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In the interests of the Colored People
of the Country.

Able and well-known writers will contribute to its columns from different parts of the country, and it will contain the latest General News of the day.

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A copy of the first edition of the Bible as translated by Miles Coverdale (1535) was sold in London a few weeks ago for \$800. At that it was a "grubby" copy, and the map, title page and first few leaves were in fac-simile. Perfect copies are unknown.

At Valcartier, Canada, recently, a blazing meteor, probably ten feet in circumference, descended from the sky. After touching the earth it assumed a strange appearance, creating terror to the mind of the country people, many of them conjuring up the worst fears and looking forward to the speedy dissolution of the universe. Just previous to this occurrence the sky lowered and the beasts of the field set up distressing cries, bringing credulous persons readily to their knees in a supplicating posture.

There are various methods of amusement in different parts of the world among different people. For instance, one of the pastimes among the convicts in the Georgia prison camps that affords amusement to the "trustys" is for one of them to take a three or four mile run early in the morning to keep the blood-hounds in training. The trusty is always perfectly willing to make the race if paid for his trouble by the bosses. The only danger connected with it, says the Georgia paper from which the item is taken, is that some thoughtless person might take a shot at the running negro, thinking that he was making his escape from the camp.

A New York correspondent details interestingly an operation performed upon one Jerry Larkin who had been the victim of a gas explosion. His body was so badly burned that his life was despaired of, but with infinite care every burn was healed and a thin film of skin was induced to coat it, except the upper part of the right arm, which was ulcerated. All other treatment failing, the physicians resorted to the experiment of supplying the flesh which had sloughed off with flesh from a Newfoundland dog. The experiment has proved successful, and the arm is gradually regaining the strength which it seemed at one time had forever left it with the sloughing away of the biceps muscles. Before the operation was performed Jerry could only raise his hand to his face with the greatest difficulty, but can now raise weights and continues to improve.

The question is: Is the cortical structure of your brain like a V or W? According to the *British Medical Journal*, M. Duval (Director of the Laboratory of Anthropology) has recently given to the Société of Anthropology at Paris a detailed description of the external configuration of the brain of Gambetta. He draws special attention to the fact that the cortical structure in the neighborhood of Broca's convolution has become markedly augmented. Usually this part of the brain assumes the form of an M, the two vertical limbs or sulci enclosing a small valve-like portion in the shape of a V. In the brain of Gambetta, however, as has been noted in other cases as well, this V-shaped portion has doubled on itself and assumed the form of a W instead of a V. When we recall the fact that Broca, in his memoirs, attributes to this part of the cerebral cortex (left or right sided, according as the individual is right or left handed) the function of articulate language, the unusual development of this convolution in Gambetta and others, confirms, to a certain extent, this opinion now generally accepted.

HUMAN NATURE.

When one has growing crops or flowers
That need the rain,
He welcomes then refreshing showers
That comes again.

Despite some other folk may sigh
To take a jaunt,
He then can air philosophy,
The others can't.

But should it hap the rainy day
Is one he's set
To take an outing, then he'll say:
"Plague take the wet."

—Drake's Magazine.

AMONG CANNIBALS.

"What do you suppose that little bit of wood is a piece of?"

The question was put by an old sea captain with whom I was voyaging down the Atlantic coast a few months since, and in whose good opinion I had, by some lucky accident, made my way. The piece of wood which he presented for my inspection was discolored and weathered, yet looked to be remarkably fine-grained. I took it in my hand, and then instinctively, after a moment or two, smelled it. There still pertained to it a faint fragrance.

"Why, Captain, this is sandal-wood," I said.

"Right you are, my lad!" he exclaimed. "And I keep it because it is a piece of a rib of the shallop in which my old father, who followed the seas before me, escaped from the clutches of the man-eaters down in the South Sea."

"How was that?"

"Just three-quarters of a century ago the brig Hobart, Amos Meserve, Captain, Cadwallader Jones, mate, Seth Putnam, carpenter, and a crew of twenty-three men all told, sailed from Massachusetts Bay, with a cargo of hardware, dry goods and other commodities, on a trading voyage to the Indian tribes of the northwest coast of America."

"The long voyage around Cape Horn was accomplished with no more than the ordinary hardships and dangers of the passage in those early days, and by barter with the Aitazarts and other Northwest tribes, a fairly valuable stock of furs was obtained. These latter, however, were, a few weeks later, sold outright at one of the fur-trading posts, near the mouth of the Columbia, and thence the Hobart sailed for the South Sea to procure a cargo of sandal-wood, then a commercially valuable product of this vast and little known quarter of the globe."

"Weeks lengthened to months, and found the Hobart still pursuing her long voyage into the trackless Southern Pacific. A large group of islands, probably the King-Mill, or Fiji, was visited, but owing to the intractable and treacherous character of the natives, only part of the cargo of the precious wood could be procured. After some weeks' delay and several skirmishes, the Hobart continued her southerly voyage."

"Scurvy, meantime, that dread foe of all the old navigators, had attacked the crew; five men were lying helpless in their bunks, and the teeth of two others had fallen out."

"A worse foe, too, than scurvy or treacherous natives had attacked the adventurous brig. Near the mouth of the Columbia the Hobart had run through what old mariners termed a 'worm-sea,' a tract of the ocean infested by the terebro, a marine borer-worm, which rapidly perforates the sheathings and timbers of a passing vessel, and having once effected a lodgment, continues its mischievous labors until the hull is honey-combed, and sapped of strength to resist the strain or stress of weather."

"Shortly after putting to sea the last time, the brig was found to be leaking slightly, and a close examination proved that several of the old sailboards had repeatedly maintained for a number of weeks, that the worms had eaten out her timbers to mere shells. The leak down in the hold, under the tiers of sandal-wood, increased day by day, till at length a panic fell on the crew; and from hoping at first to be able to make their way to Australia in her, the distressed mariners now thought only of getting to land, and beaching the brig before she should suddenly go down beneath their feet. Particularly they were alarmed lest heavy weather should set in. For two days land had occasionally been in sight, low-lying on the western board. The course of the now water-logged brig was changed in that direction, and during the night they slowly drew in toward a long, mountainous coast."

"The description corresponds to the island of New Caledonia, which, as most readers know, lies in the southwestern part of the Pacific, six hundred miles east of Australia, and nearly seven hundred miles north of New Zealand. In form the island is long and narrow, its length being two hundred and twenty, and its average width forty miles. At this time the inhabitants, several negroid tribes, were cannibals and savages of the most intractable character. But of this fact the crew of the Hobart had no knowledge, and were at first of the opinion that the country was uninhabited, for they saw no signs of human beings."

"Like most islands of the South Pacific, New Caledonia is encircled by a barrier reef, a little off shore, on which the ocean surges beat continuously. But an opening was discovered in it, through which the Hobart was taken, and in the lagoon of smooth, shallow water inside the coral wall, the distressed brig, after her thousands of miles of ocean pilgrimage, let go her anchor. The sick and weary sailors abandoned the pumps, after a week of ceaseless struggle, and slowly the vessel settled, till her keel rested on the coral ledges. At tide the water was within a foot of her deck; at ebb the sailors could descend between decks."

So smooth was the lagoon that there was little fear of the vessel breaking up at once, and the attention of the crew was first turned to obtaining a supply of fresh food from the shore. The hulk lay at a distance of three or four cable's length from the beach. A range of green hills rose to a height of a thousand feet or more not far inland, and the sailors felt sure that they could distinguish breadfruit and coconut trees.

"At their earnest entreaties, Captain Meserve allowed a boat's crew to go on shore during the afternoon, taking sacks and axes for collecting coconuts, breadfruit, and cabbage-head palm-buds, these latter particularly for the men sick with scurvy. The boat party consisted of the mate, Cadwallader Jones, the carpenter, Seth Putnam, and Charles Frost, Job Freeman, Solomon Swift, and five others, ten in all."

"They pulled ashore, beached the boat, and soon disappeared from sight in the forest, and they had been absent an hour perhaps, when Captain Meserve, who felt a certain degree of uneasiness, saw a smoke rising from the top of one of the hills two or three miles back from the water. But whether it had been raised by natives, or by the men themselves, he felt by no means certain. It added to his uneasiness, however, and a close watch was kept, yet nothing further was seen till near sundown, when loud shouts and yells were suddenly heard not far inland."

"A few moments later, three of the sailors were seen to emerge from the forest, running for their lives, closely pursued by a crowd of wild-looking black natives. The sailors, as they ran, shouted for help, and made frantic gestures to their mates on the brig; then coming where their boat had been left, they endeavored to launch it and push off, but were immediately struck down by volleys of stones and spears, and murdered there under the very eyes of their shipmates, who were powerless to render them the slightest aid, for there was no time to launch a boat, even had the brig's other boat been in a serviceable condition."

"The Captain at once got out all the spare cordage, however, and set to work to raise a protective netting of it all about the bulwarks to the height of six or eight feet, and all the ship's cutlasses and muskets were got ready for as good a defence as possible."

"But the natives appeared to have no canoes prepared, and after dancing and shouting for a time, went away, carrying off the bodies of their victims."

A night of gloom and most dismal forebodings for the future settled over the stranded vessel. Fearing a surprise, a watch of three sailors was set. The hours of darkness went on till past midnight, when a splashing of the water close alongside so alarmed one of the sentinels that he fired his piece, but immediately heard a voice saying:

"Don't shoot us. Throw us a line."

"It was the voice of Wal Jones, the mate; the sailor Swift was with him, and on being helped on board, they gave the following account of the fate of their companions:

"Disappointed in finding palm-nuts or fruit, they had gone inland for a distance of several miles. Finally, they found a group of coconut trees, and set to work felling them. Several had been cut down, when suddenly a large party of blacks came upon them, and without a moment's warning, rushed forward to attack them, uttering the most frightful cries. The mate, who was not wanting in courage, called out to the sailors to stand fast and defend themselves with their muskets and axes; but frightened by the suddenness of the onslaught, six or seven of the men ran away."

"A part of the natives gave chase, and seeing the futility of making anything like a successful fight, Jones, Swift and the carpenter, Putnam, in turn took to their heels in a different direction. They ran for some distance through the forest, and came presently into an open tract in which were a number of grass huts and several women and children."

"Putnam here tacked in another direction, and became separated from his comrades, who ran straight on, past the huts, into the forest beyond them. But here in the edge of the forest, amongst underbrush, they espied an old hut, the thatched roof of which had fallen in; and hearing at the same instant the shouts of their pursuers, who were stripping them on either hand, and being much out of breath, they crept under the fallen mass of thatch, and lay still."

"The ground being dry their feet had left no tracks; and the natives in pursuit probably made sure that they had fled to a great distance. Several times they heard savages run past the hut, but no one chanced to examine the old thatch heap."

"They lay there till night-fall. Meantime from the shouting, cries and songs which came to their ears from the direction of the group of grass huts which they had passed, it became evident to them that some kind of orgy was in progress. At length, night having fallen, the mate ventured to look out from under the dry grass, and saw that large fires were burning in the open space, around which the natives, to the number of a hundred or two, were dancing and shouting."

"Probably no description, however graphic, could convey to the mind of the reader even a faint conception of the horrible impression made on those two poor fellows by the scene which they beheld. On large stones, upon which were spread broad banana-leaves, lay heaps of smoking human flesh. With strange, wild gestures the blacks, rushing forward, seized the flesh with both hands, and devoured it with horrible gusto."

find anything of the boat), swam off as related above.

"Captain Meserve and the mate, who had thus fortuitously escaped, now took counsel as to the best course to pursue. One of the sick men had died during the night, and three others lay ill. This, with the eight lost on shore and the previous loss of a man, reduced the actual force of the crew to eleven. The only avenue of escape open to them lay in constructing a light craft out of the upper works of the brig, and thus reaching the settlements of Europeans on the Australian coast. The loss of the carpenter rendered such a task doubly difficult."

"Parties of blacks appeared on shore several times during the day, shouting, gesticulating, and holding up fresh skulls. They appeared, however, to have no means of putting off from shore, a fact which the distressed crew of the Hobart observed with a renewed sense of safety. A most vigilant watch was kept, however, both by night and day."

"Meantime the keel for a shallow twenty-eight feet in length by eight feet breadth of beam was laid, and the task of building this miniature vessel began in earnest. Sandal-wood was used largely for the ribs, being a kind of timber which the dreaded terebro had seemed to avoid. For sheathings they ripped up the decks. Fortunately they had plenty of stores and of water on board, the bulk of which, by the captain's order, had been got on deck before the hold filled."

"For three days they wrought on unmolested, though the savages, like packs of wolves, often saluted them with wild cries from the shore. They were not to be allowed to thus quietly pursue their labor long, however, for while hard at work on the afternoon of the fourth day, an unusually prolonged shouting on shore attracted their attention. Fifty or sixty natives were running along the beach making a tremendous uproar. Suddenly one of the sailors shouted:

"Cap'n, we're lost. Look to sea."

"Out near the entrance into the little bay, were five immensely large canoes coming in, full of natives, and paddled at speed. Each canoe contained from twenty to thirty warriors. They had approached within a mile of the brig, and already a hideous fanfare of conch shells, drums and outcries was audible."

"Is it any wonder if, for a moment, the hearts of the castaways failed them, and that they believed that their last hour had come? But 'twas only for a moment. The true New England courage revived in them; and very quickly, but with a grim determination, they looked to their weapons, and prepared a sell their lives at a dear price."

"Captain Meserve showed himself a good leader. He first stationed his little party in two rows around the deck. There were three loaded muskets for each man, also a cutlass and a long boarding pike."

"Stand well back from the netting, my men," the Captain commanded. "These fellows have no cutting weapons, but only spears and clubs. Stand well back. Use your muskets first, then your pikes when they try to climb over. Don't mind their noise."

"Such was the speed of the canoes that these simple preparations were no more than completed, when the savages were close aboard. The canoes were each from forty to fifty feet in length, and had both the stem and stern curving upward to a height of ten or twelve feet, surmounted by a hideously carved effigy of some idol or hero."

"As they closed in, the yells both from the crowd on shore and the canoes rose to an almost deafening pitch; and a shower of stones was hurled over the netting."

"But not till the canoes came so near as to almost touch the side of the hulk did Captain Meserve give the word to fire. Thirty-three heavily loaded muskets were then discharged, with terrible effect. Yet for some minutes the conflict raged fiercely, the blacks trying first to pull aside the netting, and then, failing in that, to clamber over or break the ropes. Some were even seen chewing at the tough hemp lines with their white teeth. All these naked fellows offered fair targets for the sharp pikes; and the 'cold steel' was put to them without mercy."

"In fact, the savages elated by their easy victory over the sailors on shore, had counted quite without a knowledge of the resources of the whites. Their first rush was tremendous; but suddenly finding that they could not pull aside the netting, and panic-stricken at the havoc the bullets and pikes were making, such of them as were not shot or thrust through, leaped back into their canoes, and giving vent to wild yells of fear and astonishment, paddled away as fast as they could."

"From forty to fifty, Captain Meserve estimated, of the attacking party, were either shot or transfixed by the pikes. A sudden silence fell upon the yelling crowd on shore. The canoes made off, and showed no disposition to renew the attack. They bore away a part of their killed and wounded; yet numbers of black fellows were tumbling about in the water alongside; and several days afterward their bodies rose to the surface and floated about the bay."

"No further attack was attempted; although three of the sick men died of the scurvy, from their inability to procure fresh food from the land. Twenty-eight days were occupied in building the shallop. At length it was launched, rigged and provisioned. The money and other valuables from the Hobart were transferred to her; and just at daybreak one morning the castaways set sail, and after a tedious but otherwise uneventful voyage of twelve hundred miles, made Sidney harbor, on the Australian coast, and landed at this then recently settled colony."

Church spires and school-houses have arisen where these sailors were hunted like beasts, that their flesh might be eaten, and civilization has clothed these

savages like men. The old habits of these islanders will one day seem myths to the passengers of the swift ocean steamers.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Night Among Lions.

Dark as the night was, all were busy around the little encampment, if I except the dogs, who seemed to be possessed of such timidity that neither words nor blows could drive them out from the shelter they had taken between the wheels. For some minutes all had become quiet, and I commenced to hope that it had been a false alarm, when a roar so loud and close as to awake the echoes of the surrounding koppies broke the monotonous stillness of the night. Such a roar I have never heard previously or since; let him that likes say what he may, it made the earth tremble. To the reader it may appear impossible that any animal can produce a volume of sound that almost rivals the thunder in its density; but let me assure him, if he has heard a mature male lion, in the full vigor of his life, give utterance to his wrath, he will agree with me that there are sublimity and grandeur in the voice, which, if they do not equal the depth and power of thunder, very nearly approaches to it.

If quiet had comparatively reigned before, now all was excitement. To and fro the bullocks rushed, trying to break their restraints, the horses reared and pulled upon their halters as if determined to strangle themselves, or upset the wagon, while every native who was not armed seized a fire-brand and shouted and called to his animals to endeavor to still their fears. So intense was the darkness that nothing could be seen, yet William fired a couple of shots in the direction from which he imagined the sound proceeded. The blaze and report of his heavy elephant gun, one would imagine, would have driven off anything in the form of a quadruped; but not so—the lion roared again at even shorter distance than at first, causing the bullocks to become frantic with fear, and therefore to use their utmost power and strength to break loose.

I thought I could trust my rhinoceros, but alas! I was in error, for one more violent struggle than had previously been made took place, and they gave way, and the who's team went down to leeward as if they were stampeding before a forest fire. As the method (for it certainly is a preconcerted and arranged plan) adopted by lions when about to attack a span of cattle may not be known generally, I will briefly attempt to describe it. Lions, as a rule, hunt in family parties. A very old male, not unfrequently incapacitated from taking an active part in pursuing game, is generally to be found at the head of this coterie, and on him devolves no unimportant part of the programme adopted by them when a trader's or traveler's cattle are resolved upon as the victims of their ferocity and power.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Koumiss.

"Koumiss is fast becoming the popular drink with Brooklynites who have large families of children," said a local druggist recently to an *Engle* reporter. "Koumiss is made of cow's milk with the addition of a little sugar. It is essential that the milk should be fresh and pure. It is said that koumiss is a great cure for dyspepsia. Certainly it gives relief in that most painful disease. Within a year a number of companies have been formed in Brooklyn for the sale of the beverage. An excellent formula for the preparation of koumiss was furnished by Dr. John G. Johnson, of Joramelon street, some years ago. Here it is:

"Fill a quart champagne bottle up to the neck with pure milk; add two table-spoons of white sugar after dissolving the same in a little water over a hot fire; add also a quarter of a two cent cake of compressed yeast. Then tie the cork on the bottle securely and shake the mixture well; place in a room of the temperature of fifty to ninety-five degrees Fahrenheit for six hours, and finally in the ice-box over night. Drink in such quantities as the stomach will require. It may be well to observe several important injunctions in preparing koumiss and they are: First, to be sure that the milk is pure; second, that the bottle is sound; third, that the yeast is fresh; fourth, to open the mixture in the morning with great care on account of its effervescent properties; fifth, not to drink it at all if there is any curdle or thickened part resembling cheese, as this indicates that the fermentation has been prolonged beyond the proper time."

"The above formula, I think, is the best for preparing koumiss. Dyspeptics find much relief in its use. I sell almost as much on draft as soda water. If prepared in a certain way koumiss will keep for a long time. It has a delicious taste, and is, I think, the best of all the summer beverages."

"From what is the word koumiss derived?"

"The word and the drink originated in Asia, and is largely in use by the tribes of that country. The Tartars make it of mare's milk, which ferments into a liquor which is very palatable. Koumiss, as made in this country, certainly gives great relief in all stomach troubles, as it is so easily assimilated."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Professions.

The number of men in the three professions—divinity, law and medicine—was, in 1880, 254,520, of whom 64,628 were ministers, 64,137 lawyers and 85,671 physicians and surgeons, 12,314 dentists and 27,700 pharmacists. Hence, the proportion in the learned professions (so called) is about one to two hundred of the population. The proportion of ministers and lawyers is very nearly equal, and is one to 782 of the population. The proportion of physicians and surgeons is one to 584 and of dentists one to 4,000.—*Journal of Education.*

VEGETABLE ROMANCE.

A potato went out on a smash
And sought an onion bed;
'That's pie for me!' observed the squash,
And all the beets turned red;
'Go way!' the onion weeping cried,
'Your love I cannot be,
The pumpkin be your lawful bride,
You cantelope with me.'

But onward still the tuber came
And lay down at her feet;
You cauliflower by any name
And it will smell as sweet;
And I, too, am an early rose,
And you I've come to see,
So don't turnip your lovely nose,
But Spinach at with me.

I do not care at all to wed,
So go, sir, if you please!
The modest onion meekly said,
And lettuce pray have peas;
So think that you have never seen
Myself or smelled my sigh:
Too long a maiden I have been
For favors in your rye.

Ah! spare a cross, the tuber prayed;
My cherry-shed bride you'll be,
You are the only weeping maid
That's current now with me!
And as the wily tuber spoke,
He caught her by surprise,
And, giving her an artichoke,
Devoured her with his eyes.

—Nancy Nelson Fendle-on.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A big trade—Swapping elephants.—*Sifting.*

Circus tumbler are afflicted with a vaulting ambition.—*Lowell Citizen.*

The man who minds his own business as he ought to be seldom idle.—*Call.*

If a watch company should get into financial difficulties could it do business on tick?

A hen in the garden of a woman has a "shoo" her enough chance of being run out.—*Picayune.*

"Where are the British Isles located, John?" John—"The British isles are located in the British churches, of course."—*Sifting.*

There are few more pleasant sounds than the ringing blows of a woodman's ax when some one else is wielding the ax.—*Somerville Journal.*

Policemen are very impartial. When arrests they are making. They put men in jail for safe-keeping. And some for safe-breaking.

—*Tid-Bits.*

"I'm looking for employment," said a young man entering a merchant's office. "You are, hey? Well, you'll find it in the dictionary over there—er—among the E's."—*Tid-Bits.*

A defaulting cashier endeavored to excuse his financial dereliction on the plea that he was only following out the scriptural injunction to "Hold fast that which is good."—*Boston Post.*

Her eyes were bright,
Her face was fair;
Her teeth gleamed out like pearls;
Her neck was white,
Her way hair
Hung down in sunny curls—
By why attempt to tell of all
The charms of baby's big, big doll?
—*Merchant Traveler.*

The Russians are taking the lead in fiction. It is no trouble for a Russian novelist to fill a book. When he writes the names of five or six of his characters one volume is completed.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Nine one-legged men played a game of baseball against nine one-armed men in Southern Illinois the other day. The one-armed men had the advantage of being able to kick against the umpire's decisions.—*Chicago News.*

She went down the garden walk,
His arm was round her waist;
'Now don't do that,' she blurted said,
'You know it's in bad taste.'

'I'm sure I cannot see it so,'
He said with some grimaces,
'My hand I'm only trying now,
At making glad waist places.'

—*Boston Budget.*

Washington and the Sculptors.

Washington, says Horace E. Scudder in *St. Nicholas*, had constant applications from persons who wished to write his life or paint his portrait. There was a sculptor, named Wright, who undertook to get a model of Washington's face. "Wright came to Mount Vernon," so Washington tells the story, "with the singular request that I should permit him to take a model of my face, in plaster of Paris, to which I consented with some reluctance. He tied my features, and placing me flat on my back, upon a cot, proceeded to dab my face with the plaster. Whilst I was in this ludicrous attitude, Mr. Washington entered the room, and seeing my face thus overspread with the plaster, involuntarily exclaimed, 'Her cry excites in me a disposition to smile, which gave my mouth a slight twist, or compression of the lips, that is now observable in the bust which Wright afterward made.' A more successful sculptor was Houdon, who was commissioned by Virginia to make a statue of Washington. He also took a plaster model, and the fine statue which he made stands in Richmond. A portrait painter, named Pine also paid a visit to Mount Vernon about this time with a letter from one of Washington's friends to whom Washington wrote during Pine's visit:

"In for a penny, in for a pound." is an old adage. I am so hackneyed to the touches of the painter's pencil, that I am now altogether at their beck, and sit, like 'attitude on a monument,' whilst they are delineating the lines of my face. It is a proof among many others of what habit and custom can effect. At first I was as impatient at the request as at the operation as a colt is of the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly, but with less frowning. Now no dray moves more readily to the shaft than I do to the painter's chair. It may easily be conceived, therefore, that I yielded a ready obedience to your request, and to the views of Mr. Pine."