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MOONLIGHT.

The bluest gray—the greyest 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 grey 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 all days 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 outblushed 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 forefinger.
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 coat and wonderful hat 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 tees—a tees 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 me and let father come up and see you. Henry I will not write anymore until I hear from you I am too trou-

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 betrothed.
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 to 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 trooped 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 charmingly 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; getting 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 pined 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 strenuous spell upon me, but the hallucination 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. "Call me Henry, said I. "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 "eaten on the lawn," and the writer thinks "the hounds well deserved 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 associated 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 Baltimore, has a hold upon the recollections 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 Baltimore oriole—*Icterus Baltimore* of Linnæus. Its plumage is patterned in orange and black, the baronial color of the noble lord's livery, and Linnæus 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 England 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 instantly 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 vying in song; 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 pugnacious 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 fancied 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 all 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 pattern of 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 beautifully 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 black 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 lined 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 discuss 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 undoubtedly be offensive enough; but unpleasant facts could reach the depths in their naked truth, they would unluckily 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-

urity 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 fashionable 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 calculated 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 thinking 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 flirtation because their friends happen to be of the opposite sex. If women are ever to rise intellectually, they must associate freely with men. "Sweet girl graduates" may be very interesting in romance; but in real life they are colorless 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.

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 composition of those qualities that gain esteem 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 sorrows 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 liberators, the sure cure for spleen and melancholy. Deeper than tears, these irradiate the topnets with their glad heavens. Go laugh, vent the pits, transmitting lips 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 altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; 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 Gombazara mountains. They are a handsome 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 vibration, 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 unreasonable 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 beautiful 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 everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave and respectable; tact is all that and more too. It is not a seventh sense but is 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 surmounter 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 underfills 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 battery 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. Ignatieff galloped to the battery and addressed 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 General: "As you see, General, the powder is bad." The General sprang from his horse and embraced him crying: "Sergueieff, my son, you are braver than I.