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W. C. SMITH, Charlotte, N. C.

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FAYETTEVILLE NOTES.

Welcome March though you be ever so stormy, without you we would have no Spring, so we say again, Welcome!

In every direction we see people preparing for gardening, some have already sown their seeds, but we will wait until the stormy days of March cease.

The protracted meetings are still moving along, many have proclaimed pardon of their sins, while a goodly number of penitents still remain at the altar. Prayer meetings are held every afternoon.

Presiding Elder A. M. Barrett held his quarterly meeting on Sunday at Evan's Church.

Mr. C. B. Hogans preached his trial sermon at Zion Church last Tuesday night. His exhortation was good from beginning to end. The theme of his discourse, Our obedience to Christ Jesus. (II Chapter Hebrews.)

Rev. T. P. Jones of the M. E. Church, Greensboro, N. C., preached last Sunday night at Zion. The pastor, Rev. J. M. Hill, being sick and unable to attend.

Mr. G. C. Seurlock, "the strong Temperance Advocate" spent last Sabbath week in Wilmington, also while away he canvassed for the *Star of Zion*. He is favorably impressed with the marked improvement relative to the Temperance cause in Wilmington, Lumberton and Maxton. He spent two or three days at each of the places mentioned.

Prof. E. E. Smith spent last Sunday at his home with family and friends. Since the Wilson S. C. has been completed it is quite an advantage to all.

The Normal Literary Society is moving along nicely we hear, our time has somewhat been occupied, consequently we have not visited the society yet, but hope in the future to do so. The members have our best wishes for its success.

The stewardesses of Evans Chapel surprised Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Hill on Friday night of the 2nd. They were led by deacon Hogans numbering 22 or more. On arriving at the parsonage a beautiful hymn was softly sung while the party marched in couples to the cosy little dining room there to distribute their parcels. Before one half had entered the table was laden with groceries of all kinds, and even under the table. After the last one had passed in the party was conducted to the sitting room where Presiding Elder Barrett prayed. Rev. Hill being in the Church Rev. Barrett acted in his place. It was not long before the pastor entered, as we suppose he heard the singing and probably the prayer.

The Odd Fellows marched from their hall on the evening of the 4th inst. in full regalia to Evans Chapel to listen to a Thanksgiving sermon delivered by Rev. F. B. House. The Church was well filled and those who paid attention to the sermon were highly pleased as well as benefited. After the sermon a thanksgiving offering was contributed by the members and also the sisters of the Household of Ruth to the Church. The choir furnished music.

Rev. W. J. Moore was in town a few days ago.

Miss Augusta McLean has returned from teaching. She is much improved.

Rev. M. N. Levy has been assisting Rev. Hill in the protracted meeting.

Fayetteville is improving wonderfully; in every ward we see new buildings being erected, old fashioned houses remodeled and painted anew.

Messrs. T. C. Whitfield and Abram Henderson have moved their barbershop opposite Mrs. Banks Barbery. The shop has a neat appearance and is illuminated by the Electric Light.

Mrs. J. M. Hill was presented a beautiful present by a member of the Sabbath School for finding the word "Happy" in the New Testament.

Miss Libbie Leary may well be called a perfect artist. Her paintings will please most every one of taste. Especially fine is a view of the background of the old cemetery leading down to the creek, known as Cross Creek. The old fence, the trees and even the many little streams show as plain as if one were standing near the place and taking a natural view. She is a young lady worthy of note. We hope to have many more young artists in our town soon.

MARY.
Fayetteville, N. C., March 7th.

HARMONY AND ENTHUSIASM.

Editor Messenger—From a perusal of the columns of the newspapers one learns that there is no scarcity of candidates to fill the various offices of the country, beginning with the presidency and from that down to township constable. Every thing down this way looks well for the Republicans. Such universal harmony has not existed within the Republican ranks since 1872. With a strong ticket and united effort on the part of all true Republicans North Carolina will return to the Republican fold and the old ship of State will walk the political waters like a thing of light. It is gratifying to eastern Republicans to see old Mecklenburg thus early aroused to a sense of duty and devotion to liberty and the rights of universal freedom. Several candidates are favorably spoken of. This appears to be Robeson's choice:

For Governor—James E. Boyd, of Guilford county.

For Lieutenant-Governor—O. S. Hayes, of Robeson county.

For Secretary of State—J. C. Pinix, of Yadkin county.

For Treasurer—Curtis H. Brogden, of Wayne county.

For Auditor—H. G. Ewatts, of Henderson county.

For Attorney General—Thomas P. Devereux, of Wake county.

For Superintendent of Public Instruction—A. V. Dockery, of Moore county.

For Elector for President and Vice President—Charles Price, of Rowan county, and Richmond Pearson, of Buncombe county.

Among candidates to fill judicial positions we hear mentioned the names of Hon. Daniel L. Russell, Ralph P. Buxton, William A. Guthrie, &c., &c. But this article is too long. We would like to see some of these gentlemen's names at the head of the Republican column. They would prove to be sign-boards leading to certain victory. Yours, &c.

POPULI.
Lumberton, March 3d.

BUY LAND! BUY LAND! BUY LAND!

Dear Editor—Your editorial of the 18th ult., in the *Messenger* on the subject of homes has doubtless aroused many lethargic brethren. I love to discuss the subject and think it ought to be made an all-absorbing topic so long as we are situated as we are.

For as a nation must have territory in order to survive the ravages of time and to meet the increasing demands of an ever-growing population, so must a race, mingling and commingling with other races have land and homes if it would maintain its virtue and social identity—not content to *merely exist homeless—aimless*. There is no act, art, possession or species of property that tends more to interest, unite, control, mould and elevate men's character, society and even the law itself, than the subject of land.

Four (4) years in constant attendance upon the Courts furnish me abundant opportunity to observe (and with some degree of pleasure) the earnest, honest contentions of parties—differences growing out of the nature and condition of real estates and rights and benefits arising from the same.

These cases occupy two-thirds of time of the Courts. And each contestant herein seems a rival lord seeing and contending on hair splitting evidence for his kingdom. Can we

live honest to ourselves and just to our families and our country without properly and timely playing our part well in the drama of life as becomes freemen? A freeman worthy of his steel! No!

There is one great move needed to change our monotonous condition—not to the East, West or North nor any where else in particular, but to move from the tenant's cabin to the landlord's mansion—to the premises of our own.

And there *raise* our dear little ones, (not suffering to *drag* them up as is too often the case in some towns) on home raised "hog and hominy."

Change your condition as cropper for some body else or that of a dodging, cringing, scraping, bowing domestic to that of a manly, self-supporting citizen "to the manor born." Subjects of charity whether white or colored, are not looked upon by many as being entitled in many respects to the full measure of consideration—the same privileges and immunities as they do those who enjoy the fruits of their labor, investment and economy.

There are unsullied virtues in the country and countless millions of wealth in her forests—rich springs of joy and health inviting and awaiting our people's coming. The wolf is not very far from the door of a whole race; for the sake of the great unknown and unknowable Father let us fight him off with strong heart and hands. Our chief strength lie in our young men and women. Can we afford to sacrifice our boys to the pit-falls of city slums any more than we should force our daughters into the embrace of the seducer? Has your little town pride dressed up in the clothes of a dude any of the elements of manhood in them?

Should our parents stop paying from \$3 to \$5 per acre as rent for land that they can buy for \$8 or \$10 per acre, our youth will remain at home to aid and bless us in our declining years, while we shall leave these shores satisfied that our life's labor will remain to be enjoyed by those that we love and those that love us in return.

"Happy is the man whose love and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
On his own ground."

Spread out before me, portrayed in living colors, upon the canvas of my mind, is the picture of a well worked field, laden with the delicacies of life. Just back of it I see a beehive, cotton factory, hear the deafening hum of loom and spindle; there among the ridges I see the farmer and owner of the premises turning the clod as the fresh earth is bursting at his feet with the swelling seed of the coming new crop as his pockets jingles with the silver saved out of his last crop which is being twisted by machinery into thread and cloth.

Then who would not be the provident owner of such a home? Who could despise such a propitious show of success? If we cannot be a manufacturer we can be more, we can draw the raw material and fleecy locks from a mere seed by dropping it into the earth.

In this way we not only make a living, and raise worthy men and women but make up good race history also.

The soldier who with no "home and fireside" to encourage, animate and embolden him in the great battles of country has not much to fight for.

Even his satanic majesty over shadowing a little rough hill and hedge on a high pinnacle, in company with Christ, once bethought himself right royal heir presumptive to all the lands, wood, and waters within this limited radius of his purview, "together with all the hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging or in anywise appertaining," with no one to "molest or make him afraid," his first object was to win the favor and influence of Jesus Christ, he (the devil) simply told Christ that he was around there. He prided himself on the idea that even the son of God would bow down to a landlord. Of course he did not mean to damage Christ, but was only trying to play off as a landlord.

We are not confined to the arrogance of the prince of night for an impetus, but have an ennobling

example in the person of patriarchal Abraham who was only a sojourner in the land of the Heths, bought a spot while there which to him would be sacred—in order that he might establish his interest there and consequently have his rights and manhood protected while he was thus unsettled, paying to Ephron for Machpelah "four (400) hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchants," equal to about \$250 of our money, for an old field in the country that had a great cave in it. But Abraham knew how to make a man of himself and he did it. He became "a mighty prince." Again while he was passing through the dominions of Abimelech he dug him a well and upon that account claimed equal rights and equal protection under the law of that country; he dug the well for that purpose and we see his son Isaac about 90 years afterwards coming up with an air of filial pride contending with the Philistines for the property as heir to his father and certainly he was allowed to take and enjoy it in peace.

Would Burns ever have made fame or even a name for himself or a pen to the honor of his country had he sauntered around Edinburgh? No. As the sweet muses sang in his great soul he moved into the country among the hills where he could work, think, read and write. Here Burns literary glory depended upon his first procuring him a little homestead. Some of our starchy fellows would turn up their noses if they were asked to take a home in such a rural district.

There is the poet-laureate of a hardy people on a high, rocky knoll, sloping down to the river Tith which, as it rolls in superb tranquility before his own placid eyes I see him ploughing as he sings his own immortal verse, "a man's a man for a, that" or perhaps that other melodious strain:

"My father was a farmer on the Carrich border,
And soberly he brought me up in decency and order,
* * * * *

To improve both air and soil,
I drain and decorate this plantation of willows
Which was lately an unprofitable morass;
But here from noise and strife,
Love to wander.

Now fondly making progress of my trees,
If it please Almighty God,
May I often rest in the evening of my life,
Near that transparent fountain,
* * * * *

On these banks of the Teith,
In this small but sweet inheritance of my fathers,
May I and mine live in peace
And die in joyful hope."

This is a beautiful picture of a beautiful country home. Let more of us bend our energy to do likewise. Can we as individuals or as a race achieve any degree of merit or maintain the little that has been bestowed upon us by leading a nomadic, a hireling life?

As we improve ourselves in the moral, social, and material world the State improves its policy toward us.

Twenty years ago (1868), the defendant in the *State vs Taylor* appealed to the highest appellate court of this State because there was a colored man on the jury, but after some years of gradual improvement, a few months since, the defendant in the case of the *State vs. Sloan* exhausted the judiciary of the great State of North Carolina because there was not a colored man on his jury.

We see plainly that in proportion as we come within the pale of the landlord, of acquirement and possession, our rights, service, manhood, involving the foundation elements of our citizenship, will be all the more appreciated and protected. Excuse length.—More anon.

I am yours for the good of all men.
W. H. QUICK.

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