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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.

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.

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W. C. SMITH Charlotte N. C.

A bill has been introduced in the United States Senate by Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, to impose a license tax of \$1,000 per annum upon manufacturers of adulterated lard, \$500 upon wholesale dealers in the same, and \$50 upon retail dealers. The bill provides that adulterated lard shall be sold only in packages branded and labeled, so that all purchasers may know what they are buying. A tax of one cent per pound is levied upon all domestic adulterated lard, and a duty of two cents per pound on imported adulterated lard. Penalties are provided for violations of the provisions of the law.

Smokers will be interested to know that near Albany there is a firm which makes large quantities of paper for the purpose of being manufactured into cigars. The plan of operation is said to be this: The paper, on reaching the tobacco warehouse, is repeatedly soaked in a strong decoction of the plant. It is then cut up and pressed in molds, which give to each sheet the imitation of the genuine leaf tobacco. So close is the imitation that expert tobacco men and habitual smokers have been deceived. At a recent gathering in New York, cigars made from this paper tobacco were passed around and declared excellent. Many of those present declared the cigars were made from rare brands, and so well was the imitation carried out that one man actually insisted that there could be no mistake about the cigars being genuine tobacco.

Professor Levasseur, the eminent statistician, has recently prepared for the International Statistical Institute an elaborate series of tables on the population of the various continents and countries. In estimating the world's population, says the New York Sun, the tendency has doubtless been to exaggerate the number of inhabitants in uncivilized regions, and in countries like China and Japan, where the census methods are inadequate. For the greater part of Africa and many islands of the Pacific statisticians have only the data afforded by travelers. For many years explorers have been urged to use great care in collecting facts upon which estimates of the density of populations might be based. Of late years this interesting subject has received more attention than formerly, and much new material, particularly in equatorial Africa, has been gathered. Professor Levasseur estimates the population of the world at 1,484,000,000. He has faith in the substantial accuracy of the recent estimates of the population of China and Japan, based upon the latest official reports. There has been considerable controversy with regard to the population of these countries, and the opinion of Sir R. Alcock, Sir Rawson Rawson, and other statisticians that China contains about 400,000,000 of people will derive considerable weight from the fact that Professor Levasseur has reached the same conclusion.

ODD CITY TRADES.

INTERESTING VOCATIONS CARRIED ON IN NEW YORK.

How Many New Yorkers Earn an Honest Living—The Ragpicker—Society Men to Hire—Poems to Order, Etc.

Passing along any of the city's old thoroughfares from the Battery to Union Square, says James J. Clancy, in the New York World, a sharp-eyed observer may note signs that indicate singular pursuits and processes. In dingy streets he will come across curious little old-fashioned stores and shops, which wear a lethargic air, as if no business were ever transacted in them, yet which in reality are the habitats of lucrative specialties. Glancing at stories higher up he will doubtless wonder how the goods they produce can ever find a market. But trade and commerce have many almost invisible channels through which rich argosies may float to the sea. Nestling away up near the roofs of dilapidated buildings may often be found the laboratories and dens of alchemists and wizards whose brains have laid the foundations of huge factories and whose inventions penetrate to the remotest corners of the continent. The precious stones displayed in the gorgeous windows of your jeweler may have been handled and mounted in the dingy loft; the perfume that exhales from my lady's handkerchief was probably distilled, bottled and packed in a grimy atmosphere a hundred feet above the sidewalk.



THE CHIFFONIER.

Speaking of the queer trades of New York, of course the ragpicker is one of the first images to spring before the mental vision. The business is now almost wholly in the hands of Italians, who "district" this and neighboring cities in a fashion to suit themselves. It is no uncommon thing to see a woman of that nationality swinging onward with free, elastic step, while on her coil of glistening black hair is poised a sack of old paper and other rubbish as large as two feather-beds. Latterly many of them have come to own or hire hand-carts, and the voice of the erstwhile riant junkman is less loud in the land. Obviously there cannot be a very large profit for most of those who scoop up fragments of paper or textile fabrics from gutters and ash-barrels; still, some of them have grown wealthy in it, and strange tales are told among them of lucky ones who have stumbled on bonanzas, by finding rings or bank notes or purses in the course of their perambulations. The ragpicker who knows his business invariably keeps a sharp eye on the verge of the curbstone during his early morning rounds.

At almost any of the hotels you can hire the services of a gentleman who knows the town like a book, and who will undertake, for a specified consideration, to show you the sights—a phrase which is generally interpreted to mean the nether side of Gotham. The student of sociology is expected to foot all the bills—how moderate or extravagant they will be depends on his own wish and taste—and he will be assured of a safe return to his hotel under the pilotage of his cool and vigilant cicerone.



Hired Male Guests.

Have you struck it rich in pork or mines or some other speculation and wish to solidly establish yourself on this crowded isle of Manhattan? If so, you can find here experts who will instruct you how to furnish your house, who will go with you to select the articles, or will order them for a commission; who will teach your wife and daughters how to dress, will supervise the purchase of your tableware and give you lessons in etiquette. More than this; you can engage the services of a specialist to make everything go smoothly at your first formal dinner, served by a fashionable caterer; and if your acquaintance is limited, you can secure well-dressed and vivacious gentlemen to sit at your hospitable board, drive away ennuui by their bright conversation and dance gracefully at your receptions. This system of providing irreplicable guests to fill vacant spaces was the felicitous thought of a clever sexton recently deceased. The system survives and fills a long-felt want. Moreover, if you wish it, you can for a suitable sum mortgage a professional humorist to entertain your guests during the evening, or can tempt an alert man-about-town to corral some lion of the hour and exhibit him in your dining-room.

It takes a metropolis to support a painter of black eyes. In a less populous or less bellicose community his vocation

would not keep the pot boiling. Whether a man gets his eye blacked in a friendly bout with gloves or by slipping on a banana-peel in the street or in an alcoholic brawl the resultant discoloration is always unwelcome. It is also slow to cure, but not to be disguised. Next morning he can slip away and have the marks so skillfully hidden under a coat of paint that even his wife or landlady cannot perceive any evidence of the ordeal through which he has passed.

If you die in New York, the notice of the fact has scarcely appeared in cold type when your friends will be visited by alert canvassers who are prepared to give a life-like portrait or other memento of you. Close on their heels follow the energetic scouts of some florist, who are dismally anxious to provide a wreath, harp or pillow of appropriate blossoms at the lowest market rates. Usually these purveyors are escorted to the door with impressive speed; nevertheless they contrive to drum up trade and make a living.

Should the owner of a saloon or office be dissatisfied with his laundress, he can get his towels furnished and daily changed by a supply company. Some wisacre has said that New York wastes as much food as Paris uses. This is not altogether true, at least in our day. We do not cook as skillfully and frugally as the French, but we utilize our scraps and remnants more carefully than of yore. The material sent away from the tables of a big hotel is now industriously garnered and carted off to some of the minor restaurants, where it is reconstructed into toothsome and wholesome dishes for habitués who count their pennies before investing in a meal. Many a savory morsel that fails to tempt the palate of a millionaire thus finds its way under the belt of a tramp.

New York is a great depot and mart for statuary. Here you can have any conceivable idea wrought out in bronze, marble, zinc or plaster of Paris. Most of the elaborate designs are still imported, but standard originals are reproduced among us in endless variety of material and size. One is liable almost any day to meet in Broadway or the Bowery a squad of men carrying objects that rudely resemble the human form and may remind you of primitive Egyptian or Aztec statuary. The objects consist of wooden frame-works padded out with hay or shavings or rags, and covered with stout bagging or canvas. Some represent men standing, others men sitting or reclining, others boys, women or girls in various attitudes. All of them are duly clothed in fine apparel and do duty as dummies in clothing houses.

Still another form of sculpture now gone to desuetude and decay is that of ship-carving. With the departure of our merchant marine the old-time figure-head has also departed, and but two establishments now remain wherein one can procure, if desired, a grand old Neptune, or a smiling Aphrodite to deck the prow of a gallant clipper.

Talking of aquatic matters, some men contrive to earn their bread in precarious or gruesome occupations along the river. They gather up the flotsam and jetsam which the tide brings in or out, and not infrequently they grapple "meat for the Coroner" by recovering the bodies of suicides or persons accidentally drowned. They have their feelings like other men, but they cannot afford to be sentimental. Log of wood or lifeless corpse—their business is to clear away all such encumbrances and incidentally make the operation as profitable as they may. A guild of specialists in the same element is that of the divers who go down amid the bones of shipwrecks.

Rat-catching is a queer avocation which has its experts and votaries in the big city. The rat-catchers have different methods for ridding a house or ship of these pests.

Our city furnishes profitable occupation to many lapidaries, but there is only one large establishment wherein precious stones of all kinds are cut and polished as well as mounted. The experts who do this work are mostly men who have learned their craft in Amsterdam. Within the past few years, however,



THE BLACK-EYE PAINTER.

New York and Boston have been training some excellent cutters of diamonds. Apropos of these costly carbons, there are dozens of men in New York who buy, sell and exchange diamonds without having any fixed place of business. They carry their offices in their hats, their stock in their pockets.

The occupation of gold-beater is a rather isolated one. Its votaries may be found in out-of-the-way corners and stuffy little shops, energetically pounding away at the grains of yellow metal in bags of tough parchment until a dollar is fattened out to such infinitesimal thickness or thinness that you may carpet an acre with it if the wind does not blow it away.

In queer corners, too, reached by narrow and tortuous stairs, you generally find specialists who fashion mathematical, nautical and philosophical instruments. Some of them earn a good deal of money by working the ideas of inventors into models.

Rising from the material to the ideal field, the city harbors many laureates, who produce alleged poetry to order. No mute, inglorious Miltons are they, but always wound up to a normal pitch of inspiration. Drop your cash into the

mouth of their purses and, like one of those patent weighing contrivances, the machinery is set in motion. They will grind you out a fervid love poem, an acrostic, a sentiment for an album or an obituary dirge with neatness and despatch. Some of them advertise extensively and ply a lucrative business.

Ladies living in small towns and villages miss much of the pleasure that makes life worth living to their city sis-



POEMS TO ORDER.

ters by being unable to visit the great bazaars of trade and do their shopping themselves. However, if they are not content to buy their goods by sample, they can procure anything they need or desire through the medium of purchasing agencies in New York, which will guarantee to forward any article, from an anchor to a needle, or to match any shade of dress goods, and will obtain information on any conceivable subject. Some agents make daily, tri-weekly or weekly trips to the city from outlying districts and fill all orders consigned to them.

That the corn crop is booming may be inferred from the fact that New York City supports two score chiropedic establishments, in many of which there are several operators, usually of the gentler sex, as are the majority of patrons or patients. Either lovely woman squeezes her foot more tightly than man does his, or else the angelic half of creation is less able to endure the torture of corns. The manicure establishments are less numerous than the chiropedic, and for obvious reasons. Nevertheless upward of fifty experts find employment in caring for the hands and finger-nails of male as well as female fashionables. Some of them make their visits on stated days like physicians and exact large fees.

Five firms manufacture and import artificial human eyes, while several others provide the cheaper semblances of eyes that taxidermists insert in the faces of birds or beasts. The taxidermist's calling is no longer a novelty, but he is daily required to execute startling orders for the stuffing or burial of household pets.

No less than nine establishments produce artificial limbs. The havoc of our civil war gave a tremendous impetus to inventiveness in that direction, and our artificial limbs are unequaled in the world. A considerable export trade has



THE CHIROPEDIST.

been easily built up. Two firms act as general purveyors of leeches to the hospitals and drug stores, and at one of these houses you can also have a balloon built for you. In Thirty-second street a pair of enterprising partners hang out their shingle as "Cuppers and Leeches." Several artificers live comfortably by virtue of their skill in mending broken china or bric-a-brac. One firm cultivates the specialty of designing and laying mosaic floors. Three numismatists reap a profit in selling or exchanging rare coins. In this age of steel pens, gold pens and fountain pens of every variety, some conservatives will be pleased to learn that one house still ships the old-fashioned quill of our grandfathers by the gross. An enterprising man in Thompson street has a virtual monopoly of the preparation of popcorn. Another firm has no local competitors in tortoiseshell work. Thimble making keeps four establishments busy. Eight master-sweeps, with their assistants and the incidental aid of numerous fires, suffice to look after the chimneys of the town.

Should you have a penchant for dogs, birds, cats or beast or reptile of any kind, there are places here where your taste can be gratified and your pets nursed and cared for in your absence or their sickness. You can purchase a monkey, a parrot, an alligator or an elephant; can stock an aquarium or an aviary of any dimensions, and can have it regularly attended to for a stipulated fee. Should you want old issues of newspapers, "Back Number Budd" will supply them out of his store. Should you desire to advertise on fences, you can find here a bill-poster who will make a contract for the whole continent or any part thereof.

Brokerage is a vast and varied business. New York has brokers that deal not only in stocks, bonds, real estate, foreign exchange, loans, ships and provisions, but in every marketable commodity, from arrack and ivory to whalebone and wool. There are even brokers who deal in sausages, and there are seven merchants who accumulate shekels by furnishing the community with tripe. Five citizens pocket comfortable incomes by purveying Croton water to shipping at this port.

Three individuals in the big city have the temerity to proclaim themselves tuners of accordions.

That many of our most polished and gilded swells are agents employed to popularize certain brands of champagne is a fact that scarcely needs iteration even in a list of odd trades. They receive handsome salaries, with a large margin for expenses.

Wanted to Make Him Feel at Home.



NEWLY ARRIVED ENGLISHMAN (to newsboy).—"How marvelously cheap newspapers are in New York to be sure. We have to pay more than double the price in London."

NEWSBOY (extending his hand).—"You can pay double the price now, sir, if it will make you feel any more at home, sir."—Texas Siftings.

A Turkish Woman.

Hon. S. S. Cox, ex-Minister to Turkey, says in his latest work on that country that the Turkish ladies are decidedly conversational among themselves. Their veils constantly grow thinner, and they gaze with interest upon Paris fashions. The Turkish dress of thirty years ago is almost obsolete. The women of the



harem are less indolent than formerly. Like Gautier, Minister Cox caught glimpses of Turkish women unveiled. "It has often been my fortune, or misfortune, to come unexpectedly upon some of these beauties of the harem when aloof from their eunuch or other guardian. Those on our isles are fond of labyrinthine rock rambles. I often came upon them in covies of half a dozen in the sweet nooks and shades of the woods. It always struck me as strange that they should have so much care for their faces when they did not seem to be otherwise fastidious."

Musical Notes.



TIN HORN.—"Hello, Drum, I hear you've been beaten!"
DRUM.—"Oh, you've been blown."—Life.

A Severe Test.

"If I should tell you, dear," he said, "that my love for you had grown cold; that I had ceased to care for you, and that the happy time when I shall claim you as my ownest own will never, never be, would it really be a trial to you, darling?"
"Yes, George, shyly admitted the girl, "it would be a breach of promise trial."
—New York Sun.

Categorical.

Teacher—"John, what are your boots made of?"
Boy—"Of leather."
"Where does the leather come from?"
"From the hide of the ox."
"What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and gives you meat to eat?"
"My father."—Washington Critic.

He Couldn't Afford It.

A mother was urging her son to purchase an overcoat, and he was insisting that he could not afford one.
"Very well, then," said she, "you will get pneumonia; see if you don't."
"No," said he, "I won't get that either; I can't afford anything now."

Wouldn't do It.

"No; don't ask Robinson to say a good word for me. He wouldn't do it."
"Doesn't he like you?"
"No, he has owed me ten dollars borrowed money for more than six months."
—Epoch.

WASHINGTON.

WORK OF THE 50TH CONGRESS

A Few of the Bills Which Were Introduced in the Senate and House.

Jan. 13.—Senate.—In the Senate today the annual report of the public printer was presented, urging larger appropriations for modern machinery, and increasing facilities for the government printing office. Mr. Sherman presented an Amendment to immediate deficiency appropriation bill to provide that six per cent interest from the time of the future of the deficiency bill of last year be allowed on items including in both bills. The bill to refund direct taxes to the States from which collected came up for discussion. The debate was interrupted by a motion by Mr. Riddleberger to go into executive session. This was at the end by a tie, and was renewed and defeated by a vote of 26 of 97. The motions to go into executive session were made with a view to forcing action upon the Lamar nomination, but as several of Mr. Lamar's friends had assisted on a postponement until Monday, they did not vote with Mr. Riddleberger. The direct tax bill was then laid aside, and Mr. Vance took the floor for a speech in favor of tariff and internal revenue reduction.

Mr. Vance said lines had been drawn closely by the President's message on the subject of the surplus and taxation. The question had to be fought squarely and the contest had to be decided unequivocally on its merits. That question was, should taxation be enforced for the support of the government, or for the enrichment of private individuals? Should money be collected from the people for public, or for private purposes? No reputable hypothesis could be formed which presented any other phase of the question. The question was, where should the reduction of taxes begin? The proposition of most of the Democratic Senators (following the lead of the President) was to begin and end with tariff taxation. The Republicans (on the other hand) proposed to begin by reducing only in part internal taxes, and by adding to the free list those things coming from abroad which did not compete with things made in this country, and the duty on which was therefore all revenue. For himself he proposed to begin both evils as he found them—excessive internal taxes and excessive tariff taxation.

In North Carolina there was cause of complaint against each, but there was far more complaint as to the method of internal taxation than there was to the amount. Which, he asked, should not the excessive tax be repealed or greatly modified? The exigency which called it into existence had long since passed away. It involved the right of a man to do what he pleased with his own within the bounds of the law of liberty; it involved the right of the farmer to sell the product of his labor to any purchaser who offered the best price; it involved the right of the husbandman to utilize the fruit of his orchard instead of leaving it to rot on the ground; it involved the still more momentous question whether the poor man's cabin should be indeed his castle, protected by the organic law, whether it might be ransacked at any hour of the day or night by a petty official "dressed in a little brief authority" in search of tribute for an overhanging treasury. The people of North Carolina cared little or nothing about the tax on spirits or tobacco. They would pay it cheerfully if they could be spared the oppressive and vexatious methods and machinery of its collections. It was not a question (as was often so triumphantly stated) of a choice between free whisky and free blankets; because the duty on blankets was now practically prohibitory and they would not be any cheaper if the excise on whiskey was removed. Mr. Vance proceeded with much detail to illustrate many of the inconsistencies in the staff, partly as being against the articles consumed by the poor and in favor of those consumed by the rich, he declared the central theory of the staff was iniquity, and that he was opposed to the whole thing out and out, and he should not vote to put anything in the free list, the tax on which was pure revenue. He should strive earnestly to reduce taxation on the necessities of life, and he should discriminate in nothing except against luxuries and in favor of the helpless and unprotected. At the conclusion of Mr. Vance's speech the subject went over, and Mr. Gray proceeded to make a constitutional argument against the educational bill. He felt it incumbent on him to enter a protest against a measure so full of danger and so monstrous in its provisions. Senators who were urging the bill believed in higher law than the constitution; he did not doubt their sincerity; they were relieved from all scruples on that score; he appealed to Southern Senators and asked them whether their knowledge of human nature, their experience in life, instructed them that there was any reasonable hope that the people of their States, after eight years of demoralizing dependence on this golden stream from the National Treasury, would again declare for their independence and would thrust away the hand still held out to feed them. In the course of his argument, Mr. Gray asked what truth had been so clearly established during the last century as this; that the greatest means of liberty and the highest type of citizenship and civilization had been achieved and maintained by local self-government. This was an educating influence which the bill ignored and tended to destroy.

The largest amount of land held in the United States by an alien corporation is that owned by the Holland Company, in New Mexico. It embraces 4,500,000 acres.