

THE WILMINGTON POST, CHAS. I. GRADY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. OFFICIAL ORGAN.

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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.

CITY. THE HOLIDAYS. What to Buy and Where to Buy. BY A LONG-FELLOW. Oh! husband dear and didn't you hear, The report that's going round...

Crackers boomed, rockets "fiz" in the air, roman candles illuminated our windows with spasmodic gleams, and the "darndest" music worried our souls as we wrote, last night. But it was Christmas eve.

OUR NEW NUMBER.—The contents of our Christmas number are all original. Having been written especially for the number. It only shows what labor and expense can accomplish.

THE FAIR GROUNDS.—There is little doubt but the grounds so handsomely laid out by the Agricultural Association will, under the fostering care of our citizens, yet be all that Central Park is to New York, or the "Druid" Grounds are to Baltimore.

To-day is themiscellaneousoystersociety-cranberriescakesapplesorangesgroggandlodevay. What a conglomeration of stuff! Think of your stomach!

Parties and balls to-night. Fun at the fair grounds to-day. See Hodricks big "ad" in the Post. A fruitless task—Sucking a dry orange.

Why is the editor of this paper like a fast horse. Because he is tied to the Post. Go way dar! County Examiner Rutherford has made ten examinations of teachers. Four of the first grade, and six of the second.

Why is a house, without a Christmas tree like covered grass? Because there is no green visible. Readers will oblige us by not retailing this "Konundrum" to any one. 'Tis too serious!

"MAKE ER NOTE OF THIS"—Phillip Bloodgood, D. D., claimed the attention of the City Court yesterday. This man was arrested for being drunk and disorderly.

A curious old picture of the nativity has been preserved with the following superstitious legend attached: "The cock crowed, Christus natus est. The raven aketh, Quando? The cow repellit, Hoc nocuit. The ox cryeth out, ubi ubi? The sheep bleeth, Bethlehem. Then the voices from the angels sounded Gloria in excelsis."

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CAPE FEAR AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION. Col. S. L. Fremont, President of the Cape Fear Agricultural Association, has appointed the following gentlemen as members of the Executive committee, viz: Henry Nutt, S. S. Satchell, Geo. W. Williams, J. A. Engelhard, Edward Kidder, John D. Taylor, W. L. Steele, R. K. Bryan, W. L. DeForest, Jas. H. Chambers.

The Riverside begins its new volume with an illustration of one prominent characteristic of that magazine for young people. It reproduces the famous ballad of "John Gilpin; gives a striking large picture in one of the scenes in the ballad, by Darby; and tells about Cowper, the author of the ballad. Immediately after this revival of the best of old things comes a new story by that capital story-teller, Vicus Moustache, called "How the Captain came by a Legacy; the scene laid in Kentucky.

CITY TREASURY—RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS FOR THE YEAR.—The following are the receipts and disbursements of the City Treasury for the year 1869; copied from the Treasurer's books.

RECEIPTS. January 12th to February 1st, \$3,753 04; March, 16,700 18; April, 34,169.64; May, 15,912 67; June, 4,890 15; July, 2,069 93; August, 9,553 10; September, 3,708 26; October, 45,804 02; November, 15,205 76; December, 4,307 38; Total, 161,751 26.

DISBURSEMENTS. From January 12th to February 1st, \$2,637 19; March, 16,366 95; April, 19,702 65; May, 12,476 13; June, 5,591 65; July, 12,768 66; August, 10,929 90; September, 6,465 62; October, 29,825 40; November, 4,927 73; December (12th), 18,141 20; Total, 162,555 31.

OLD CHRISTMAS.—In the olden time our European ancestors indulged in many harmless sports and good old fashioned customs on Christmas day. The cutting of "Holly" to hang in the rooms and the plentiful bedecking of churches and public halls is still kept up, but cheerful "carol" and the merry making generally has lost much of its heartiness by too much engrossment in the making of the everlasting dollar.

ushers in the last best gift to man—a Redeemer—with such reverence as poor humanity can offer in honor of its Redeemer. The Church bestows on it as it were, to lay hold of the first moment of this happy day and to become its with proper order. The altar of the Churches at those services are usually decorated with a garland of flowers and without rods and lights of immemorial usage.

EXHIBITION OF THE COLORED GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.—Christmas unavoidably brings with its merry chiming of bells, its traditional holly, evergreen and ivy—something else, and that is happy hearts, and exuberant souls. And these chiefly in the young. In the South it is indeed no novel scene to see the colored population excessively jubilant over the week prior, and the week succeeding Christmas.

After the programme was exhausted Mr. J. P. Sampson, Rev. Messrs. Blake and Hedgiss addressed the school. After the addresses, the dangling little morsels that temptingly hung before the eyes of the scholars were distributed, and thus ended the first exhibition of "colored grammar school No. 1" of this city.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU.—In common with other men that runs the other side of this sheet, we doff our hat, crick our neck, and shout merry Christmas! We know this is so stereotyped and hackneyed that another greeting might sound more euphonious, but where is there one that touches every minute chord of the heart, every dormant feeling, every fibre in the human frame; aye, wakes the most stubborn and diffident to a realization of its glorious pleasures; than merry Christmas. And then the odor of Christmas turkey, its brown skin sizzling and fretting in all its lusciousness. "Och! murder!" as the Irishman said when he gazed on the goose on the spit, "it looks fur awl the world like the backbone of an angel, so swale it is!"

And what a day for real rollicking enjoyment in our Southern clime. Why, every straight necked, machine ganged, gagged moulth fellow in the land should dance on his heels, whistle, scream, tear his hair,

POSTLINGS. Gold 119; Pave the streets. Reduce car fares. Fechter is half seas over. Out with Secretary Fish. Brazil has the yellow fever. Phila. Post champions Cuba. Boston frowns on the trapeze. "Nap" hobnobs with the Pope. The geese are flying southward. Rather "thin"—The Suez canal. Banks "interviewed" Napoleon. Everybody is making egg nogg. Memphis has been earthquaked. McFarland has pleaded not guilty. Milwaukie has a six legged sheep. "Snifty"—our Supplemental number. Pear festivals are prevalent in Boston. High chemisettes of lace are "circulating." The Marsellaise is Rochefort's new journal. London convicts make boots for the police. Florence is "Ragged Pating" in Richmond.

(if he has any) and smile, as if he never intended to smile again. It should be a day of reformation! The miserly wretch who has set in his lonely hermit like abode, for years, should resolve to marry an excellent piece of muslin, with a live body in it, real hair, real teeth, real hips, real—well! that'll do! We may go too far! The voracious man should go among the poor, let loose his hard drawn purse strings, and shell out." Yes, shell out! To the famished poor, the indigent, the decrepit and the senile. The drunkard should form a resolution unlike that of Eccles; but to determine that the last swig goes down his coppers jaws to-day at 12 noon. And that hereafter all bending of the elbow for "realizing" purposes; or wetting the gills, shall cease. Let his nogget be nogged no more. The inveterate foe should "Gie up the smothered passion," And resolve that all past differences shall be buried as the Indian, on the day of peace, bury's the hatchet.

Then this is the day set apart by the Lord that declares "Peace on earth, and good will toward men." This is the day of days. Ah! who can forget his early Christmas! How the recollection of it sends us back over Time's pages—back! back! to the days when the callous withered hand of father pushed back the clustering unwilling hair from our forehead and kissed the spot, that it might seem purer by the spell. How we remember the warm kiss of affection imprinted by unstained lips on our own by our dear, fond mother! How can we forget the little indulgences—the would-be veil of secrecy with which she would hide from father our shortcomings during the day.

How we gathered around the firelight, and listened to the Christmas stories told by willing tongues, and recounted the expected blessings of Santa Claus! Yes; and to bed that night! Shall we ever forget it. What thoughts scan through our childish brain! Visions of dolls for Alice, a drum for Johnnie and a hobby horse for Fred. Ah! me! these were happy days! Happy days! And when you look back at the past and contemplate the records of the departed year. Though surrounded by the sunny faces of living friends, and saluted by the joyous ringing laugh of childhood and youth we always miss something or somebody. Your hearts say, "all are not here." Some pleasant voice, that once fell like divine music on your ear, is heard no longer. Some face, whose smile encouraged and gladdened you in time past, is not seen now in the crowd. You think of those whom you loved in boyhood, or with whom you took counsel in later years; you call them, but they answer not; you mention their names, and the white gravestone rises mournfully, bearing those names engraved upon it; and some of them are almost obliterated even from the marble. And so it is that you are sad. You sit at the festive board amid the joyous living, and find yourselves in voluntarily taking a census of the dead, of the loved and lost. You extend and grasp the hand of friendship, but the next moment you are communicating with the shades of dear ones, parted from you long ago.

Why is the present weather like an infant boy! Because it is a little sunny (sunny) —W. Post. One would think to hear the editor, joke that he was the father of an infant son; if so, why is that boy not a "white child?" Because he don't know who his father is. —New Berne Times. Now, tell us why the Times is like an oyster? Hurry up!

WAKE ME EARLY. CHRISTMAS CAROL. BY R. R.

Mother, you'll wake me early! Wake me when the sunbeams glisten On the daisies in the sill. So that I can see my stockings, That Santa Claus will fill. Oh! the air, it is so biting, And my nose, it stings the hill. Mother, you'll wake me early;— Ah! I know you will.

Mother, you'll wake me early! Wake me ere the Chapel bell, The worshippers do bring, And the choristers do gather, And the Christmas anthems sing;— (Oh! I grow so feeble Mother, And my temples throbb and ring!) Mother, you'll wake me early, Ere the Chapel bell does ring.

Mother, you'll wake me early! Wake me, when old Charley's saying, "Notes the rising of the sun, For to-morrow, Mother, Christians, Seek the Lord's dear only Son. (Oh! I feel the blood, chilling, Freezing, in its run, Mother, you'll wake me early, At the rising of the sun!"

Mother, you'll wake me early, Wake me ere the Chapel spire, Glimmers in the sun, For poor widow White I've promised To give a Christmas bun;— (Ah! my breath is shorter Mother;— I fear my life is run.) But, Mother, you'll wake me early, Wake me when the Chapel spire Glimmers in the sun.

STATE. New Berne has shed. New Berne oars to-day. Newbern will have gas again. Fayetteville tours next Wednesday. The Transmitters are caroling in Raleigh. The Goldsborians will dance on the 29th inst. Legislature adjourned until January 10th, 1870.

The U. S. Court in Raleigh is still in session. Woodlawn Post office, in Gaston county, has been re-established. The Goldsboro Mayoralty convention met Tuesday 21st prox. Snow in Wilmington last week. —New Berne Times. Na(y) soon!

E. Lomongard's jewelry store in Charlotte was robbed last week and robbed of twenty-one watches. Mr. W. Berne's store, on South Front street, New Berne, was entered and robbed last Sunday night. The Charlotte Observer says that a surveying party have been along the route of the W. C. & R. R. and have completed the survey.

We are informed that in Grant Township on the 31st inst. there will be a grand Festival by the residents thereof consisting of singing, music, and speech making. The price of tea is so steep that it needs very little steeping after you get it. —New Berne Times. That's a steep joke, in other words hard to get at! Why is the present weather like an infant boy! Because it is a little sunny (sunny) —W. Post. One would think to hear the editor, joke that he was the father of an infant son; if so, why is that boy not a "white child?" Because he don't know who his father is. —New Berne Times. Now, tell us why the Times is like an oyster? Hurry up! The New Berne Times notices the Standard's conundrum to the Post as to why the editor of this paper, was like a barrel of superfine flour; says: We can guess a great deal nearer than that. Here is our effort: Because his paper is a grade poorer than "Extra." If that's not right, we know another reason. That's good! Now tell the other reason. NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—All receiving subscriptions or sending in new names before January 1st will be entitled to the Post for 1870 at the exceeding low price of THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM! Let all who claim to believe Republican ideas, and desire to show allegiance to the National Government assist the only true American organ in this section. To quote a distinguished writer: "It is the shame of any citizen owning allegiance to the flag that he subscribes for or assists the organs of treason and does not stand by the only National paper worthy of the name in North Carolina." The Post has been improved at much cost and is worthy the aid of all good citizens.