VOL. III.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

THE WILMINGTON POST

CHAS. I. GRADY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. OFFICIAL ORGAN.

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Advertisements in this column ten cents

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 That in our goodly city, no dry goods can be

Why you know there's KATZ the dry goods

With all his pretty wares, To outsell him, would exemplify -The second "man who dares."

" Oh! what's the matter, mamma dear? Swilly, willy, winkum bum The people do look, mighty queer, Swilly, willy winkum bum!

At HEDRICA's there's such a crowd. A swearin' and a cussin' loud!" "Why it really seems as if death's shroud, Had enveloped some one there!

Why daughter the reason is very plain, Swilly, willy, winkum bum For wha, 's 'tother's loss is HEDRICK's gain. Swilly, willy, winkum bum! lowing colors, in his store, ur lacies do adore,ton skirt with the pretty gore-

> IV. arolina lived a man, ac was J. D. Love, in the van; and one who can

> > the street I'll have a treat om our Munson e Garrick's long, tription; for a song,

I. , gander, wander, ng bridegroom bellar;") re we must have,s, my dear! of course, only place that's sought, furniture ever decked his store e'll treat you as he ought.

s that rush yet over, y have been turned away, iose oysters coming, tell me, From Wise's stand to-day? For from morn to-night I hearken, For the carriers welcome voice, That shall bring good Wise's bivalves, So luscious and so choice,

Little Jack Horner Sat in a corner; Smoking his pipe of clay, When, as swift as a moment, Some one whispered, Bon Vivant! And to BURKHIMER'S he went straightway.

> Ding, dong dell! Hear the market bell! Books! books! books Hear the trantic shout! "HEINSBERGER," cry the boys; Hear them all about j Books! Books! Books! What a fearful rout!

Saddles, and whips, and bridles! What a happy lot! And where do you think I got them? On Front street near Dock. At Topman's store there's many more For the holidays, so near, Then jump around, my dearest friends And secure them while they're here.

No market to-day.

A-head!-Our new head. Remember the needy to day.

A duck of a man-A quack doctor.

Drunk-Mony, for it's deuced "tight." "Snifty" visiting cards for new years Come and see 'em! Oh! so sweet!

To-day is themincepieturkeyoysterscelery cranberriescakesapplesorangeseggnoggandloveday. What a conglomeration of stuff Think of your stomach!

Parties and balls to-night. Fun at the fair grounds to-day.

See Hedricks big "ad" in the Post.

A fruitless task-Sucking a dry orange.

Letters must be paid one full rate in or ler to be delivered possel to melecal Augil A footless execution A man with a wood en leg hanging up his stocking.

Last night was bangupyourstockingand putsomethinginitpleaseSantaclaus.

Services in all the churches to-day. Grand mass at St. Thomas' Catholic church.

Don't drink your egg-nogg thick to-day, it might thicken your intellect. Have a

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.

The "Hemenway" and "Union" schools have received one thousand gifts from Boston, for distribution to the scholars

resembles this day? Because its X-mas. Don't you see? A cross-mass. Patent applied for!

Our "New Yorick" letter will bear read ing by every reader of the Post. It is in a happy vein, graphic, interesting and lite like. Read how New Yorkers spend Christmas.

Why is Christmas like an untidy child. Because it has santa claus! (sandy claus.) The person that don't see the depth of this "quack" is requested to call. He will be enlightened.

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!

Crackers boomed, rockets "riz" 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.

INQUEST .- Coroner Allen held an inquest yesterday over the body of a male child, apparently about six weeks old, found dead in bed with its mother yesterday morning. Verdict. Death, by cause unknown to the

SHOPLIFTER. - Officer Van Solen arrested a woman vesterday for "freezing" to a piece of calico at Williams' dry goods store on Front street. She will spend Christmas at the guard house, in order to cure her of

AN EARLY CHRISTMAS-Angers Dyson is not one of those men that waits for your slow Christmas to come around, but gets drunk in advance of the holly-day. Angus paid \$20 for his fun and Christmas was made dear to him.

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. And we hope all will appreciate our efforts and help swell our subscription list. See terms in another column

"MAKE ER NOTE OF THIS!"-Phillip Bloodgood, D. D., claimed the attention of the City Court yestesday. This man was arrested for being drunk and disorderly. Having took spirits down, his spirit came up, and great was the noise thereof, Phillip-" In consideration of his good character, and public services in the Confederate army! judgment was suspended on payment of costs,"

THE FAIR GROUNDS .- There is little doubt but the grounds so handsomely laid out by the Agricultural Association will, under the tostering care of our citizens, yet be all that Central Park is to New York, or the " Druid " Grounds are to Baltimore. The lish carols commences : design of the managers is to keep on improving, and by aid of trees, ponds and an Agricultural School make the people of Wilmington happy in the possession of a place of resort unequalled in any of the States South of the Potomac. Our citizens will be called upon to vote for the city appropriation in the coming election, and we trust that all will agree without regard to party to support an enterprise calculated to assist in developing the hidden wealth of our soil and furn ishing a place of resort for our citzens. The effort of a few public spirited citizens must not be allowed to fail, nor too few to be taxed for the benefit of the many, hence we desire that our friends will vote the donation called for by the Association agreeable to the resolution adopted by the Board of Aldermen,

CAPE FEAR AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION. Col. S. L. Fremont, President of the Cape Fear Agricultural Association, has app ed the following gentlemen as me the Executive committee, viz:

Henry Nutt, S. S. Satchwell, Geo. W. Williams, J. A. Engelhard, Edward Kidder, John D. Taylor, W. L. Steele, R. K. Bryan

W. L. DeRosset, Jan. H. Chadbourn.
The following officers are also ex officio T. S. Memory, J. S. Weodard, T. C. Mcll- parts of the sacred writings. henny, A. A. McKoy, D. McMillan, C. J O'Hagen, Alex. MacRae, J. C. McMillan, D. Murchison, T. D. McDowell, E. W. Fonville P. E. Smith, W. S. Mullins, S. W. Cole, R. T. Atkinson; Recording Secretary J. C. Mann; Treasurer W. L. Smith.

The Riverside begins its new volume with an illustration of one prominent character istic 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, Viaus Moustache, oa!led "How the Captain came by a Legacy," the scene laid in Kentucky. explains "Gunpowder Explosions." Paul funny poem, called "The Truly Rural Rom-"Shipwrecked Buttons;" a curious account of proper names ;a historic sketch of the Regicides, with illustrations; and amongst dian Clubs. Altogether, the Riverside bewell kept. Published by Hurd & Houghton; \$2 50 a year.

The "Reconstructed Farmer," monthly. for the farm, garden and household, Thigpen and Yancey, practical farmers, Tarborough, N. C., \$2 per annum.

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

DISBURSEMENTS. From January 12th to February

March, -	e nje	4		16,366	93
April,	-		*	19,702	65
May,	-		* .	12,476	13
June,		•		5,591	65
July			١.	12,768	66
August, -	×:			10,929	90
September, -	æ.,	-		6,465	62
October, -			4,	29,825	40
November,		-		4,927	73
December (12th))		-	18,141	20
Total,		*	,	162,535	31
	REC	EIPTS	5.	(4)	
January 12th to	Febr	uary	1st,	\$3,753	04
March,	_ 1		the second	16,700	18
April,	-	-	2	34,169	.64
March,	7	., -	• 1	15,912	67
June,	2			4,830	15
July, -		3	3	2,669	93
August,	-			9,553	10
September,		-		3,708	26
October,	-		2 2	45,804	02
November,			H E	15,205	76
December,		-	-	4,307	
		}	E	161,751,	26
Amount du	o To	onene	or	784,	
Amount da	e II	cusui	01,	101,	UUI

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.

The "carol" proper was originally a French idea, and under the name of "noel' it applied to new songs in honor of Christ. Many strange songs were written in those strange old times. One of the ancient Eng-

There comes a ship far sailing then, Saint Michael was the steersman, Saint John sat in the horn; Our lord harped our lady sang, And all the bells of heaven they rang, On Christ's Sunday morn.

Generally the carols gave tha circumstances of the nativity as they are found in the Gospels, with such quaint touches and additions as the genius of the poet could con-

A curious old picture of the nativity has been preserved with the following superstitious legend attached :

"The cock crowed, Christus natu est. The raven asketh, Quando? The cow replieth, Hoc nocte. The ex cryeth out, ubi, ubi? The sheep bleateth, Bethlehem. Then the volces from the angels sounded Gloria in excelsie."

Throughout the world the Roman branch of the Christian Church celebrates the birth of the Saviour with unwonted pomp and on Christmas Eve " the " midnight mass"

rable tapen. The most exquisite music members of the Executive committee, viz: usually accompanies the mass; and the gos-Vice Presidents, A. Dockery, H. T. Clark, pels are taken from the most interesting

The Greek Church follows next in grandeur of ceremony, and after this branch of the church militant; the Anglican Church celebrates, if not with equal ceremony; still with equal impressiveness, the birth of a world's Redeemer. Other bodies of christians are falling into the custom of celebrating Christmas, and if not with much of ceremonial observance, let us hope with hearts purified with prayer, and a firm resolve to follow the GOLDEN RULE.

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 nappy hearts, and exuberant souls. And these chiefly in the young. In the South it Can any one tell us why an angry crowd Mrs. Weeks has the first part of a lively is indeed no novel scene to see the colored story,-" Jake's Wedding." Jacob Abbott population excessively jubilant over the week prior, and the week succeeding Christ-H. Hayne has a ballad. There is a very mas. Indeed this, by the courtesy of the master in the days of "involuntary serviaunt of the Sleepy Princess," with delight- tude," was a week ever to be remembered fully absurd pictures; a bright story of by the stranger visiting the sunny South. For indeed this week, in those days, the slave undeniably considered himself "free."

But this is far from what we desired to other things, explanation of the use of In- say in regard to the heading of this article but we can only say that a gramgins the present year with good resolutions | mar school of colored children taught by a colored lady in the State of North Carolina is something to be marveled at.

In obedience to a request we visited the grammar school, under the direction of Miss Sophia Ledgers, now in session at the Christian Chapel in this city, Thursday morning. The school was tastefully decorated in little knolls of evergreen, coquettishly adorning the walls and the Altar. The little offsprings were seated around the altar, bright, neatly dressed and seemingly deeply interested in all the exercises.

The order of exercises, consisted of Dialogues, singing, in solo and chorus; reading and declamation. The opening address was by Henry Lavender-brief, forcible, and

Reading by the Third Class-Very good considering the grade.

Dialogue-"Contradiction;" Miss Fannie Rhodes, Delia Barnes and Maggie Quince. Song -" Silently "-by the School.

Reading, Second Class-And in this reading, with all due deference to the girls, who were the seniors of the boys in age; we must say the boys excelled. The articulation was more distinct, the intonation clearer, and the scale more in keeping with feeling.

Dialogue- "Beginning of a Bad Citizen;" by Henry Neal, Henry Hawkins, George Jones, and Mimbie Jourdan; exhibited the

careful training of the tutor. Dialogue-"Good and Bad Forture;" by Henry Lavender and Lillington Bingham. This was the best of the exercises, as Master Bingham threw considerable force into his part, and evinced a certain artistic ability in conveying the impression of a bad fortune. The performance concluded by the dialogue of "Wishing," in which for correct reading we singled out Master George Reed.

After the programme was exhausted Mr. J. P. Sampson, Rcv. Messrs. Blake and Hedgis addressed the school.

After the addresses, the dangling little mersels 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.

The school has some fifty pupils, and considering that it is but six weeks in existence. bids fair to eclipse its older sisters.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU .- In common with t'other man that runs the other side of this sheet, we doff our hat, crick our neck, and shout merry Christmas! We know this is so sterreotyped and hackneyed that another greeting might sound more euphonious, but where is there one that touches every minute chord of the heart, every dormant teeling, 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 fizzing and fretting in all its lusciousness. "Och! murther!" 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 swate is it!"

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

-(if he has any) and smile, as if he never ntended 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 excelent piece of muslin, with a live body in it, real hair, real teeth, real hips, realwell! that'll do! We may go too far! The avaricious 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 copperas 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.

The old year is going,—
"Sadly tolling its sad funeral rite." 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 is 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 indulgencesthe would-be veil of secrecy with which she would hide from father our shortcomings

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 hen you look back at the past and con template the records of the departed year. Though surroun led by the sunny taces of living friends, and saluted by the joyous ringing laugh of childhood and youth we always miss semething or somebody. Your hearts say, "all are not here." Some pleasant voice, that once fell like divine music on your car, 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. Perhaps it is well thus to mingle thoughts of the past with joys of the present, and regrets for the dead with greetings for the living, It is well, perhaps, to temper the exuberence of present delight with the undertone of these serious memories. At any rate, it is not unmeet, in this season of friendly re-unions and greetings, to remember all we ever did love, as well as those we love now. there are duties as well as memories befitting the holiday season. Among these we may say it is good, while reviving and cementing standing friendships, to take some pains to create new ones.

POSTLINGS.

Gold 1191

Pave the streets. Reduce car fares. Fechter is half seas over. Out with Secretary Fish! Brazil has the yellow fever. Phil'a. 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.

The Marseillaise is Rochefort's new jour-

during the day. How we gathered around the firelight,

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"

London convicts make boots for the po-Florence is "Ragged Patting" in RichNO. 337.

WAKE ME EARLY. CHRISTMAS CAROL

fother you'll wake me early! On the dasies in the sill,
So that I can see my stockings,
That Santa Claus will fill.
(Oh! the air, it is so biting
And my cough is harder still;)
Mother, you'll wake me early;
Ah! I know you will.

Mother, you'll wake me early!
Wake me ere the Chapel bell,
The worshipers de bring,
And the choristers do gather
And the Christmas athems sing (Oh! I grow so feeble Mother, And my temples throb and ring;) Mother you'll wake me carly, Eye the Chapel bell does ring.

Mother, you'll wake me early!
Wake me, when old Charley's baying,
'Notes the rising of the sun;
For to-morrow, Mother, Christians,
Seek the Lord's dear only Son.
(Oh! I feel the life 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 when 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.

But there was no cause of waking .-For in that cold December morn While each home was merry making There was one yet left to mourn;
Little Maddie, as the clock was telling,
The hour that ushered in the day,
Bid good bye to earth, and mother;
And her spirit winged its way,
To Heaven where joy, and gladness,
Never know the night, Where angels ever chant the glories, Of Peace, and Truth, and Light.

STATE

New Berne has shad.

New Berne oars to-day.

Newbern will have gas again.

Jo, Turner will howl at Buth

Fayetteville tourneys next Wednesday.

The Tremaine's are caroling in Raleigh. The Goldsborians will dance on the 29th

Legislature adjourned until January 10th.

The U. S. Court in Raleigh is still in

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) son!

E. Lomengard's jewelry store in Charlotte was entered last week and robbed of twenty-one watches.

Reave's store, on South Front street, New Berne, was entered and robbed last Sunday night.

veying party have been along the route of the W. C. & R. R. and have completed the We are informed that in Grant Township

on the 31st inst. there will be a grand Fes-

The Charlottee Observer says that a sur-

tival 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. - Now

That's a steep joke, in other words hard to get at!

Why is the present weather like ou inant boy! Because it is a little sonny (sunny) - Wil. 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 "wise 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 su-

perfine flour; says : We can guess a great deal nearer than that. Here is our effort : Because bis paper is a grade poorer than "Extra." 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.