

THE CHARLOTTE MESSENGER.

VOL. III. NO. 47.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1887

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Single Copy 5 cents.

THE
Charlotte Messenger
IS PUBLISHED
Every Saturday,
AT
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

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.

THE MESSENGER is a first-class newspaper and will not allow personal abuse in its columns. It is not sectarian or partisan, but independent—dealing fairly by all. It reserves the right to criticize the shortcomings of all public officials—commending the worthy, and recommending for election such men as in its opinion are best suited to serve the interests of the people.

It is intended to supply the long felt need of a newspaper to advocate the rights and defend the interests of the Negro-American, especially in the Piedmont section of the Carolinas.

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

(Always in Advance.)

1 year	\$1 50
6 months	1 00
3 months	75
1 month	25

Address,

W. C. SMITH, Charlotte N. C.

Disgruntled people should hesitate before they go in with a club to hit the editor. The man who is all the time putting heads on copy may possibly have learned how to put a head on an unwelcome visitor.—*Somerville Journal.*

A Washington correspondent asserts that: "It may not be many years before a woman will be a rare sight in a department. Slowly, but surely, they are being got rid of under the civil service system. They are not now seen walking arm in arm through the Treasury corridors or standing at the windows at noon time with their cups of tea. It is not that they are closer to their desks. They are not there. Since Secretary Manning first took the Treasury portfolio, and the new order of things was begun, nearly twenty per cent. of the women have gone, and none have come in their places. When a female clerk dies or gets married, resigns, or is dismissed a requisition goes to the Civil Service Commissioners for a man to fill the vacancy. I was asking why this was—if it was true that women did not make as good clerks as men. The reply was that some of them made better clerks than did the men. The trouble did not lie in that. The fact is they are hard to deal with. Most of them depend upon the gallantry of the superior officers, and are constantly asking favors, many of them not hesitating or seeming to think it improper to ask high officials—even as high as Secretaries—to make false statements or violate the law in their interests. The most trouble is when examining them for promotion. Some have not hesitated to ask beforehand for a list of the questions. So persistent are some that it reflects upon the whole class, and the Departments have entered upon a systematic effort to get rid of them."

Mr. Lorenz Reich, of New York, possesses an autograph album that he values it over \$100,000. A reporter for the *Mail and Express*, passing up Fifth avenue the other day, dropped in to inspect the wonderful album. Mr. Reich took it out of his safe as a mother would lift up her infant from the cradle, very carefully and tenderly, and placed it gently upon a table. It is a large, ledger-looking book, with probably 200 or 250 folios in it. On many of the pages the handwriting of some of the foremost men of these times and of the last generation is visible just as they wrote at that period. The large, bold and legible signature of General Grant was the first seen upon opening the tome. It was put there some years ago when he was in the full enjoyment of health and prosperity. A few pages back the peculiar signature of Horace Greely was sprawled across the folio, and almost opposite the giant autograph of Thurlow Weed stands out like a colossus overlooking the more delicate names above and beneath. The poet Whittier's name is modestly written in his usual small and beautiful handwriting. Hundreds of other signatures appear, among them senators, poets, statesmen, philosophers, divines, physicians, authors and actors. Among the doctors is the late Dr. Frank Hamilton's dashing autograph, written some years before his fatal illness. It is a peculiar fact that several eminent physicians who attended General Grant in his last illness have their autographs in the album, written long before they ever surmised that they would be called upon to administer to such a distinguished man. The familiar signature of Chester A. Arthur is in close proximity to several noted editors.

TO-MORROW'S FORTUNES.

My dreams, like ships that went to sea,
And got becalmed in sunnier climes,
No more returned, are lost to me,
Faint echoes of those hopeful times;
And I have learned, with doubt oppressed—
There are no birds in next year's nest.
The seed is sowed in balmy spring,
The summer's sun to vivify,
With his warm kisses ripening
To golden harvests by and by.
Got caught by drought, like all the rest—
There are no birds in next year's nest.
The stock I bought at eighty-nine
Broke down at once to twenty-eight;
Some squatters jumped my silver mine,
My own convention smashed my slate
No more in futures I'll invest—
There are no birds in next year's nest.
—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

EMELINE'S SCHOOL.

She was the dullest scholar who attended the school. The teacher said so. The particular institution which she attended was a little brick-red school-house in the Territory of Dakota. Perhaps there is more than one such educational edifice in the Territory of Dakota, but I can't be more definite because that is about all I know concerning it myself. Her name was Emeline Fancher, usually called Em Fancher, or sometime Emma Fancher, or perhaps more frequently "old Fancher's gal" and it was agreed by all that she never would know anything—not about her books—and the teacher was quite positive that that was all there was to learn in this world.

Of course she learned other things readily enough and she could learn her lessons as well if she wanted to, but she didn't want to—only on very rare occasions. It was said that she was famous to help her mother at home, and that she was somewhat better than her brothers in helping her father out-doors and that when it came to going after the cows on horseback or setting a trap which would invariably catch a muskrat, or other things of this nature, that she was enthusiastic and successful, but it didn't raise her much in the eyes of the community.

She was always shockingly familiar with the teacher, a prim maiden lady who had been a district school teacher all her life and considered perfecting the multiplication table the highest achievement of man.

During the noon hour this wayward scholar would sometimes take her seat on top of a desk near the teacher's corner and sit and swing her feet and ply her prim instructor with questions concerning the manners and customs and scenery and natural products of different parts of the country, and volunteer a bewildering amount of information concerning the habits of the muskrat and the jack-rabbit and the prospect for a good crop, and her latest adventure while bringing home the cows on her favorite pony. She would thus continue to shock Miss Bacon, the prim instructor, till at last that lady would be obliged to send her away in self-defense.

So Emeline went along for a couple of years in the little brick-red schoolhouse. Then she graduated. The exercises were not elaborate—in fact they could not have well been more simple. She piled up her books and taking them under her arm went home.

To the astonished Miss Bacon, who demanded an explanation of her sudden departure, she said:

"I've learned enough and I am going to quit."

"What are you going to do at home?"

"Help ma and pa, I reckon."

"But don't you know you are only fifteen years of age and need to go to school more?"

"Oh, I s'pose so—that's what you're always telling me. But I guess I'll never learn anything at school anyhow, so I'm going to quit. Pa and ma don't care and you'll never see me at school anymore, so good-by." She went out the door, but turned and gave Miss Bacon a parting shock by adding: "Come down to our house Saturday and we'll go fishing in Dry Lake—I know where there are some splendid young frogs for bait."

But the worthy Miss Bacon could not reply—the idea of her adjusting a frog on a hook! So she did not go Saturday and did not see her late pupil. In fact two years passed and she only saw her occasionally and then when going to or from school she encountered her dashing wildly along on her pony.

One day when perhaps a little more than the time mentioned had elapsed, Emma entered the school-house after school had closed and as Miss Bacon was preparing to take her departure. She was, in her own words, a "full-fledged young lady now," and was certainly quite prepossessing in appearance, Miss Bacon thought, compared with when she "graduated." She was not large, though perhaps a little taller than the average young lady, and was as strong and ac-

tive as ever. She was dressed with more taste than formerly and evidently did not indulge in her wild and wayward habits to so great a degree, though she had the old gleam in her eye which seemed to tell that she could still ride the pony as far and fast, or set a trap by the lake with the same certainty of a catch.

"Miss Bacon," she said, "I'm going to surprise you."

"Well," replied that lady, "go on—you have surprised me before."

"That's what I thought, so I'm going to teach school."

"You a teacher!" exclaimed Miss Bacon. "Why, Emeline, how can you think of such a thing?"

"Yes, got my school engaged. Going to have thirty scholars, some big boys, too, and I'm going to make them stand around. If any of my scholars ever run away and act like I used to I'll make them wish they hadn't."

"Well, I hope you may have excellent success, and if I can do anything to assist you at any time, pray let me know."

"Oh, I'm going to get along all right—that's what I'm going over there for, and she gave her head a decided toss and walked away leaving Miss Bacon musing on what might not happen in this world of constant surprises.

A few weeks after, Emma went to her school. She found a boarding place near at hand and settled down with the determination to work hard and give the best satisfaction that she possibly could. The first morning she was confronted by the usual array. They were all sizes, from those so small that the experienced teacher always put them down as having been sent by strategic mothers to get them out of the way at home, to the large boys she had spoken of to Miss Bacon, some of whom were not only larger than herself, but several years older as well; and one of them, Mr. Edward Comstock, even grew particularly attentive to his teacher.

She was also met by the usual diversity of text-books, those necessary auxiliaries to a successful school, ranging from the late N. Webster's able spelling book to the last work of some ambitious professor who hopes to teach orthography without labor on the part of pupil or teacher with his new "system"—the former volume having been the property of the grandfather of the little urchin who brought it and the latter having come as a sample from the publishers to the director of the district who straightway armed his youngest son and heir with it, determined to give the work a trial before recommending it.

Likewise there was the usual range of studies. There was the little tot who had yet to gain a speaking acquaintance with the alphabet, up to the ambitious young man who aspired to algebra and an ornate style of penmanship, which ran to birds and spiral-spring O's.

It must be confessed that in higher mathematics and pen-strokes which swelled out at unexpected places our teacher was not altogether at home. But she argued that these ambitious young men knew nothing about it either, and therefore they could all, at least start even.

Among the particularly bad boys was little Johnny Dutcher, whom Emma found to be a particularly obstinate youth that no amount of moral suasion, "keep-in" in" at the noon hour or even corporal punishment could woo from the error of his ways.

Several weeks of school passed and Mr. Edward Comstock, the largest boy, remained attentive to Emma—but not more attentive than a pupil could judiciously be to his teacher. One day when the term was about half over she found it necessary to order little Johnny Dutcher to sit still in his seat and make the acquaintance of his lesson during the noon hour when the other children were engaged in a grand snow-balling match outside. Naturally this was the cause of much grief to little Johnny—missing the snow-balling match was partly responsible for the distress, but being forced to come in contact with his lesson was the direct cause. Judging from the way he recited his lesson subsequently, it would have been hard to conceive how such a very slight introduction to it as he must have had could have caused him so much grief. But it did and Johnny went home plotting all manner of schemes for revenge.

The next day little Johnny's father, Mr. Dutcher, senior, called at the school and expressed his great displeasure at the way his promising son had been used. He was very awkward about it, and not half so warlike as his manner at first indicated.

"Wot I want to say," explained Mr. Dutcher, "is that you 'bused my boy, an' as one o' the officers of this school deestrick I'm goin' to see if something can't be done 'bout it."

"I never abused your boy," said Emma firmly.

"But he says ye did. He says ye kep' him in at noon an' ree-cesses, an' it ain't good for his health—no, ma'am, it's very bad on his health—it's wearin' on him now—he can't stand it 'thout no exercise."

"I only kept him in a few times, and it was because he never had his lessons."

"But he says he al'ays has his lessons, and that you al'ays keeps him in. An' then he tells me ye pounded him with a club."

"Then he tells what isn't so, and you know it!" replied Emma, with emphasis, her anger rising.

"One o' my boys lie? They don't never do no such thing—I brought 'em up different from that I'll hev you understand! They tells the truth every time and ye did pound poor little Johnny with a club! Ye hain't no fit teacher fer a school an' I'm goin' to see if I can't get ye turned out and some'un in as can learn the scholars an' not pound 'em!"

"Shan't I put him out?" asked Edward Comstock, coming forward.

"Yes," she said in a tone which showed that she would have done it herself if she had been able. Then there followed a very lively though short encounter in which Mr. Dutcher got picked up and dropped a couple of times, stepped on once and finally thrown out through the door into a large snow-bank, all of which feats were accomplished by Edward Comstock, the largest boy in school, who was also accused of harboring a tender regard for the teacher herself.

But though the valorous Dutcher had been so artistically got rid of in the morning it was much harder to dispose of him in the afternoon when he called with the remainder of the intelligent School Board and announced that owing to the fact that she had pounded one of the children of a member of that Board with a club and deprived him of needful exercise—clearly proved by the child himself—that they, as a Board and in pursuance of their duties, must dismiss her as teacher and secure another who would not jeopardize the health of the children of the members of that Board.

"You will teach the coming winter, then?"

"Don't you think I can do it?"

"Why, it doesn't really seem as if you would be successful as a teacher. Where are you going to teach?"

"Oh, over in the other county. Ma reckoned I couldn't get a certificate even if I had studied some since I left here, but the superintendent was a nice young man and I smiled at him and acted real sweet, and he gave me one with a pretty good standing. I tell you it made ma open her eyes."

"Yes, I know," she said, laughing, "but another way this time. You remember how I graduated?"

"Yes, I believe that is what you termed it."

"Well, there isn't any use of graduating unless it does you some good, is there?"

"Certainly not."

Emma had expected such an outcome of the difficulty and although she suppressed her feelings with difficulty, she managed to keep them sufficiently under control to indicate to Edward Comstock to keep his seat, this young gentleman having indicated his entire willingness to come forward and throw the entire Board out of the door if she was of the opinion that it was for the best.

"I never hurt any of your children," she exclaimed, and put her foot down very firmly, "but they all need it and I don't want to try to teach them any longer anyhow," and she walked away and left them.

A few days later she returned home and soon after met Miss Bacon.

"I'm sorry to hear of your misfortune," said that lady.

"Oh, you needn't be—I was glad to get away," Emma replied.

"Is that so? I'm sorry you feel that way about it. I'm afraid the time you gave to it has all been lost."

"Well, I don't know—I got engaged to the biggest boy in the school and he'll be twenty-one in the spring, and we're going to be married then—I think that's doing pretty well."

And as Miss Bacon thought of it and remembered all the terms which she had taught without accomplishing anything of that nature she admitted to herself that perhaps Emma had done more than she had at first given her credit for.—*Dakota Bell.*

The *Invalide Russe*, the official journal of the Minister of War, gives the effective forces of the Czar on the 1st of January, 1886. According to this account the Russian regular army numbered at that time 824,762 soldiers and 30,655 Generals and officers. The reserves amounted to 1,600,815 men. And this without counting the Finland regiments.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR
JUNE 26.

Lesson Text: Second Quarterly Review—Golden Text: Ps. cv. 43
—Commentary by Professor Curtiss.

The Schooling of the People of Redemption.—Nations like individuals need to go to school. Israel was to be trained in the sciences and arts in Egypt, the university of the ancient world, and afterward in theology or religion in the wilderness. Sin, misfortune and famine were the instruments in God's hands in introducing Israel to Egypt.

The Beloved Son.—Unconsciously Jacob and Joseph's brethren were co-working with God in the accomplishment of His plan. God had great things in store for Joseph, and he gave him premonitions of them. His father loved him because he was the son of his beloved wife, Rachel, and perhaps because of his goodness. For all these reasons his brethren hated him, because of his superiority, his goodness and father's love, and they were ready to kill him.

Joseph reminds us of that best beloved Son, whom his brethren the Jew hated because of his sinlessness, and his just claims to leadership, whom they betrayed and crucified, and who became the Saviour of the world through the sin of his own people, as Joseph became the saviour of his brethren.

Joseph a Ruler.—As Jesus the sinless one suffered because of his goodness, so Joseph suffered because of his virtue. He went to prison for years rather than yield to the voice of temptation and sin against God. But Jesus went through the deepest shame and humiliation to sit at the right hand of the Father, so Joseph was given a place next the King of Egypt.

Joseph and His Brethren.—There is no peace to the wicked. They are like the watered sea when it cannot rest, whose waters are troubled with mire and dirt. Joseph's years in a prison; but we may well believe that in all those years he took more comfort than his guilty brethren. Could they ever forget his pure, pleading face as they thrust him into the pit, or the falsehood they told their father?

Before they could have forgiveness and peace, they must experience deep repentance. So we before we can have peace with God, and have the love of Christ shed abroad in our hearts, must remember that it was our sins which nailed our Saviour to the cross.

Filial Love.—Joseph is an example of the love of children for parents in all times. He did all he could to make the old age of his father happy. He was thoughtful for his comfort, and was not ashamed to introduce him to his precious burden, the man of years who cherished that father in his old age, and then by honoring his memory when dead as though he had been a King.

An Endured People.—At last Joseph died and all his brethren. A new king arose who neither knew nor cared for him. This King looked with fear on the Israelites, who were so rapidly increasing in Goshen, on the highway of his kingdom to the countries of his enemies in Palestine, the land of the Hittites, and of Assyria. He even commanded that all the male children should be slain, but under God's care the people kept increasing. The enslavement of Israel was only the way to their deliverance.

The Wonderful Babe.—Nothing is small in God's kingdom. The destinies of this world hung on the life of the Babe in Bethlehem. Herod's decree was therefore powerless against him. So at an earlier period the destinies of God's chosen people were committed to a little basket, and that little basket with its precious burden was committed to the Nile, and its keeping was entrusted to a Hebrew maiden. But that child was in the keeping of the infinite God. The same hand that led the Hebrew mother to put the basket on the waters of the Nile was leading his little child to his father and was preparing the way for this beautiful babe to become the son of a princess.

The leader of God's people must go to school, first among the Princes of the world in Egypt, and then like his people he was to be taught of God in the awful solitudes of the wilderness.

The Burning Bush.—All human gifts are in vain for God's service without the baptism of fire, and unless God reveals himself to the soul. The leaders of God's host must have a vision of the Almighty before they can perform any mighty works. Moses was versed in all the learning of the Egyptians, and had had the opportunity for meditation in the wilderness, but he was not prepared for his work until he had seen the burning bush.

The Passover.—The destroyer cannot enter at every door in Egypt. He passed by the doors where he saw the blood sprinkled; he entered wherever he did not see the traces of the blood, and when he came out one lay dead. Christ our Passover is slain for us. If his blood is sprinkled on our hearts we have peace with God. The destroyer cannot enter. The soul that sinneth it shall die, and we have all sinned, but the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin. Through him we have redemption and the forgiveness of sins.

The Ark Through the Sea.—Israel, delivered from peril, was faced with another. There was the sea. But God said go forward. When he gives the word of command we are to obey, although we are encompassed with dungeon walls as Peter was, or although the sea lies before us as it did before Israel. The one that says "go forward" can open the way before us.

The Manna.—The hand that opens the way before his people can give them bread. We cannot ask anything better for ourselves than to be led of God, for if we are in the way of his providence all difficulties will disappear. We need not fear the desert if God go before us.

The Ten Commandments.—These are ten links in one chain. To break the chain it is not necessary to break every link. He that breaks one link has broken the chain. He that breaks one commandment, as Christ has shown, is guilty of all. The heart may have broken the commandments between the hands or feet or tongue have done so. Self-worship is idolatry. Supreme devotion to art is usage worship. Contempt of God is profanation of his name. A worldly mind on the Lord's day is Sabbath-breaking. Unkind or slighting thoughts of parents constitute a failure to honor them. Hatred is murder. Lust is adultery. Desire of other's property which is not by a check by law is theft. The imputation of wrong motives to others in our thoughts without sufficient evidence is false witness. Covetousness is by its very nature a sin of the heart.

Who of us can stand before such a law and honestly say: "I have never transgressed one of these commands?" But if we offend in one point we are guilty of all (James ii. 10).

POINTS TO BE REMEMBERED.

1. God knows how to train us for his work.

2. God gave his only and well-beloved Son to die for us.

3. No cross on earth, no crown in heaven.

4. There can be no pardon without true repentance for sin.

5. We should rejoice that we may make some return to our parents for all their love to us and care of us.

6. Only God can set the captives of sin free.

7. There is nothing insignificant in God's kingdom.

8. Servants of God must be endured with power from on high before they can have success.

9. Life comes through death. We live because Jesus died for us, and because His blood is sprinkled on our hearts.

10. There are no hindrances which God cannot remove.

11. All, whether rich or poor, should pray, "Give us this day our daily bread."

12. None but the spotless One has ever kept the Ten Commandments perfectly.—*Sunday-School World.*

The Mystery of the Types.

People unskilled in such matters will stand before a compositor who sets his type with a rapid, nervous motion, and say: "How can he do it?" ignoring some gray-bearded veteran, with his steady, inevitable "click! click!" whose "strings" are ten and eleven thousand cms every day, while the nervous man may not put up two-thirds the number. Oh! how it grates upon my feelings to see a man stand before a case and "waggle." That is, he cannot lift a single type into his stick without that spasmodic backward and forward movement of his body, as though he needed screwing up at the hips. Then there are men, the motive of whose existence seems to be to tap the stick at least three times with the type before placing in position, like a telegraphic instrument; men whose noses seem to be seeking hard after snuff among the boxes, and men who let the type fall so tenderly into the stick you would think they were afraid of breaking it. There are men who burrow into their cases like prairie dogs, leaving one side of the box piled high and dry, while the other is bare, so that it is a regular case of a strong east wind, that lowers the tide, and shows the river bottom. It is a good thing to hear a case given a good shaking up once in a while. Inasmuch they are like men, and need it.

It is better to pick up type slowly and surely than to have a fast motion, and drop every other one. Every printer knows that, but he is often a long while learning it. Some men get to be fast compositors in a year or two. It was five years before I attained any speed, and when I did it was like the course of a man who suddenly departs from the path of virtue—I rushed right along with intoxicating celerity.—*Arthur B. Leavitt, in Inland Printer.*

A Gruff Old Fellow.

On a railway train, a woman, pale and careworn, sat holding a fretful child. "Hush now; don't cry," she said, pressing her face against the child's face. "That awful man—" meaning a gruff old fellow who sat near—"will come over here and snap our heads off. Just look what an awful face he is making at us. Please don't cry and we'll see papa after awhile. Oh, mercy, he is coming," she said, as the gruff looking old fellow approached her.

"I can't make her hush, sir," she said, pleadingly. "I know that it's very annoying, but I really can't help it."

"Let me take her."

The woman, fearing to disobey, suffered him to take the child, who, too much astonished to walk, meekly submitted. The gruff man walked up an down the car and once the trembling woman fancied that she saw him press the child to his bosom. When he returned the little girl to her mother, the woman asked:

"Are you fond of children, sir?"

"I—hardly know," he replied, looking away. "I suppose I am. I loved—I say I received a dispatch this morning telling me that my little girl is dead."

He sat down, and a moment later, a woman who had just got on the train turned to a companion and said: "Gracious me, just look at that gruff old fellow. I wouldn't have him speak to me for all the world.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

In England, about two years ago, a maiden lady of considerable wealth was murdered and robbed in her summer residence. Her man servant, a man named Lee, was suspected, arrested, convicted on circumstantial evidence and sentenced to be hanged. Three efforts were made to hang Lee, and each time the rope broke. The hangman was horrified, and the other officials shared his reluctance to proceed with the business. When the facts were reported to the Home Secretary Lee's sentence was quietly commuted to imprisonment for life. Now for the climax: Recently a woman who was Lee's fellow servant confessed on her dying bed that she had killed her mistress. She declared that Lee had no connection with the affair, and stated facts strongly confirmatory of her confession. It is some satisfaction to know that the Government at once ordered the release of the man who had so narrowly escaped an infamous death, and now proposes to offer him a pecuniary compensation for his injuries.

Twenty-four per cent. of Norway is forest.