

CHARLOTTE MESSENGER.

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WE ARE FREEMEN.

Emancipation Celebration—Fine Weather—Immense Crowds—Interest Growing—Good Order.

Last Tuesday was the anniversary of the emancipation of the Southern slaves. The rain of the day previous was discontinued, the clouds had disappeared and the rain had begun drying the streets. All the morning trains brought in crowds of people and the country roads were crowded with vehicles, horsemen and footmen. Early in the forenoon the principal streets were crowded.

Two brass bands directed the crowd to the Presbyterian church where the procession was formed. The Charlotte Light Infantry with their beautiful new uniform with overcoats and shining bayonets led close behind a band of martial music. They were commanded by Capt. C. S. L. Taylor, Lieutenants Cunningham and Butler were also on hand.

The Neptune Fire Company and the Odd Fellows with their varied hues followed close behind the soldiers, while the country organizations and the citizens followed. The speakers and officers rode in open carriages.

The line of march was: Up 7th to Tryon, down Tryon to Trade, down Trade to Mint, down Mint to Clinton Chapel where the exercises were held. The church is the largest in the city, but could hold only about half of the crowd.

At 12:50 o'clock Prof. Ratley called the house to order. Prof. Ratley's choir sang and prayer was offered by the chaplain, Rev. E. C. Davidson. The prayer was fervent and pathetic, contrasting the present with the past and thanking God, the giver, for the great blessings we now enjoy. It brought about a solemnity that lasting throughout the meeting.

The programme was then entered upon as follows: Announcing the Officer of the Day—by the Reading Clerk, Sergeant J. J. L. Taylor. Music.

General Introduction, Capt. C. S. L. Taylor. Music.

Reading the Proclamation—By Mr. Anthony Hagler. Music.

Reading the Poem—By Miss Gertrude Brown. Music.

The Annual Oration—By the Orator, Mr. James E. King. Music.

Reading of Resolutions, &c., by the Clerk. Doxology and Benediction.

On the platform besides the committee and officers, were: Revs. P. P. Alston, A. A. Powell, R. P. Wyche and J. A. Tyler. The altar was nicely decorated with flags, bunting and pictures. Over the platform hung a large picture of President Lincoln and of President Grant, also a picture of the Neptune Fire Company and engine.

Sergeant J. J. L. Taylor, the reading clerk, is what is by some termed, a "beardless youth," but, being "a chip from the main block," (we can't say old,) he has that dignified, manly and soldierly bearing characteristic of a Taylor. Capt. Taylor needs no commendation. He bore his part as is usual.

Mr. Anthony Hagler read the proclamation in a loud, distinct and faultless manner. He has a beautiful, deep, musical base voice, particularly pleasing to the ear.

Miss Gertrude Brown recited in a fascinating and faultless style, "The Flag of the Nation." The poem could not have been better rendered by the composer. Miss Brown's enunciation, gestures and handling of the flag were perfect. Her gestures of the hands, arms and body, indicating, "surging billows, etc.," was a difficult task gracefully performed. Miss Brown surpassed the expectations of her most sanguine friends and won a laurel she will wear many years.

Mr. J. E. King's oration was simply grand. Any comment by us would be an injustice to Mr. King. His speech was most excellently prepared of just such matter as do the heart and soul good. No one was surprised at his eloquence, but the solid, logical reasoning of the speech took us by surprise. It was a grand speech, well suited to the occasion.

Resolutions of thanks to the officers and to the ladies for their aid in decorating the churches, were passed.

The committee of ladies who decorated the church were: Mrs. R. C. Moore, Mrs. H. B. Kennedy, Mrs. C. T. Thomas and Mrs. Frank Morrow. The committee appointed on the next celebration is: Geo. D. Melton, Geo. H. Johnson, J. O. Cunningham, Jesse Walker.

The music by the choir was good throughout the exercises. The National hymn, anthems, etc., were sung. The choir was made up from the different churches and led by Prof. J. E. Ratley.

After the exercises the line of march was re-formed, having been largely augmented by mounted men from the country, each carrying a flag. The military returned to their armory, the firemen to their hall and the others disbanded. Thus ended the celebration of the 26th anniversary of our emancipation.

We are assured that no convict labor can be used on the construction of three of the new roads. The charters prohibit it. With that assurance, and with the prospect of common labor getting fair wages here early next spring, we say the roads.

OUR CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is gone and many have been made happy. The day could not have been better. It was clear and pleasant and spring-like and a general good time was had by all. Old Santa Claus came the night before and visited the families and left something to gladden the hearts of the young folks on their rising Christmas morning.

Services were had at St. Michael's and Clinton chapel. Good order was observed through the day, there being less drunkenness than known here for a long time on Christmas day. The Christmas tree at Clinton Chapel was in connection with the lyceum, and here the children and friends received their presents.

The tree at Grace church was well loaded with many valuable presents. Every member of the Sabbath school received a present. The Christmas service was the best conducted ever at any of our churches here. Good order was had and everybody left well pleased. The house was crowded. Superintendent Smith and Dr. Williams surprised their best friends. Mrs. Mary E. Moore rendered valuable assistance to the choir, which furnished excellent music.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

The following are some of the suggestions to our mind during the exercises last Tuesday:

A singing club should be organized, consisting of the best talent from all the churches.

Mechanics have had more work here the last year than for a long time, on account of building the factories. It will be so with the laborer if we build the railroads.

We would like to hear the following quartette sing: C. S. L. A. Taylor, bass; J. E. Ratley, tenor; Mrs. Alice Weddington, alto; Mrs. Millie Johnson, soprano.

A military, or some sort of marching company, should be organized in every precinct in the county.

A pavilion to hold 5,000 people should be erected in this city, and it can be done by colored men.

A great number of cattle driven through Independence square on Tuesday was symbolical of the droves of negroes for sale on the same spot thirty years ago.

With as many roads as Atlanta, Charlotte will soon surpass it in size and enterprise.

Of the 4,000 people at the church, not one was noisy or under the influence of liquor. The order was perfect.

Some familiar faces were absent, some are dead, while others are alive, but disinterested.

There should be a well prepared paper read to our people, at least once a month, to do the unfulfilled work of our lyceums and clubs.

Many people are leaving for the west because they can't get work here. Let us vote for the railroads and that will give us plenty of work and good wages.

It was sad and affecting to see old men shed tears and sob while the speaker referred to the days of our parents' slavery.

The young people were out in full force on Tuesday, but they could not appreciate the solemnity of the occasion as the old folks.

There is but little opposition to the railroads, but every man should vote to insure against all doubts.

THE COMING ELECTION.

The election to be held on the 10th of next month to say whether or not the county will subscribe to the building of other railroads, is of much importance to the laboring people. Tax will not hurt the poor man for many generations to come and there should be no fear on that account.

The more labor there is in the country the better for the laborer. We are assured that convict labor will not be employed on these roads, and with that assurance, hope that every colored man in the county will vote for the subscription. We know of no opposition, but urge upon our people the importance of a full vote. As the unusual registration of the last election will be counted, it is necessary to poll a very large vote in favor of the subscription.

Vote for the railroads and if you don't work on them yourselves it will take so many other men that it will leave the fewer to do your work and make your wages better.

A Hint for Temperance Reformers.

The owner of a corner liquor store up town gave an interesting opinion as to the best way to curtail the liquor traffic the other evening. He had been having a dull day and was lamenting the fact that there had been little or no trading going on. "People may talk all they like about abolishing or curtailing the liquor traffic," he said, "but they can't do it as long as the treating habit is followed up as it is now. It is treating that gives most of us saloon keepers the most of our income. If our customers come in by one and get their drinks and go out the receipts are very slow in footing up. But if they meet in front of the bar and get sociable, therein is our harvest. When they set to talking politics, then is the high noon of our prosperity. If some of these people who decry the saloons so much would organize a successful movement for the repression of treating, then the saloons would drop out of existence much more rapidly than the highest sort of a high license law would make them."—New York Times.

A model of a reaper at the recent Cincinnati Centennial, in the Government Department, was ticketed as the invention of Elizabeth Smith, of New Jersey.

Wendell Phillips: The unfed politician may ignore the temperance movement, but all thinking men see that universal suffrage is a sham while run rules the great cities.

There are over 200,000 lepers in British India.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

WHAT THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS ARE SAYING.

Taking a Bath off Duty—Ducked His Head—Understood the Bass Drum—The Wrong Head, Etc.



LEAVING AND LEFT.

Mrs. Del Noche—I think we ought to break up at once, Lionel, and go back to the city. There seems to be nobody left but tradespeople.

Mr. Del Noche—They're so badly left my dear, that they actually object to our leaving. I received seven writs and a search-warrant in this morning's mail.—Time.

TAKING A BATH.

First Tramp—I say, have you taken a bath?

Second Tramp (anxiously)—No! I there one missing!—Harvard Lampoon.

OFF DUTY.

Miss Keane (to handsome young physician)—Oh, doctor, how do you do you look killing this evening!

Young Physician (quietly)—Thank you, but I'm not; I'm off duty, don't you know?—Drake's Magazine.

DUCKED HIS HEAD.

"You ducked your head," said the magistrate to Patrick Lane, who charged Joseph Kavanaugh with shooting at him in the Strand.

"Faith, and I did, your worship. It's better to be a coward for five minutes than to be dead all your lifetime."—London Globe.

UNDERSTOOD THE BASS DRUM.

"Then you think you really appreciate orchestral music, Mr. Fitzroy?" she said in a quizzical sort of way.

"Well—er—yes. That is I think I do. Once in a while, you know, the instruments seem to be all out of tune, and wander a little, but when the man hits the bass drum solid all is clear to me."—Hartford Post.

THE WRONG HEAD.

McSorley—I see there was a row in your street last night. I'm glad the trouble has come to a head at last.

McGuff—Well, I'm not. McSorley—Why not? McGuff (emphatically)—Because it was my head.—Lucell Citizen.

MR. WINKS' EXCUSE.

Mrs. Winks—You surely are not going out to-night?

Mr. Winks—Yes, my dear, election you know.

Mrs. Winks—The election is over. This one is, but there'll be another election in four years my dear, and every good citizen must begin to think about candidates, you know, my love. I'll be back early.—Philadelphia Record.

THE COINCE OF VANTAGE.

"Why do you persist in sitting at that side of the table?" said Mrs. Brown.

"Because," replied little Johnnie, "I want to be opposite that part of the pudding where the most plums are."

A HEROINE DEFINED.

"Pa," asked the small boy, "what is a heroine?"

"Your mother is a heroine," replied the parent.

"How a heroine?"

"Why, she married your father when his income was only \$300 a year—and she knew it."

A METHUEN POLITICAL NOISE.

Kansas City Resident (on board train to stranger)—Well, sir, we have reached the metropolis of the great and growing West at last. We are in Kansas City. This is 84th street.

Stranger (peering out of the window)—Well, what is that peculiar noise?

Kansas City Resident—That, sir, is the croaking of frogs. Our climate here will raise anything.

EASILY IDENTIFIED.

Husband—My dear, didn't you say you once owned a parrot and it got away?

Wife—Yes; poor, poor Poll!

"Was it a large green bird, with a Roman-nose bill?"

"Yes, yes. Have you seen it?"

"Well, there is a parrot on Green street which I think may have been yours."

"How lovely! Did it keep asking for crackers?"

"No, it kept asking for money."—Philadelphia Record.



A SHORTAGE.

Mrs. Freshleigh—Can't we run into Horben's and get some oysters, Ned?

Mr. Freshleigh (who has left his pocket-book on the piano)—I'm afraid it would be a dead give-away on Horben's part if we did.—Time.

TEMPERANCE.

The Confession of King Alcohol. Come, Alcohol, now answer me! The questions I ask are not to thee: What is thine age? What is thine aim? What is thy trade? What is thy name!

ANSWER.

My age is more than a thousand years, My aim to fill the earth with tears, My trade to kill and make expense, My name it is Intemperance.

Long have I ruled upon the earth— To every crime I've given birth. I'm father of all grief and woe, I spread distress where'er I go.

My dwelling place is at the bar, My customers are near and far; I fill their heads, I drain their purse, And turn their blessings to a curse!

I daily breathe a poisonous breath! My drink is liquid fire and death! My lodging-place is Satan's seat! My food is filth and serpents' meat!

My face is covered with a mask, My hiding place is in a cask; My business is to gender strife, And put asunder man and wife.

I visit grog-shops all around, Where Satan is, I'm always found, I am his waiter day and night, His service is my chief delight.

He is my captain and my guide, I always stand close by his side; I've killed more men, upon my word, Than famine, pestilence, or sword.

With my deceitful flattering tongue, I draw to me both old and young, And when I get them in my snare, I chain them fast and keep them there.

But Temperance men I mostly dread, For they are ruining my trade, And if their cause should further go, 'Twill prove my final overthrow.

Thus Alcohol disclosed to me His character and destiny, Altho' a liar from his youth, He now has blundered into truth.

Then, Temperance men be wide awake, The foe begins to fear and quake. Stand to your posts! Go hand in hand! And drive this monster from the land!

Dr. Edward H. Carter.

Responsibility of the Saloon. The following is from an address by Hon. Stewart I. Woodford, before the Law and Order League, Boston:

"During a term of seven years as prosecuting lawyer in the Federal service at New York City, I saw during those seven years, nearly a case of criminal violation of law by violence and force of arms that was not either conceived or committed or aggravated by the use of intoxicating liquor. I have been present when the chairman of the board that examines jails and poorhouses and asylums of New York went through those places; and I know it is the simple testimony of thoughtful, truthful people that liquor, in some form or other, is responsible for three-fourths of the crimes of violence, is responsible for three-fourths of the pauperism of the State of New York.

"Now, to tell me that the people have not the right to regulate the traffic in liquor is to insult my common sense. To tell me that your duty is ended when you have written the law is to insult your common sense. To tell me that the liquor-dealer is responsible is to state an evident truth; but the logical corollary of that truth is this: The liquor-dealer will obey the law whenever the good people of the State will insist that he shall, and he won't obey the law until you do insist that he shall; and, if he does not obey the law, the fault is yours just as much as it is his."

Reformed by His Wife. William Smith, at one time United States Senator from South Carolina, was, in his youth, a wild fellow—as he himself expressed it, "wild, reckless, intemperate, rude and boisterous." But he had a good wife who never upbraided him, and who finally reformed him.

The evening before the session of the Court of Common Pleas a client called upon him, with fifty notes to be put in suit. Mr. Smith was not in his office; he was on what is commonly called a "spree" in a "grocery."

Mrs. Smith received the notes, and sat down to the work of issuing the writs and processes. She spent the night at work, while Mr. Smith was spending it in "riotous living."

At daybreak, on his way home from his carousals, he saw a light in his office, and went in. To his surprise, there sat his wife, who had just completed what ought to have been his work, and who had fallen asleep with her head on the table. His entrance awoke her, and she showed him her night's work—fifty writs and processes.

"This was too much for the strong man. He fell on his knees, implored her pardon, and promised never to drink another drop. He kept his word, and from that day prosperity attended him."—Chicago Herald.

The Results of Drinking. None know better the results of alcoholic liquors upon those who drink them than liquor-sellers. In the St. Louis Globe a bartender is reported as saying:

"Frequent drinking makes a glib tongue, and matters that might be regarded as State secrets outside the pale of the bar-room are there discussed with a shocking lack of reserve. The funny part of it is that the bartender is taken seriously into the discussion, and his opinions are treated as of great respect and authority by persons who, when sober, have no companionship with the mixer of drinks. Think of a man taking his business affairs, his family affairs, his love affairs, to be submitted to the judgment of a bartender, and you have in mind what actually happens very, very often. Place a white apron man behind a whisky-bar, and he becomes, in many instances, the leader in thought and expression of those who exchange money for drinks over two feet of wainut board that separates them. And this explains, in a measure, the vast influence of saloons in politics."

A Medical Voice Against Alcohol. Dr. A. M. Ross, an eminent physician of Toronto, Canada, is the author of a valuable series of health tracts, in one of which, on the subject of drink reform, he says:

"All intoxicating drinks, including wine, porter, beer, ale and cider, are poisonous—they are inimical to the human constitution, and are produced only from the decay, destruction and decomposition of the products of organized matters. They deserve execration for the miseries they have inflicted and are still inflicting on human society. I cannot refrain from uttering my astonishment that in this enlightened day there are so many physicians and clergymen who profess to guide the body to health and the soul to heaven, who not only indulge in intoxicating drink themselves, but commend the vile stuff to their consulting followers and patients, and even to nursing women."

An Enormous Traffic. From the sixty-first annual report of the New York City Mission, we learn that official statements place the number of licensed drinking saloons at 9507, while it is supposed that there are as many as 12,000, including those that are unlicensed. A careful estimate gives \$60,000,000 a year as the amount spent in these places for liquor. A sum of \$500,000 is paid into the public treasury in license fees, while the cost of police, the courts and the charities chargeable to the liquor traffic reaches \$2,000,000.

St. Augustine: Wine-drinking is the mother of all mischief; the root of crime, the spring of vice, the whirlwind of the train, the overthrow of the sense, the ferment of the tongue, the ruin of the city, the shame of life, the stain of honesty and the plague and corruption of the soul.

WISE WORDS.

Humility is a noble trait. The blind cannot lead the blind. He that is down need fear no fall. Woman is a flower that exhales her perfume only in the shade.

Harmony of life is of far more importance than harmony of speech. Women are too imaginative and too sensitive to have much logic.

Politics is a game of brag; statesmanship a conscientious performing. The great difference in labor is, not in what is done, but in how it is done.

Take the first advice of a woman; under no circumstances the second. You can force facts into another's brain, but he must use them himself.

Excuse flattery is only a mask with which a man flatters for his own benefit. A nice speech from a perfect fool may happen, but it is no indication of worth.

The man who feels superior to others, feels pity for those who disagree with him. The laws of nature act alike upon all men impartially, but men fail to act impartially on this fact.

People who live only to fulfil the decrees of fashion might just as well have been born butterflies or peacocks. Some people are so surprised after they get a new idea into their head that they wonder everybody did not know it.

Seeking popularity is like a mule drawing a load anxiously trying to reach a corn cob extended by a stick just beyond the reach of his nose.

Many men who profess to pass their lives in pursuit of virtue are apt to take care to keep so far behind that there is no danger whatever of their overtaking her.

The boy who said he could sneeze just when he had a mind to, was told to verify his statement, but instead of sneezing replied that he hadn't got a mind too just then.

Steam as a Disinfectant. The steam disinfection experiment made at Smith's laundry on Ocean street, have proved perfectly successful. The active germs transplanted by Dr. Gibler into a gelatine-filled glass tube have germinated, and their work of disorganization of the substance is plainly visible, proving their life and activity.

The microbes which were taken from the handkerchiefs after they had been subjected to the steam disinfection and planted in gelatine in the same manner as the unsteamed germ had been treated, and in the same material, having proved entirely inert, though subjected to the steaming process for only ten minutes, and under very imperfect conditions. Even the live germs which were planted in a similarly prepared tube, which was lightly corked with cotton, and subjected to the steam for a like time, have proved to be utterly dead. Thus it has been proven once again that the steaming process is thoroughly efficacious, as being sure destruction not only to microbes as well. The people, therefore, both northern and southern, may feel perfectly satisfied that all articles subjected to this process will thus be thoroughly disinfected.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.

A Kansas man has been in the habit of visiting an obliging druggist, and ordering drinks by wink. An enterprising tinsmith came along and photographed him in the act of taking a bowl. Druggist and customer are both in jail.

General Eaton, United States Commissioner of Education, is authority for the statement that ninety-five per cent. of the depraved youth of our land are children of drunken parents.

Dress Goods, Millinery, Cloaks and Jerseys, Clothing, Carpets.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affection, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full direction for preparing and using. Sent by mail addressing with stamp, naming this paper W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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