

The Sunday Messenger.

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"For us, Principle is Principle—Right is Right—yesterday, to-day, to-morrow, Forever."

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Poetry.

LARKSPUR RINGS.

MARY HAYARD CLARKE.

With skillful fingers from each flower
Its heart she deftly took,
Together linked pink, blue and white,
And pressed them in a book.

A careless hand the volume seized
The circlet fell in twain,
She strove to join the broken links,
They would not cling again.

"Dear child," I said, "like you I plucked
The heart of life's bright flowers,
And in a fragile circlet wove
The happiest of my hours.

With loving care their memory pressed
Within my "red leaved book,"
A careless hand the volume shook
The blossoms fell apart.

And then like you I gathered up
My withered joys once green,
And felt my future ne'er could be
Just what my past had been.

Pink, blue and white—love, hope and faith,
Links in life's fragrant ring,
If rudely broken once apart
No more together cling.

Selected Miscellany.

HOW HE CAME TO BE MARRIED.

It may be funny, but I've done it. I've got a rib and a baby. Shadows departed—oyster stews, brandy cock-tails, cigar boxes, boot-jacks, absconding shirt buttons, whisk and denjumin. Shadows present—hoop skirts, hand-boxes, ribbons, garters long stockings, juvenile dresses, tin trumpets, little willow chairs, cradles, bibs, sugar-tarts, paregoric, hive syrup, rhubarb, sezams, salts, snuffs, and doctors' bills. I'll just tell you how I got caught. I was always the darndest, most ten-custard, bashful fellow you ever did see; it was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakes every time I saw a pretty gal approaching me, and I'd cross the street any time rather than face her. I was behind the fence looking through a knot hole, I could not look long enough. Well, my sister Lib gave a party one night, and I started away from home because I was too bashful to face the music. I hung around the house whistling "Old Dan Tucker," dancing to keep my feet warm, watching the heads bobbing up and down behind the window curtains, and wishing the thundering party would break up, so I could get to my room. I smoked up a bunch of cigars, and it was getting late and mighty uncomfortable. I concluded to slip up the door post. No sooner said than done, and I soon found myself snug in bed.

"Now," says I, "let her rip! Dance till your wind gives out." And cuddling down under the quilts, Morpheus grabbed me. I was dreaming of soft-shell crabs and stewed tripe, and having a good time, when somebody knocked at the door and woke me up. "Rap," again, I laid low. "Rap, rap, rap!" Then I heard whispering, and I knew there was a whole raft of gals outside. Then Lib says out:

"Jack, are you there?"
"Yes," says I.
"Let us in," said she.
"I won't say I," "Can't you let a fellow alone?"
"Are you a-bed?" says she.
"I am," says I.
"Get out," says she.
"I won't," says I.
Then came another laugh.
By thunder! I began to get riled.
"Get out, you petticoated scarecrows!" cried I. "Can't you get a-bean without hauling a fellow out of bed? I won't go home with you—I won't, so you may clear out!"

And throwing a boot at the door, I felt better. But presently I heard a still, small voice, very much like sister Lib's, and it said:

"Jack, you'll have to get up, for all the girls' things are there."
Oh, mercy! what a pickle! Think of me, in bed, all covered with muffs, shawls, bonnets and cloaks, and twenty girls outside the door, waiting to get in! If I had stopped to think I should have panicked on the spot. As it was I rolled out among the bonnetwreath and ribbons in a hurry. Smash went the millinery in every direction. I had to dress in the dark—for there was a crack in the door, and the girls will peep—and the way I fumbled about was death on straw hats. The critical moment came, I opened the door and found myself right among the women.

"Oh, my leghorn!" cried one. "My dear, slacking winter velvet!" cried another, and they pitched in—they pulled me this way and that, boxed my ears, and one bright-eyed little piece—Sal, her name was—put her arms round my neck, and kissed me right on my lips. Human nature could not stand that, and I gave her as good as she sent. It was the first time I ever got the taste, and it was powerful good. I believe I could have kissed that gal from Julius Cesar to the Fourth of July.

"Jack," said she, "we are sorry to disturb you, but won't you see me home?"
"Yes, I will," said I.
I did it, and I had another smack at the gate. After that we took a kinder turtle dove after each other, both of us sighing like a barrel of new cider when we were away from each other.

A RUINED DUKE.

Sale of the Duke of Newcastle's Effects in Carlton House Terrace.

Members of both Houses, some looking grave and sad, others whose air seemed to say "I told you so," sporting men who seemed exclusively bored at the whole proceedings, and fashionables of both sexes whose great care was to edge away from the brokers who tried to fasten on them, were welded to their strange melody in the dining-room of 18, Carlton House Terrace, yesterday. The policemen kept guard at the foot of the great staircase and at the entrances to cellars and rooms had no sinicure, for the applications to wander freely through the mansion were both numerous and persistent; the man who stood in the hall with catalogues had disposed of his stock at a shilling each soon after 3 p. m., and even such things as japanned water-cans, house-maids' boxes and baskets, hand-brooms and dust-pans, gave rise to animated bidding. This increased when more interesting articles came to be offered, and between 4 p. m. and 5 p. m., when hand-work and gilded chairs and tables were put up, what may be termed "fancy prices" were obtained.

The house in which this scene is taking place is one of the largest in Carlton House Terrace, and stands at the Spring Gardens end, with offices which cross the road, forming a cul de sac, and communicating apparently with a house on the other side. The auctioneers' bills tell their story. Directly the corner by the Duke of York's Column is passed, making the Duke's ruin manifest on both sides of the road. The words "Heirloom Chamber" on a large case of stuffed birds meet the visitor's eye; directly he is in the hall, and they are repeated upon marble busts and other articles which stand between him and the dining-room door. The vast place seems to be in many respects as its unfortunate holders left it. The fine oil paintings are hanging in the accustomed places, some with "heirloom" on the label attached, others, and those the most numerous, numbered as lots. The dining-table is just where it would be if a party were to be given. It needs no great stretch of fancy to people the noble room with host, hostess, and guests, where Mr. Lumley now does the spitting at the head of the table, round which keen-faced men are ticking off the prices in their catalogues.

"JANE SHORE."

An Amusing Instance of the Great Power of Good Acting.

The occasion was the benefit night of Mrs. Phillips. That lady was playing Jane Shore, in Maturin's tragedy of that name. The house—and the front street theatre is a large one—was crowded. In the first tier, on one side, in a front seat of the box adjoining the proscenium, was conspicuous the burly form of a sailor, with a large, red face. He was well-known to many of the audience as Captain Hugg, the prosperous owner and master of an eastern shore oyster schooner. He was watching the play with intense interest and was manifest from the tears that coursed down his weather-beaten cheeks. He also frequently placed his right hand nervously upon his left breast; but whether this action had any connection with his sympathy for the heroine of the play, or was the result of prudent concern for the wallet full of Baltimore and Ohio railroad shipplaster he was known to carry in that region, the sequel will show.

It is proper to state here, that, although the date of these occurrences was long after the money panic of 1837 (known as the "shipplaster era") had subsided, and the banks had fully resumed specie-payments, yet the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company, by some financial lordship, kept the community flooded with its one and two dollar bills, which were almost the only currency used in the smaller trade transactions of the city.

The play had proceeded to the scene in the last act where Shore's beautiful wife (late the omnipotent mistress of Edward the Fourth, but now by Gloucester's cruel edict, an outcast wanderer in the streets with none to give her food or shelter) comes upon the stage, utters a heart-rendering monologue, and falls, exhausted with starvation and fatigue, to the ground. As the accomplished actress proceeded in the melting relation of her woes the audience that so rapt by her beauty and misfortune that but few of them observed the demonstration of Capt. Hugg's passion. That gallant son of Neptune rose slowly to his feet, convulsed with the throes of a mighty sympathy, and with tearful eyes and bated breath listened to Jane's pitiful story.

When, at length, she dropped to the ground, seemingly in the last extremity of exhausted nature, the captain's compassion reached him. He sprang from the box to the stage, bent over her prostrate form, jerked from his pocket his capacious wallet, tore it open with trembling fingers, exposing to view its piled-up treasure, and exclaimed, in a voice choked with sobs, and tremulous with unfeigned emotion:

"Look up, Mistress Shore, look up! By G—d, madam, you shan't while I've a Baltimore and Ohio railroad shipplaster in my pocket-book."
What followed beggars description. For a moment the vast audience remained hushed, as if from involuntary admiration of the big-hearted sailor's generosity and gallantry. Then, as the ludicrousness of the scene seemed to flash suddenly upon them, there arose such a clamor of stamping feet, clapping hands, pounding of canes, shouts, roars, yells, shrieks, and screams of laughter, as never before or since shook the walls of any theatre.

In the midst of the uproar, Manager Wemyss made his appearance, politely explained to the audience that Miss Shore's wains would be duly administered to, and succeeded in leading him off the stage. Several ineffectual attempts were made to proceed with the tragedy, but the audience was too thoroughly imbued with the mirth occasioned by the sailor's illusion to settle down to anything serious. Each attempt of Mrs. Shore to regain their lost attention was only greeted with renewed convulsions of laughter, and cries for Captain Hugg. The shrewd manager only succeeded in restoring a semblance of order by starting the orchestra in full blast, and "ringing on" the ballet, after which a roaring farce was tolerated.

ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

Scandal among Residents of the Avenue.

The following bit of romantic scandal, brought to light in one of our lower courts on yesterday, may serve as a useful lesson to some others.

On Wabash avenue, near the corner of Fourteenth street, stands a palatial residence, with all its surroundings and appointments indicating wealth and luxury. The occupant comprise, besides the parents, a son and a handsome daughter aged 18. The daughter, who is one of the dramatic personae of this article, is an intelligent young lady of remarkable beauty, and favorite of a large number of friends in the higher circles of society. The father had acquired wealth and an unblemished reputation in a leading business house in this city, and the family was looked upon as among the highest.

Among their acquaintances was a young man moving in the same society, and connected in business with a leading wholesale house on Lake street. The young man, whom we will call George, is a dashing young gallant—the beau ideal of many a maiden—and resided with his parents on Michigan avenue, near twenty-second st. The family was not lacking in worldly goods, and the good-looking George was a frequent and a favored visitor at the Wabash avenue mansion, and for the last two years a constant attendant on the lovely daughter. Rumor betrothed the young couple, but it transpired that the young couple had not yet ripened into definite form.

Such was the situation of the inmates of the Wabash and Michigan avenue mansions on Sunday evening last, when George and Lucy started for a horseback ride toward the southern suburbs of the city. Returns lady alighted to adjust her riding habit, when, it is stated, the young gallant started her animal off at a rapid pace, leaving them several miles from home, and with but a single horse, and finally galloped toward home, and finally galloped down a grove, when the young man plighted his troth, and was accepted. Then, against the struggling and loud protestations of the young girl, he violently outraged her person. The libertines promised marriage in reconciliation of his conduct, but on returning to the city kept aloof from the Wabash mansion.

The great indignation of the father and brother of the girl, on hearing her story, was almost uncontrollable, and a meeting at that time would have been fatal to one or both parties. Better counsels prevailed, however, and a warrant was procured for the arrest of George, who was fast arranging his business for an eastern tour. The warrant was placed in the hands of Constable Hartman, who proceeded, in company with Constable Sturtevant, on Monday evening, to the Michigan avenue residence, to arrest the modern Lothario.

While the officers were searching for the party sought for leaped from a back yard, and taking a carriage standing near at hand, drove away. Circumstances pointed to the Michigan Central depot as the place of concealment. Arriving there, the officers succeeded in finding the object of their search in the berth of the sleeping car, carefully covered up and stowed away for the night. Other lodgings, however were provided for him.

On Tuesday, the young man was brought before Justice Wislip, and gave bail in the sum of \$2,000 for his further appearance on yesterday. (Yesterday the romantic episode had been mutually and satisfactorily arranged between the parties most interested, and no person appeared to prosecute. A marriage license had been procured, and the absent lovers were joined in the happy bonds of Hymen. The criminal proceedings were discharged, and last evening the not happy couple took the train on an Eastern wedding tour.

SALE OF THE LONGWORTH WINE-HOUSE.

From the Cincinnati Commercial, 27th.

Captain William P. Anderson made the final sale of the famous Longworth wines, a few days ago, and thereby closed out the entire business of the sale and manufacture of America's wine under that celebrated name. This fact is significant to consumers as well as dealers, especially as the right to use the Longworth brand is reserved by or rather dies with the interest of the estate of the late Nicholas Longworth in the stock of wines just sold out.

The sale has been going on for over a year, and during that time eighty-six thousand dollars were realized. John D. Park purchased the lot, and the cellars in the Longworth Wine-House, on East Sixth street, are cleared of their vinous treasure and offered for sale.

Since the death of Mr. Longworth the wines bearing his name lost prestige. Other vintners came into the market, and improving some respects upon his brands, claimed the attention of the public, but his name as a wine grower is indelible, because identical with the cultivation of the Catawa, that excellent grape to which he devoted his wealth and life to develop and introduce. When Mr. Longworth succeeded in producing his famous sparkling wine from the Catawa, a sense of joy ran through the whole wine-drinking world of America. Foreign champagne received a stizzed blow, for while consumers realized that for less money they could indulge their taste, they could also derive the healthful rule common in Europe, of drinking the wine of the country they were in.

The celebrated brand known as the "Golden Wedding," realized a wonderful popularity as a wine. It originated with a few of Mr. Longworth's vintners, the fall previous to the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding, by an agreement to make a special sparkling Catawa for that occasion. The choicest grapes were picked, and care was taken to exclude the stalks. The clusters were rich that the wine press was dispensed with; the generous juice ran into the vats spontaneously, and the result was a pure and delicious fluid, which the skilful manufacturer turned in-

to the anniversary bridal feation fifty named the "Golden Wedding," which Longfellow immortalized in song sparkling and flowing as itself.

For richest and best in the wine of the West. That grew by the beautiful river. Whose sweet perfume fills all the room with a benison on the giver.

FRENCH SOCKS. A well-known Citizen Fatally Poisoned by Scarlet Stock.

BREVITIES.

Miscellaneous Items.

A first-rate shirt cutter in New York is said to have cut 170 shirts in one day.

Eight conductors of street cars were arrested in St. Louis the other day, on charge of fraud.

Tom. Allen, the pugilist, receives a benefit at the National Theatre at St. Louis on Saturday evening next.

A writer in the Atlantic Monthly says that if we would abolish the inebriate we must begin with his grandmother.

New Albany, Ind., will soon have plate glass works, which have heretofore existed in this country only at Lenox, Mass.

The silver wedding of Bishop Morris (the senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America), was celebrated at Springfield, Ohio, June 25.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Swimburne is engaged on a long poem, "Tristram and Yseult."

Miss Ida Lewis, the heroine of Newport, is soon to be married.

Donald G. Mitchell receives \$5,000 a year for editing the Hearst and Home.

Commodore Vanderbilt and John Morrisey are spending the season at Saratoga, in company.

Commodore Wilkes lives on his sixty square-mile estate in Rutherford county, North Carolina.

Seth Green is a millionaire. He makes two millions of shad per day near Castleton, N. Y.

Home, the medium, has been invited to the Court at St. Petersburg where he is a great favorite.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Young Walewski, son of Madame Rachel and Count Walewski, has been appointed Secretary of the French Legation at London.

Daniel G. Mason, of the New York firm of Mason Brothers, music publishers, died on the 24th ult. at Schevebach, Germany, whither he had gone to recruit his health.

The Barkentine Western Bill sailed from Humbolt for San Francisco in January, 1868, and has never been heard from until recently, when a portion of her hull with the name painted on it was discovered on the north-western coast of California near Cape Perrottes.

Mrs. Kolb, who recently died in Madison, Georgia, left an estate valued at near \$100,000, almost all of which is bequeathed to the Ordinary of the county, in trust, for the purpose of educating the poor orphan children of the county.

Near Chetyrems has been discovered an immense tract of land covered with edible mushrooms of extraordinary size and delicious flavor. One is spoken of which was seven inches in diameter with a stem two inches thick, and which weighed a pound.

Notice has been served by the United States officers on the owners of whisky burned in the warehouse of Gaines, Berry & Co., in Frankfort, Ky., some time ago, for the payment of taxes demanded is about \$100,000. An extensive lawsuit will result.