

# THE WILMINGTON POST.

VOL. III.

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THE WILMINGTON POST.  
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OFFICIAL ORGAN.

CHAS. I. GRADY,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Ten lines or less, solid minion type, constitute a square.

## CITY.

The public are informed that W. Moore has opened his restaurant on Water street, between Market and Dock, over the auction room of Messrs. West, Meares and James, Eatables of all kinds, OYSTERS FOR ALL. He hopes you will give him a call.

Cold, colder, coldest.

Persimmons are coming.

Furs and velvets have appeared.

How can anybody make a square meal off a round of beef?

Great activity along the wharves. That is, among the rats.

The man who attempted to make twice two, one—"Georgie" Davis.

Why is "Georgie" Davis like Louis Napoleon? Because he can't stand the Press.

Why is the ex-Confederate Attorney General like a jackass? Because he brays against the post.

Special Postal Agent Fry is in the city as vigilant, and as alert as in his palmist days. Mail deprelators beware!

Hon. John Frost, Esq., arrived in the city yesterday morning, and left the impress of his deadening hand on the already "yellow leaf."

What is the difference between "Georgie" Davis and Pere Hyacinthe? Because one has escaped the Pope, and the other escaped the rope.

Hon. O. H. Dockery, our Congressional representative is in town. He looks fully able for the coming arduous duties of Congress. *Bon voyage.*

What is the difference between the church organist at "St. John's," and the influenza? Because one knows the stops, and the other stops the nose. He! He!

White velvet walking suits will be all the rage this fall.

"Oh father, dear father, come down with the stamps."

We hope that the trial of the officers of the "Cuba" will commence to-day without any more vexatious delays. The Government is ready to proceed at any time.

"Manifold ways was he troubled, Tossed, and turmoil'd, from post to pillar." *Laliner.*

"KNIGHTS OF THE POST."

We would again remind the subscribers of the Post, that it is impossible for us to deliver their paper if they neglect to inform us when they change their place of residence, or business.

Intelligence reaches us from Washington, that Commodore Higgins and companions will be released, as the government believes they are not amenable, they having assumed command on the high seas.

We have been shown an excellent sketch of the steam Sloop-of-War "Cuba," by James Henry Harris. With assiduous attention, and careful study, Mr. Harris will become a faithful "sketchist."

On account of the extraordinary press of local matter, the account of the visit to that leading manufactory is again unavoidably crowded out. We confidently expect to present it to our readers for their Sabbath reading.

The scarcity of fractional currency in circulation, was noticed by the Post some three weeks ago. The *Star* has just discovered it.

"Beloved *Star!* Thou art so near and yet so far."

LAST MONDAY, Treasurer Spinner put in circulation \$70,000 in two's of the new legal tender notes, and expects to be able to supply a like amount daily hereafter, until the bank note companies are ready to furnish notes of every denomination as required.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

In the State of Virginia, the mother of Presidents, the premium for the best cooperation has been given by an agricultural fair association to a negro! The world does move.

All day yesterday the police were busy arresting the "Cuba's" sailors, who had banded their elbow, too frequently during the day. The jail was a perfect Pandemonium. More than twenty will be brought before Judge Cantwell this morning.

**DARK STREETS.**—As far as we are concerned, we are not desirous of abbreviating our existence, or that of our limbs. Hence, we respectfully protest against the Hades-like aspect of some of our streets. The modern Lamp-rillo will execute his duty more faithfully.

A so-called newspaper in this city in publishing the letter of Lowrey yesterday—who was five hundred miles away from the scene of the preliminary proceedings in the Cuban case—only exhibits its assinine ears to its confused readers. And this is called a newspaper. Bah!

The dust hurled and whirled around in our streets by the freaks of angry Boreas, creates an impenetrable armor, and metamorphoses our clothing from black to that of filthy muddiness. Rain, will only be from the dust Scylla, to the mud Charybdis. Nothing will avail except paved streets. When shall we have them!

SEE HERE NOW.—An exchange says that John Bullock, of Bristol, New Jersey, is 100 years old, and never drank a glass of water. What a frightful example he would make for a temperance lecturer. It is also said that he spends his time in picking up needles with his naked eye. Has this reference to the needle's eye or his own?

Washington correspondents all agree in their reports to their different journals, that "The appearance in the case of the 'Cuba' of the ex-Confederate Attorney General has greatly prejudiced their case here." Commodore Higgins, and his brave and gallant officers have our deepest sympathy in their unfortunate choice of counsel.

This is exactly the season when North-erners should come to Carolina. What can be more delightful than the weather we have enjoyed for a week past? Clear, pure air, with fresh breezes from the sea, is certainly a luxury not to be despised. Many of us have friends or acquaintances in the North. Now is our time to communicate with them; show them whatever inducements of business, or health, or pleasure—as their needs demand—we can offer them for the winter, and bring them here as helps in the work of building up Wilmington.

Enthusiastic lovers of the illegitimate drama lost an excellent opportunity last Monday morning, in not being present at the United States Court Room. The exciting and soul thrilling drama of "BUCKING AGAINST THE POST," was enacted. The executive failure of "Georgie" Davis as the hero, exemplified the triteness and wisdom of the old adage, "Tis useless to buck against the post." The audience retired perfectly disgusted, and the while marveling what the critics would say, and with a seemingly uncontrollable desire to be posted immediately.

COUNTY COURT.—But five cases were tried before His Honor, Judge Russell, yesterday, and those not of much significance, being cases of minor transgressions. The zealous efforts of the officers of the Court are being rewarded by a hasty clearance of the docket. The most important cases are yet to be tried, including charges of Arson, Burglary, Conspiracy, &c. One honored individual, has no less than six distinct allegations of larceny to meet.

We are requested to state, that all witnesses summoned, and disobeying, will positively be fined.

THE INVASION.—The feat of General Grant, commanding the seizure, dismantling, and possession of the Cuba; and the parole of her crew, has been the means of throwing no less than one hundred sailors loose upon our streets. Those that are acquainted with our city, and know how comparatively quiet it is, can imagine what a fevered state we are in at present. The police, so long excusably apathetic, are exceedingly alert, and the first symptoms of disorder are quickly suppressed. Marshal Cannady's "specials," under command of Captains "Joe" French and Lawton, make ubiquitous officers, and woe be to the unlucky "sailor boy" who kicks up a "fuss."

DOES IT PAY TO ADVERTISE?—The Boston *Journal* says that a leading book firm in that city answers this question as follows: They published an edition of a book of 500 copies, and did not advertise it. In about a year nearly the whole edition remained on their hands, as the author, who was largely interested, did not think it would pay to advertise. Finding his book did not sell, he followed the advice of his publishers and advertised freely. His book has now gone through seven editions of 500 copies each, and the eighth is ordered. The author now believes in advertising.

SENSATIONALISM.—MAYOR NEFF.—The *Star*, "and another paper," is bursting out into an ebullition of "Cuban" patriotism, on account of the government seizing, and dispossessing the Cuba, only manifest their ignorance of the duties of an official. "A true soldier never disobeys," said General Scott. Our U. S. Marshal was ordered to execute an unpleasant duty. He done it, but as we know, in extreme reluctance.

Marshal Neff has been exceedingly unfortunate of late in his several official actions; and it should be the duty of the press to lighten these fretful and annoying

burdens instead of adding unceremoniously and unthoughtfully to the bitter burden. The officers, one and all, feel that he has not transcended his authority, and speak of him in the highest terms of approbation.

POLICE ITEMS.—Geo. Williams, a fast youth, was arraigned before Judge Cantwell yesterday for furious driving in the street. The "Jehu" pleaded eloquently for mercy and promised "not to do so some more." Discharged.

Cuba, although she may be an Infant Republic, can fill her quota of inebriated sons. No less than five sailors of the "Cuba" were brought before Judge Cantwell yesterday morning. Each and every one bore incontestable marks of their evening's debauch, and one familiarly saluted "the blue-eyed deputy" with, "How are you, Cap? Three cheers for the Cuba. Don't yer wanta drink. Wilmington's ther place ter git drunk. Cut's like a paper er tacks goin' down."

"Silence, sir!" cried out the fearless deputy, in thundering tones.

"All right, me hearty," replied the son of Neptune.

Then white robed Peace assumed the throne, while Wandering Chaos fled the scene. They gave their names as Geo. Holland, David Whetton, Henry Barnett, and William Doherty. Judgment was suspended on payment of costs.

Another Cuban, born in Ireland, named John Bentley, was arraigned before the same Judge, for committing a nuisance. As the court declared him a nuisance, the tar said "he couldn't see how court could commit a nuisance," without a violashun of ther statert. Judgment suspended for superior wit.

And still another worshipper at the shrine of Bacchus, named Matthew Burris, who for wonder was not a "Cuban," was reprimanded and released on payment of costs.

CHAMPAGNE.—A portion of the small district of Champagne in France is the only part of the world that supplies the famous wine of that name. The product of all its vineyards would not suffice to furnish more than is consumed in France alone. Whence then comes the thousands of tuns of "Champagne wine" drunk in England, Germany, the United States, Canada, Australia, and all over the world?

We can only answer for this country. Nearly all that goes under the name of "Champagne" is made in New Jersey, that can be bought as cider at a very small amount, but not in its bottles with French labels, it brings enormous sums per basket. We doubt not that an equally satisfactory explanation could be given of the millions of bottles consumed in other countries.

We wish however, that this "Champagne" were only cider. It contains other ingredients very hurtful to the system; for every one knows that drinking this wine in any quantity always produces headache. This is the effect of poison that is put into the liquid in order to make it heady. Good Champagne never produces any such results.

As the effect of "good champagne" is pleasant, so we advise our people to drink only that which is known to be genuine. Such we have made here at home by L. A. Hart Esq., who deserves honorable mention in bringing into use pure *nattive wine*.

A HEART-RENDING AFFAIR.—NOVEL SCENE IN WILMINGTON.—The funeral of James Henry, who accidentally fell from the window of the "Seamen's Home" on Tuesday evening at 9 o'clock, took place yesterday from the above named hotel. The impressive obsequies; the stout hearted stolid sailors, bent and weeping under the saddening presence of their comrade cold in death; the brave and gallant officers gathered around the coffin, the slowly solemn ritual, and the immense assemblage of spectators gathered on the sidewalk, told a tale of sympathy, of reverence, and of melancholy, that words would fail to convey. But a few hours ago, and in the inevitable hilarious spirit of the unimprisoned sailor, he walked the streets of our city perfectly unconscious of his coming doom. Yesterday, the smile of contentment, of joyousness and expected pleasure had banished from his brow like mist before the morning sun. The cold, placid features seemed so sweet in their rigidity and lifelessness as if they were of marble. Oh! what a reckless, unchained spirit is that of the sailor? Generous, openhearted, independent and consequently credulous, they are the constant prey for wily and designing men; and often those who escape these Pariahs of society, generally die victims of their own folly.

Commodore Higgins, and Captain Ingraham have earned the confidence and respect of the good people of Wilmington, by their noble efforts in behalf of the deceased. Well, James Henry is gone, a stranger, but still his death must excite our pity and win our sympathy. God has given, and God has taken away. Let us bow our heads in reverence to his holy will, and bless the sod that shall grow o'er the sailor's newly made grave.

Weave chaplets of ivy,  
Of myrtle, and cypress,  
As tokens of memory,  
Of love and of kindness.

The funeral cortege passed our office, headed by a fine brass band, whose mournful echoes still ring in our ears as we write. Captain Ingraham, and the Rev. Mr. Patterson in his ritual robes, lent dignity and

solemnity to the procession. A guard of honor, of eleven seamen, surrounded the bears, while the officers under command of Commodore Higgins filed immediately behind.

CUBA.—A COMPOSITION BY LITTLE JACK PLANE.—Cuba is an island, shaped just like a lizard and is now in a great tumult. When you look on the map it seems only a little ways off, but it is many miles. If the Florida contractors would hurry up their coral job, we might have a good drive across to Cuba, but they are so slow I don't believe it will be done for a long time. Cuba has been owned by Spain for ever so long, but she has got tired of it, and wants to get the job fixed. Cuba is noted for its sugar, and molasses, and cigars, and scorpions and handsome women. The last article is the best, for they are sweeter than sugar or molasses, more fragrant than cigars, smarter than scorpions, and as charming as only Cuban ladies can be—except that we have got sweeter, more fragrant and smarter ladies here. Everybody likes Cuba. The United States has wanted Cuba ever so long but hasn't got it yet. Spain wants to keep Cuba, but I hope she can't do it. I want to see the Star Spangled Banner—long may it wave—sailing over Cuba and the liberties of her people forever assured by the best government the world ever saw.

Some people think that the beautiful steamer now in this harbor is all the Cuba there is, but it is a mistake. Our Cuba is a pretty iron vessel that wants to go and help get the island free from the tyrannical yoke of a cruel despotism. She has strong men, powerful guns and handsome officers. I want her to go out on the high seas, and sweep the Spanish vessels from its broad bosom and force proud Spain to lose its iron heel from the beautiful Cuban neck! But she can't go. Mister Grant—ain't he a big man?—says she must stay here in order to advertise our beautiful city. We submit, but don't like it. Poor Cuba.—The end. JACK PLANE.

THE CASE OF THE STEAMER "CUBA"—HOW TO GET OUT OF A KNOT HOLE.—EX-CONFEDERATE ATTORNEY GENERAL GEO. DAVIS AS THE "JIM CROW" OF THE BAR.—On Monday morning last, Mr. Geo. Davis, Ex-Confederate Attorney General and the present counsel for the officers of the "Cuba," took occasion while reviewing the status of the above named vessel, to condemn in the most unwarranted and unmeasured terms, "a certain newspaper," which pronounced his remarks "on the opening of the case" on the 5th of October. As the Post was the only journal in this city that did publish the full proceedings in the initiatory arraignment of the officers, and as this ex-rebel delighteth unspeakably in any opportunity to attack the only organ of the Republican party in this city, why we

"Draw the flattering unction to—our soul,"

and proceed to exhibit this corned-to-the admiring gaze of his benighted followers. In the first place, we unhesitatingly disclaim any intention to injure the pending case of the gentlemanly officers of the steamer "Cuba," 'twas their misfortune in an embarrassing moment, nay, one of imminent peril, to engage the services of this man; for this they have our unchallenged pity and deepest regret. But to Davis. On consultation no doubt with Mr. Lowrey, this man Davis became convinced that the cause of the "Cuba" in Washington was eminently jeopardized by the appearance of himself as senior counsel in the case. Now mark! The Cuban officers were arraigned on the allegation of the Collector on the 5th of October, our report of the proceedings together with the speeches therein appeared on the 7th of October; Mr. Davis had from the 7th of October to the present time to correct any misapprehensions, misstatements, or inaccuracies. Why did he not? His silence is sufficient evidence against him.

Secondly, Mr. G. P. Lowrey, of New York, on his return home, finds that our report of the proceedings, being universally accepted as graphic and truthful, we presume, was prevailed upon by this "unrepentant" to deny the words that he (Davis) uttered, but the reader will perceive how Mr. Lowrey did it, from the following which we clip from the New York *Times*:

THE CASE OF THE HORNET, OR CUBA—MR. DAVIS' REMARKS IN COURT AT WILMINGTON.

To the Editor of the New York *Times*:

I have seen in some of the New York daily papers allusions to a reported speech of George Davis, Esq., of Wilmington, made in the proceedings relating to the steamship "Cuba" on Monday last, and from the character of these allusions I judge that the press has been imposed upon by a false report. Having been present in Court, I am able to say that the only question discussed was whether the hearing should be adjourned on the application of the Government. In respect to this, Mr. Davis said all that was proper or useful to be said, but certainly nothing that was not in the best taste and judgment. I have not been able to see the report of his remarks, but I am sure that any report which attributes to him other language than might be expected from an able lawyer and an accomplished gentleman is erroneous. I will take the liberty of adding that although some of the papers are, with apparent seriousness, discussing the question whether the "Cuba" will not be convicted of piracy, the speculation is somewhat premature, for no such charge has been made against her. She is held for an alleged breach of the neutrality act, and for

no other offence.

Very respectfully,  
GROSVENOR P. LOWREY,  
No. 78 Broadway, N. Y., Oct. 14, 1869.

Now we will leave it to any of the persons assembled in the Court Room on the first day of the investigation, whether Mr. Lowrey was present or not. But, as the reader will perceive, Mr. Lowrey is amusingly confounded. He essays to speak on behalf of Mr. Davis, while in New York, in contravention of one who was present. "I have not been able to see the report of his remarks," says Mr. Lowrey. Then what in the name of common sense is he talking about? For he was not there on the first day, and it is of the first day that the issue has arisen, and not of the Monday specified in Mr. Lowrey's letter to the *Times*. Oh! consistency, thou art indeed a jewel.

Thirdly, Mr. Davis' absentmindedness is indeed remarkable, not to be overhaired. Heaven has not granted him judgment sufficient in its government, to control his passions. Does the gentleman not know, that out of sympathy to the cause of the Cuban officers, we refrained from printing the bitter portions of his address? Does he not remember that when the counsel for the government used the word "rebel," that this great "unpunished" remarked that he expressed a sympathy for the word, thereby intimating that he still heartily espoused the cause of the South, and in a U. S. Court Room audaciously confronted a U. S. Commissioner with his vile insinuation. And this from one of the members of "Jeff." Davis' Cabinet, who to-day only breathes through the clemency and toleration of a magnanimous government. Faugh!

Fourthly, that in order to bear additional testimony to Mr. Davis' remarks, we have exhibited our copy of the address, and have consulted those who have already carefully read the speech, and with one single exception, (and that gentleman's bump of firmness is by no means "magnificently great" or "proverbially strong,") all have stated unreservedly and unsolicited that the strongest and most prejudicial portions of the address have been omitted, and if anything, it is an unadulterated and unexaggerated report of this "relic of the rebellions" remarks.

In justice to ourselves we are compelled to meet the reflections of Mr. Davis, in detriment momentarily to the cause of Cuban independence. We sincerely regret it. In the meantime "Georgie" is respectfully requested by the assistant editor of the "Post," ignominiously and ingloriously failed.

"If at first you don't succeed, Try, try again!"

While in wrapped cogitation on the Providential retribution following unthoughtful acts we commend his prosaic spirit to the beautiful lines of the poet:

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave,  
When first we essay to deceive."

LIFE OF THE PERIOD.—We hear old people lamenting over the degeneracy of the times, and are apt to take for the captiousness of age what has too much truth in it. Our fathers tell us that they lived on bread and milk till they were half grown men; and their appetites were never pampered by delicacies; and that when seated—which was seldom in the presence of superiors—it was not on stuffed chairs but hard stools without backs. Schools for artificial exercise were then unknown; gymnasiums were the free woods, where the boys in undrilled sport gained muscular vigor without the fear of spoiling fine broadcloth—nature their only teacher and robust health the law of the privileged hours.

Their limbs were not wound up in flannel for winter preservation—their feet encased in rubbers, or their free movements crippled by overcoats. In the face of north-easters and snow storms the hardy fellows buffeted their way, sometimes for miles, to the general school-house, with a cold sausage and brown crust for the noon-spell dinner. The consequence of all this was the warm blood had free course, imparting life and vigor to every limb; dyspepsia, debility and the like were seldom heard of, and the effects of the vigorous training are still visible in the stalwart old frames that are outliving in health and cheerfulness their "three score and ten."

On the dinner table of an opulent merchant which is usually supplied with at least two dishes of meat, there happened the other day to be but one, and that a substantial round of beef. I observed marks of dissatisfaction in some of the children's faces, and the oldest daughter declined eating any thing, being indisposed, which the fond mother well enough understood.

"Will you have a chicken broiled, my dear?"

The dainty girl languidly acceded, and in justice to her I must say that she did justice to the delicate dish that was soon smoking before her.

No wonder the old maids and bachelors multiply. Young men, dependent upon their own exertions, can scarcely afford to marry the spoiled daughters of this extravagant day. And such as have ample means, where are they to find wives in the so-called educated circles, that know anything more than to prate French, waltz like humming-tops, and sing a few Italian airs, without the Italian soul of melody? Is a smattering of the popular branches that complete a young lady's boarding school course, education! What powers of thought and con-

versation has she cultivated, or will she cultivate after "coming out," that can qualify her even for the drawing room, beyond the gossip of the latest fashions, and the novel? Much less is her mind fitted for the responsibilities of matrimony, or the companionship of a sensible man.

But the worst effect of modern habits is selfishness. The sense of personal comfort is so engrossing, that indifference to the convenience of others becomes a habit, and we forget that people around us are as dainty as ourselves.

After all, does the amount of enjoyment afforded by the luxurious improvements of the age overbalance the discomfort—which proportional sensitiveness heightens—that we feel at every annoyance? Are we really better or happier for the increasing luxuries of life?

## STATE.

Enfield had a grand Tournament yesterday.

Raleigh is alive with visitors attending the State Fair.

Sales of Cotton in the Charlotte market since Sept. 1st amount to 1,900 bales.

Thus far very good order has been observed in Raleigh since the opening of the Fair.

From August 1st to October 1st, Statesville has shipped 305,168 pounds of dried fruit.

The Rev. S. S. Ashley, Superintendent of Public Instruction, and the Rev. J. W. Hood, will address the people of Wayne County, on the subject of Education, at 11 o'clock, on Friday, the 29th instant, at the Town Hall, in Goldsboro.

There were a large number of entries for the Fair Tuesday.

The only trial of speed in the regular programme, was between four years old, Mr. Geo. Wynne entered Lady Alice, Capt. T. F. Lee entered Commodore, Mr. C. L. Moon entered Mack. The trot was a five. On decided by the best three in five. On first round Mr. Moon withdrew his horse, the account of his restiveness. Lady Alice on the premium in three straight heats, took

The State Agricultural Society held a meeting Tuesday evening in the House of Representatives at Raleigh.

No business of importance was transacted, except a proposition to apply to the Legislature for assistance in changing the Fair Grounds to Camp Mangum, putting the grounds in order and improvements required. The subject was postponed until Wednesday evening, when that and other important matters will come up, and essays read, which all interested in the prosperity of the Society should consider.

## FOOTINGS.

Whiskey revives.

Gen. Thomas snores.

Grey eyes are deceitful.

Real diamonds are rare.

Red stockings are injurious.

Pug nosed persons die early.

Ten cemeteries in Washington.

Morning baths are rejuvenating.

The Sun has thirty composers.

Speaker Blaine is at the Capital.

The Algonquin has not been sold.

Ex-President Fillmore is in Buffalo.

A good gold pen wears twenty years.

Prince Arthur wears a Bismark sack.

Saxe is boring the San Franciscoans.

The News of Washington is a success.

Philadelphian morals are degenerating.

Cyrus W. Field is buffaloon in Kansas.

Should deal beasts have a burying ground?

Sumner is "casting the dye" in Augusta, Me.

Bismarck color is the correct thing for kids.

Seymour will seek watermelons in Europe this fall.

Alex. H. Stephens never expects to leave his house again.

Bigelow was too Big-e-low-ed for the readers of the *Times*.

Count Joannes wants a young Count! That's of no account.

The Great American Diner Out—Reverdy Johnson, is at Willard's.

Camilla Urso has a felon—on her finger's end. He might slip away.

Morning dew is unwholesome. Young men keep your mouths shut.

Senator Morton will arrive in Washington on the 10th of November.

Geo. W. Childs of the Philadelphia *Ledger* is a great church goer.

The Turkeys have taken out injunctions against the butchers, for four weeks.

Corn Extractor men, please keep away from this office, or they will be subtracted.

The chief editor of the Philadelphia *Star*, is reported to be the handsomest in his profession.

Col. Mix, will mix news for the *Tribune*, while mixing in the society of "lovely woman" at the Capital.

England is about to introduce the telegraphic money order system now in use in Belgium and Switzerland.

Gen. Banks and Appleton will greet the Empress Eugenie at the Suez Canal opening. Will that dam the Banks?

"Bob" McAlpine of New York, corresponds for three hundred newspapers. If you are loth to entertain it, ask "Bob."

Our compositor printed Johnson's name, with the prospective U. S. S. last week, and had the A preceding the S. Our devil opposed the correction.

Miss Whately, daughter of the late Archbishop, is now at the head of a first-class paying female seminary in Cairo, Egypt, with two hundred pupils.