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TWICE ASLEEP.

BY RUDENE J. HALL.

A child lies sleeping in calm repose,
As sweet and fair as a daisy rose;
Her little white hands are laid at rest
Over her gentle heaving breast.
Sunny smiles on her red lips play—
Linger a moment, then pass away.
Forms and faces of earth and air
Flit through her mind while she slumbers there.
Amid the misty and mellow skies,
Their white wings dazzle her dreaming eyes.
Until she awakens in mute dismay
While her floating fancies fade away.
She sleeps again—in her last repose,
She lies like a withered and faded rose.
Over her forehead, pale and fair,
Ripple her tresses of golden hair;
Her little white hands are laid at rest
Over her tranquil and lifeless breast.
Her voice is silent, and come what may,
No smile will gladden her lips of clay.
For the happy dreams she dreamed are through;
How sweet to hope that they all came true.

A Second Wife.

White and silent, in the centre of the darksome room, lay the source of all the darkness, the sob, the black veil. "She looks peaceful, doesn't she?" murmured an aunt to a sister who was dropping bitter tears. "At last! at last!" The words sounded as if they were ground between closed teeth.

Mr. Magogue stopped beside the coffin; he was taking a last look at the face that had smiled at him through a bridal veil, fifteen years before.

"See how moved he looks!" whispered Mrs. Brown to her daughter. "Ah! she was a high-strung creature—not just the one to make a man happy—yet how attentive and polite he was to her! There is not a better man in Roseville."

"It seems as though he could not get away from that coffin," remarked Mrs. Prism to Miss Prune. "Oh! she was a high tempered girl! But they seemed to get on well of late years. He always got her everything she wanted. What a fine looking man he is!"

Just then occurred a sudden movement. "It is that sister of Mrs. Magogue, Julia More. She came near fainting; her aunt took her out;" the mourning crowd explained to each other.

Outside: "Julia! Julia! don't take on so, dear. Here, here—come in here a minute." Mrs. More drew her niece into a conservatory, and dipping her handkerchief into the tinkling fountain she soothed Julia's temples. She ceased the spasmodic hand clenchings, but still glared at her aunt out of hot, dry eyes. "There, there, cry now, dear; it will do you good," said her aunt, still laving her face.

"I can't cry, aunt; but you did well to bring me out; in another moment I should have sprung at that hypocrite; I should have turned him round to those maudlin women. I should have said: 'There is her murderer! There is the man who swindled her out of her property; who broke her heart and wore out her life!' To hear those women go on about her 'high temper.' My poor darling! 'Not fit to make him happy!' Ah, I wish I had the making of him happy for a little while!"

Several maids and widows had a thought of the handsome widower which fitted into the identical words, but not into the gritty accents used by his sister-in-law.

"Don't, July dear," pleaded Aunt More; "I didn't hear anybody say any such thing; and I hope Margaret was as happy as most wives. At least, she is resting now, and perhaps the peace of heaven has already washed away the scars of earth. Do try to compose yourself, and let us go back."

"They went back, but we need not follow them into that dusky atmosphere, heavy with tuberoses and hellebore, the flowers of love and death."

A little over a year afterward, Mr. Burt Magogue might have been seen bidding a reverent good night to a cherub face, at the door of a charming country house. Stepping back into his carriage, he noticed a friend waiting for the horse car.

"Come with me, Ross?"

"Thanks! you're a good fellow, Magogue."

"As the coachman drove back to the city, Mr. Ross remarked:

"This opera going is costly business to a poor devil, if the lady lives in the country, especially if it rains; but you are not a poor devil."

Magogue laughed; "I don't care what I spend in the campaign, so I come out victor."

"Then you have begun a campaign in earnest, have you?"

"You're right."

"Dear me! Which one is the besieged? Miss Ermilina? She has fine, dark gray eyes like—like your wife."

"I know. It is not Miss Ermilina."

"Miss Helen? She is an accomplished, handsome girl."

"Too accomplished; she has too many opinions of her own. I've had enough of that."

"You want an echo?"

"Well, if you like to put it so, I do want an echo. I want a little, artless, affectionate, docile, clinging sort of woman. I am going in for Miss Effie."

"Miss Effie! Why, she's hardly out of school."

"Hardly. I know what I want."

"She would scarcely be much of a companion."

"I don't want a companion."

"But she is a dear little thing to pet—sweet, timid eyes, quivering lips—you can't speak to her but the color rises in her face. What flossy, flaxen curls she has? On the whole, why don't you get a Skye terrier?"

"I know why I want," repeated Magogue, a dark smile on his fine features. Presently a new engagement enlivened the Roseville tea table.

"So soon?" sighed Miss Prune.

"Soon?" echoed her brother. "Why, his wife has been dead a year; she wouldn't be any more dead if he waited three."

"So childish!" said Mrs. Prism.

"That's just what he wants," said Mr. Prism, "a sweet, little, clinging, docile thing."

"An echo?"

"Yes, an echo. I guess he had enough of independent opinion in his first wife, if the truth were known."

"So handsome he is, fascinating and so rich," said Mrs. Shrimps. "It is a fine thing for Effie Keene, youngest of the three."

"His first wife had a good deal of money," said Mr. Shrimps. "I've heard say that he kept her pretty short, though."

"My dear, after she married him it was her husband's money. I think she was inclined to be extravagant. A high spirited, self-willed thing she was as Margaret More. I don't think they were very congenial; and I am afraid this is not going to be any better—a sweet, pretty, babyish thing—and probably spoilt."

Julia More saw her brother-in-law one day. He was in a jeweler's store, gently fitting a gold ring upon an elfin finger. All Julia knew of her sister's unhappiness she knew by a blind, certain instinct; the scene before her caused an intolerable pang of reminiscence. Then she glanced again at the slight little figure, the sweet-eyed, cherub face, and the tall, dark form impending over them. Pity devoured her heart. "Poor child! poor child!"

And old nurse, who had reared all the Keene children, watched the pair sauntering up the steps that night.

"Eh! a fine handsome man he is, and how sweet to her! But he'd better have taken Miss Ermilina or Miss Helen. Poor Mr. Magogue!"

But Mr. Magogue had found exactly what he wanted at last. When he tried to explain to her that Tilden, presidential candidate, had never been mixed up with Mr. Beecher's affairs, but was "the man who, more than any other man in the country, represents"—how sweetly she shook her flaxen curls!

"Don't try to put all that into my poor little head. Which man are you for?"

"Tilden."

"Then I'm for Tilden."

This was delightful to a man who remembered seeing his first wife, when an erratic child, weeping passionately because Buchanan was elected instead of Fremont.

Mr. Magogue considered it unfeminine for women to interest themselves in politics. To be sure the fair child, Francis Walsingham, first attracted her knightly lover by her intense interest in a certain phase of politics. But then her lover was not Burt Magogue, but Phillip Sydney.

Mr. Magogue and Miss Effie Keene were to be married in the spring. Sweet Effie could scarcely make up her mind to leave the country where she had been reared, where all her friends lived, and go to live in the city, which suited Mr. Magogue's business.

"We will go away on our tour, my pet," said Magogue, at one of their last partings under the stars. "When we come back you can make up your mind."

The smile that adorned his features after his back was turned was not one which his bride elect would have recognized. Her predecessor knew it well.

On the tour she was all sweetness, gaily and grace. Coming back they stopped at her father's. The next morning Mr. Magogue addressed Effie:

"Dearest, you know I would like to consult your wishes in this as in everything; but my business requires that we should live in the city."

"Does it truly, dear?" rolling up her sky-blue eyes; but how bad that is, for you know my health will not stand the city."

Mr. Magogue's brow darkened.

"You know," said his bride, sinking upon a cushion, rolling her flossy head upon his knee, "how I would love to live in the city, so as to suit you, but you see I should die there. You don't want me to die, do you? So, if you really can't live in the country, I shall have to stay at papa's, shall I not? But you'll come out and see me, won't you?" And she rolled up the long-lashed eyes.

He was angry, baffled, bamboozled, but he stooped and kissed her. He hired a pretty house in the country. As to living at her father's—not for him! How could he be master in his own house, there?

But he was not quite satisfied. He had a vague sense that he was not having his own way; he scarcely knew why. To his first wife he had handed out her own money discreetly; from her he had required a strict account of every cent. But this was such a childish creature! He would teach her, though, in time; there was no doubt of that.

Was that she in that jeweler's shop? Impossible! But it was his Effie, and the jeweler was just handling her a box. She caught sight of her husband's excited eyes; she skipped toward him at the door.

"O, look here, dear!"

She held him the open box; on the white satin sparkled a cross of alternating sapphire and diamond.

"Effie! I told you I could not afford that!"

"Oh, don't look at me like that!" she pleaded, shrinking, rolling up her lips. "I know you said you could not afford it; so I borrowed the money of cousin Charles; he said he would as soon lend it to me as not. For these sapphires, I must have them; they just match my eyes; they belong to me; see?" With such a smile.

But Magogue could have kicked himself for smiling back at her as he did; but what was he to do with such a child?

Thinking it over, he began to see that he was being cajoled; he, Burt Magogue. He must put a stop to this; it was time he came out in a new character, or men would call him doting.

"Cousin Charles," indeed! Where was he drifting?

A day or two afterward Mr. Magogue was riding home in an unpropitious humor. Some of that first wife's money, very wisely invested, he thought, had just sunk out of sight and reach. This annoyed him. He was a man who needed a good deal of money. None of your goody-goody, two cent fellows was he. The long, dull, country ride annoyed him. What a fool he had been to give in to her about living in the country. "She must have a lesson," he said, shading his head, grasping his whip, and touching up his gray horse.

Another turn brought him round into the broad elm-arched avenue that led to his door. Arriving there, what does he see?

A groom with two horses; one beautiful, snow-white, bearing a lady's new saddle.

Burt Magogue sprang up the steps; he crossed the piazza at a stride, the hall at another; he looked in at the ante-room door. A lady was glancing at the long mirror; a petite lady, smiling at the petite double in navy blue riding habit with silver buttons, navy blue velvet hat with ostrich plume, a flame of geranium at her throat, a silver mounted riding whip in her little hand.

"What does all this mean, madam?" shouted the flower of Roseville chivalry. She turned round, bowed, walked up to him:

"What did you say to me, sir?" she asked graciously.

"I asked, what you mean by this?"

She laughed a silvery laugh. "Oh! Why it means that I am going out to ride. I like riding. Cousin Charles went with me yesterday to look at a horse. He says he is a splendid fellow, and you see how handsome he is. The bill for him will come in to-morrow. Don't I look nice, dear?"

He clenched the whip still in his hand. "I'll pay no bills for any horse; that is going back where he came from—with the groom. And you, madam—walk up stairs, take off that gear, and put on something decent, and then come down to me."

She looked up at him, lips apart, from under the curled, navy blue rim of her riding hat; then clapped her tiny hands and burst into sweet peals of cherub laughter.

"Madam, are you mad? Do you think you can behave like this? You didn't know my first wife, she's dead." He spoke in an ominous tone that lowered the color in Effie's rounded cheek; her lips curled back like those of a child when first confronting some strange, unpleasant animal.

Burt Magogue went on: "She was a spirited, high-tempered thing, but I brought her down. Would you like to know how I brought her down?"

"Yes—I should," she answered with that curious, fearless glance, just touched with something that might have been dismay had it not been more like scorn.

"How did you do it?"

"I conquered her—with the lash!" Little Effie shuddered and looked down. Her delicate face was working with horror, with pity for her predecessor, with terror for the gulf suddenly open at her feet, swarming with the misbegotten wrongs that follow the meeting of irresponsible power and weakness. Or was it only terror for herself, hopeless in the power of her natural protector, lowering over her in his vast superiority of physical strength? He wished she would look up; these baby faces can be as baffling as the timeless brows of Sphynx. At last those golden lashes lifted; the timid eyes rose up and up, until they met his; they gave him a disagreeable sensation; he would revenge it upon her some day—though she was almost too pretty to be crushed.

"You did—did you?" She had taken in his remark, it seemed. Then she walked up to him, clenched her fist to the size of a magnolia bud, and fixed him with eyes whose cherub blue was lost in a glitter, like bayonets in the sun.

"Well—if you ever lay—so much as your least finger's weight on me—don't you ever shut your eyes again, for the first time I find you asleep I'll cut your throat from ear to ear. So hear me every saint in heaven!"

She turned at the door and flung back a laugh: "This is your second wife!"

With this "echo" she left him.

A horrible sensation clutched Burt Magogue. He fought it as if it were paralysis. What was it? And what being was this that he had married—this mocking, spirit-like thing whom he could not terrify? He knew all about women—yes, the bravest of them; flighty, provoking, but nervous; "naturally subject to fears;" docile as sheep to one who showed them a little resolution. What manner of woman was this? He turned quickly at a sound without. There she was mounting that snow-white steed, and there was nothing reassuring in the smile she flashed him ere she whirled off in a night-cloud of draperies. Was she some witch sent by Hecate, queen of night and of the dead? Burt Magogue believed just as much in one religion as he did in another; you see mortal flesh and blood it could not be that had threatened him with Effie Keene's soft lips, and transfixed him with her liquid eyes. Could it be some unsleeping ghost arisen, taking possession of a sweet familiar shape? Paugh! why had he ever read those unouth horrors of Hoffman and Tieck and Edgar Poe? * * * * * Burt Magogue has always defied the supernatural. Can a shadow of it keep him so docile as he is to his elfin wife? Why, the men growl now and then: "He is getting to be the mere echo of his 'echo.'"

Singing.

Singing requires of the vocal organs functions very different from those required for speaking. Furthermore, a good physical constitution and perfect regularity in the functions of the organism, are of inestimable value to the artist. In the emission of the voice the respiratory movements must be performed without strain or effort; they must be regulated so as to make the inspiration short and easy, and the expiration slow and prolonged. There is a struggle between the organs which retain breath and those which expel it; practice, youth, and good health, are the conditions upon which an adjustment must be based. In the highly-gifted artist the larynx holds its ordinary position notwithstanding the variations of intensity and pitch of the sounds produced. Being implicated in some of the more energetic movements of the tongue, it rises or falls, but to no purpose. The larynx of the singer, while fixed in its position, multiplies its performance; the suppleness of all its parts is a matter of prime importance. The vibration of the local lips and the resonance of the vestibule determine the timbre of the glottic sounds, the configuration of the pharynx of the buccal cavity, by modifying the sounds forced in the glottis, produces the timbre of the voice. This cannot be altered to any considerable degree by even the most powerful effort of the will. Professors of singing injure their pupils by prescribing in too absolute a manner the mouth arrangements which they themselves find most serviceable. Each individual must follow Nature, and M. Mandi had good reason for begging singing-masters never to forget this truth.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Female Parity.

All the influence which women enjoy in society—their right to the exercise of that maternal care which forms the first and most indelible species of education; the wholesome restraint which they possess over the passions of mankind; their power of protecting us when young, and cheering us when old—depends so entirely upon their personal purity, and the charm which its casts around them, that to insinuate a doubt of its real value is willfully to remove the broadest corner-stone on which civil society rests, with all its benefits and all its comforts.

Saving a Life.

At the opening of the century the public facilities for anatomy were less than now; so then robbing the churchyard was quite a trade, and an egotist or two did worse—they killed people for the small sum a dead body fetched.

Well, a male body was brought to a certain surgeon by a man he had often employed, and the pair dumped it down on a dissecting table, and then the vendor received his money and went.

The anatomist set to work to open the body; but, in handling it, he fancied the limbs were not so rigid as usual, and he took another look. Yes, the man was dead; no pulsation either. And yet somehow he was not cold about the region of the heart.

The surgeon doubted; he was a humane man; and so, instead of making a fine tranverse cut like that at which the unfortunate author of "Manon Lescaut" started out of the trance with a shriek to die in right earnest, he gave the poor body a chance; applied hartshorn, vinegar and friction, all without success. Still he had his doubts; though, to be frank, I am not clear why, he still doubted.

Be that as it may, he called in his assistant, and they took the body into the yard, turned a high tap on, and discharged a small but hard hitting column of water on to the patient.

No effect was produced but this, which an unscientific eye might have passed over: the skin turned slightly pink in one or two places under the fall of water.

The surgeon thought this a strong proof life was not extinct; but, not to overdo it, wrapped the man in blankets for a time, and then drenched him again, letting the water strike him hard on the head and the heart in particular.

He followed this treatment up, till at last the man's eyes winked, and then he gasped, and presently he gulped, and by-and-by he groaned, and eventually uttered loud and fearful cries as one battling with death.

In a word, he came to, and the surgeon put him into a warm bed, and as medicine has its fashions, and bleeding was the panacea of that day, he actually took blood from the poor body. This ought to have sent him back to the place from whence he came—the grave to wit; but somehow it did not; and next day the reviver showed him with pride to several visitors, and prepared an article.

Resurrectus was well fed, and, being a pauper, was agreeable to lie in that bed forever, and eat the bread of science. But as years rolled on, his preserver got tired of that. However, he had to give him a suit of his own clothes to get rid of him. Did I say years? I must have meant days.

He never did get rid of him; the fellow used to call at intervals and demand charity, urging that the surgeon had taken him out of a condition in which he felt neither hunger, thirst nor misery, and so was now bound to supply his natural needs.

The Country.

It is in the country that the soul expands and grows great. The town de-velopes, cultivates and amplifies all the senses, but its tendency is to contract that incomprehensible impulse of being we call soul. Out where the rugged hills point heavenward with ten thousand sturdy evergreen figures; where stand the woods in royal majesty; where the brooks dance along and clasp hands with the rivers, and rivers sweep on with unimpeded flow to the bosom of the sea; where the rocks rise like brawny giants, their nakedness covered with mosses, and drink in the sunshine and the rain proudly, disdainfully to show how the elements caress them slowly into dust; where the birds sing their most jubilant songs, and the wild flowers wear their brightest hues; where the bees hum in lazy content from honey cup to honey cup; where nature rules supreme and man becomes a pigmy—there the true soul, unabashed and undismayed, aspires to compass all the profound mysteries of creation and reads eloquent lessons in everything. Where villages dot the hill-sides and nestle in the valleys; where the throbbing clangor of the church bell is the loudest sound heard; where the fields teem with homely promise of the coming harvest, and the voices of men are drowned in the prattle of nature—there are magnificent souls hidden beneath the humblest exteriors. The hand that holds the plow and scatters the seed may be hard and brown, but there is a whole heart in its grasp; the face that has been snowed upon and rained upon and blown upon is neither marred nor scarred, but grave and gentle; it shows in every lineament how ennobling is close communion with nature. The eye that sees the first tiny bud on the trees, the first blade of pale green grass, the first frail blossom of the woods, watches the covert approaches of spring with a glow and lustre that we do not often see in the dissipated town.

A desire to say things which no one ever said makes some people say things which nobody ought to say.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Domestic magazines—Wives who blow up their husbands.

If knee-breeches come in fashion the biggest calf will look the best.

Courage consists not in blindly overlooking danger, but in seeing it, and conquering it.

It is every man's duty to shake carpets—the word "shake" to be used in its popular sense.

Why is a horse the most miserable of animals? Because his thoughts are always on the rack.

The amount of water daily consumed in London is 113,800,000 gallons, or 41,637,000,000 gallons a year.

A tourist, who was asked in what part of Switzerland he felt the heat most, replied, "When he was going to Berne."

"I'm saddest when I sing" exclaimed a Sunday evening warbler. "And so is the neighborhood," sighed a voice from the street.

We are very apt to ask of God what we are unwilling to give to our neighbors—mercy. If we were really forgiven only as we forgive we should have a hard time.

Spilkins says that all the perils and horrors of a maelstrom aren't a circumstance to the horrors of hearing a female storm on the piano, next door, from morning till night.

Albert Smith's literary signature "A. S." was once shown to Douglas Jerrold, at which the wit remarked, "Ah! that's a fellow who never tells more than two-thirds of the truth."

An Irish guide told Dr. James Johnson, who wished for a reason why Echo was always in the feminine gender, that "maybe it was because she always had the last word."

The Hamilton rubber company of Milham, a suburb of Trenton, N. J., has failed. The liabilities are about \$60,000, and the assets are variously estimated from \$30,000 to \$50,000.

One of the most important recent enactments in Massachusetts was that of the Legislature or 1874-75 requiring towns and cities to cancel their debts within a period of thirty years.

She was very particular, and when the dealer informed her that all his ice was gathered winter before last, she wouldn't give him her order. She said he couldn't palm off his stale ice on to her.

The past is disclosed, the future concealed in doubt. And yet human nature is heedless of the past, and fearful of the future—regarding not the science and experience that past ages have unveiled.

Would a man frequently calculate his income and expenditure, he would escape many a bitter reflection; for he must be lost to every generous feeling of pride and honorable principle who wantonly incurs debts which he cannot discharge.

Dr. J. R. Nichols, of Haverhill Mass. has offered to give the town of Merrimack, in the same state, one thousand books as the nucleus of a public library the only condition being that the town shall form a Library Association in accordance with the laws of Massachusetts.

Condemn no man, says John Wesley, for not thinking as you think. Let every man use his own judgment since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach in any kind or degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you can neither reason or persuade a man into the truth never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him to come, leave him to God the Judge of all.

Jean Paul said: "Play is the child's first poetry." It was a wise and poetic saying of a poet. But Froebel, the kindergarten, was not a poet but a school-master and a philosopher. He went deeper, and said the supreme word about play when he called it the "first work of childhood." It is the child's chief business. Use play to serve the ends of education you may, but to do away with it is the unpardonable sin of the prevalent method of teaching.

Character.—How difficult is the human mind according to the difference of place! In our passions, as in our creeds, we are the mere dependants of geographical situation. Nay, the trifling variation of a single mile will revolutionize the ideas and torrents of our hearts. The man who is weak, generous, benevolent, and kind in the country, enters the scene of contest, and becomes fiery or mean, selfish or stern, just as if the virtues were only for solitude, and the vices for a city.

Recreation does not mean idleness and it may mean labor. A wise man will so arrange his labors that each succeeding one shall be so totally different from the last that it shall serve as a recreation for it. Physical exertion may follow mental, and then give place to it again. A man equally wise in all other hygienic measures, who could nicely adjust the labors of mind and body in their proportions, might hope to attain old age with all his mental faculties fresh and vigorous to the last.

A father may turn his back on his child; brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies; husbands may desert their wives, wives their husbands; but a mother's love endures through all. In good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on, and still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways and repent; still she remembers she is an infant smiles, the merry laugh, the joyful shout of his childhood, the opening promise of his youth; and she can never be brought to think him all unworthy.—[Washington Irving.]