THIS PAPER

Is published every afternoon, Sundays excepted by

JOSH. T. JAMES,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, POSTAGE PAID.

One year, $5 00 Six months, $2 50 ; Three months, $1 25; One month, 50 cents.

The paper will be delivered by carriers, free of charge, in any part of the city, at the above rates, or 13 cents per week.

Advertising rates low and liberal

Subscribers will please report any and all failures to receive their papers regularly.

THE DAILY REVIEW.

VOL. IV. WILMINGTON, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1879. NO. 42

PLEASE NOTICE.

We will be glad to receive communications from our friends on any and all subjects of general interest but:

The name of the writer must always be furnished to the Editor.

Communications must be written on only one side of the paper.

Personalities must be avoided.

And it is especially and particularly understood that the Editor does not always endorse the views of correspondents, unless so state in the editorial columns.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

P. L. Bridgers & Co—A New Departure.

G. W. Fraizer, Cleaveland, O—Life in a Bottle.

P. Heinsberger—Standard Novels.

S. Jewett—Blank Books and Stationery.

A. Sherer—Going North.

J. C. Munds, Druggist.—Globe Flower Syrup.

A relief society—A gang of pickpockets.

Pic-nics are now called country matinees.

Do penmen ever do wrong? No; they do write.

Blessed is the man who loves his wife's relations

Cotton is queen—calico dresses are again fashionable.

The market was well supplied with fish yesterday.

Shad were selling for thirty-five cents per pair yesterday.

When a pilot becomes a beau he is supposed to be a luffer.

Some druggists are beginning to brush up their soda fountains.

New sashes are no longer embroidered, but painted at the ends.

In the island of Cyprus boys of fifteen marry girls of ten or twelve.

Florida boys have commenced stealing the new crop of watermelons.

The body of Dick Crawford the colored man who was drowned on Saturday night has not yet been recovered.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart is traveling in the South; she passed through Georgia last week in a special palace car.

The meat saw which was picked up in an alley a day or two ago was yesterday claimed and turned over to the owner.

The National Bank building is being improved in looks by a coat of paint.

Work on the Empire floating dock is progressing finely. The beams were erected to-day.

The United States buoy tender *Alanthus* put into port this morning and stopped at the government wharf.

Mr. M. M. Katz has returned from the northern markets where he has been selecting his spring and summer stock.

A party of gentlemen embarked on the steam-yacht *Passport* this morning for several days fishing at Orton and adjoining farms.

The new moon was plainly discernible in the Western sky last evening and to all appearance is as dry as a powder horn should be.

When will the market open for news, good news, and plenty of it? Information is wanted upon this point immediately.

The steamship *Benefactor*, which was reported as having left New York on Saturday, did not leave until Monday, and will probably arrive here to-morrow.

There are a little less than one hundred rubber slings in the possession of the Chief of Police, which were taken by the police from small boys in this city.

Consumption may be prevented by checking a cough or cold in time, and nothing equals Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for throat and lung affections. 25 cents.

The steamer *Wave* has been examined by the Steamboat Inspector and pronounced all right. She is in first-rate condition and will resume her regular trips to-morrow.

Gent to Lady—"Were you ever engaged?"

Lady—"Never!"

Gent—"What, never?'

Lady—"Well, hardly ever."

The report to the effect that the office of the United States Signal Service in this city is to be moved from its present location in the Bank of New Hanover, to the rooms formerly used by the Cape Fear Club, is without foundation so we are informed by one in authority.

Magistrate's Row is as dull as an old hoe, every constable, justice and attache in the vicinity that is not snoozing is basking in the balmy sunshine of this delightful Spring day, and knife in hand, whittling away for dear life on some of the timber from Mr, Blaine's great State of Maine.

Election of Officers.

The Philomathean Society of this city held a meeting last evening for the election of officers, at the Knights of Pythias Hall, with the following result:

President,—B. G. Empie.

Vice-President—R. W. Hicks.

Secretary and Treasurer—G. H. Smith.

Editor—G. W. Baily

Death of Michael Horan.

Alas! poor Yorick, we knew him well. Michael Horan, the faithful watchman on the New York steamship wharf, has taken his departure from this mundane sphere, yielded up the ghost and gone to render his accounts before the impartial Judge of the Highest Tribunal. For long years Mike has served Captain A. D. Cazaux, agent of the Steamship Line, in the capacity of night watchman, and well and faithful has been the service performed. Michael Horan for many years, has by his strict attention to duty, sober life and implicit faith in the teachings of his church, set an example worthy of emulation to many of his brethren in this city, who like himself, claim their nativity in the Eastern Hemisphere, among the picturesque scenes of the "beautiful Isle of the Sea."

The Hibernian Association, of which the deceased was a member, will escort the remains to their last resting-place from St. Thomas' Church, this afternoon, at 5 o'clock.

French Cream Cake.

One cup of sugar, three eggs, three tablespoons cold water, one and a half cups of flour, one teaspoon Dooley's Yeast Powder Bake in a quick oven twenty minutes.

For the Cream.—Scald nearly a pint of milk, dissolve two heaping tablespoons corn-starch in a little milk, beat this with two eggs, and a small teacup of sugar, stir this into the milk, and when it is boiled add a heaping tablespoon of butter; stir smooth, and flavor with vanilla or lemon. Split the cake while warm, and spread with the cream. This is sufficient for two cakes.

Big Fish.

The Hewlett's seines of Masonboro Sound hauled in three large rock fish on yesterday. One of them weighed forty five pounds and the three fish turned the scales at one hundred and one pounds.

Broken Open and Robbed.

Yesterday between the hours of twelve and one the domicile of Mr. Barney Murrell, on Hewlett's Creek, on Middle Sound, was broken open and robbed of a quantity of clothing. At the time of the theft Mr. Murrell was out on the Sound, but as he has some clue to the thief it is hoped that the perpetrator will soon be captured.

City Court.

There was only one case before His Honor this morning. A policeman arrested a woman and citizen of the Hollow on the charge of disorderly conduct. In order to damage the policeman's evidence the woman made a very grave charge against the officer, who was exonorated from the charge and the prosecutor ordered to pay the cost.

Whiting Rifles.

At a meeting of the Whiting Rifles held at their Armory on Monday night, Mr. John W. Gordon was unanimously elected Captain of the Company.

Captain Gordon has served the Rifles faithfully, and it is hoped that he will accept the Captaincy which has been tendered him. The boys say that on the tenth of May they will muster out forty-five uniformed members with Gordon at their head.

Personal.

Brother W. W. McDiarmid, of the *Robesonian*, made our sanctum pleasant by a visit this morning. His stay was brief, which we regret. He is workin in the interest of his paper, and we wish him success.

Mr. E Conklin, of the Raleigh *Observer*, also made us a brief visit. He will be here on business for his paper for a day or two, and has promised us a mess of fish—providin.'

The Code.

This morning the honor of a colored youth was attacked by another colored youth of about the same size and age, and without waisting much ink or paper the 'dreaded challenge" was sent and the pugilists, with their seconds, who were armed with pieces of sponge, repaired across the river. A ring was made and the weapons, five fingers tightly closed and thrown from the shoulder, were selected. The first round was declared a foul, but on the second and third rounds the principals discarded the use of rules and regulations. One walked off "chawing 'tothers ear" and the other had hair enough in his fist to make a mattress. The duel lasted just three minutes and a half, and the principals shook hands and came back on this side of the Cape Fear.

To all Whom it May Concern.

Yesterday we learned through one of the many channels which the Review enjoys for obtaining the latest intelligence that an interesting ceremony of a very impressive and serious nature was to be solemnized at the Academy of the Incarnation on Fourth street, in the afternoon at 4 o'clock. The ceremony was to consist of a young lady of this city being admitted as a novice into the habit of a Sister of Mercy of the Roman Catholic Church.

But yielding to the wishes of parties who made the request, we according to their expressed desire, refrained from making any publication of the fact. This morning we find that both of our city cotemporaries have interesting accounts of the ceremony. If this were the first instance in which the Review has been caught up in a similar manner we would not remark upon it, but as it is neither the first nor the second, nor even the third or fourth time that we have through our own magnamity been prevented from presenting to our readers interesting items of local news, we have concluded that hereafter we shall discriminate ourselves upon matters that have become public, and the propriety of publishing the same, and act as in our judgment may seem best in regard to such publications.

Indications.

War Department
Office of the Chief Signal Officer.
Washington D. C., Mc'h 26, 1879.

For the South Atlantic States increasing cloudiness followed by rain and warmer southerly winds, and falling barometer.

Death of Mrs. Gregory.

The sad intelligence was received here to-day that Mrs. Dorah Gregery, daughter of the late R. F. Brown, of this city, and consort of W. H. H. Gregory, Esq., of Charlotte, died at the residence of her husband in the abovenamed city at an early hour this morning. Mrs. Gregory's death was not altogether unexpected and has been feared for several days. Her disease, erysipelas of the brain, being of such a nature as not to leave much hope to her many friends that her constitution could successfully combat it. The remains, we understand, will arrive here on a special train by the Carolina Central Railway to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock. The funeral will take place from St James' Church The Wilmington Light Infantry, of which Mrs. Gregory was an honored member, will probably hold a meeting to-night to determine upon escorting the remains to their last resting place to-morrow. The following interesting sketch taken from Judge Cantwell's address delivered on the 20th of May, two years ago will explain the connection of the deceased lady with the above named organization:

At the risk of being tedious I shall now ask your attention while I attempt to recall the brightest vision of our *ante bellum* days. The blue-eyed Dora Brown, the *Vivandiere* of the Light Infantry, as she appeared at the head of the Company some years before the war, in her gay costume of green and gold; not yet entered her teens; graceful as an houri; beaming with the vivacity of her age and family, a child of beauty and of song; the golden sunlight streaming in her hair and flashing from her eyes, she marched with the swinging gate and cadence of a veteran, but the grace of a sylph, *la fille du regiment* still lives, but happier now, in the achievement of her destiny and the fulfillment of the duties of a more exalted station.

How often on the tented fields of Virginia, floating above the white winged canvass, or toying in the breeze with the Stars and Bars through the silent watches of the starlit nights, pacing with the solitary sentinel, where that sentinel's beat marked off the boundary lines of a Confederacy; on the prison floors; in the bitter cold of Lake Erie; gleaming on the unsheathed bayonets of hostile columns, moving to the fray; in long and cruel marches by the dark Potomac, over sloppy roads; on the rampart crowned with cannon; sweating with the battle smoke or sheeted in the flame a guileless little maiden's face has risen on the soldier's eye like some exudation of the mist, glossing all the hues of glory and luring him on to those inspiring toils by which man masters man.

As on the driving cloud the shining bow
That gracious thing made up of tears and light
Mid the wild rack and ruin that stands below,
Stands smiling forth unmoved and freshly bright
As though the spirit of all lovely flowers;
In weaving each its wreath and dewy crown
Or e'er they sent to earth in vernal showers
Had built a bridge to temp the angels down.

TAXES! TAXES!!

And the Cry is Still They Come.

Twelve more delinquents marched up to the Captain's office at the Treasury Department in the City Hall this morning and planked down the spondulicks due for their license tax. To-morrow a like number and possibly more of those who are in arrears will be seen winding their way solitary and alone with head bowed down with grief and woe at being at last compelled to empty the contents of their purses into the city coffers, and yet people who pay no taxes, neither license, real estate or poll, have for years been controlling the municipal power in this city and are to day responsible for the heavy load of indebtedness with which the tax payers are now burdened But such is Republicanism and the evil effects of it wherever practiced in the South

The Storm Siglal is fluttering from the pole of the signal office to-day. But never a bit does it look like a storm here today

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

March 25th. 4w.

For the Review.

The Old Rock Spring.

In this morning's *Sun* appeared a communication over the signature of *Senex*, in which the writer attempts to alter the locality of the old legendar "Rock Spring" by placing it at the junction of Nutt and Harnett streets, entirely ignoring its true and present locality, viz: the foot of Chestnut street. It is very true that there is a spring at *his* locality and it gushes out of a bed of rock, but it was never known by the name of the "Rock Spring" He paints in beautiful and glowing language—the beauty of the scenery near and surrounding this spring, then called "Paradise Spring," with embowered wood, trailing vines, wild Jasemine, honey suckles, &c., where with his Amaryllis by his side he realizes all its delights. Now the facts are these:

The spring at the foot of Chestnut street has always been called *The Rock Spring* the water of which, sixty years ago, was universally used by the inhabitants; in fact, it was *the* spring of the city. Its great flow was not only sufficient to supply all the citizens in its vicinity, but every vessel that came in port supplied their water casks for the out-going voyage. To take from this ancient spring its name and locality, and destroy the romance that has environed it, is an act of injustice to the spring, and abhorent to the memory of the old inhabitants. It has become so fashionable for writers to modernize things in orthography as well as geography that another *Senex* may soon appear and place Hilton at the Dram Tree and Eagle Island on Wrightsville Sound.

An Old Citizen.