

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Daily, one year (postpaid) in advance \$8.00 Six Months 4.00 Three Months 2.00 One Month .75 WEEKLY EDITION Weekly (in the county) in advance \$2.00 Out of the county, postpaid 2.10 Six Months 1.10 Liberal reductions for clubs.

Daily Charlotte Observer.

VOL. XIX.

CHARLOTTE N. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1878.

No. 2,977

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THE ROBBER. BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Beside a lonely mountain path, Within a mossy wood, That crowned the wild, wind-beaten cliffs, A lurking robber stood. His foreign garb, his gloomy eye, His cheek of wax, his hair of steel, Bespoke him one who might have been A pirate on the main, Or bandit from the far-off hills Of Cuba, or of Spain. His ready pistol in his hand, A shadowing frown he raised; Glared forth, as crouching tiger glares, And muttered as he gazed: 'Sure, he must sleep upon his steed! I deemed the laggard near; I'll give him, for the gold he wears, A sounder slumber, here; His charger, when I press his flank, Shall leap like mountain deer.'

To that wild warning of the air The assassin lends no heed, He lifts the pistol to his eye, He notes the horseman's speed. Firm is his hand and sure his aim, But ere the flash is given, Its eddies, filled with woods' opora, And spray from torrents driven, The whirlwind sweeps the crashing wood, The giant fire is riven. Riven and rent from splintering cliffs, That rise like down in air, At once the forest's rocky floor Lies to the tempest bare. Rider and steed, as robber whirled, O'er precipices vast, 'Mong trunks and boughs and shattered crags, Mangled and crushed, are cast, The catamount and eagle made That morn a grim repeat.

OBSERVATIONS. A daughter of Brigham Young has become an actress under the name of Cecile Grey. 'Guilty or not?' asked a Dutch justice. 'Not guilty.' 'Den what you want here? Go about your business.'

A recent issue of the Detroit Free Press contained an advertisement of 'For sale—a piano by a lady with modern legs.'

A man who is fond of pets was recently blessed with a litter of kittens. He took Kearney's advice and 'pooled all the issues.'

Ben Butler says he has been nominated by the intelligence and culture of Massachusetts. This is modesty for you. He nominated himself.

A young lady wished her lover to promise her that he would never smoke another cigar. 'I'll do it,' he said, 'sustained by your love, a meerschaum will do me.'

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll will deliver the address at the monument in N. Y. for the latter part of this month. He will also lecture in that place on 'Some Mistakes of Moses.'

Mollie McCarthy, the 'California crack,' has turned out to be a Pacific slope fraud. She couldn't win a race with a wire grass ox-cart.

Base ball has been a dangerous game since the introduction of 'dead' or 'hard' balls and this practice of extremely soft pitching. A few days ago James Barry, the catcher of a club in Brooklyn, N. Y., was hit in the stomach and instantly killed.

Ben Butler illustrates Bible times and modern days thus: 'The tax gatherer would go around in those times, and take every tenth pig for taxes. Now he comes around and takes every third pig, and carries a long eye on the old sow.'

The Horrible Practices of a Voodoo Physician. [Charleston News and Courier, 9th.]

About a week ago a colored girl aged about 14 years, named Estelle Swinton, was taken to the city hospital suffering from numerous sores and scars about her head and body. The patient was a raving lunatic, and could give no account of herself. Her parents, however, stated that she had been practiced upon by a Voodoo doctor, and the marks on her were the results of his treatment. Her father was also badly marked, but not to such an extent as to injure his health. The matter was reported to the chief of police, who put Special Officers Mitchell and Chapman on it. They have been looking for the doctor for a week, and on Saturday succeeded in arresting him. He gives his name as William Pinkney, and his residence as the city. His age is apparently between 45 and 50, he is tall, and of a dark copper color. He was dressed in the wonderfully and diversely patched habiliments of the ordinary country laborer, and there is nothing whatever in his appearance or manner to distinguish him from any other man of his class, except his emaciation which is very unusual. When interviewed by a reporter for the News and Courier on Saturday he seemed perfectly sane and quiet, and willing to answer questions. He stated that his method of treatment was to ascertain the location of the pain in his patients, scratch the skin over it so as to draw blood, and put on a plaster. When asked what the plaster consisted of, he hesitated a moment, and finally replied 'tar and soot, sir, in even parts.' He said that he had first discovered the method by practicing on himself for a case of 'newman' in the city. The doctors could do nothing for him. He had scratched himself with a lancet over where it hurt him, and put on a plaster. He was not cured as yet, but was better. Nobody had suggested the plan to him. He had tried it 'just so.' He showed his side which was in a terrible state of irritation and perfectly raw from frequent scratching, and in a little position under his coat he showed one of his black plasters. Finding himself relieved, he had put his method into practice among the colored people in Christ church, never, however, so he says, touching any but 'them that the doctors give up.' He had doctored a good many, and had never lost one yet. After his recent removal to the city, he had tried it on some people here. He didn't believe in charms, and never said any prayers or anything over his patients. He didn't know what a Voodoo was. He was a member of Wentworth Street Methodist church.

The girl, Swinton, was seen at the hospital on yesterday evening. She is a raving, scolding, and apparently hopeless maniac, and presented a most horrible appearance. On her head were about twenty half healed deep scars, each about an inch long by a quarter of an inch wide, arranged in rows from the forehead to the nape of the neck. Some were merely straight marks, while others were in crosses and fantastic shapes. Down the girl's back, on each side of her spine, was a long, deep and wide cut, extending from neck to waist, while other scars ran across her body, and her breast was a mass of sores. Pinkney claims to have inflicted the wounds with a lancet, but from their appearance a hot iron was probably used. In either case the victim must have been most horribly tortured. She was doctored for 'weak-mindedness,' with the result as above stated of making her apparently an incurable lunatic. Charges were entered against Pinkney, and he was locked up to await examination.

THEATRICAL LITIGATION.

Miss Davenport Gets an Injunction to Prevent the Production of 'Olivia' at the Museum. [Philadelphia Times.] Wood's Museum has been advertised to open on Monday with a dramatization of the Vicar of Wakefield, called 'The Love of Olivia,' and adapted by Robert Johnston. Fanny Davenport has produced a play of nearly the same name, 'Olivia,' at the Union Square Theatre, in New York, the incidents of which are based upon Oliver Goldsmith's delectable story, and although its success has not been phenomenal, she desires to protect it from infringement, and to that end the Court of Common Pleas has enjoined its production at Wood's Museum for five days from Monday next. H. P. French, the play-broker, joins with Miss Davenport in her application to the court, and asserts that the Muscogee play is in fact her play of 'Olivia,' altered and remodelled in some respects, with a view artfully to evade responsibility for its unauthorized use. They say that she bought 'W. & W.' 'Olivia,' founded upon Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield,' on the 30th of May of this year for the sum of \$2,000 and that she is now endeavoring to further pay over to the author five per cent of the gross amount received by herself and company for performing the play, thus becoming its exclusive owner in the United States and the Canada. In her bill of complaint Miss Davenport says that the managers of the Museum in announcing the production of 'The Love of Olivia' have printed in their posters the words 'Love of' in letters half an inch long, while the word 'Olivia' is displayed in a line by itself in letters sixteen inches long. This she says was done so as to have the effect of an announcement of the production of the play in their own, and she declares that the manager will be argued in the course of a few days. The management of Wood's Museum propose to produce the play under the title of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' basing their right so do upon the absence of an international copyright.

A Church that Doesn't Harbor Bees. [From the Springfield Republican.] The Protestant Episcopal House of Bishops has sustained the high moral reputation of the church in its deposition of the Rev. Dr. McCook of Michigan from all offices of the ministry. This Christian organization has never yet failed to assert the requirement of a wholly blameless priesthood. Bishop McCook's fall takes its place with the melancholy record of the Underdunks, and leaves no blemish upon the Episcopalians, such as attaches to the Congregationalists in the Beecher case.

A Place for Mad Wells and His Crowd. [Philadelphia Times.]

I Mad Wells, Governor Kellogg and a few kindred spirits would receive a genuine welcome in Bogota. They have had some experience in running elections, and down that way they could find steady employment and have all the troops to back them that they might call for. When the State government holds an election in Bogota it means business. It held one the other day, and the whole affair passed off in a highly successful manner. Bogota has about fifty thousand inhabitants. The government saw fit to provide only four polling places, and it would have made J. Mad Wells & Co. shoot for joy to have seen the method adopted by which only the adherents of the government were allowed to manipulate the returns. Of course the opposition objected. It was very natural under the circumstances; but as soon as one of them made his appearance with a ballot he was induced not to deposit it. The inducement offered was very simple. He was merely shot at from some neighboring church tower by the State soldier boys, and he immediately concluded that voting wasn't in his line. Of course the government party succeeded. It got all the votes, and couldn't very well help it.

The Poor Man the Sufferer.

The poor man at Memphis is the sufferer; the man of wealth has gone away with his money or locked it up behind him. Says the Avalanche: 'Memphis has many rich men who own palatial stores along Main street. There is not one of these rich men here to-day in the hour of our greatest calamity. These rich men are neither represented in person nor by their surplus dollars. The majority of the men who are standing in the deadly breach fighting the most gigantic plague that ever cursed American soil, are men who do not own one dollar in real estate in Memphis.' Where, it asks, is the man and that man, giving their names, 'and a score of others that we propose to mention at a future time? Have we seen the light of their countenances or the color of their money? Facts are stubborn things, and we are now treating of facts. The men who are to-day standing in the fore front of the battle have no capital but their manhood. God bless them.'

A Good Thing to Do with Money.

[New York Jun.] Our rich men in modern times have suffered a peculiar embarrassment. Some of them have nearly worried their lives out in trying to decide what to do with their money. If they left it any charitable object, trustees might squander it, or for some reason or other it might not accomplish the good for which it was designed. One had no children to speak of to leave his to, and another was like the old woman in the shoe, he had so many children he didn't know what to do—some of them both him so. The prevalence of yellow fever at the South affords to all persons who are embarrassed in determining what disposition to make of their surplus funds an opportunity to dispense with a reasonable sum in a way that is certain to prove a blessing to the sore-afflicted and suffering. Every dollar that goes South now wears an angel's face to those to whom it is sent.

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BY A DAY to Agents canvassing for the Pictorial Bible. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

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1878. 1878.

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FIELD BROTHERS, Proprietors. Being determined to keep a First-Class House, we respectfully solicit a share of public patronage. J. T. JULIAN, Superintendent, BEN KIMBALL, Clerk.

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