of the country.
At Kamakura, fifteen miles from Yo-
kohama—better known to foreigners
from the proximity of the colossal
statue of Buddha than from any his-
torical associations—is the scene of
action of half the romantic and heroic
histories of the country. Huge temples,
broad avenues, vast flights of steps
and stately groves of trees, still mark
the site of the ancient capital of Japan,
and still relics of the days when heroism
and chivalry went hand in hand, and
when Dai-Nippon, "Peerless Japan," as
her sons still love to call her, was
alone in her majesty, and unknown to
the world of "outer barbarians." North
of Yeddo lies Nikko, the lovely burial
place of Iye Yaa, founder of the Tokugawa
line of Shoguns—a veritable "piece of
heaven cropped on earth," a cluster of
fairly temples set in a framework of
some of the finest woodland scenery of
the country. Away north again are the
famous shrines of Ise, to which every
Japanese who can do so makes a pil-
grimage at least once in his lifetime.
But all the pride and reverence of the
Japanese is centered in the great
mountain Fuji-Yama. The glory of the
regular, pure white cone, rising from
the plain and towering king-like over
the petty hills scattered to the right
and left, has been sung by Japanese
poets and limned by Japanese artists,
from time immemorial. Well-omened
is the house so situated as to com-
mand a view of the mountain; fortunate
the man who can show, among his
household treasures, the duly
signed certificate of his having made
its arduous ascent. Scarcely a screen,
or a tray, or a lacquered bowl exists,
on which the well-known shape of the
mountain is not portrayed. Ignorant
rustics cannot be convinced that there
are spots in the world from whence
the cone cannot be described. To the
citizen of Yeddo it is a barometer, a
protective genius, a sight to amaze the
foreign visitor; to the peasant it is
something so sublime and grand as
not to be spoken of without rever-
ence.—Chamber's Journal.

George Washington offered himself
to five women before he was accepted.
He could lead armies, and govern a
nation, but he didn't comprehend the
subtle influence of an attenuated sigh.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

No man is hurt by himself.—[Dio-
genes.
A malicious enemy is not so bad as a
clumsy friend.
A man must become wise at his own
expense.—Montaigne.
The only thing we have really to be
afraid of is fearing anything more than
God.
Look out for the best aspects of a
man as you do for the fine views in the
country.
Just in proportion that a man can be
counselled of his blunders, just so there
is hope for him.
This world of ours is like a fair bell
with a crack in it; it keeps on clanging
but does not ring.
Dewdrops at night are diamonds at
morn; so the tears we weep here may
be pearls in heaven.
The true secret of living at peace
with all the world is to have an humble
opinion of ourselves.
Every violation of truth is not only a
sort of suicide in the liar, but is a stab
at the health of human society.
Dupes, indeed, are many; but of all
dupes there is none so fatally situated
as he who lives in undue terror of being
duped.
The chief ingredients in the compo-
sition of those qualities that gain es-
teem and praise are good nature, truth,
good sense, and good breeding.
Hope is the best part of our riches.
What profiteth it that we have the
wealth of the Indies in our pockets, if
we have not the hope of heaven in our
souls.
That every day has its pains and sor-
rows is universally experienced, and
almost universally confessed; but let
us not attend only to mournful truths;
if we look impartially about us we shall
find that every day has likewise its
pleasures and its joys.
Good humor, gay spirited are the lib-
erators, the sure cure for spleen and
melancholy. Deeper than tears, these
irradiate the topknots with their glad
heavens. Go laugh, vent the pits,
transmitting imps into angels by the
alchemy of smiles. The satans flee at
the sight of these redeemers.
Infinite toil would not enable you to
sweep away a mist; but by ascending a
little you may often look over it al-
together. So it is with our moral im-
provement; we wrestle fiercely with a
vicious habit, which would have no
hold upon us if we ascended into a
higher moral atmosphere.—[Arthur
Helps.
Stanley writes that he has discovered
a palefaced race of Africans in the Gom-
baragara mountains. They are a hand-
some people, and some of the women
are exceedingly beautiful. Their hair
is kinky, but inclined to brown in color.
They have regular features and thin
lips, but their noses, though well shaped
are thick at the point.
Much of our early gladness vanishes
utterly from our memory; we can
never recall the joy with which he laid
our heads on our mother's bosom, or
rode on our father's back in childhood;
doubtless that joy is wrought up in our
nature as the sunlight of long past
mornings is wrought up in the soft
mellowness of the apricot.
The every-day cares and duties which
men call drudgery, are the weights and
counterpoises of the clock of time,
giving its pendulum a true vibra-
tion, and its hands a regular motion,
and when they cease to hang upon the
wheels, the pendulum no longer swings,
the hands no longer move, the clock
stands still.—[Longfellow.
The celebrated John Randolph, in
one of his letters to a young relative,
says—"I know nothing I am so anxious
you should acquire as the faculty of
saying 'No.' You must expect un-
reasonable requests to be preferred to
you every day of your life, and must
endeavor to deny with as much facility
and kindness as you acquiesce."
There seem to be some persons, the
favorites of fortune and darlings of
nature, who are born cheerful. It is
no superficial visibility, but a boundless
and beneficent soul that sparkles in
their eyes and smiles on their lips.
Their inborn geniality amounts to
genius—the rare and difficult genius
which creates sweet and wholesome
character and radiates cheer.—[Wapple.
Talent is something, but tact is every-
thing. Talent is serious, sober, grave
and respectable; tact is all that and
more too. It is not a seventh sense
but the life of all the five. It is the open
eye, the quick ear, the judging taste,
the keen smell, and the lively touch; it
is the interpreter of all riddles, the sur-
mounter of all difficulties, and remover
of all obstacles.—[W. P. Scaryll.
One hundred tons of American beef,
we are told, are consumed every week
in London. This beef is shipped from
this country in refrigerator apartments
in the steamers, and it underlies the
British beef in the London market—
sometimes being as low as one-half the
price of the latter. Its quality is highly
commended, and as the consumption is
constantly growing, a large trade in
this beef is anticipated.
During one of the expeditions into
the Caucasus Ignatieff ordered a bat-
tery of artillery under a captain named
Sergueieff to shell a column of the
enemy that threatened to outflank his
forces. The order was obeyed, but the
shells did not explode, and produced
no more effect than round shot. Igna-
tieff galloped to the battery and ad-
dressed the captain in language rather
more vigorous than complimentary.
He calmly lifted a shell in one hand
and applied a portfire to the fuse with
the other; then remarked to the Gen-
eral: "As you see, General, the powder
is bad." The General sprang from his
horse and embraced him crying: "Ser-
gueieff, my son, you are braver than I."