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In the Interests of the Colored People
of the Country.

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The original of a long-lost letter, wholly written by Gen. Washington, has recently been found while searching for other documents in the State Paper Department of the Newport (R. I.) City Hall. It was written in acknowledgment of an address from the citizens of Newport, where he arrived for the second and last time in 1790, a year after his inauguration as President. The document is of considerable historic value, and of great local interest, more particularly as it has hitherto escaped the notice of the biographers of Washington. It is written on both sides of two quarto pages of the large letter paper of the period, being altogether in the distinct and readable chirography of the President.

The *American Cultivator*, of Boston, says: "Land agents and other schemers represent to those of our New England farmers who are not always satisfied with their lot that Dakota is the perfect State, with every advantage and no drawbacks. Yet some of the Vermonters who were induced to sell out their Vermont farms and move to Dakota are now writing mournfully of the lack of civilized comforts, of the severe climate, of the blizzards, of the hailstorms and droughts, of the lack of postoffice facilities and regular mails, which are the marked features of that distant Territory. Sod-bays and dug-outs, rendered necessary as a protection from cold and wind, are a poor exchange for the neat, tidy sets of New England farm buildings. No one section of the country enjoys all the advantages, yet none are better adapted for enjoying life and rearing happy and intelligent families than New England and New York."

The Philadelphia *Record* discourses about the cholera in this way: "Cholera, which has its permanent home in India, has shown no sign of its existence, and the more dreadful plague of yellow fever, which belongs to this hemisphere, has so far barely touched us at the Florida Keys. Science has long since maintained that Asiatic cholera has its origin in the filthy habits of the swarming populations of the East, and experience has amply demonstrated the truth of the theory. The greatest ravages of the disease and its most frequent recurrences have taken place in regions the inhabitants of which have ignorantly or willfully disregarded all sanitary precautions. Filth in the air they breathe and in the water they drink has generated in the crowded cities of India the fatal germs of a disease which, in its devastating march, has slain millions of men. But the conditions favorable to the development of cholera and epidemic diseases sometimes exist in civilized cities far remote from the East. Populations that are provided with pure water, with good drainage, and the other means for carrying off accumulations of filth and garbage, have little cause to fear epidemic attacks. Now is the time when the public authorities in all our seaboard towns, and the people themselves, should use the greatest vigilance so as to remove and destroy every foul agency that might propagate unhealthy conditions. Should the germ of Asiatic cholera be wafted across the seas its destroying power would then be arrested."

MULLINS, THE AGNOSTIC.

AS TOLD BY DEACON STEELWATER.

His name was William Mullins, and he had a suaverin' way of turnin' his proboscis up. At everything you'd say. "Wall, now, how do you know?" said he. "Humph, now, how do you know?" The way it closed the argument it wasn't by no means slow.

You might be talking social like with fellows at the store. On war or politics and sich. And you might have the floor. And be a-gettin' it down fine. Provin' that things was so. When Mullins would stick his long nose in with "Humph, now, how do you know?"

I seen that critter set in church. And take a sermon in. And turn his nose up in a sneer. At death and grace and s'n. With no regard for time or place. Or realms of endless woe. He'd rise and burst the whole thing up. With "Humph, now, how do you know?"

He cut his grass when'er it rained. He shocked his wheat up green. He cut his corn behind the frost. His hogs was allus lean. He bu'ed his stacks the big end up. 'E's corn cribs big end down. "Crooked as Mullins' roadside fence" Was a proverb in his town.

The older he got the wiser he grew. And crookeder day by day. The squint of his eyes would wind a clock. His toes turned out each way. His boots and shoes were both of them lefts. The rheumatiz twisted so. But if you said he didn't look well. He'd growl: "Now, how do you know?"

And that darned grit led to his death— He was on the railroad track. Crossin' a bridge: I heard the train. And yelled: "Mullins, come back! The train is round the curve in sight!" Says he, "Humph, now, how do you know?" I helped to gather him up in a pail. The engine scattered him so.

I think it's best to have more faith in everyday concerns. And not be allus a snoopin' round. To get behind the returns. A plain statement will do for me. A hint instead of a blow. A coroner's jury may fetch out facts. But it's rather late to know.

—Charlotte News.

Stanley Brown's Romance.

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Mollie Garfield to J. Stanley Brown makes public a romance which has for some time been known or suspected to the friends of both. If the sharp eyes of watchful women are trustworthy it is the culmination of a long attachment on the part of Mr. Brown.

When Stanley Brown and General Garfield were first brought together Brown was a young stenographer, with whose expertness General Garfield was delighted. He was a very quiet, rather too modest young fellow of nineteen. General Garfield thought he had found a treasure in the young man, for his experience with some committee clerks had been somewhat unpleasant. He found Brown punctual, quick, quiet, steady, and possessed of one qualification that especially pleased Garfield. He minded his own business. Garfield appointed him clerk of his committee, and in that capacity Brown was thrown very much with the Garfield family. They were then living in Garfield's much-mortgaged house, where General Garfield did a great deal of work.

After his election to the Presidency Garfield was urged to appoint one of several young men as his private secretary. One of these was disposed to be a politician on his own hook; another was a bright but extremely voluble young man, and still another rather prided himself, somewhat to Garfield's amusement, on his resemblance to the General.

Garfield, however, said that he wanted as his private secretary in the White House no politician who knew more than he did, and no amateur statesman. He wanted simply a faithful young man who would attend to the duties of the Executive office, who had a close mouth and knew how to mind his own business, and he had just such a person in mind. Nobody knew who it was, and when after his inauguration as President it proved to be young Stanley Brown, there was a good deal of surprise among the politicians.

Brown was then only twenty-one years old. He was wholly ignorant of politics, and knew very little of politicians, except what he had learned as Garfield's secretary. As his taste did not run to politics he paid little heed to political matters, and this was exactly what Garfield wanted in a President's private secretary. Brown was then a tall, slender young man. His hair was very light and curly, his eyes blue, his complexion rosy, and there was just a struggling hint of a mustache growing. He seemed so youthful, immature and unaccustomed to the ways of the world, and especially such an innocent boy to put in front of subtle politicians who daily frequent the Secre-

tary's office in the White House, that some of Garfield's friends feared he had made a mistake. To these Garfield always replied that he knew the boy, and that if he was immature he was discreet. Garfield treated Brown more like a relative than like an employee, and with the rest of the family he was looked upon as one of them.

When General Garfield went into the White House Mollie was a schoolgirl of fourteen. She was a charming miss then. She gave promise, not of great beauty, but of utmost attractiveness of face and form, and in disposition was called by all her associates one of the sweetest of girls. Her father's place as President never affected her simplicity of manner or her cordiality with the humblest of her mates. She used to go tripping up Fifteenth street to school with a lot of schoolmates, dressed more plainly than almost any one of them. She was a merry girl, possessed of some of her father's playfulness and love of fun, and even at that time thought Stanley Brown the most manly young fellow whom she knew. At least so she told her mates. It was simply the admiration and liking of a school-girl, too young to have ever had a thought of serious affection for anyone beyond the family circle.

Miss Mollie's most attractive features were remarkably expressive and beautiful eyes and a most charming smile. Those who were accustomed to see her in all moods said there were times when she looked very like her father, and the resemblance to Grandmother Garfield was regarded by old family friends as very great.

Even at that school-girl period Brown found great pleasure in Miss Mollie's company, and though he was usually the most diffident of men in women's society, he was wholly at ease with Miss Mollie. He was fond of her, and the wise matrons of Washington, who see everything with a womanly match-maker's eye, whispered among themselves that, before Garfield quitted the White House, there would be a match made between his daughter and his secretary.

There was a good deal of love making reported as going on in the White House at the time. General Garfield's eldest son was quite attentive to his cousin, Miss Rockwell, the daughter of Colonel Rockwell, and the society papers announced their engagement, though it was reported afterward that this announcement was premature. Mr. Brown took part in the social pleasures of the young people when he had opportunity, and if there were partners for games or walks he was very apt to be found with Miss Mollie.

By General Garfield's family Brown was regarded almost as one of them. Mrs. Garfield was especially fond of him. She thought him a most exemplary young man, and often said that his influence was for good. After General Garfield was shot Brown's relations with the family became very intimate, and by his most assiduous devotion to Garfield, which caused him many sleepless nights and great labor, besides carrying much of the burden of the Executive Office, he gained the esteem of Mrs. Garfield so greatly that she said after Garfield's death that the young man had come to seem to her almost like a son. He practically became one of the family at that time, and during all of Garfield's sickness, and afterwards at the funeral, his tenderness and care for Miss Mollie were delicate and constant.

There was no doubt then that the young girl had already won Brown's affection, though of course she was not then aware of it. And it was the opinion of many who were in position to see them that he would, when she became of proper age, ask her to be his wife.

There was a brief separation after the family had settled in Cleveland. Brown had been entrusted by Mrs. Garfield with much of the business of settling the estate, and while that was being done he was a member of her family. Miss Mollie returned to her school books and Brown went to Washington, where he became a banker. But he did not remain in that business long. He sold out his interest and returned to Mrs. Garfield's family, becoming, it was said, her confidential agent and assistant in the management of her fortune, which was more than half a million dollars.

Since then he has been with the Garfields much of the time. But not until Miss Mollie had finished her school life did he permit his affection so show itself. Mrs. Garfield unquestionably knew long ago of his love for her daughter, and it is certain that no engagement would have been permitted which had not only her consent but her approval.

Brown is now twenty-eight and Miss Mollie is twenty, and when they are married there will be completed one of the most charming of romances. They will probably live in Cleveland, where Mr. Brown, it is understood, has business interests. —New York Sun.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Little Pilgrims.

Ben Linkun's garden is under the Greening Tree. He made it himself, with a crazy fence round it of little sticks to mark it off from Mother Hubbard's. Hers is under the Greening Tree, too, fenced off in most orderly compartments.

Young Beans poke their green bonnets up saucily from a mound about as big round as little Mother Hubbard's Sun hat. The Potato patch is about as big as—oh, three Sun hats, or was—but she begins to think some of them have hopped over the fence, for almost every morning when she goes out to see if her Garden is "up yet," she comes right back with wide eyes and says: "Nuther Tato up this mornin'." Ben Linkun follows with: "I've got nunner one too."

The couple of Lemon Seeds fenced in a plot the size of a teacup have not yet approached above ground, and both Ben and Mother Hubbard begin to think they've changed their minds and gone the other way to see what's in China Town.

Then there's a Strawberry vine blossoming bravely in each small garden, spite of knowing how very hard it is for Ben's fingers to keep from picking the blossoms for a "Boka" to take to school.

And close by the foot of the Greening Tree, nestling contentedly against its rough brown bark, there's a bunch of Pansies—a big bunch. Nobody knows how it came there, or whom it blossoms for, and so the gentle Pansy faces that turn towards Mother Hubbard's garden are Hubbards, and those that look at Ben Linkun's bean bonnets are Ben Linkuns.

And the dear little Mother Pansy somehow manages to turn about an even number each way. It therefore follows that pansy "Bokas" are often in the sailor knot under Ben Linkun's chin; in the seven buttonholes adown the front of his checked gingham; in a pudgy "foomery" bottle of little Hubbard's on her desk at school; while here and there about the house and on the doorsteps is a rich-faced, patient Pansy waiting to be found and welcomed joyfully like a prodigal returned. But one evening Ben Linkun left his garden gate open—too tired from chasing a pair of speckled woodpeckers from the apple trees to repair his fences—and next morning a yellow-coated young marauder was found keeping house right in the midst of Ben's finest Potato vine.

Ben was solemnly indignant. He threw away the Dandelion jewelry he'd been making and began to "shoo" with all his might till Mother Hubbard appeared. She pondered the situation, went straight and brought the pepper box from their sand house, and there in her white poke bonnet and red puffed sleeves, with the little Shepherdess' red petticoats held carefully away from possible contact with the yellow-coated pilferer, she briskly sifted the shining sand above him—that was to have frosted a cake with that day—till it filled his little black eyes so full then could see which way to back out of the magic garden, and so doubled up his six fragile, black-stocked feet, meekly folded his two meddlesome feelers under his tiny bronze chin, and in despair turned an inglorious somersault right over into the dirt and lay motionless.

Ben and Mother Hubbard looked sorry, then tittered softly together over their victory, and the wonderful discovery of a sure slayer of Yellow Jackets.

They took the little shrunken body on a Burdock leaf and laid it away in the shade of the Greening Tree, went to sow Morning Glory seeds and forgot all about the dead Potato Bug.

When the City Horns were blowing for dinner-time, they rushed out to get the body of the unfortunate for exhibition. It wasn't there!

They searched for him wonderingly, and by and by found him swinging gaily in the very top notch of a thrifty cabbage, looking down upon them with sweetly meditative eyes, quite at home, quite happy.

Ben Linkun looked shyly at Mother Hubbard, then went off to swing bravely, whistling: "A Dairy Maid and I," and little Hubbard walked majestically away to finish her sand cakes.

ANNA MIDLER

Glass Eyes.

A German paper makes the statement that more than two million glass eyes are made every year in Germany and Switzerland, while one French house manufactures three hundred thousand of them annually. The pupil is made of colored glass, and sometimes red lines are painted on the inner surface, to simulate the veins. The larger number of these eyes are bought by laborers who are exposed to fire and are consequently liable to lose an eye. The expression of the eyes is almost solely due to the movements of the upper eyelids; and this is the reason that we may see a man with a glass eye a hundred times before we discover his infirmity. —Argonaut.

"TOWN INDIANS."

A NIGHT VISIT TO A PUEBLO VILLAGE IN NEW MEXICO.

Remnants of an Ancient Race Unlike Any Other Indians—Evening Fires on the House-tops—Customs of the People.

A correspondent of the New York Post, who visited a Pueblo Indian village in New Mexico by night, writes an account of what he saw. He says in part: The houses, unlike others of their villages that I have visited, are but one and two stories high. They are all joined, like the brick houses of a city block, and collectively from three sides of a square, with an open plaza in the centre facing toward the Rio Grande. The Pueblo of Taos is five stories in height, built in the form of a square, each story terraced back from the one under it. At a distance it resembles a great pyramid. No doors are cut through on the ground floor. The interior is reached by ladders and openings in the roofs. Each succeeding story is reached only by means of these scaling ladders. This before the advent of modern implements of warfare formed an almost impregnable fortress. The force of habit is still so strong with these people that they continue to draw their ladders up at night with the same precaution that it was necessary for them to use centuries ago, when the Navajos and the Apaches waged a deadly and incessant warfare against them. The old church at the Pueblo of Santa Clara stands on the north side of the plaza. It is something like eighty feet in length with walls four feet thick. It was built by the Franciscan Friars, and was standing at the time of the reconquest of New Mexico in 1692.

It was quite dark and the whole village seemed to be on fire. Flames were bursting from the roofs of nearly every house. My guide explained that this was their baking night, and the ovens which are built upon the house-tops, were being heated. These ovens are built of adobe, conical in form, and resembling the beehive of olden representation. The walls are made very thick in order to retain the heat. An opening in the door some eighteen inches in diameter is left in one side, and a six-inch hole for draught in the top, and it was from these draught openings that flames from the dry pinyon and cedar wood was bursting to the height of eight or ten feet. The whole plaza presented a sight at once weird, novel, and interesting, brilliantly illuminated as it was by these bright house-top fires. Groups of Indians were squatted here and there smoking cigarettes. Near the corral three Indians were butchering some goats. Women were cooking over separate camp fires built just outside the doors of their houses. Family groups occupied the cheerfully illuminated roofs, and were plainly outlined against the sky as they stood overlooking or conversing with those upon the plaza. Children of all ages and all stages of nudity were scampering here and there, screaming, laughing, playing, yelling or crying. Scores of dogs were running about, eagerly sniffing the fragrance of the broiling goats' meat. Groups of Indians were continually arriving with burros laden with wood, the result of their day's labor. Some of the little animals were so loaded down and covered that they resembled moving wood-piles. Groups of young men and maidens were dancing about and hoarsely chanting their Indian melodies. It was a scene so novel and un-American that the beholder might well ask himself whether it was all a dream, or a transition to the real and living mysteries of some far-off planet.

At the left of the plaza is a large corral built of cedars set closely together in the ground. This is public property, and is used by the whole village for their sheep, goats, and burros. In the centre of this corral above the height of a man's head a scaffolding is built. This is divided into sections, and the crops of corn raised by the different Indians of the village are stacked upon it until the time for husking. The husks are saved to be used for many purposes, but principally as a substitute for paper in rolling cigarettes. The "Estufa" of the village is near the centre of the plaza. This is a circular room about twenty-five feet in diameter, built almost entirely under ground, the roof being raised some two feet from the surface. The architecture of the "Estufas" of the different tribes is the same, as they are all built strictly according to the directions of their long-lost "Montezuma." They are entered by means of a ladder. I proposed to go down, but my guide most emphatically denied me that privilege. This room, you will understand, is held by Pueblo

Indians as the most sacred of all sacred places, and it is carefully guarded by attendants whose duty it is to see that the sacred fire which has been kept burning for centuries in the little fire hole in the centre never dies.

After a time spent in viewing the illuminated scenes about the plaza, my guide took me into the house, where I was introduced to the family. Each member stepped forward and shook hands. A sheepskin was placed upon the ground for me to sit upon. One corner of the room was furnished with a fireplace, another was filled by a large, wide-mouthed earthen jar, holding over half a barrel. This was used as a flour barrel. A lot of bedding in the shape of wildcat, goat and sheepskins lay in the opposite corner. Several jars for holding water stood about the room. The ground was made hard and smooth with a layer of adobe. A bundle of herbs and roots and several strings of red peppers hung from the walls. A Mexican or Pueblo Indian would about as soon be cut off from his flour as from his red and green peppers. The green ones they eat as we would an apple, and a little later in the season the sunny side of every house will be hung with festoons of peppers.

These Indians do not occupy a reservation. They are entitled to vote at the Territorial elections, but owing to their fear of taxation, they never exercise this right. They are all amenable to the laws of the Territory, yet it is an historical fact that no Pueblo Indian has ever been brought up for punishment under the Territorial laws, and they have never had recourse to these laws for the settlement of any trouble among themselves. The land belonging to this tribe is owned in common, but the Governor and Council make a division of it, giving to the head of each family what, in their judgment, his circumstances will enable him to care for. When the crops are harvested, instead of each having his own, the crops, or their proceeds, go into a general pool, and the Governor distributes according to the destitution, abilities and needs of each family. If a man deserts his family and refuses to assist in their support, the Governor immediately takes his land and all dividends away from him, and he is allowed no rights in the tribe until he returns to his family. A man with more than one squaw is the exception not the rule among these Indians. In dress they somewhat resemble the Navajo, but in their ways, their disposition, and their whole manner of living, they are totally different from the Navajo, the Ute, the Apache, or any other roving bands whom they ever came in contact with. They are just what their name signifies (Pueblo means town). They are town Indians, and they live as town people should, industriously, lawfully and peaceably. They never rove about in search of blood and conquest, and about the only instance ever known of their acting on the offensive was when in 1680 they rose in justifiable rebellion against the Spanish rule and drove the invaders from the country. At that time they were wrought up to such a pitch that they performed acts of bloodshed and cruelty after the custom of the roving tribes. The Apaches and Navajos have ever waged a bitter warfare against them, but they seldom fought except in the defence of their homes. The location and construction of their Pueblos up to the present day shows how completely they sacrificed every comfort and convenience to the one idea of having an impregnable fortress of defence.

Introduced and Then married.

Henry Wynn, a bachelor from the West, who was recently visiting his brother at Owen Sound, Ontario, expressed the desire one day to get married before his return. The day of his departure had already been set, and to expedite matters he offered his brother's wife a deed to fifty acres of land if she would get him a wife by the Saturday following the date of the offer. After exploring the town without success for several days, on Friday Mrs. Wynn met a Miss Milrose, who was willing to accept the offer. She was introduced to her prospective husband on Saturday evening, just before the boat was leaving. A consultation was held, the pair were married on the spot, Mrs. Wynn was handed over the deed for the fifty acres of land and the bride and groom steamed away for their prairie home.

A Jockey's Large Pay.

Jockey McLaughlin, who rides for the Dwyers, is paid \$10,000, writes Foster Coates from New York. He has the privilege of outside mounts, which means \$8,000 more. He gets in addition from \$5,000 to \$10,000 more in gifts from owners of horses he has ridden successfully. Jockey Isaac Murphy gets \$10,000 and outside mounts. His income is fully \$25,000 a year.