

CHARLOTTE MESSENGER.

40+41
VOL. I. NO. 4852

CHARLOTTE, MECKLENBURG CO., N. C., APRIL 14, 1883.

W. C. SMITH, Publisher.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

Sketch of the Life of John Howard Payne
Who Remains Here at Last From
Brought to His Native Land from Africa.

Some seventy-eight years ago Master John H. Payne was considered a literary prodigy by men of letters in this city, says the New York Sun. He was born, according to the accounts regarded as most trustworthy, in an old-fashioned two-story house, with peaked roof and arched doorway, at 31 (old number) Broad street, near Pearl New York. His father was William Payne, the son of one of three brothers who came to Easthampton, Mass., from Portsmouth, England about forty years after the arrival of the Mayflower. William Payne's second wife, the mother of John Howard, was Sarah Isaacs, the daughter of a native of Hamburg, Germany, who came to Easthampton, Long Island, before the Revolutionary war. John Howard was the sixth of nine children. The greater part of his early boyhood was spent at Easthampton, Long Island. While yet a boy he went to live in Boston. His father was a schoolteacher, and the boy displayed unusual talent for declamation and a strong liking for dramatic reading. About the year 1801 his uncle, William Osborn Payne, who was in business in this city, died, and John Howard was sent to take a clerkship in the store. While thus engaged he published a little weekly paper, the *Thespian Mirror*, in which he wrote, under the name of "Criticus," articles which attracted the attention of literary men. Their interest in him became so deep that they found means to send him to Union college. In his valedictory in the *Theophrastus* he wrote that the study of law would be "the goal of his future exertions." The valedictory was signed John H. Payne. He did not remain in college till the end of the course; but, having obtained the consent of his father to appear on the stage, he made his debut as Young Norval at the old Park theatre in this city on February 24, 1809. He was successful and afterward played in Boston and Providence and in the South. Four years later he went to Liverpool, England and the United States were at war then, and he and other Americans were put in prison and kept there for fourteen days. On June 14, 1813, he appeared in the title role in the tragedy of "Douglas" at Drury Lane theatre in London, with much success, and afterward in other English and Irish cities. A critic of his performance in Manchester wrote: "He has a figure not imposing, but well proportioned; a face almost too beautiful for a man, and a voice the clearest and most bell-like we remember ever to have heard." From the British Islands Payne went to Paris, where he made the acquaintance of Washington Irving, and was his roommate for a while. There he turned his attention to making English versions of French plays for the London stage. His tragedy of "Brutus" was written for Keen and was produced on December 3, 1818. Later he became manager of Sadler's Wells theatre in London, lost \$7,000 in the venture, and was lodged in the debtor's jail. He afterward went back to Paris and engaged in the employment that had kept him there previously. As an actor and a writer he was unfortunate with the managers, often abandoning work because of disagreements.

While Payne was in Paris he sent a package of manuscripts to Charles Kemble, then manager of the Covent Garden, London, setting his price at £250. The manuscripts were accepted. Among them was a drama entitled "Angioletta." Before this drama was produced at the Covent Garden another version of it was brought out at the Surrey. Payne changed the plot of his "Angioletta" somewhat, introduced musical parts, called it "Clari, the Maid of Milan," and produced it as an opera at the Covent Garden on May 8, 1823. In this opera was the song "Home, Sweet Home." The music was adapted from a Sicilian air by Henry R. Bishop. The name of the original composer is not known. Donizetti embodied it in his opera of "Anna Bolena," thus giving it new words in the language for which it was composed. In a letter to Bishop, Payne wrote: "Home, Sweet Home," as a refrain, I think, will come in nicely." The song was sung by Clari when she contrasted the splendid apartments in which she finds herself with the home she has abandoned. The following is given by Mr. Gabriel Harrison in his biography of Payne as being in accordance with Payne's "original manuscript, with his own unwise punctuation:"

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere!
Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!"

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that come at my call—
Give me them!—and the piece of mind, dearer than all!
Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!"

"This song," says a writer, "has had a more universal circulation than any song written before or since. It is a fact that upward of 100,000 copies were issued by its publisher in London in less than one year after its first publication. The profit yielded over 2,000 guineas." Mr. Harrison's work credits Payne with having written eight tragedies, six comedies, twenty-one dramas, five operas and nine farces. He wrote many short poems.

On July 25, 1832, Payne returned to the United States. In November of that year a benefit entertainment was given to him in the Park theatre. The tragedy of "Brutus" was played, and "Home, Sweet Home" was sung. He made this city his home for some time, engaging in literary work, which proved to be not very remunerative. In 1841 President Tyler appointed him consul at Tunis, North Africa. In the course of Polk's administration he was recalled. He was again appointed to the same post by Fillmore, and this position he held at the time of his death, which occurred at Tunis, April 9, 1852, in his sixty-second year. The United States government caused a marble slab to be placed at his grave, which bears the following inscription:

In memory of
COLONEL JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,
twice Consul of the United States of America
to the Kingdom of Tunis,
This stone is here placed by a grateful
country.

The slab has graven on it also these lines, written by Mr. R. S. Chilton:

Sure when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched! God's angels said:
"Welcome to Heaven's 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

His Pa's Teeth.

"What ails your pa's teeth," asked the grocery man of the bad boy. "The hired girl was over here to get some cornmeal for gruel, and she said your pa was gumming it since he lost his teeth."

"Oh, about the teeth. That was too bad. You see my chum has got a dog that is old, and his teeth have all come out in front, and this morning I borrowed pa's teeth before he got up, to see if we couldn't fix them in the dog's mouth, so he could eat better. Pa says it is an evidence of a kind heart for a boy to be good to dumb animals, but it's a mean dog that will go back on a friend. We tied the teeth in the dog's mouth with a string that went around his upper jaw, and another around his under jaw, and you'd a dide to see how funny he looked when he laughed. He looked just like pa when he tries to smile so as to get me to come up to him so he can lick me. The dog pawed his mouth a spell to get the teeth out, and then we gave him a bone with some meat on, and he began to gnaw the bone, and the teeth came off the plate and he thought it was a piece of the bone and he swallowed the teeth. My chum noticed it first, and he said we had got to get in our work pretty quick to save the plate, and I think we were in luck to save them. I held the dog, and my chum, who was better acquainted with him, untied the strings and got the gold plates out, but there were only two teeth left, and the dog was happy. He wiggled his tail for more teeth, but we hadn't any more. I am going to give him ma's teeth some day. My chum says when a dog gets an appetite for anything you have got to keep giving it to him, or he goes back on you. But I think my chum played dirt on me. We sold the gold plates to a jeweler, and my chum kept the money. I think, as long as I furnished the goods, he ought to have given me something beside the experience, don't you? After this I don't have no more partners, you bet." All this time the boy was marking on a piece of paper, and soon after he went out the grocery man noticed a crowd outside, and on going out he found a sign hanging up which read, "W. rmy Pigs for Parties."—*Peck's Sun.*

A HORRIBLE CRIME.

A Frontier Desperado Who Added Cannibalism to the Crime of Murder—Five Gold Seekers Killed by Their Guide—Captured After Nine Years.

A recent letter from Denver, Col., to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says: After nine years one of the greatest murder mysteries of the frontier has been cleared up by the capture of the murderer at Fort Fetterman, Wyoming Territory, and his confession, which General Adams, of the post-office, received here by telegraph. The affair has long since become a story of crime that for atrocity and fiendishness is not surpassed in the criminal history of the country.

Nine years ago, when the San Juan mining excitement broke out, a party, composed of eighteen frontiersmen, left Salt Lake City to penetrate the new Colorado by way of the old Mormon trail through the Ute domain. On arriving at the confluence of the Gunnison and Grand rivers, early in February, they separated into two bodies of twelve and six respectively. Their supplies had diminished to so small an amount that when they were divided there was barely rations enough for two days. The larger detachment followed the Grand river to Cochetopa river, while the smaller crew, which consisted of Messrs. Miller, Bell, Swan, Humphreys, George Noon and Alfred Packha, pursued the Gunnison south. Packha was selected for leader. General Adams was agent for the Uncompahgre Indians at Los Pinos agency at the time. Late in March Packha appeared at the agency in an almost naked condition and starving. He was unable to eat for several days and it required careful medical treatment to save his life. To General Adams Packha said he had been deserted by his companions and left to die in a snow-storm. He was taken to Lagache, the nearest frontier settlement, for treatment. Two days after the agency escort departed with him a couple of Utes arrived with strips of supposed meat, which they showed to General Adams as "white man's flesh." Suspecting foul play, the general immediately dispatched a second party to bring Packha back to the agency as a prisoner. Upon being shown the human flesh and charged with murder Packha seemingly broke down, and confessed that the five men were killed, one by the other, to provide food for the survivors. One day when he was absent from the camp hunting, he said, his five companions drew lots for death, and Swan drew the unlucky number. The victim was being cut up, he said, when he returned to camp. Miller, Humphrey and Noon then fell under the hatchet, and in the order stated their flesh was devoured. Bell then tried to murder Packha, but the latter detecting him in the act, felled him dead with an ax before he could fire a second shot. Packha wound up his somewhat crooked story with an account of his blind journey through the wilderness, in which he preserved his life against the winter cold and storms by carrying from place to place burning coals in a coffee-pot. Bell's flesh was what he fed on. Meanwhile during the investigation a straggler from the party of twelve turned up almost dead from starvation. He described as nearly as possible where he had left his companions in a dying condition, and a relief party sent out with food found them in a camp on the Cebolla river, and they were brought into Los Pinos. On being told Packha's experience they refused to credit it, and demanded a scout. Packha offered to guide a party to the remains. An expedition of whites and Indians was organized under the leadership of Henry Lanter. The trail was taken across the mountain toward the head of the Gunnison river. When the north fork of the Gunnison was reached Packha claimed to be confused, and said he could not direct the exploration any further. He tried his best to lead the party north. Lanter, growing suspicious, charged him with the purpose of misdirecting the party, and insisted on continuing south, whereupon Packha drew a knife and tried to kill him. Packha was disarmed and ironed. The party returned to the agency, after having failed to discover the camp, and Packha was confined in the Lagache jail. A few days later he escaped, and a trace of him was never certainly had again till last week.

Three years ago a desperado was killed at Fort Defiance, Arizona Territory, whose description corresponded with that of Packha, and it was thought that he had at last met his death. In June, 1874, a photographer from Peoria, Ill., named Reynolds, accidentally discovered the bodies of the murdered men in a hemlock grove near Lake San Cristoval, and only a short distance from the present Lake City. Some members of the surveying party who had lingered in the country visited the scene and identified the men. The bodies of four of the men—Swan, Bell, Noon and Humphreys—were lying side by side. Two of them were rolled up in a blanket. A bullet-hole in each head explained the way of the killing. What remained of poor Miller was a few yards away. The head was severed from the body and the flesh had been taken from the limbs. There was evidence in the disturbed condition of the ground that he had fought hard for his life. The bodies were preserved and easily identified. There was known to have been about \$10,000 in the possession of the party, but not a dollar could be found. There was no longer any doubt but Packha murdered the men to obtain their money, and running out of food ate their flesh.

The closing chapter opened last week, when a member of the Salt Lake party telegraphed to the sheriff at Lake City that he had met Packha face to face at Fort Fetterman. The murderer was recognized as the leader of what has been for some time the most desperate gang of outlaws in the West. General Adams was informed of the discovery, and a concerted movement by Sheriff Spangler, of Denver, and Smith of Lake City, and Sharpless, of Cheyenne, resulted in the capture of Packha. When confronted with the details of the finding of the bodies and the charge of having murdered the five men for their money he confessed.

The Emperor's Buttons.

In a recently published life of the emperor of Germany occurs the following: As king and emperor alike, for many years past, William I. has not appeared in public except while undergoing his annual water cure at Gastein and Ems, dressed in civil dress. He invariably wears uniform at home, even when writing letters in his study, which overlooks Linden avenue, Berlin's chief military and fashionable thoroughfare. While actually sitting at his writing table he is accustomed to loosen three or four of the upper buttons of his double-breasted tunic, and to turn back its lapels. Whenever, however, a body of troops, small or large, is heard approaching the palace, he rises from his seat, hastily buttons up his uniform to the throat, and adjusts his cross of the "Order pour le Merite" in such sort that it hangs down over the coat collar exactly under his chin. This operation, which long practice enables him to perform in a few seconds, concluded, he walks to his window and stands there in full view of his soldiers while they march past. One day an exalted personage, who happened to be in conversation with the emperor when, the sound of distant drums and rifles having announced the approach of "Grand Guards," his majesty hurriedly went through the above described "rapid act," took heart of grace and asked the Kaiser why he was so particular about buttoning the top button of his uniform before showing himself to his guards, "who, after all," added Prince —, "enjoy almost daily an opportunity of seeing your majesty face to face. I should have thought, sir, that you would have scarcely deemed it necessary to stand upon ceremony with them." "That is not the question at all," replied the Kaiser. "At the head of the army, I am bound to show my soldiers an irreproachable example in the way of tenue. They have never seen me with my coat unbuttoned, and I do not intend they ever shall. For, let me tell you, it is the one button left unbuttoned that is the ruin of an army!"

Little Johnny Talk.

One time I was in Mister Brily's shop and he had cut off a pig's head and set it on the top of a ball, and ole Gaffer Peters he cum in and seen it and he sed, ole Gaffer did: "Mister Brily, yure pig is a gitten out." Mr. Brily he laked and then he said: "That's so, Gaffer, you jest take that stick and rap him on the nose fore he can draw it in." So Gaffer he take the stick and snook up reel sli, and fetched the pigs head a regular nose-wiper, hard as ever he cude with the stick, and knocked the pigs head off the ball, and you never seen such a stonish ole man! But Mr. Brily he pended like he wasn't a lojken an ole Gaffer he sed: "Mister Brily, you must excuse me, but when I struck at that pig it dodged and cut its head off agin the edge of the ball."—*Argonaut.*

A BIT OF POTTERY.

The potter stood at his daily work,
One patient foot on the ground;
The other with never-slacking speed
Turning his swift wheel round.
Silent we stood beside him there,
Watching the ret'ess knee,
Till my friend said low, in pitying voice,
"How tired his foot must be!"

The potter never paused in his work,
Shaping the wondrous thing;
'Twas only a common flower-pot,
But perfect in fashioning.
Slowly he raised his patient eyes,
With homely truth inspired;
"No, marm, it isn't the foot that ticks;
The one that stands gets tired!"
—*The Continent.*

HUMOROUS.

The key-note—"Wife, let me in!"
The widow of the late Alexander Tilton recently presented the town of Tilton with a church and a steam fire engine. She is bound to have that town protected against fire.—*Hawkeye.*

The greatest criminal in New York, or perhaps in this country, was his own accuser the other day. He testified that in the last five years he had taught 1,500 boys to play the flute.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Beneath a rough exterior
Of gleams a glowing gem,
Which sometimes shines superior
To any diamond.

Full many a gaudy overcoat
Of hides a threadbare vest,
O'er which a ruffian's gaze might gloat,
Its value to attest.

—*New York Commercial.*

Inquirer: "What is it to be caught in a blizzard, which fate we read is befalling folks in the West?" Well, no such thing happens in this part of the country, but you can get some idea of it by letting an elderly but active and athletic lady of single condition catch you abusing her cat.—*Somerville Journal.*

Professor Blackie once chalked on his notice-board in college: "The professor is unable to meet his classes tomorrow." A waggish student removed the "c," leaving "lasses." When the professor returned he noticed the new rendering. Equal to the occasion the professor quietly rubbed out the "l" and joined in the hearty laughter of the asses.

A TOUCHING BALLAD.

The wife of the Chinese minister at Washington recently sang the following touching ballad of her native land. Written out in the form of letters used by outer Barbarians it will be seen that Chinese is not nearly so difficult a language as supposed:

Oho ometo tte asho pwit hme,
And uya po undof thebe st.
Twilpr oream oster callent ea,
Itsu qit lal lwi lla toot.
Tiso nlyf orush ill ngs apo und,
Soo o net othet eama rlan dry,
Nob eterec andel sewh erebe on nd.
Ort hata nyoth er needb uy.

One of General Butler's Pranks.
Governor B. F. Butler relates one of his college pranks in breaking up an abolition meeting. We students went into the country and paid an old farmer fifty cents to let us catch in his barn all the swallows we wanted. We got a dozen or so, and on the night of the meeting a number of us were present, distributed judiciously about the room, each boy with a swallow in his pocket. The church was lighted by old-fashioned chandeliers, holding each five or six whale oil lamps. At a given signal, when the swallows were under way, the swallows were let loose, and almost in the twinkling of an eye out went the lights. The birds of course went for the lights, and the rush of air caused by their wings put out the lamps. We kissed a girl or two and they of course shrieked. All was commotion and confusion for a few moments. Then the moderator, demanding silence, said that some unaccountable accident had put out the lights, but that the audience must sit quiet and preserve order, and that the lamps would soon be lighted. The sexton hurried away for a torch—there were no lucifer matches in those days—and presently he came into the church, holding it in front of his face and shielding it with one hand; the swallows of course went for the light, and one of them struck the candle, knocking it out of the old man's hand and into his face. He tum led back, gave a yell of fright, and gathering himself up took to his heels, vowing there were spirits there sure. The crowd, now frightened in earnest, the students leading, got out of the church in a hurry, and that abolition meeting was at an unexpected and unexplainable end.