

The Daily Review.

JOSH. T. JAMES, Ed. and Prop.
WILMINGTON, N. C.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1877.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

An advocate of the whipping post claims that an ordinary State could save \$1,000,000 per annum by its vigorous use.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* insists that the price of flour is entirely too high compared with the price of wheat. The grain crop is enormous, and flour must come down.

Colonel Walter H. Taylor, who was General Lee's Adjutant General, has an article in the last *Southern Historical Magazine* about the battle of Gettysburg, in which he puts the Confederate forces engaged in that fight at 64,000, and the Federal at 105,000 effective men.

Germany continues to lead Ireland in sending emigrants to the United States, and last month England led her by several hundred. Of 6,718 immigrants landing in New York last week Germany sent 1,522; England, 1,238; Ireland, 846; and Austria 412, the remainder coming from other foreign countries.

A company has been started to supply down-town New York merchants and brokers with lunch at their own offices. Each subscriber or patron is called upon between 10 and 1 o'clock every day by one of the company's carriers with a hermetically sealed box, containing an assortment of fresh sandwiches, made of French rolls and meats of every kind.

A New York gentleman went to a shoemaker's on Saturday at Long Branch to have a peg driven down in his shoe. A pile of old boots, slippers and shoes was knee-deep around the cobbler. "They don't throw away their old shoes as they did," said he. "No, sir," was the reply. "I never saw so much cobbling in Long Branch in all my life."

Mr. Rooker, the foreman and a stockholder of the New York *Tribune*, says it is not true that he gave to the public the recently-published editorial of Mr. Greeley, rejected by Whitelaw Reid just before Mr. Greeley's insanity. He says, too, that the *Tribune* is now a paying property, getting seven per cent, and free rent in its building, and netting \$40,000 in the past six months.

Returns from all the customs districts of all the exports and imports during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1877, show the total exports, specie value, \$602,474,381; total imports, \$541,307,549; excess of exports over imports, \$151,166,832. In the fiscal year 1876 the excess of exports over imports was but \$79,643,481. In the fiscal year 1877 the exports of coin and bullion amounted to \$56,163,237, and imports to \$40,774,414, while in the preceding year the exports were \$56,506,302, and the imports only \$15,936,681.

All is lost, Packard thinks. "Do you believe that the Republicans will be defeated next Fall in the close States?" asked a New York *Tribune* interviewer of him the other day. "Beyond any questions," was the reply of the discerning carpet-bagger. "We shall lose Wisconsin, Ohio and Pennsylvania. The Democrats will have New York by 75,000 majority. Our party is going to pieces. We are all broken up, and I am afraid the ruin is irretrievable. I don't care for myself, but it makes me melancholy to see the old party destroyed by men of its own household."

On the 5th of August, last year, the three-masted iron steamship Great Queen, and left London for Melbourne with a large cargo and sixty-nine passengers and crew on board. At Gravesend she stopped to take on some thirty tons of black gunpowder and two tons of patent gunpowder. After this was laden she proceeded on her voyage, and has never been heard of since August 12, '76. A name board belonging to her, however, and some life buoys have been washed ashore on the south coast of England. The English Wreck Commissioner has just decided that the steamer must have been destroyed by the explosion of the patent gunpowder, which was proved to have been in bad condition and improperly packed.

Dr. DeHassae, American consul at Jerusalem, writes to an Omaha paper giving the details of his tour around the world in the remarkably quick time of sixty-eight days. The journey from Alexandria, Egypt, via Brindisi and Paris to London, and thence to New York and San Francisco, was accomplished in twenty days, just the same number of days going from San Francisco to Japan. The crossing to Canton, in China, took six days. A sail of ten days over the China sea and through the Strait of Malacca brought him to Ceylon, and twelve more days to Suez, in Egypt, and thence a few hours by rail to Alexandria, his starting point, making the entire distance of 25,000 miles—16,000 by water and 9,000 on land—in sixty-eight days, without any accident or detention of any kind.

WATERING AND WATERED.

The book of Proverbs tells us that "the liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." It is hardly probable that the wise Solomon had any reference to this day and generation and yet history repeats itself. Some liberal souls have very freely watered the Presidential plant and a few have been very liberally watered in turn. Water right, my countrymen!

THE FEDERAL TROOPS.

And so we are not to have the Federal troops in the South again at present because, as we are told, it might be "prejudicial to their health." Whether this really means what it says or whether the Cabinet has decided (and are ashamed to say so) that the probabilities are that they may be more needed in the North than in the South, during the coming Fall and winter, who can say?

These troops were sent South to overawe us, to keep us away from the polls, and to encourage the Republican bummers to manipulate State elections and State treasuries in the manner which seemed good unto them. They came here as our enemies and they left as our friends; they had formed social and some of them sacred, ties among the people whom they were sent to stand guard over, and when they left us they were sorry and we were sorry and when they return to their barracks they will be glad and we will be glad. We found out that they were not the mercenary hirings we feared from the character of those who sent them among us, and they found out that we were not the bloody villains and desperate rebels they had been taught to believe. May the day be near at hand when they shall be ordered back to their peaceful barracks in the South.

MAILS IN THE SOUTH.

The Norfolk *Landmark*, of a recent date, prints a very admirable little speech delivered before the Postal Convention by Maj. Semple, of Montgomery, Ala., a delegate to the Convention. We have not room for it all but give here an extract in which he says:

"The appropriations for mail service in the North have been increased 40 per cent, since 1860, while those for the South have been reduced 10 per cent. While we constitute at the South more than one-third of the population of the Union, and pay more than one-half of the vast sums collected by direct and indirect taxation, not one-tenth of the disbursements are made for us or among us. It is due to this cause that Southern cities, which 80 years ago led Northern cities, are now so vastly behind them. This system has been adopted and persevered in to a great extent, because our public men in Congress have devoted more attention to purely political subjects than to those which affect trade and domestic economy, while our Northern brethren have always kept a sharp eye on the material interests of their constituents."

We commend this to our readers and hope that every member of Congress in the South will read Maj. Semple's speech in full. Every department of business is interested in the securing of the proper mail facilities at the South. We are entitled to these and we should have them. Every state is now in the Union, none out of it and none on probation, and we have therefore a right not only to ask but to demand that our requirements in this respect should be heeded and filled.

REV. WM. H. CLARKE.

The telegraph has announced the sudden death of Rev. Wm. H. Clarke, Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church, in Augusta, at the bedside of a parishioner. Mr. Clarke was known to some of our readers and his eloquent voice has more than once been heard in sanctuaries in this city. We copy from the Augusta *Chronicle* a tribute to his excellence and merit:

The death of this virtuous and honored minister of God, while it appeals by its suddenness, has consolatory features not given to the common run of mortals. He died literally in the most solemn performance of duty, yielding up his spirit with the name of the Redeemer on his lips, and after a life spent in treading after the footsteps of Jesus Christ, his master. Is there any better way to pass from time to eternity? If the soldier who follows the banner of this world has a sort of consecration when he falls on the field of glory, what angelic rejoicing must there be over a soldier of the Cross who expires at the very base of the Rock of Ages? It is a genuine martyrdom, and an earnest of the bliss that waits the good man in the everlasting Kingdom. If the life of our departed friend was beautiful in its perfect harmony, its gentle charity, its consistent faith, its all-embracing affection for poor humanity, very much more beautiful is his death, because it was the heroic termination of a well spent career.

Mr. Clarke had long been a resident of this city, and, during his ministry, won the respect, confidence and we may say love of all our citizens, irrespective of race or creed. We have never heard aught of him but what was kind and affectionate. His deeds of benefaction were, we have reason to believe, many and unostentatious. His friends were numbered by thousands; his enemies have no place in the record. We have never known a man so universally esteemed and seldom has a man existed anywhere who was so eminently worthy of such unanimous reverence. His intellectual qualities were like his piety—deep and earnest. We have lost in him a pastor without blemish, a citizen without reproach.

The editor of the London *Truth*, on the authority of three Americans, estimates Grant's fortune at \$10,000,000.

So it seems that truth sometimes lies out of a well as well as in it.

BOILED DOWN.

Walt Whitman is writing another book.

Patti is to receive \$5,000 a night during her American tour.

Adelaide Neilson is spending the summer in Normandy.

Efforts are being made in San Francisco to establish a free library.

P. M. Arthur, leader of the Locomotive Brotherhood, is an Englishman.

Senator David Davis, of Illinois, is seriously ill with cancer of the stomach.

The riot tax on every man, woman, and child in Pittsburg is forty dollars a head.

The father of the late Gen. R. E. Lee received fatal injuries in a Baltimore riot.

Mr. Charles A. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, was fifty-eight years old on Saturday.

Cotton is blooming and bolling splendidly in Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas.

New York's bonded debt was reduced \$1,000,000 last year, but there is still due \$182,092.22.

The South Carolina papers complain that "Independent Democrats" are becoming troublesome.

General Butler is sailing his yacht America along the New England coast, with his weather eye on the labor troubles ashore.

The average rainfall of Iowa is 41 inches, being greater than that of any other Western State. Next in order comes Indiana, which is 43.32 inches.

A Cincinnati widow advertised for "every Christian in the city" to send her 10 cents. She realized 20 cents, indicating an unexpectedly large number of Christians in that city.

There is a remarkable report going about to the effect that Miss Clara Louise Kellogg intends to use the profits of her proposed California engagement in founding a musical college for young American women.

The average shriekage of real estate at Boston since the dull times, has been about thirty-three per cent., the greatest loss being in the outlying lands that were cut up into building lots and sold at absurdly high prices about six years ago.

MOONSHINE.

"Sam, why don't you talk to your master and tell him to lay up treasures in heaven?" "What's de use of him laying treasures up dar?" He neber set a man agin."

An American man after dining at a London restaurant, paid his bill and was about leaving, when the waiter suggested that the amount did not include the waiter. "Ah!" said the man, "but I didn't eat the waiter!"

Between new made lovers: "Then, Adelgitha, you will be mine?" "Yes, Ferdinand, if pa is willing. I always do what he wants me to." "But will he give his consent?" "He will. Pa always does what I want him to."

An Irishman, who had been sick a long time, was one day met by the parish priest, when the following conversation took place: "Well, Patrick, I am glad you have recovered; were you not afraid to meet your God?" "Oh, no, yer reverence, it was meetin' the other chap that I was afraid of."

"Why is that tent on the lawn yonder," asked Spilkins, one hot afternoon, "Why is that tent like the last presidential campaign?" Every body at once knew something awful was coming, and gave it up. "Because it's a heated canvass," said Spilkins, dodging around the corner of the piazza.

They sat in the parlor, and he squeezed her hand. "Oh, would that this hand were mine!" he sighed. "Why?" she simpered. "Because if it were mine, I could knock bullocks down with it better'n with a sledge hammer." The last seen of that young man he was trying to climb on the top of the house by ail of the water-spout.

Young ladies who are in the enjoyment of their first attack of love seldom finish their first saucer of ice-cream. If you want to see a frizzled-headed pulled-back girl get away with about half a gallon at a sitting try one that has been engaged eight or ten times. She'll hide it, and go off muttering, "Yum, yum, yum! More!"

Disgusted with a suit for a yoke of oxen which had had five trials, a Kentucky jury has rendered the following verdict: "We of the jury find for the plaintiff one of the steers in controversy, or its value, \$50; and to the defendant the other steer, or its value, \$50; the costs to be equally divided between the parties, and the yoke to go to the lawyers."

When the German government sowed that Cologne farin ten inches deep in tanks, saturated it with kerosene and fired it, the officials naturally supposed the intense heat, the seething sea of flame, would crisp the Colorado beetle, and they were amazed beyond all expression to see the Colorado beetle crawl out of the fire on the second day, climb upon the fence, wipe the beaded perspiration from its brow, and remark to the nearest official, "Pity hot for comfort, stranger, but it is the boss weather for corp." Try an earthquake on him, Kais; we've tried every thing else.—*Hawkeye.*

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May 26

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Miscellaneous.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

AA UNRIVALED ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

When Scribner issued its famous Midsummer Holiday Number in July, a friendly critic said of it: "We are not sure but that Scribner has touched high-water mark. We do not see what worlds are left to it to conquer." But the publishers do not consider that they have reached the ultima thule of excellence—they believe "there are other worlds to conquer, and they propose to conquer them."

The prospectus for the new volume gives the titles of more than fifty papers (mostly illustrated), by writers of the highest merit. Under the head of

"Foreign Travel,"

we have "A winter on the Nile," by Gen. McClellan; "Saunterings About Constantinople," by Charles Dudley Warner; "Out of My Window at Moscow," by Eugene Schuyler; "An American in Turkistan," etc. Three serial stories are announced:

Nicholas Minturn.

By Dr. Holland, the Editor,

whose story of "Sevenoaks" gave the highest satisfaction to the readers of the Monthly.

The scene of this latest novel is laid on the banks of the Hudson. The hero is a young man who has been always "tied to a woman's apron strings"; but who, by the death of his mother, is left alone in the world—to drift on the current of life, with a fortune, but without a purpose.

Another serial, "His Inheritance," by Miss Tratton, will begin on the completion of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett. Mrs. Barrett's story, begun in August, has a pathos and dramatic power which have been a surprise to the public.

There is to be a series of original and exquisitely illustrated papers of "Popular Science," by Mrs. Herrick, each paper complete in itself.

There are to be, from various pens, papers

on "Home Life and Travel."

Also, practical suggestions as to town and country life, village improvements, etc., by well-known specialists.

Mr. Barnard's articles on various industries of Great Britain include the history of "Some Experiments in Co-operation," "A Scottish Linen Factory" in the November number, and "Toad Lane, Rochdale," in December. Other papers are, "The British Workingman's Home," "A Nation of Shopkeepers," "Ha'penny a Week for the Child," etc.

A richly illustrated series will be given on "American Sports by Flood and Field," by various writers, and each on a different theme. The subject of

Household and Home Decoration

will have a prominent place, whilst the latest productions of American humorists will appear from month to month. The list of short stories, biographical and other sketches etc., etc.

The editorial department will continue to employ the ablest pens both at home and abroad. There will be a series of letters on literary matters, from London, by Mr. Weld.

The pages of the magazine will be open, as heretofore, so far as limited space will permit, to the discussion of all themes affecting the social and religious life of the world, and specially to the freshest thought of the Christian thinkers and scholars of this country.

We mean to make the magazine sweeter and purer, higher and nobler, more genial and generous in all its utterances and influences, and a more welcome visitor than ever before in homes of refinement and culture.

FIFTEEN MONTHS for \$4.

Scribner for December, now ready, and which contains the opening chapters of "Nicholas Minturn," will be read with eager curiosity and interest. Perhaps no more readable number of this magazine has yet been issued. The three numbers of Scribner for August, September, and October, containing the opening chapters of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," will be given to every new subscriber (who requests it), and whose subscription begins with the November number.

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