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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.

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.

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W. C. SMITH Charlotte N. C.

The European rivers which have overflowed their banks, causing widespread devastation, run through a great and populous territory. The Elbe rises in the Riesengebirge, Bohemia. It enters the German ocean near the port of Cuxhaven. Its length in a direct line is 395 miles—with windings, 550 miles. The Vistula rises in the Carpathian Mountains, flows into Austrian Silesia, traverses Poland and East Prussia, forming the main channel of trade in those countries. Its total length, including winding, 530 miles. The Oder is one of the large southern affluents of the Baltic Sea, its head stream passing through Austrian Silesia.

An Ohio firm has been sending circulars to the students in Main colleges, offering to furnish them with essays, orations, invectives, etc., made to order, at from \$3 to \$25, according to length. When boys start out in life by hiring other men to do their thinking for them, remarks the *Augusta Journal*, they might as well forego the expense of the so-called liberal education. There are many worthy callings in life which do not call for liberal education, but there is not one that furnishes any chance of success to young men who are not accustomed to think for themselves.

Now the real terra incognita in the under world, remarks the *Chicago Times*. Daring navigation and enterprise have ransacked the odd corners of this great globe's surface. The track of discovery is now downward. As yet the deepest borings cannot be compared to the sting of a gnat on the body of an elephant. It has been near four hundred years since Columbus. What will one century do for discovery in the under world? In view of the surprisers in the last half century and their influences upon modern life, who is bold enough to predict the results of mining surprises in the next?

The Government has already a very large school established for the Indians. Including agency, industrial and boarding schools, it has an aggregate of 227, with a capacity of 13,756 pupils, an enrollment of 14,333 and an average attendance of 10,520. On these schools the Government expended during the last fiscal year \$1,106,025.57, besides the expenditures for construction and repair of buildings, the transportation of pupils and sundry miscellaneous items. In his last annual report Commissioner Atkins declares that "the Indian can be educated equally with the white or the colored man," and that the average cost decreases from year to year. The cost last year for each pupil in a Government building school was \$170; in a contract boarding school, \$130; in a Government day school, \$53; in a contract day school, \$30. It must not be inferred that the contract schools are the cheaper. The difference is due to the fact that the private societies supply the deficiencies in the latter from their own funds.

## THE TIME TO HATE.

have a friend—I mean, a foe—  
Whom cordially I ought to hate;  
But somehow I can never seem  
To lay the feud between us straight.  
When apple boughs are full of bloom,  
And Nature loves her fellow-men  
With all the witchery of spring  
How can you hate a fellow then?  
And then when summer comes, with days  
Full of a long and languid charm,  
When even water-lilies sleep  
On waves without a thought of harm,  
When underneath the shaded tree  
My hammock hangs in idliest state,  
I were an idiot to get up  
Out of that hammock just to hate.  
Then harvests come. If mine is big,  
I am too happy with my store;  
If small, I'm too much occupied  
With grubbing round to make it more,  
In dim recesses of my mind;  
I have no idle hour to spend  
In hunting up the bitter foe  
Who simply ought to be my friend.  
In winter! Well, in winter—ugh!—  
Who would add hate to winds that freeze?  
All love and warmth that I can get  
I want in such dull days as these.  
No, no, dear foe; it is no use;  
The struggling year is at an end;  
I cannot hate you if I would,  
And you must turn and be my friend.  
—Alice W. Rollins, in *Harper's Weekly*.

## THE TWO VASES.

What I am about to relate is absolutely true. It has never appeared in type before. I shall merely make a necessary change in names and locale, leaving the facts exactly as they were detailed to me by one personally interested in the story.  
In a rambling old rectory in the Midlands there had stood for more than forty years two china vases—not specially admired or valued by the owner—dusted by the sacrilegious hands of every chance housemaid, yet, curiously enough, unbroken during that long period of time. There were quantities of china lying about and ranged along the walls, apparently of equal or greater value. The place was a vast china warren—why, no one seemed to know.  
At the end of the forty years the Rector, who had a more dignified ecclesiastical title as well, died. Like Mr. Bardell, "he glided almost imperceptibly from the world," and left his china behind him.  
The Rector left two sons, Robert and James Fitzroy. The property was divided pretty equally between the two, except that to Robert, the elder, went the furniture, pictures, plate and china. Before the final settlement, however, James Fitzroy said to Robert: "I have a fancy for those two vases out of the hall—more for solid lang syne than anything else." To which Robert replied, with generosity more conspicuous than discrimination: "All right; I don't care about them. You may have them with pleasure."  
The incident, which seemed to both trivial enough, did not dwell in the minds of either of the brothers. James, who was a barrister by profession and a farmer by preference, took his spool away. The vases were placed in the drawing-room of his country house, where his wife, partly because her husband from old associations attached value to them, dusted them herself.  
One day a lady of their acquaintance called at The Briars. After the usual platitudes about the weather and the guilness of the season, the visitor glanced round the room in search of a new subject. The errant gaze lighted on the strange vases, and the guest was over.  
"Oh, what lovely vases! Where did you get them, Mrs. Fitzroy?"  
"They came from my husband's father's. Were they not in the room when you called last, Mrs. Hemming?"  
"No, I am sure they were not. I do admire them tremendously; don't you?" Here the visitor crosses the room to inspect the delicate ware more closely. The pantomime of devotion which follows can be more easily imagined than described.  
"I like them very well," replies the hostess, un sympathetically; "but I have seen a great many vases that I like better."  
The visitor returns to her seat, but cannot keep her eyes and thoughts from the object of her admiration.  
A week afterward Mrs. Hemming calls again. This time she is accompanied by Lady Sarah Mordaunt, who is unknown personally to Mrs. Fitzroy, but who is an ardent chinamaniac. Mrs. Hemming introduces her friend. Together they strike becoming, appreciative, and, to the unsympathetic, somewhat ludicrous attitudes before their idol. Mrs. Fitzroy plays second fiddle to her own china. Lady Sarah Mordaunt is even louder in her praises than Mrs. Hemming. Together they insist, unmoved by the passive resistance of their hostess, on removing the contents of a glass hitherto filled with bric-a-brac, and installing in its place the two vases. Departing with a solemnity becoming to the occasion, they thus exhort Mrs. Fitzroy: "If you and your husband do not really value this china, why not send it to Messrs. Christie & Mason, and let them send it to some one who will?"  
Lady Sarah Mordaunt, with, indeed, an enthusiasm worthy of the cause, was quite rude about it. The world outside chinamania is, to the true believer, very much what Macedonia was to Athens in the day of Pericles—a barbarism only to be touched with the tongs.  
These exhortations sunk deep into the receptive soul of Mrs. Fitzroy, and eventually permeated even the more pachydermatous entity which composed her husband. The barrister communicated with the famous firm of auctioneers. They asked for a description of the

china, which was given. Ultimately, by their advice, the vases were sent up to King street, St. James's Square, to be inspected, and sold for what they would fetch.  
"Let us have a little jaunt up to town, my dear," remarked Mr. James Fitzroy to his wife; "if the china is all they say, the vases ought to fetch a ten-pound note each, and that will pay our expenses. We have not had a holiday for a long time." Like John Gilpin, when proposing a similar excursion, Mr. Fitzroy was unaware that the future was big with fate. There the simile breaks down.  
Accordingly, to town they went, putting up at the Bedford Hotel, in Covent Garden. After a few days spent in enjoyment Mr. Fitzroy received a notice from Christie & Mason that his vases would be sold on a certain day the following week at the end of the sale of Count Mirabeau's china. Count Mirabeau was a name dear to connoisseurs, and even celebrated outside the charmed circle. He was, in fact, a hierophant of the china fetish.  
"I should like to see this collection of Count Mirabeau's they talk so much about in the papers," said Mr. James Fitzroy. "I think we will go to the sale."  
With this view, when the day arrived, they went, prepared to swallow quietly their own (and the vases') comparative insignificance. On their arrival in King street they found the rooms, of course, crowded with gentlemen and dealers. The time fixed for the sale had not yet come.  
Making their way with difficulty through the room, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzroy met an acquaintance from the Midlands shire in which they lived.  
"Hallo, Fitzroy! what are you doing here? I never knew you were a maniac. What brings you to Christie's on a china day?"  
"I don't go in for this sort of a thing as a rule, but I thought I should like to see Count Mirabeau's collection. They talk so much about it. Besides, I have a little thing in the sale myself."  
The friend did not heed the last part of the remark, but answered the first. "Oh, Count Mirabeau! Yes, that is fine enough, I confess; but it is nothing compared to some china at the further end of the room. You come this way and I will show you." The trio threaded their way to a remote corner of the sale-room, passing as rapidly as might be a great quantity of very handsome china which was arranged and ticketed ready for sale. At the end, remote from the door and near the rostrum, under two glass molds, on a table stood their own two vases.  
"There, look at that," remarks the friend complacently, with the gentle patronage of superior knowledge. "That is china if you like—worth any other ten pieces in the room. Quite unique!"  
"Hang it!" said Mr. Fitzroy. "I need not have come all this way to see those vases. Why, they are mine!"  
"Yours, Fitzroy! I like that! You have turned humorist in your old age. Don't you wish they were, by Jove! You must take care of your husband, Mrs. Fitzroy. He works too hard."  
"Thank you for the insinuation, Somerset. I am sane enough to know my own property when I see it. I tell you those vases that you think such a lot of are mine. I sent them to Christie." The tone and the words were too earnest to be mistaken.  
By this time the bystanders had heard the colloquy, and had gathered the import of what was passing. The dealers swarmed around Mr. Fitzroy like vultures upon carrion. They took the facts and the "greenness" in at a glance.  
"I will give you five hundred pound for those vases." "I will give you six hundred pound for those vases." "I will give you eight hundred pound for those vases." "I will give you more than any man in England for those vases on the table, sir." Such were the cries which resounded on all hands. Mr. Fitzroy was perfectly bewildered, and ran considerable risk of being reduced to the condition Somerset had suggested previously. The latter, who was an old hand, came to his rescue.  
"Don't be a fool, Fitzroy. If they really are yours, keep a cool head on your shoulders. They tell me telegrams have been on the go all over Europe about those vases to-day. They are worth a mint of money. Don't part any of these sharks."  
On the steps of the hall the barrister would have taken twenty pounds for his chances from that day's sale with cheerful alacrity.  
Mrs. Fitzroy was looking very white. The sudden turn affairs had taken was almost too much for her.  
"Don't faint, my dear," remarked her husband. The advice was needed. She felt very like it. But woman's buttress, curiously to see the end, sustained her. If a woman were not curious, she would die more often than she does.  
The sale began. Count Mirabeau's collection was sold first. The junior partner was the auctioneer. The Count's china was indeed magnificent, and duly appreciated. The bidding was active and the prices adequate. Nevertheless, throughout there was a restless feeling of impatience. More was coming. The bid-bit was kept to the last.  
There was a pause. Then, amidst loud applause and great excitement, to which it may be imagined the Fitzroys were not wholly insensible, the two vases were placed before Mr. Woods the auctioneer, in full view of the audience. When silence supervened, Mr. Woods said:  
"Gentlemen, we know next to nothing about this china which stands before you, and of which you have just testified your approval. We cannot give you its detailed history. All we know is that these vases have been hidden away in a country rectory in the Midlands for forty years and more. Anything further back seems to be absolutely uncertain. One

thing, however, we do know absolutely: The tinting is the real Rose du Barri. We thought there were only five vases in Europe, the finest existing examples of this beautiful ware. We now know there are seven. The sixth and seventh stand before you, gentlemen."  
Another round of applause greeted the conclusion of this short speech. The bidding began. Mr. and Mrs. James Fitzroy stood in the corner unnoticed, breathless with suppressed excitement. No one heeded them. They again played second fiddle to their own property.  
Five hundred pounds was the first bid for the pair. A cheer emphasized the spirited start. A cool thousand was, however, soon reached. Then there was a pause, amid silence which could be felt and almost heard. Only three bidders were left in. Every one understood that they were gathering up their forces for the final conflict.  
"It is against you, my lord," the auctioneer remarked quietly.  
The hint was taken, and the bidding began again. "Fifteen hundred guineas." An unanswerable argument. The hammer falls. The crowd cheers. The wealthiest nobleman in England is the purchaser. Mr. James Fitzroy is the wealthier by one thousand five hundred pounds. Mrs. Fitzroy marks her appreciation of the gravity of the situation and her own good luck in true feminine fashion, by promptly fainting.  
It reads like a romance, yet happens to be perfectly true.  
About the same time a girl chances to die of starvation. One of the weekly papers saw fit to couple the episode of the vases and the death of the girl together, although the two things were quite distinct. The effort was lyrical, and the last couplet ran:  
"But she was only common clay,  
And these were Rose du Barri."  
A puff of smoke rises up into the air and curls in graceful spiral curves to the ceiling, where it hovers until its identity is lost, owing to the fact of its being joined by other unsubstantial emanations from the same source.  
"But you are Robert Fitzroy?" queries the listener, who has been silent for five minutes after the narrator of the story had finished.  
"Yes," with another and more vigorous puff of smoke, which may or may not have been expressive of internal emotion. "I gave those vases to my brother."—*London World*.

## Friendship Swerved Him Not.

Henry Bergh, the great friend of dumb animals, never beat around the bush. He never spared the rich to prosecute the poor. One of the bitterest enemies he ever made was a man who had been a near neighbor of his and even exceeded him in wealth. This man was a banker and owned a palatial residence on Fifth avenue, New York, not far from Mr. Bergh's home. One night the great philanthropist saw a pair of mettlesome horses chafing their bits in front of a fashionable theatre. Walking to the curbstone he saw that they were in torture. Their heads were held aloft by means of a barbarous burr bit—one of the most frightful species of equine punishment ever invented.  
"Take these bits out," he commanded the coachman.  
The latter paid no attention to the order.  
Throwing back the lapel of his coat and exhibiting his badge of office, Mr. Bergh repeated the command.  
"Take them out or I'll have you arrested."  
Just then the owner came out, greeted Mr. Bergh cordially, and asked the cause of the disturbance.  
"I am surprised Mr. —" exclaimed Mr. Bergh, "that you should allow such brutality. Those bits must be removed at once."  
In vain the banker pleaded, stormed and threatened. The bits were removed, and from that day to his death, a half dozen years ago, he never spoke to Mr. Bergh.—*Washington Post*.

## Reminiscences of "Old Hickory."

One of the greatest characteristics of General Andrew Jackson was his opposition to anything English; he imbibed this feeling, no doubt, from being so often brought to confront the British troops and the intrigues of English statesmen.  
From the very beginning of the revolutionary war, Jackson was more or less in fighting harness. When only fourteen he volunteered to meet the British, who were then committing depredations upon the defenceless people of South Carolina. He once remarked: "I like Baltimore, because the footprint of a British soldier has never been seen there."  
It is somewhat singular that this great warrior and stubborn statesman once studied for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church.  
It was his firmness of purpose, more than skill, which made him so uniformly successful in dealing with the savages in the southern territory, as well as the invincibles of Wellington at Orleans.—*Baltimore American*.

## A House of Ice.

A house constructed entirely of ice has just been set up at the Aquarium at St. Petersburg, Russia. It is built after the style of the historical house of 1740. The building, formed of dressed blocks of ice, comprises three spacious rooms. Bed, washstand, and all the furniture are of ice. The fireplace in the drawing room contains ice blocks imitating logs of wood, while a petroleum stove burns behind; the smoke from the stove escapes through an ice chimney. Outside a balustrade of ice surrounds the house, and the facade is ornamented by two large statues hewn out of ice. The total cost of the structure was 4000 rubles.

## TELEGRAPHIC TICKS.

**NORTH CAROLINA.**  
A consultation was held in Raleigh by gentlemen of that city and other points, and it was the unanimous opinion that the breeding of fine horses in North Carolina has assumed proportions which justifies and demands the formation of a State Breeders' Association. A call is therefore issued for a meeting to be held in Raleigh on the 15th of May for the purpose of forming such association.  
**SOUTH CAROLINA.**  
Florence hopes to have the Southern shops of the Pullman Palace Car Company built there.  
John Hawkins, who robbed the post-office at Newberry a month ago, was brought here from New Orleans, carried before United States Commissioner J. S. Reid and admitted to bail in the sum of \$2,000. He gave the bond without trouble.  
**NORTH, EAST AND WEST.**  
Earthquake shocks were felt in California a few days ago.  
Gen. Joseph E. Johnston has become an honorary member of the G. A. R.  
Near Wilkesbarre, Pa., two men were killed by a gas explosion in a mine.  
The rice plantations on the lower Mississippi have been badly damaged by an overflow from the Gulf.  
A dispatch from Valentine, Neb., says a severe blizzard is now raging there, making travel almost impossible.  
The South End Bank, of Columbus, Ohio, has suspended for two or three days. The cashier had overdrawn his account.  
On Lee's creek, near Fort Smith, Ark., two desperate characters were killed while resisting arrest.  
Near Olean, N. Y., a train was wrecked, four persons were killed and thirty-five injured.  
The New York banks now hold \$16,196,525 in reserve in excess of legal requirement.  
Manuel Santalla and Miguel Gonzalez, convicted kidnapers, were executed at Matanzas, Cuba, on Saturday.  
Reports from all sections of the Piedmont, Va., region agree that the fruit crop has been ruined by the late cold spell.  
An American flag made by the Nuns of Cashel was formally presented, by Governor Hill on behalf of Archbishop Croke, to the 69th New York regiment.  
Near Rochester, N. Y., a train was thrown from a twenty foot embankment and seven persons were dangerously and thirteen persons less seriously hurt.  
The largest dry goods store in Brooklyn, E. D., (Edward R. Storer's) was burned. Loss on building, \$40,000; stock, \$100,000. Adjoining buildings damaged, \$75,000.  
The following crimes and accidents were reported on Saturday: At Belle Fontaine, Ohio, the floor of a public hall gave way and many women and children were killed. At Portland, Oregon, a man and three young women were drowned by a boat capsizing. At Salt Lake City a boat, with two men and two children, was swept over a dam. One man and the children were drowned.  
**Over in Georgia.**  
The people of Acworth have resolved to build a hotel costing from \$25,000 to \$40,000.  
The melon acreage of Mitchell county is about double what it was last year, in round numbers 3,000 acres.  
The convention of the colored school teachers of Georgia will convene in Athens the first week in May.  
William B. Jones, of Dublin, caught two young rabbits in his garden a few days ago. He had an old Maltese cat which had a family of kittens, and from some cause the kittens died. The old cat has adopted the rabbits, and happiness reigns throughout the household. The cat cares for the rabbits as tenderly as she did for her own offspring.  
The announcement that Col. W. L. Scruggs would accept the editorship of the prohibition weekly at Atlanta seems to have premature. It is now said that Col. John William Jones, the historian, will be selected to fill the position. Col. Scruggs is a regular contributor to the *North American Review*, but on account of his being a Republican it was thought best not to select him. The first issue of the paper is expected to appear on May 8th.  
**The Land of Flowers.**  
The old Slave Market at St. Augustine has been repainted, a new roof laid, and this famous old building will soon be neat as a pin.  
It is reported at Key West that Cubans are actively preparing to send a series of small squads of filibusters to Cuba, but are cautious about committing themselves.  
B. D. Hart, of Adamsville, Sumter county, has just netted \$250 on one-fourth of an acre in strawberries, and there was \$50 worth he never gathered.  
The orange-growers in and around Orlando are making extensive inquiries for piping, pumping engines, &c., to be put in their groves for irrigating purposes in case of any protracted dry weather, thus guarding against the danger of the fruit dropping from the trees, which is usually the result of too long an interval between showers.

## A NEGRO ASSAULTS A LITTLE GIRL.

A Mob Takes Charge of Him and Hurls Him to a Limb—Threats of Vengeance.  
Hardy Posey, colored, was lynched by a mob of masked white men for attempt to rape a twelve year old white girl at Bessemer, Ala.  
The negro went to the home of a farmer named McKinney, who lives just outside of town. He found Alice McKinney, a twelve year old girl, alone, and approaching her from behind, threw her to the ground and attempted to outrage her. Her screams brought her uncle to the rescue, and the negro ran, but was soon caught. He was taken in charge by the police and was locked up. The girl was brought in  
AND IDENTIFIED POSEY  
in a crowd of twenty negro men. There was no excitement, but a determination to make swift and certain punishment was seen in the faces of the white men of the town.  
The town marshal took the prisoner to his residence and placed him under strong guard, but his precautions were useless. Soon after midnight two hundred masked men appeared at the officer's house and demanded the prisoner.  
The men were very quiet and had little to say, but they meant business. Posey was taken, and the officers were compelled to go along with the mob and see the work well done. About fifty feet from the depot, near the center of the town, stood a large oak tree, and under this the crowd stopped. The negro was bound hand and foot and the rope placed around his neck with the regulation hangman's knot. A large placard was pinned to his breast, bearing the words:  
"Our mothers, wives and daughters must and shall be protected."  
"BESSEMER'S BEST CITIZENS."  
The leader then gave the order to pull away, and in a moment the negro's body was hanging from a limb, his feet being ten feet from the ground. The crowd then moved away as quietly as they came.  
The body was left  
HANGING TO THE LIMB  
until 9 o'clock in the morning, when it was cut down by the coroner.  
Posey was a brother of Wesley Posey, who came near sharing the same fate at the hands of a mob in Birmingham four years ago. Wesley Posey assaulted a white woman, and the efforts of a mob to lynch him brought about the "Posey riot" at Birmingham, and caused all the State troops to be ordered there. He was afterwards tried and convicted, but died in jail soon after being sentenced.  
**The Eye of a Rabbit.**  
One of the most delicate and notable surgical operations ever performed in the world occurred in Philadelphia a few days ago, being nothing less than the transplantation of a portion of the eye of a rabbit to the eye of a human being. The object of the operation was to relieve the obscurity of an eye of a patient which was caused by inflammation, and which produced in time an opaque surface. The patient was a servant girl. The operation took place at Germantown hospital, under the immediate direction of Dr. L. Webster Fox, ophthalmic surgeon of the institution, who witnessed one of the only two operations of this nature which have ever been performed in the world, in Germany last year, it being performed by Prof. Von Wipple, of Giessen, Germany.  
**A TERRIBLE CRASH.**  
The Floor of an Exhibition Hall Gives Way.  
A terrible accident occurred at Pushsylvania, Ohio. A school exhibition was in progress in Brookman's hall, situated in the second story of a brick building. The hall seats about four hundred people, and was crowded to its utmost capacity. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, the floor gave way with a frightful crash. It appeared to sink in the center, funnel-shaped, and the entire audience went down in a surging mass to the ground, a distance of twenty feet. All physicians in the town were immediately summoned.  
Eight people were killed and probably fifty others more or less seriously injured. The walls did not fall in, or the calamity would have been much worse.  
A number of ladies and children were taken out, some of them unhurt, with their clothing torn completely off of them.  
**The Deadly Kerosene.**  
An explosion occurred in a dwelling house on West street, between 13th and 14th, Topeka, Kansas, caused by the pouring of oil from a five gallon can nearly full into the tank of a gasoline stove. The building was set on fire and destroyed, resulting in the death of Annie Rogers, an English girl, who had been in this country only a short time, and her charge, Mary McLaughlin, the six year old daughter of McLaughlin and wife, who with A. D. Campbell, a traveling salesman for a Cincinnati notion house, and his wife, occupied the house. The bodies when recovered were a fleshless, charred mass.  
**The Cotton Supply.**  
The total visible supply of cotton for the world is 2,406,451 bales, of which 1,706,451 are American, against 2,518,008 and 1,897,000 respectively last year. Receipts this week at all interior towns, 149,984. Receipts from plantations, 18,890. Crop in sight, 6,000,889.