THE WILMINGTON POST.

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THE WILMINGTON POST.

PUBLISHED SEMI-WEEKLY.

OFFICIAL ORGAN.

CHAS. I. GRADY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Advertisements will be inserted at $1 00 per square for first insertion and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

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*.

We waive the tidal wave.

Chilly, chillier, in fact, chilliest.

The "Stars" at the theatre have gone out.

A Trust-worthy Man(n)—The Probate Judge.

Plum color is the correct thing for bonnets this fall.

Two cases of minor importance were tried at the City Court.

City Clerk Durfee has the new Excise Tax List ready for October.

Oscar Pegram died at the Hospital yesterday, of chronic diarrhœa.

We enjoy the acquaintence of a fair damsel who sits at her window and waits for "the coming man."

A very interesting account of a visit to a leading manufactory, will appear in our next. Look out for it.

Rungé at his new stand attends to old friends and such new ones as desire fresh groceries and reasonable rates.

The examination of the Cuban officers has been postponed until to-morrow, on account of the absence of counsel for the defense.

Katz & Co. have received another assortment of new goods. Ladies will find the best possible attention from the gentlemanly Katz.

Our milkmen are hereby notified that water is not absolutely necessary to make milk palatable. We would rather drink it separately.

Smith's furniture still arrives by every steamer, and the largest stock of household goods in the State is offered at unprecedentedly low prices. Now is the time for bargains.

An energetic and enterprising resident of this city has buried three wives within five years, and his undertaker serves him at reduced prices on account of his being a regular customer.

The State Department gives notice through the columns of the POST that bids for stationery will be received at Raleigh for supplying the State governments during the coming year.

There was some tittering the other day at a wedding breakfast, when one of the guests wished the bride "many happy returns of the happy occasion." The bridegroom looked sad thereat.

Our genial legal friend, District Attorney Phelps, of New York, has arrived in the city and looks as smiling and as confident as when we last saw him in his Chambers street court room.

We are pleased to announce to our readers the return of Rev. Robert Terry to our city. It is expected that a very large congregation will assemble at St. John's church to hear Mr. Terry preach.

Mr. Joseph Clifford has metamorphosed his establishment to such an extent, that we can hardly recognize the old dwelling of a few weeks ago. The "whisperer" has our cordial commendations.

The United States is well represented in the Cuban case by District Attorney Phelps of New York. Commissioner Rutherford is assisted by the best talent and greatest experience in his arduous duties.

The following named persons are requested to call at General Rutherford's office, City Hall, on business of importance to them: Tena Conega, Isaac Windate, Rhoda Dobson, William Dobson.

Will the authorities kindly enlighten us as to the wisdom, or policy, of unmercifully "netting" and slaying the poor dogs found wandering through the streets. An A. S. P. C. As unquestionably needed.

Munson & Co. again give notice to their many friends that they are in the market with supplies of the latest styles of gentlemen's clothing and furnishing goods. All needing supplies would do well by calling before choosing elsewhere.

At your breakfast table every morning, have a few apples, eat them with warm bread and butter, it will remove constipation, correct acidities, and cool off feeble conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines.

The "melancholly days, the saddest of the year" are made more endurable by the fruits of earth and treasures of the sea. So thinks our friend Eyden, who serves up those delicious oysters to the hungry and happy customer seeking comfort and nourishment.

Three wet Sundays in succession. We marvel if it will rain to-day? In connection the following is *apropo*:

"If for three Sundays it doth rain,
Young men and maidens will complain;
Three Sundays wet in early fall,
Three Sundays colder than will all
Other days in Winter be
Which those who live will live to see."

With what contentment, and luxury the hogs enjoy their daily wallowing in the mire. It effects our risibilities when we see a canine emboldened and aggravated, go bravely up to one of these porkers and grab his hind leg. Can we not get license to shoot these dirty brutes that despoil our gardens, and root up our fences?

The showers of dust which enveloped the market yesterday morning, and infused the proper "grit" to expose butter and meat, was about the best argument we have had in favor of the city providing some place where people can sell their produce without being drenched with rain, stifled with dust, or frozen to death.

Patrick Henry was arrested yesterday for drunkenness. After spending the night in the Guard House, he exclaimed: "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I will never get into such a scrape again."—*Star.*

The unlettered satellite of ye shiftless luminary, is respectfully informed that John Adams was the author of the quotation above. Better go to school again.

Our readers will find on our third page Father Pront's celebrated "Bells of Shandon." The merits of this peice are so well known that it hardly needs notice at our hands, but we know of nothing in the language so peculiarly musical save Fred. Cozzen's South side poem we published a short time since. They are both rare and our readers would do well to preserve them.

SUNDAY MORNING.—How many pleasant breakfast tables it looks down upon.—*Post.*

That depends altogether upon the character of the previous evening's market.
New Berne Times.

Brother Sterns, unfortunately the *times* compels you to live in New Berne. We dwell on the classic shores of the "Fear," hence we *fear* no cloyed bread, nor vile chops. D'ye ken?

A BIG HAUL.—A citizen of this place set an ordinary box trap last night, and caught at one fall nine large rats! Only think of it, Mr. Wilmington *Post!* "There's life in the old land yet."—*Raleigh Standard.*

As a *standard* of truth, we unhesitatingly pronounce it highly incredible, Mr. *Standard.* And moreover, a city newspaper that has to *go ratting* for news must be in a hopeless state of inanition. Better far, a paragraph on that "Castilian fount."

Business activity, and commercial enterprise seemed to be the reigning furore. Crowds of pedestrians traveled the streets, yesterday hurrying to and fro, bent on something desperate if you would judge by their faces. The market did not appear to be crowded at all and sales were exceedingly rapid. The season beginning is one that will far outstrip any of its predecessors. Capital and enterprise are gradually coming. It is to be regretted, however, that they will find the city so neglectful of its interests. The wharves, the landings and the streets, are intolerable nuisances, with no reason under Heaven.

We met a little fellow the other day with a lot of bottles which he was busily engaged in cleaning with water and sand. Upon asking what he was going to do with so many bottles, the little fellow replied:—"I'm going to sell them, sir, so as to get money enough to pay for my schooling. It takes all the money mother can earn for house rent and what ma and sis can eat, and I want to get an education somehow, so that when I grow up I can buy a house for my mother." We asked him how many bottles he expected to sell in order to purchase such a house as he would like, when the little fellow philosophically remarked: "If a fellow don't begin he never will sell any. We left.

A TALKATIVE GIRL.—Oh! if there is anything in this world that can be enumerated among the blessings of life, it is a pretty, smiling, vivacious and loquacious girl. Not one that will talk at you, in gossip, in scandal and in affectation; but one who beams upon you like a new fledged meteor every time you speak, whose eyes sparkle like ten thousand diamonds in so many gas jets. Whose ruby lips open and shut, as the geranium when its petals sway before the unchecked wind. Such a one is to a grief-besieged father an angel. To a mother an indispensable blessing. To her brothers and sisters a God-given boon! And to a lover—Ah! our pen fails to coin an adjective deep enough, strong enough, brilliant enough to do her justice. She transcends the power of pen!

A slight disturbance of the public peace occurred Friday evening in front of the Theatre, owing to a misunderstanding in regard to the "division" in the gallery for colored persons. Mr. Geo. Price, vented his indignation at the mismanagement, in boisterous language, and then left. We hereby inform those aggrieved that it is not wholly the fault of the Board of Aldermen, that the 50 cent partition was created in the gallery, but at the suggestion of the friends of the complainants.

There are nine co operative building lot societies in Brooklyn, N. Y. which have purchased properties valued in the aggregate at $169,205; and of this amount $64,475 have been paid off by the operations of the associations. The lots have increased thirty-three per cent. in value, and are now worth $210,305. A tenth building society is now being organized. It might be well for the Mechanics and working men of Wilmington, and others of small means to take a hint from the above. Land is very cheap here now, and an investment into ten or twenty acres outside of the city, which can be purchased at two or three hundred dollars an acre will pay tremendously in a few years. One acre of ground will make quite a number of building lots, any one of which in course of time will sell for two or three times what the acre cost, if judiciously located, and improved upon by such associations.

In Wilmington there are few persons who have not at some time or the other experienced the inconvenience of driving up and down a street on a dark night, with the assistance of a probably stupid and possibly surly coachman, in search of an invisible door-number. A French chemist, struck by the unpleasantness attendant on these nocturnal explorations, has invented a method of rendering the number of houses and names of shops easily visible by night as by day. It consists in rubbing the figures and letters with a certain phosphoric paste, which, though not discernible in the daylight, will in the dark shine with perfect distinctness. The application would only require renewing about once a month, and involves a very trifling expense. A commission has been appointed to report on the desirability of adopting this proposal. Certainly a row of houses numbered in chracters of fire would present a curious and striking appearance on a dark night.

ENOCH ARDEN.—From time to time we read of sentimental references to "another Enoch Arden,"—stories telling of separated husbands, who after many years return to find the loved one "anothers." Now in the city of Wilmington there lives a faithful husband, who twenty years ago was "sold South." This man was quiet; faithful; religious; his master possessed none of these virtues, so poor A. was sold away from wife and children, who were as dear to him as his life's blood. Years rolled on and the war freed many Enoch Ardens, who returned to find "no home, no wife, no children." Unlike the majority of our freedmen Enochs, the humble friend we mention, loved still the mother of his children, and faithful to the old love—although anothers—he works and helps support the wife of another man—his by law, but in the sight of God? Let us draw the curtain.

The *Star* in referring to the performance of the Skill & Gaylord Minstrels, says:

We have heard all the distinguished *artists* of the country for twenty years—including the Jenny Lind Era—and unhesitatingly say that though inferior to her, this troupe excels any other we have listened to in America. The barotone of the "Gaylords" is not to be excelled.

We commend the matutinal twinkler to the consideration of its readers. Read and ponder the above. Poor, deluded, and "melancholy *Muse*," "may heaven give the wit Antonia!" Have heard all the distinguished *artists* of the country for twenty years!" Where? In Wilmington? Dost thou not know good soul that none but inferior minstrels troupes will travel! The mere presence of the itinerant wanderers for approbation is *prima facia* evidence of their mediocrity. This unexcelled baritone, is the self-same Bidaux who ten years ago sang at New York "Melodeon," a third class saloon, and who to-day in that city, would sing hozannahs, if a New York gamin would lift his wondering eyes to him, and yell out "smoke?"

As for the troupe collectively—God was merciful unto them in not blessing them with originality. The opening chorus from *Ernani* reminded us of unnumbered steam lathes in a file manufactory in full operation, situated near a dog pond. The poor "Basso profundo" was profoundly *base!* His "Dublin bay" made us wish that some spiritual agency might waft him thither, so excruciating was the agony of his yawn. Well, a vender of peaches in Gotham sang just like him once. The jokes were indeed "dull, stale and unprofitable." The "Woman's rights" "joke" has traveled through the northern press for the last twelve months. Likewise the "wooden leg" paradox. If we are to be pestered with these migratory curses, let us know, we shall be prepared for their reception, if the press is to fawn upon them and "unhesitatingly" pronounce a fourth rate show, utterly unknown North of Washington, as the incomparable and superexcellent of a twenty years visitation, then God help us!

DEAR WOMAN.—It is a striking fact that both the visions of angels, both the first annunciations of the resurrection, and both the first appearances of Christ, were made to women. Why was this? It seems strange that the first tidings of the resurrection from human lips should have been, not from the lips of apostles, who were to be the authorized heralds of this fact, but from the women who were to be forbidden to speak in church. It seems, at first sight, a singular exception to the divinely ordained plan of preaching the glad tidings of finished redemption. Yet a little reflection will show that it is not exceptional, but the very order of arrangement that is repeated in every generation of the world. The fact is the same that exists in the case of a vast majority of Christians ever since. We first hear the story of the cross, the sepulchre and the throne, not from the lips of a man who stands as an embassador for Christ, but from the lips of a woman—a pious mother, sister or nurse; who pours into our infantile hearts this wonderful tale of love and mercy. Some, it is true, are left to an early orphanage, and some to a godless parentage; but even of these the general fact is true, that the first knowledge of Jesus is learned, not from the lips of men, but from the lips of women.

THAT CONTEMPTIBLE CASE.—Yesterday afternoon our goodly city was thrown into an unusual excitement by the second act in the great drama of "Contempt;" by the amazing action of Judge Cantwell, in the issuing of a commitment of Mayor Neff to the common jail. And with an extraordinary and somewhat peculiar coincidence imprisoned in the same cell that he was incarcerated in 1861 for raising the United States flag on his residence. Habeas Corpus was issued by Judge Russell, and made returnable before His Honor at Chambers at 7:30 P. M. precisely. Promptly at the hour specified, Sheriff Schenck made satisfactory return of the writs in his possession.

Judge Person and City Attorney, M. London appered on behalf of the Mayor.

Mr. Lucas requested a continuance, on the ground of unavoidable abscence of Counsel. Judge Russell having requested an affidavit to that effect, and the required affidavit being decided insufficent by His Honor, on motion of Counsel, the Mayor was released on his own recognizance in the sum of $500, and the Sheriff instructed to disregard all writs issuing from the County Court.

The case was adjourned until Monday evening 7:30 P. M.

The following are the commitment papers, with Sheriff's return:

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,

To the Sheriff of New Hanover County:

WHEREAS, On the 13th day of October, 1869, by an order made by the Judge of the Special Court of the October term thereof, 1869, held at the Court House in Wilmington, it was ordered that Jos. H. Neff be committed to the County Jail of said county, there to remain, charged with a Contempt, mentioned in the said order to-wit: A breach of the peace and disturbance complained of by the Clerk of the Special Court under oath directly tending to interrupt the proceedings of this Court. The forcible and unlawful seizures, use and dispossession of the office, actually occupied by the Clerk of this Court. The unauthorized removal of the Record, papers, &c., from the office against his remonstrance, and without the authority of the Courts, by the defendant; and until he shall have paid the sum of $250, the fine imposed on him therein for his misconduct, together with the cost and expenses of the proceedings amounting to the sum of $263 and that a warrant be issued to carry the said order into effect.

Now therefore we command you that you take the said Jos. H. Neff and have him safely kept in your custody in the common jail of New Hanover county, until he shall have fully paid the fine aforesaid, and the costs aforesaid, amounting in all to $263, together with your fees thereon, or until the said Jos. H. Neff shall be discharged by the further order of the Court, and you are to return this writ with your certificate endorsed thereon as to the manner of its execution.

Witness Edward Cantwell, Judge of our said County at Wilmington, the 13th day of October, 1869.

BENJ. LUCAS,
Clerk of Special Court.

SHERIFF'S RETURN.

I, J. W. Schenck, Jr., Sheriff of New Hanover County, in obedience to the writ of *habeas corpus* directed to me by the Hon. J. L. Russell, Jr., return that I hold Joseph H. Neff, the petitioner in my custody, by virtue of the foregoing papers.

J. W. SCHENCK, Jr.,
Sheriff.

October 16th—5:16 P. M.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY.—This and a sewing machine is beginning to be considered indispensable by young housekeepers and ladies generally; but the MONTHLY *must* be had, whether the sewing machine is or not. One of the great things in its favor is, that the gentlemen like it. They find it sensible instead of frivolus, full of practical information and useful ideas, which save young and inexperienced wives and mothers any amount of trouble and expense. The illustrations and patterns, the music and other Departments, are each worth the cost, and we advise our husbands who want to do a really good thing for their wives, themselves, and the family generally, to send $3.00 to 838 Broadway, N. Y. immediately.

DEMOREST'S YOUNG AMERICA.—The November number of this popular little publication has just reached us, and is decidedly the best number that has been issued. Opening the bright cover, out popped a beautiful bird, a supplement to the magazine, worth its cost. The departments for the children, the "Little Housekeeper" and the "Young Farmer" are excellent. In fact, the entire contents are just such as are calculated to please and instruct the juveniles. It is the best investment for $1.50 that we know of. Published at 838 Broadway.

OUR SCHOOLDAY VISITOR comes regularly, richly freighted with good things, to our table. This magazine gives more reading-matter, better illustrations, and more liberal premiums than any other periodical of its class published. It will soon commence its FOURTEENTH YEAR AND VOLUME, so that it is safe and solid. In short, we pronounce it to be the cheapest, best, and most worthy young people's magazine of all others. Terms, $1.25 a year. Great reduction and valuable premiums for clubs. The Publishers give to every subscriber, for 25 cents, a magnificient steel-plate engraving, specially drawn and engraved at immense cost, and worth $2.50 per copy. Agents wanted at every post office in the United States. Sample numbers of the VISITOR, and full instructions to agents, sent, post-paid, for 10 cents. ADDRESS. DAUGHADAY & BECKER, Publishers, 424 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

HOME.—Bless the old people, say we! What should we do without them? Does not a man feel better and stronger in the battle of life for having a grayheaded old father and mother under the shelter of some brown-eaved farm-house far away? Does the millionare's heart leap so high, at the sight of the pines and oranges that daily decorate his table, as he does when the barrel of red-streaked apples comes from the country home—apples from the old hill-side orchard, carefully picked out by a spectacled mother, and directed in a shaking hand, by the kindly old man? Ah! those apples have a flavor of home and childhood! What an event it is to the dwellers in brown stone mansions and marble-fronted palaces, to have the old folks come up from the country on a visit, with their old-fashioned ways, and antiquated snuff-colored garments, and horror of all new inventions and dangerous novelties! We can but smile when they blow out gas, and sit as far as possible from the furnace registers for fear they should burst, and start every time the speaking-tubes are used, and regard the water-pipes as fearful and wonderful things. Such things make them feel that their day and generation are over, even more than the white-headed little grandchildren, and the silver threads in the locks of the son or daughter, who was their "baby" once. Yet there is something beautiful in their simplicity—their utter ignorance of the marvels of city life. The dear old folks! as long as they are alive there is always an untiring ear for our tales of joy or trial, a ready excuse for our foibles—there is always some one to whom we are still "the children." It is only when the accustomed fireside chair is empty, and the violets growing over the gentle eyes, that we feel the bitterest pang of heart-sickness that earth has to give. When the old folks are gone we are alone, though a thousand friends sit around our hearth-stone.

Our Institutions.

No. 1.

OUR WORKHOUSE—A FEW WORDS.—By invitation of the Superintendent we visited the above institution on Thursday last, and if under the sun there exists a more prolific breeder of disease and pestilence, Heaven has not vouchsafed us an investigation. We hold it to be the mission of the journalist to ventilate vice, expose corruption, reprobate falsehood, calumny, and scandal. In brief to battle ERROR where error exists. We have visited the Workhouse, walked through its cells, treaded its uneven ground and watched its convict laborers. In our career as a journalist, we have examined many, including those of New York and Boston, models of cleanliness, order, organization and administration, but this is the first we have ever seen within a stockade of perpendicular pine logs, as an enclosure for criminals. We entered a wooden door about 6 x 2 feet, padlocked on the outside and a small keep lock to be opened on either side. This entrance was fearfully and wonderfully whitewashed. Two paces brings you again into the open air, on your right is the brick-making machine, boiler and engine, all under cover of a rudely constructed shed. On the left is the foul engenderer of disease, the dormitory of the unfortunates. This building is of wood entirely, and about 30 x 12 feet in area. It has but one floor, and on this floor are twelve cells, respectively, five feet long and eighteen inches in width. Into these Calcutian dark holes

"Where God's glorious sun
Ne'er illumines with her
Benignant rays,"

And where ventillation is absolutely ignored, where the first principles of cleanliness are unnoticed, where the foul, reeking, stifling miasma ascends to heaven till it turns away "and sickens at the sight;" here in this sink of degradation are confined nightly twelve human beings, padlocked, and the door of duplicated pine boards, with not a crevice to admit a cubic inch of air. Aside from this, at all do the county authorities know that if a fire should take place some evening that these poor, unsuspecting and luckless wretches would be suffocated with smoke, if not devoured in the angry flames, long before assistance could ever reach them? Do they know, do they feel the responsibility of the situation of affairs here? We shudder as we write at the fearful carnage if some one of these fiends incarnate in hellish spite and revenge, (for they are all criminals,) should apply the incendiary's torch to this fragile and highly combustible pen, nothing under heaven would stay the ravaging element. Furthermore there is no hospital, not even a sick rooms. But seated on a roughly hewn pine bench, rather undelicately enveloped in head and shoulders, with a coarse army blanket, sat a poor, debilitated creature, "sick unto death," and begged piteously for relief. Alas! there was no philanthropic soul, near, to ameliorate his wan condition. An additional story, is being built on the building, on the right of the entrance, as a "sick room" and *apropos*, we would remind the builders that a knowledge of the science of ventillation would add considerably to their stock of information.

Our space prevents any extended expatiation on this blight in the civilization, and the moral attitude of the nineteenth century. We have more to say anon. In the meantime we vail our eyes in shame, and bow our faces in remorse at this standing New Hanover monument of barbarism, slothfulness and pestilence. Gentlemen of the County Commissioners, this God forsaken hole must either be totally eradicated or, we must have a Workhouse, that Wilmington shall not look upon as a gift from Satan! We do not blame the Superintendent, he is wholly and clearly guiltless, for in fact he has greatly improved its appearance, but it is the county on whose shoulders we unwillingly thrust this woeful burden. GENTLEMEN WHAT SAY YOU?

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Letter from an Officer of the Cuba.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Oct. 14, 1869.

MR. EDITOR:—A letter in your issue of the 14th, signed S., deserves some corrections. The last paragraph is untrue, and the first correct only to this extent. A person named Legg, did truly, most gallantly board the "sea monster," believing her to be a U. S. gunboat. On being undeceived, he expressed himself in full sympathy with her officers, accepted their hospitality, promised to dine aboard the next day, he then quietly went ashore.

I presume of course he reported to his superior officer, but that Commodore Higgins made him any promise whatever is untrue, and only worthy the pen, which could fling its sarcasm at the single cruiser, bearing the flag of the infant Republic of Cuba.

D.

STATE.

Hon. David Heaton is in Raleigh.

The Jesuits will visit New Berne shortly.

Fifty-two prisoners in Craven county jail.

The Henderson County Fair, promises well.

John Flost Esq., has arrived in New Berne.

The New Berne *Times* issued an extra on the result of the Pennsylvania Ohio elections.

Allman tried at Raleigh, for the murder of Lassiter, has appealed to the Supreme Court.

Mr. Andrew J. Burton, late associate Editor of the Weldon *News*, has withdrawn from that paper.

The Henderson Fair was a great success. Gen. W. M. Ransom delivered a most eloquent and effective address.

Self denial is the prevailing noble characteristic among New Berne politicians. It has 35 candidates for Mayor.

At the recent term of the Superior Court of Rutherford county, Judge Logan sentenced four negro men to the Penitentiary for robbing Dr. Mills, and other misdemeanors.—*Sentinel.*

Poor misdemeanors, why should they be imprisoned? We are sorry for the Misdemeanors.

The Raleigh *Standard* thus refers to the State Fair: As the time of the Fair approaches the evidences of a fine exhibition of stock, agricultural products, manufactures, &c., increase. The Secretary is receiving by every mail letters containing lists of articles to be entered. It is certain that there will be a large concourse of visitors from all parts of the State.

Fires are necessary.

Peru is sparrowized.

Thanksgiving is coming.

Chicago has mounted letter carriers.

The Sucz Canal has cost $81,000,000!

A Railway will be built over the Alps.

Internal Revenue receipts yesterday $928,910,94.

Blue mackeral are plentiful along the Atlantic coast.

Courtship is bliss, matrimony blister, a fight blisterer.

Apples are plentiful at 50 cents per peck in Washington.

Rather an extraordinary sight. Did they come unattended?

There are about seven thousand houses in the City of Washington.

The Trenton Horse Fair opens to morrow, $600 premiums for speed.

"The Streets of New York" will open a theatrical season of a week at the Opera House on Monday night next. *Norfolk Day Book.*