

# The Post

VOL. III.

WILMINGTON, N. C., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 10, 1870.

NO. 358.

## THE WILMINGTON POST.

### OFFICIAL ORGAN.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION INVARIABLE IN ADVANCE.  
Per Year.....\$3 00  
Six Months..... 2 00  
Three Months..... 1 25  
One Month..... 50  
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Address, CHAS. L. GRADY,  
Editor and Proprietor,  
Wilmington, N. C.

### CITY.

Subscribers will please notice that all papers bearing the black cross will be stopped unless payment is made.

The frogs are croaking.

Everybody is ready to pat Patti.

Our shed are becoming like shadows.

Munson & Co's spring goods have arrived.

Our Chief departed for Raleigh last evening.

Get your Business Cards at the Post Printing Office.

Pictures of pretty Patti adorn the shop windows.

New styles of Bill Heads at the Post Printing Office.

The city clock subscription amounts to \$640. Strike on.

The Velocipede Rink will be sold to-day. We cry—Ben-jam-to!

Winter is like a great many of our subscribers—can't see that its time's up!

Manager Ford has succeeded in leasing the Theatre for one year, from June 1st.

The finest binding and blank books furnished to order at the Post printing office.

They say a "mice is as good as a mile." For our part we would rather have the mice; they can live the mile.

The eggs-high-ting crises still continues. When will the hens attend to their business, so we can have cheap eggs?

"When the swallows homeward fly" is the exclamation of all those who drink Plantation Bitters sold by Myers.

At the sale of the Rink, to-day; four velocipedes are offered, by Mr. Cronly. Anybody want to break his neck?

TRAGEDY.—To-night, Mr. Warner, appears as Othello. To-morrow evening as Richard, riding Saturday with Richard.

There was no explosion yesterday, therefore no "hefty" item. We think the one of Saturday last, must last for some time.

Dr. Pritchard lectured last evening at the new Baptist church on "Characteristics of Infidelity." The lecture was well attended.

Brown's wounds are healing rapidly, under the care of Dr. Winants, and he soon will be able to forget there was an explosion.

Mount Olivet Council, No. 9, celebrated its third anniversary last evening at Masonic Hall. Rev. T. H. Wood delivered the address.

Our revenue officers complain of scanty returns from the monstrous deductions claimed by tax-payers in this city and county by reason of amount paid local government.

ONLY TWO DOLLARS.—Not to be outdone by the Standard and other high priced papers we have resolved to send the Post to all our country subscribers for TWO DOLLARS a year if paid in advance!

Next Thursday is St. Patrick's day in the morning. How many will "drown the Shamrock" and "immerse" aforesaid triple; drown themselves! Whiskey will be on the rise, that day; especially to the head.

ON THE STRIKE.—The merchants of the city are waging the pendulum of public opinion, with both hands pointed to the dial of necessity and strike every one in our midst for the necessity of contributing to the main spring that controls the lever of the City's interest. And that interest is a clock. Some require time to consider, others time to pay, but to get time, there is no time! How is this!

**KLEPTOMANIA.**—Constable Bell brought from Lincoln Township yesterday, Stephen Coker, charged with appropriating beef. Stephen was incarcerated in the little brown jug, where Warden Nash will supply him with everything comfortable until the dreaded day.

Poor Raleigh has had but one dramatic season of three nights and a minstrel entertainment of as equal a number; while jolly, festive Wilmington boast of its hops, fairs, burlesque, comedy, tragedy, concerts, etc., etc. Goshillikins! Don't you want to come down! What say "W(h)itty"?

**DEATH OF M'LE MARIE.**—The New Bern Times of last evening, announces the death of this lady, in New York. M'le Marie, it will be remembered, performed with the Taylor and Silvester troupe in this city, in the wonderful mid-air suspension act. Inflammation of the brain, was supposed to be the cause of her death.

**ELECTED.**—Justice McQuigg issued a warrant yesterday, and placed it in the hands of Constable Hill, for the arrest of James Kelly. This gentleman, it will be remembered was one of the accused in the sausage stealing case. "James" has been held, for examination this morning at 10 o'clock. Alas! poor James! he is unanimously elected.

**FISLICUFFS TO HAND-CUFFS.**—From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step. But how few considering the axiom, can see how brief the pleasure of fatiucuffs as compared with hand-cuffs. Mr. Chester Lewis is a living example of the truthfully of the saw; for charged with an affray "at Lincoln Township" he remains in the hands of the Sheriff for trial at the next term of the Superior Court.

The presents flow in; and the last is one of those excellent "Revolving Albums." Where you can quiz, Our ugly "pals," But mind your biz.

In other words, you see our likeness, but you can't touch it! This is from the affable gentleman, Mr. C. W. Yates, our excellent photographer. We have no "flower born to blush unseen" to place within its "circled space," nor yet a wife; but the "faded flowers" or at least, "our female cousins" shall adorn its access; and as we turn the wheel to witness their "counterfeit presentments," we shall think of the giver.

"CUSSIN' OF 'EM."—J. W. Robbins, unfortunately, has a dislike for the city government and especially that branch composed of the "Knights of the Club." Tuesday afternoon, he took occasion to chin most musically to officer Davis on the sad condition of the country; when that officer was arresting him for an alleged swindle. As this remarkable luxury is considered to be worth \$100 under the city laws; J. W. acted rather unwisely. Yesterday morning the alleged offender was brought before Judge Cantwell, and on examination was declared guilty; but judgment was suspended on payment of costs.

**ROMEO AND JULIET—THEATRE.**—We must say we were pleasantly surprised at the performance of this beautiful creation of the "Divine William," last evening, by Mr. Warner. Easy, unstrained, studious and pains-taking, it impressed all with a sense of this actor's excellent conception of the love-sick swain. We regret, sincerely, not having the space to particularize the scenes of the play, sufficiently to show Mr. Warner's rendering of this ill-fated opponent of the Capulets. Suffice to say, however, that Mr. Warner toned himself down to such a level, that the acting was as smooth as the running rivulet; never marred by his general ebullition of passionate vehemence so common, and so damaging to this actor. From Mr. Warner's ensemble; as also, that of his voice, we have no hesitation in saying that his Richard will be worth a large assemblage. Although laboring under a severe hoarseness, we hope to see this rendered in excellent style on Saturday evening.

Miss Eldridge improves wonderfully, and it scarce seems but a few months ago, a "wee stripling" on the stage as Oberon; we caught "the infectious mood" of her archness and piquancy. Her Juliet was winning, and earned, as it deserved, frequent applause.

Mr. O'Neill's *Mercutio* was very fair, as was also Mr. Woods, that of "the fiery Tybalt." Mrs. Eldridge as the Nurse was acceptable; and Ryan as Peter, was as usual, inexpressibly droll.

**MATRIMONIAL BLISS-FER.**—"Sweet are the pleasures of matrimony," says the poet. "Sweet, are the pleasures of single blessedness, say we if such are the fruits of connubiality, as presented in the police court this morning. George West has a household. More; he has a partner whose form rests serenely among its quiet recesses. None of those interesting responsibilities which crown the matrimonial state and make pleasant the thorny path, are theirs. Cruel fate ordained a companion. The one se-

creted was a girl, passing fair in all but virtue." This "source of all their woe" did make George's faithful, like Othello, become "easily jealous."

Parlor theatrically were indulged in; over and over, to wit away the passing hours; and the beligerent George; no less his jealous spouse assumed the roles of Hamlet and Laertes and hacked each other with case knives. This being a disturbance of the public peace one of the blue-coated knights was summoned; and this free show of heavy tragedy, was interdicted.

Yesterday the guilty parties appeared before Judge Cantwell; Madame W. appearing as complainant, and the "lord" as prisoner. The table, however, was turned, on Madam W. and she was happy as being the recipient of a lecturing, which we doubt not will be remembered by her, "the longest day she lives." Which day is supposed to be the 21st of June. Sentence (on complainant, not prisoner), was, payment of costs.

**BOOKS, MAGAZINES, &c.**—*Peterson's Ladies Magazine.*—A brilliant number is the periodical of the Messrs. Petersons for March. Its illustrated fashion plates no less than its choice reading matter makes it pleasant to eye and mind. T. B. Peterson & Bro., publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

*Manufacturer and Builder.*—This valuable magazine of industry, for March is an improvement on its predecessors; its contents being more varied, interesting and instructive. It should be in the hands of every person capable of reading. Only \$1.50 per year. Western & Co., publishers 37 Park Row, New York.

*Just In Time.*—A neat, spicy, gossip little sheet, published by that enterprising Prince of clothiers, Baldwin, of New York. 'Tis an instructive commentary on the value of advertising, that this man who commenced at the corner of Broadway and Canal streets, under unfavorable circumstances, should now be able to pay thousands of dollars to the printer. As to his clothing, we have worn a suit of his admirable outfit and know whereof we speak.

*Appleton's.*—Still chief among the weeklies, unsurpassed in illustrations, and common sense reading matter.

*Heath and Home.*—The frontispiece to the present number represents "Deep Sea Angling"; a very prettily executed embellishment. Besides this there are excellent articles on the household and farm.

*Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun; Illustrated News; Boys and Girls, and Chimney Corner.*—All received from the publisher, and it is needless to make any comment upon their appearance. The cartoons, and wit of the first; the illustrations foreign and domestic, of the other three, with their wide awake stories for both adult and youth, are well known.

*Blackwood's* for March. This veteran periodical comes to us laden with the philosophically written thoughts of the English writers. Its reviews are carefully written, and its despatches commend themselves to the scholarly reader. Leonard Scott, Publishing Co., New York.

**MUSIC.**—Our citizens will be pleased to learn that "Lent" will be rendered more bearable by the passing of M'le Patti on one of her regular tours of song. The most rigid observer of the holy season can find nothing to displease in the chaste entertainment of M'le Patti in the City Hall. The city authorities have labored to make the room presentable, and we may safely say that the thorough cleaning and white-washing with the addition of numerous chairs and benches makes the "hall" quite a "Music Hall."

Let each lover of music read the following account of the distinguished artist published in the Memphis Appeal: "Her presence has called forth the enthusiasm of our people to an extent never before dreamed of. Her vocalization is most wonderful indeed. Her voice, so clear and brilliant, and of almost limitless range, she manages with an ease little less than marvellous. She sacrifices nothing to secure expression. Mindful of her author, full of her art, she warbles and trills the most intricate, and runs passages, the simple beauties of which are never lost, no matter by what ornamentation surrounded. She is not wanting in heart as some critics suggest. She enjoys the laughing song, seeming quite as much as her audience; and nothing can surpass her hearty rendition of "Coming through the rye." In singing "Inez," by Ritter, she gave us a new proof of her facility in expressing almost in the same breath the extremes of joy and regret. Patti and her troupe have afforded us a rare treat."

Savannah and Charleston have testified their appreciation of the gifted girl as they never have before. Let us hope Wilmington will emulate these sister cities.

The refreshments allowed the members of the Ritual Commission, now sitting in London, are restricted to "two bottles of sherry and a shilling's worth of biscuits per diem."

**THE THEATRE.**—MR. WARNER AS "HAMLET."—"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," is an apophthegm of such significance and suggestiveness in its application to the dramatic *novelties*, that it should forever stand as a freezing monitor to check the ranting melo-dramatic, tempestuous actor. To be the consummate artist, so that in the

"Whirlwind of your passion, to acquire and Beget a temperature."

How often, then, does our disappointment take the place of hope and honorable but misplaced aspirations.

To comprehend the circumstances attending the historical period, to intuitively understand the effect thereon, to catch the inspiration of the scene in fact, and transfer it mirrored to the face and form—in brief, to unflinchingly maintain the identity of the role without a thought of treading the stage; is indeed what is expected and what must be displayed by one professing "eminence" in the drama.

Does Mr. Warner's delineation of the "Melancholy Dane" warrant us in asserting that he grasps thoughtfully, faithfully, intelligently even, the pure intent and purpose of the great bard, in portraying the scenes of this highly wrought, idealistic tragedy? Let us see.

To those who have studied Shakespeare, the raptures of Laertes, and Hamlet, no less the booming of cannon, seem strange accessories to a time when such things were "buried in the deep future." Run it through, you that will, and it must appear an anachronism so palpable that one is startled at his own discovery. What did the savage, untutored Danes of the tenth century know of the English crown's quest law? More than the sable browed Dane, himself, of the deep philosophy of speech conveyed to his mouth by Shakespeare, in which the virtue or vice of self destruction is so beautifully pictured!

Look at it! a combination and conglomeration of circumstances; not running through a lifetime, as it should, but at least a thousand years!

We merely mention this to strengthen our coming remarks as to the overworking, absorbing, relentless demands upon the genius—not talent—of the artist, to correctly and naturally present, even to the most incomprehensible, the "mirror up to nature" so that we can see the lachrymose features of the Dane, as Shakespeare intended he should be given; in the myriad phases of his brief existence.

One thing, however, and it cannot be gainsayed, and this much to the comfort of the audience, the "test scene" in Hamlet comes in Scene IV. of Act I. This is the meeting of the Ghost for the first time, and it is here that Booth's crowning effort is achieved. Aye; what a study for the pretentious Knight of the sock and buskin is the blanched cheek, the rattling heels, the rolling eye balls, the swelled arteries of the neck, the twitching fingers, and "bated breath;" and still withal how pure, how low, how musically melancholy is the cadence of the voice.

To watch the play upon the features of the ill starred Prince, to see painted as it were the fantastic shadows of love, fear, hate, remorse, sympathy, and all ending in this scene the *beau ideal* of perfection.

But we are not comparing, for "comparisons," in the language of Dogberry, "are odorous;" but simply showing the inordinate demand Shakespeare makes upon the actor in this scene. Mark! the Prince loved his father with an intense and absorbing love. On his death he puts on, as he says,

"The suits and trappings of woe." He carries upon his neck, the metalion of the "Royal Dane;" he prates to his mother of his loving parent; his moonlight eyes are caught by the musings of his loneliness and unassuaged grief. How would one, thus pictured, receive the ghost of his departed father, and that spiritual form addressing him in the hollow sepulchral tones of the ghoul.

Watch the expression on Mr. Warner's face, when the cloak is thrown aside, and the quick exclamation is given: "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" This first is unquestionably an unstudied exclamatory sentence; for what comes immediately afterward is addressed to the Ghost. And to say that Mr. Warner, here, or in any other portion of the play conceived the intention of the author, would be sheer, shallow hypocrisy; or worse still, undiluted ignorance. A face so rigid and unyielding in the lines of the forehead and chin; an eye, that do what he may with it, has no more expression than one composed of glass; a mouth as sternly opposed to every element of tragedy—as one of the merest supernumerary; we for the life of us cannot see why he ever imagined he could represent Hamlet as the great student would have him presented. Robust and large limbed, he disarms the beautiful idealistic, and the calm, placid, patient Prince is made a brawling braggart? How would, naturally,

the man, weighed down by grief and care, act in solitude? Would he tear his hair, shout, rant, and "saw the air with his hands"? Is the deep, philosophical essay put to blank verse and made the soliloquy of soliloquies, to be harshly torn to atoms when it is but the musings of *contemplative* death?

Again, Hamlet's is but a feigned madness; bidding it a truce only, when in *Horatio's* company—his confidential friend. Therefore, little heed is taken of his rhapsodical wanderings, when, in company of the King and Queen, by the intelligent spectator, 'Tis only in the scenes with Horatio; and in his soliloquies we can measure the artist by his true standard. For instance when he says to Horatio:

"There are more things in Heaven and earth, Than dreamt of in our philosophy."

And again: "The time is out of joint.—O cursed spite! That ever I was born to set it right!" This being the outburst of a man, entirely sick at heart with himself, one can understand how it is to be delivered, and in what position. Mr. Warner's delivery, is certainly in this; rapid, impulsive and vivid; but it is mechanical, indifferent and parrot-like.

We might go on, and analyze Mr. Warner's rendition of this great character, with exceeding patience; but we think we have said enough. Had we not heard of, and seen, the trumpeting of managerial clariens; and the fulsome nothings printed by our contemporaries; we fain would have let him "severely alone."

One thing, however, we must admit, and that is the flexibility and mellowness of Mr. Warner's voice, which, trained in a righteous school, and not abused, would eventually become a "stage voice" of superior tone. But Mr. Warner relies too much on this, in fact, places all his dependence on it, and this is what mars his redeeming qualities as an actor.

To sum up; Mr. Warner is nothing but a melo-dramatic actor, and when this is conceded it is sufficient. Miss Eldridge's *Ophelia* was tasteful and pains-taking; but the honors of the evening must be given to Mr. M. Parker for his excellent conception of the fussy old *Polonius*. It has rarely been our fortune to witness such a charming and satisfactory portraiture of the chamberlain.

And now as to the practical part. If the audience is to be disturbed by an unruly mob of pestering boys, to be comforted by icy cold feet; and their olfactories a temporary gasometer for the reception of escaped gas; please let us know. Certainly the city should see that Mr. Ford receives more attention in this regard. For the first, we think a little gentle clubbing might be effective; and for the second and third, warm stoves; and a careful attendant at the gas metre.

**DANCING ACADEMY.**—On Tuesday afternoon next, Miss Rosamond Carnocross will open a dancing academy at Masonic Hall. The Classes for Misses and Masters from 3:30 to 5 P. M., on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. For gentlemen, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday from 8 to 10 P. M.

Terms, twelve lessons, six dollars. Private lessons will also be given on application. Tuition will also be given in vocal and instrumental music.

**POSTINGS.**

Gold 11 1/2.  
Revels uses the frank.  
Quesada is in Washington.  
The mints are coining rapidly.  
Congress investigates Tennessee.  
The Red River rebellion continues.  
Northern hotels have reduced rates.  
Newark had a \$200,000 fire Friday.  
Philadelphia snubs Fechter's Hamlet.  
Constantinople has female detectives.  
Butler has nominated a colored cadet.  
Cornell University has a Liberian pupil.  
The New York Expressmen have united.  
Gotham had specie payments Saturday.  
Retailers are resuming specie payments.  
Maretzek has gone among the Londonites.  
Revels lectured the Baltimoreans Tuesday.

The government will sell all its surplus gold.  
The President has signed the "Disability Bill."  
Rudolph has won the championship from Deery.  
Masked sleighing parties is Buffalo's idiosyncy.  
Bristol women take their knitting to church.  
Virginia's State debt amounts to \$45,873,900.  
And now Cincinnati has resumed specie payment.

The Brooklyn Navy Yard employs 8,025 workmen.  
New York had a heavy snow storm on Sunday last.  
Whittier is out in a card in the Charleston Republican.

New York's *Puck* makes its appearance next week.

The Princess of Prussia will soon increase the consuls of Germany.

McLeary Brown, who will succeed Burlingame is an Irishman.

Congressman Rodgers of Arkansas has received four leather medals.

Bohner and Bodenberg, the Pennsylvania murderers, were hung yesterday.

A. T. Stewart has marked down his stock on account of the gold decline.

The golden dollar will be handled by the golden pipkin, Hurra, for specie!

Moonlight is the name of the Secretary of State of Kansas. He must be a luminous official.

Those buff linen suits, which looked so pretty, and "captivating" in Gotham last summer, will again be fashionable.

A man in Worcester, Mass. is under five hundred dollars bail not to kill himself. In case of suicide who pays the piper?

Lawrence, the Bangor murderer, lately requested the officers in charge of him to release him a short time, so that he could murder the witnesses against him. He said he would be willing to be hanged then. His request was not granted.

**STATE.**

Equine sports in Edgemoor.

Raleigh ladies charred Tuesday.

Parson Hiden murders in Goldsboro.

The Tarboro "phaire secks" are festive.

Base ballers (owlers?) enliven Charlotte.

The Onslow County Supreme Court is in session.

The *Messenger* spells robins with "bb's."

New Bern will have a calico ball. Why not us?

Shotwell of the *Citizen* has been shot. Shot well!

Lancaster's cotton crop does not exceed three thousand bales.

Charlotte has a woman suffrage. May she continue to suffer.

DESTROYED.—The Baptist church at Bentonsville. Fire did it.

Sig. Brignoli and Miss McCollough appear in Raleigh on the 30th.

The junior of the *Standard* is opposed to woman's suffrage. Married?

Robeson has organized a Medical Society. Look out for a heavy mortuary.

Engineers are surveying the Air Line R.R., from Atlanta, Ga., to Charlotte.

Charlotte has determined to have sewer water works. Cause—Too expensive.

Prof. Charles Phillips says "not for Charley" to the chair of Davidson College.

In Charlotte, on last Monday evening, the house of Mr. M. W. Robinson was burned down.

Doctor Richardson lives in Wake. A tree fell upon him. Many attended the funeral.

Thursday, at Rutherfordton, Mr. Decatur Depriest was shot, by James McGowan. Latter arrested. No widow.

The investigating "committee of the whole" now sitting in Raleigh will cost the State fifty thousand dollars, and don't benefit anybody.

Dr. Crane, phrenologist, is bumping the Wilmingtonians.—*Tarboro Carolina*. No; but Crane, rather appropriately, is examining craniums.

A few days since a consignment of fifty bales of cotton, from Atlanta, Ga., passed through Charlotte, and reached the point of destination, Norfolk, within eighty hours after shipment. That is creditable to the several Rail Road lines.

The Charlotte Bulletin states that the South Carolinians have challenged North Carolinians to fight a main of thirty-one game cocks, for \$1,000 each battle.—The fight to take place on the 5th April, and the four succeeding days, in Columbia, S. C.

A Sensation in the Food Market.—No such sensation has been created in the food market during the present century, as that occasioned by the introduction of the new *style of life* (for so it may be justly called), known as *THE MOST FAVORABLE*. It is difficult to tell the truth about this extraordinary article of diet without being suspected of exaggeration. Prepared from a marine plant which grows spontaneously on the Irish coast, it is by all odds the cheapest species of sustenance ever offered to the masses, while the dishes prepared from it can not be excelled, either for nutritious properties, epicurean flavor or variety. The *Salt Moss* (Fucus Vesiculosus) is the plant which it is manufactured, and doing a business in this new edible equal to that of the most extensive flouring establishments in the country, and now erecting new mills to supply the ever-increasing demand. From a 25c package you can produce sixteen quarts of unsurpassable Blanc Mange, Custard, Farina Cream, Jelly, or Light Puddings, Invalids, and convalescents find the dishes made from it more delicious, digestible, and restorative, than any dietetics of the same class derivable from ordinary sources.