

The Post

VOL. III.

WILMINGTON, N. C., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 27, 1870.

NO. 346.

THE WILMINGTON POST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.
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One Month.....50
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Address,
CHAS. I. GRADY,
Editor and Proprietor,
Wilmington, N. C.

CITY.

"Slathers" of p-nuts.
Mud, muddier, muddiest.
Zoe, is just Zoe good as ever.
New River Trout in plentitude.
Eight deeds probated yesterday.
How can "The Gates A-jar" be a book?
A (soot)-able person—A chimney sweep.
"Our Institution No. 4" crowded out.
Will surely appear in our next.
George P. Peck has been confirmed as collector of Internal Revenue for this district.

Congressman Dockery has introduced a bill in the House for the re-establishment of the mail route to Onslow. Good for the Colonel.

Apothecaries are notified, that under a late decision of Commissioners Delano the special liquor tax, imposed under the Revenue Law dates from May 11, 1869.

Lemuel Williams, a disorderly, acknowledged not "the soft impeachment," and testimony being favorable was given "the benefit of the doubt." Exit Jem on high jubilee.

PHILHARMONIC.—The contemplated concert of the Philharmonic Society will probably take place Tuesday evening next, "provided however," as the lawyers say, that the Theatre can be rented.

CITY COURT.—Samuel Owens, a youth of thirteen summers, was brought before Judge Cantwell yesterday, on charge of stealing. Evidence being insufficient he was not released but ordered into custody (?)

Acting Commissioner Douglas, has decided that the blank from No. 52, for wholesale liquor dealers rectifiers and distillers, must be used in preference to the old registration series. The 1st of February is the time prescribed for going into operation.

WHAT WE LIKE.—Fayetteville N. C. January 14th 1870.
Mr. Charles I. Grady, Editor and Proprietor Wilmington Post Wilmington N. C.
Dear Sir please find inclosed four dollars (\$4.) send me the "Post" one year, and oblige yours &c.
And still they come!

No musical family can afford to be without Peters' Musical Monthly. It is printed from full-size music plates, and contains in each number at least twelve pieces of choice new music. Price, \$3 per year. Subscriptions received at this office, where a sample copy can be seen.
The Post and Peters' Musical Monthly, one year for \$5 00.

SORPHIED AGAIN.—"Blessed be the man that invented sleep," says Panza. We say, "blessed be the man who makes good suppers." We know who that is, for our gastronomical organs attest the elegant catering of Gentleman George. We shall not forget you, and the "Cosmopolitan," for that excellent "dainty dish," George, "which was fit to set before a King."

ARROGANT GYRATIONS.—THEATRE.—Another crowded house, the assemblage stirred, but oscillating between fear and admiration, greeted the "Lila and Zoe Troupe" last evening, at the "Theatre." Much as we deprecate this "tempting of Providence" in flying leaps, trapeze acts, and the whirling ropes and bars inseparable from the saw-dust arena, we cannot but admire the courage and skill of *la petite Zoe*, and *Mlle Codona*. The indescribable Kit-teu-like manner with which the infant gymnast, twirled her graceful "form pendant" on the horizontal bar, elicited round upon round of applause. M^{rs}. Codona and *Olebia* (?)—the latter gentleman's forty-eleventh name, we believe—sustained their already well-earned reputation as excellent gymnasts.

"Excuse us," Mr. Marshal, but on the corner of 5th and Ann street some person, not having the fear of surgeon and surgeon's instruments before their eyes, have "went and gone," and put up a wooden obstruction. Sufficient in itself—well we are not often, that way, but if one not in "the best of spirits" might chauce to slip up, great would be the fall thereof.

ONE MORE.—The ever vigilant Marshal has succeeded in unearthing another of the numerous *shabby* liquor dealers, who, while honest and faithful taxpaying dealers, strive to get a living, these men, defy the law and mock at justice. The last one was Mr. R. B. Barnett, upon whom, we are glad to record, Judge Cantwell imposed the regular fine and costs, with compulsory order to take out license in ten days.

SCRUMPTIOUS.—Oh! you ought see to this! What? Why Smith's resplendent furniture. Easy chairs, piano stools, rosewood bedsteads, marble wash stands &c. And to your left on entering a set of union polished, parlor furniture. Composed of selected walnut of the most excellent grain, it would do honor to an Oriental palace. Mr. Smith values it at nine hundred dollars, with the wardrobe. And we consider it worth twice that sum.

"How COME YOU SA!"—George Dunn seems to have but one fault. He was weak in the legs. And the cause of this many a casual reader who has been "how come you so," knows how and by what method this "aisy enough" state is accomplished; to be plain, George likes to take spirits down to "keep his spirits up" but it is impossible for him to do this without lying loose around the city. Judge Cantwell enforced the fine with recommendation to reduction of two thirds and costs.

WHERE ARE WE NOW.—We have received information from authentic sources, that a society of ladies, has been formed in this city, completely organized in fact, by the adoption of by-laws, and election of officers—for the expressly avowed purpose of resolving "not to associate with, nor marry any man chewing tobacco, or drinking liquor."

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"
"Can such things be
Overcome us like a summer
Cloud without our special wonder?"
This is woman's rights, with a vengeance. The editors are banned, positively banned. Ladies, we implore you, "dissolve this mighty engine of warfare," we are "totally, irrevocably lost."

"ON HIS MUSCLE."—Henry Jones, one of the numerous progeny of this uncommon house, betook himself to practice his "mawlers" on the unoffending heads of the numerous quiet patrons of "The North Carolina House." On being remonstrated with, Henry attempted to "knock down and drag out."

Then resistance sore,
Long time they bore,
And patience wrought in vain,
When William cried, come on my men,
This Henry must be slain.
Not appreciating the indiscriminate manner in which affection was demonstrated Henry left and soon was placed in the hands of the blue coated Knights of the peace, Judge Cantwell imposed the usual fine and costs.

PUBLIC MEETING IN THE INTEREST OF THE NATIONAL SAVING BANK.—The meeting was organized by inviting his Honor, Mayor Silas N. Martin, to the Chair, J. P. Sampson was made Secretary.

Prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Blake; after which Mayor Martin delivered an able address; carefully prepared; full of ideas, and if printed, well worth the careful reading of every citizen who would create for himself a position of independence and respectability.

Rev. Mr. Blake, Mr. Sauls, and others, made some very appropriate remarks.
A motion was made recommending the publication of the address delivered by Mr. Martin, in circular form.

A committee was appointed to make arrangements for another meeting.

A Card.
The undersigned citizens of Elizabethtown for themselves and particularly for Mrs. Freadwell and the ladies of her family, take this method of rendering their thanks to Captain J. E. Eldridge, Sheriff of Bladen county, for his noble and successful and persevering efforts in arresting the progress of the late fire, thus saving the home of a poor widow and the ladies of her house. For this manly conduct on the part of Sheriff Eldridge we desire hereby to evince our high appreciation, and while we hope that he may never himself, come to any loss from the devouring element, or otherwise we trust that he may be always on hand when it threatens us. He knows how to fight a fire, and he fights it.
Jan. 24th 1870.

John P. Lytle, B. F. Rinaldi, John White, Jno. A. Richardson, F. F. Cummings, J. H. Hall, W. J. Tolar, W. H. Sykes, W. A. Bizzell, J. M. McGill, D. M. Sutton, H. H. De-po, R. A. Lytle, R. H. Lyon.

MAGAZINES, &c.—*Physiological Journal*.—The February number contains biographical and critical sketches of George Washington, Confucius the Chinese Sage; "Father" Hyacinthe, Edwin M. Stanton, Clark M. Loomis; What Can I Do Best, or, Man and his Tools; My Brother's Keeper, an Address by Vice-President Colfax; The Balon-dos, a singular African Tribe, five illustrations; Brain Waves; or, An Incident in the Life of Dr. Wayland; Public Chests; The "Blues;" The Rich and the Poor; A Petrified Forest; The Turning Point, Illustrated Spectrum Analysis; Legal Education; Catarrh—Cause and Cure; Appetite—Its Sensualism; Theory of the Aurora Borealis. Terms, \$3 00 a year, 30 cents a number, S. R. Wells, Editor, New York.

Home's Musical Monthly. The seventh number of this valuable musical periodical is with us. Composed as it is of 32 quarto pages, and averaging 24 pieces of music in each, it is marvelously cheap at 25 cents. Waltzes, quadrilles and songs with piano accompaniment crowd its pages. E. Howe, 103 Court street, Boston.

Arthur's Home Magazine for February is, if anything, better and handsomer than the admirable January issue, which took its readers by surprise, with its charming new dress and improved air. The continued series of Articles on "The Marvels of the Insect World" will deeply interest every reader, young and old, and none who read the opening chapters of Miss Townsend's new story, "Jacqueline," will need to be invited to a perusal of more chapters in the serial. The excellent stories, and many entertaining, instructive, and useful articles in the "Home," give it an interest and value peculiar to itself. As a Lady's Magazine, it combines all the best features of such periodicals, and it is pleasant to know that it has become a general favorite. Published by T. S. Arthur & Sons, Philadelphia, \$2.00 a year, with a liberal reduction for clubs. Sold by News Dealers, at 20 cents a number.

The Nation. A weekly periodical devoted to current news, literature and politics—published in New York at Four Dollars per annum. Vol. 10—No. 238. The number for January 20th contains the usual amount of interesting matter, and "Notes" on new books, new thoughts and new men.

We detect a great change in the political tone of the *Nation*, and one hardly comprehends that the radical organ of the Gen Cluseret in 1864, is now a moderate and modest serial, edited with common sense and good judgment.

Address on Emancipation. H. L. Pike, Raleigh, N. C. The editor of the *Standard* has had his "address" published in very neat pamphlet form, and kindly presented us with a copy. The publication is valuable as containing many facts useful for reference.

Proceedings of the "Board of Trustees of the University of the South," Rome, Ga. The very neat pamphlet containing the address of Bishop Green, Chancellor of the University, has much of interest to Churchmen, and those interested in the establishment of Church Colleges.

Report of Superintendent of Public Instruction for 1869. Raleigh, M. S. Littlefield, Printer. The elegant report of the State Superintendent does equal credit to his ability and his good taste.

We have read many reports of the chiefs of other State departments of public instruction, but the production of Mr. Ashley we believe will compare favorably with the best. He brings into the work an enthusiasm indicative of the natural temper of the man, and that which his hands find to do he doeth with all his might.

The illustrations of buildings for schools are not the least valuable part of the work. *The Independent*. Comes to us with an immense supplement containing a map of the country showing the value of the "choice security." The New York and Oswego Midland R. R., first mortgage bonds.

The mixture of religion and "biz" about this paper pleases us, and is suggestive of that unwearied "Yankee" spirit that drives the world along the path of improvement even when we would fain lazily rest under the shadow of somebody's temple to somebody's God.

The Atlantic Monthly for February contains the usual valuable and interesting amount of fact and fiction. "Joseph and his Friend" tell their respective loves, and "The Pressure upon Congress" shows how some day our Capital may be changed or moved in order to prevent too much talking. Numerous other articles and essays make *The Atlantic* the queen of the monthlies. *The Children's Hour*. We notice that the publishers of this beautiful magazine have offered special terms to Day and Sunday Schools; and we learn that it has already been introduced into many day-schools as a reading-book. The freshness, interest, purity, thoughtful earnestness, and high moral tone of the "Hour" render it particularly valuable for this purpose. Teachers cannot but find its influence on their scholars beneficial in a high degree. We can well imagine how almost imperceptibly its beautiful lessons, read, with each monthly visit, in our schools, would take the place of authority, and so raise the moral tone of the children as to make discipline easy.

We hope each teacher who reads this will send for a specimen number of *The Children's Hour*, and examine it carefully. The yearly subscription is \$1.25, or eleven copies for \$10. The special terms to schools are exceedingly liberal. They are as follows: 20 copies, one year, \$17; 30 copies, \$25; 50 copies, \$40; 100 copies, \$75. Address T. S. Arthur & Sons, 809 & 811 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

The Revolution. Susan B. Anthony, Proprietor, New York. This uncompromising and fearless exponent of female suffrage opens the year with renewed warfare on the "lords of creation." That beautiful warbler of the domestic hearth—Alice Cary—commences a new story, entitled "Born Thrall, or; Woman's Life and Experience." Miss Cary needs no recommendation from our feeble pen, as all know how well her pen can coin "thoughts that burn and words that breathe."

Printers Circular for January, R. S. Menaniam, publisher, Philadelphia, Pa., \$1 per year.

A Drawing-room Chat. The following conversation took place in the drawing-room of a mansion on Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, one pleasant forenoon about ten days ago. (Two ladies, Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. Knight, had just retired in for a morning's nap on Mrs. Raphele, the lady of the house.)
Mrs. M.—My dear Mrs. Raphele, are you sick?
Mrs. R.—No, not sick, exactly, but suffering from debility and dread nervous. Do you know, I could cry this minute.
Mrs. M.—Too much excitement, I'm afraid.
Mrs. R.—Yes, but what can one do? In the wintertime, one must give parties and attend them.
Mrs. M.—I suppose so. Fashion is law—more's the pity. But you must take something to tone your system, or you'll break down.
Mrs. R.—I hate medicine! But you shall prescribe for me. What would you advise?
Mrs. M.—Well; I'll tell you my plan. Whenever I'm nervous or hysterical, or have a headache, or am at all out of sorts, I take a couple of table-spoonsful of PLASTER-BITTERS once or twice a day for a week or so, and it invariably brings me round, or you'll break down.
Mrs. R.—I do the same thing, with the same pleasant result. I have implicit faith in that article.
Mrs. M.—Well, ladies, on your recommendation, I'll try it.

"SARA MOSES FARRIS can be taken into the stomach of the most delicate, and is just the thing for invalids and all those desiring a light and delicate food."—Post.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

A Consarnin Uv the Ensuransurs Uv Wilmington.

A letter from James Price, jr., Esquire, justass uv the piece uv Blading County tu His kuzen Mister price what writes and prints ther jurnal, writting this ther 20thbird uv Jinevuary 18hundred & seventy.

Kuzen jemes:—
I wuz in wilmington last Friday, whichen i went thar on bizness, & hooped tu uv grabbed yu bi ther corn-stealer, but i did'nt hav time. i siede yu howsumdever a stanin thar se bi ther pursell Hous a lookin fur awl the world like yu wuz a expectin uv evry mingin tu sum uv your kuntry kuzens a bringin uv yu a turkey Gobbler, (yur Editors hanker arter them berds muchly) and i wuz mity sorra that i Dident hav time tu take a drink with yu. But i Dident, & ile percuade tu tel yu ther rezin. The fact is, jemes, i got prehaps ther dod-darndest durndest skeer that iver i reeceived in awl my mortal days, thout cepting it wuz ther time that your daddy's ole sow tear off my sant-tale a grabbin fur ther peaches we stal outen Bill duke's awchud. Hit hapend in this waz az i kan norste it. When i got often my raft thar close bi tu lam Bowden's, i siede a cine—a kussed grate bigg goold letterd thing, renoucin uv a "ensurance offis," an sez i tu lam, sez i, "lam what in ther yertu iz a ensurance?"

i haddent moar nor got ther wurd outen mi mouth-when uv steps a littel hooper feller an sez he tu me, sez he, "this is Mister price i suppose uv Blading kounty?"
Sez i tu him, sez i, "ther same tu yu sur," & with he kounmenced for 2 explane 2 me the natur uv an ensurin consarn. & i tel yu jemes, he tawiked 2 me fur tew level ours up on ther onstantly uv life & ther sartinty uv deth, utwelle ile be durned if i wnt so skared that i felt jist like i waz a dying, so i perseced fur too ensure immedeately fur fear uv ther serious konsequensces.

Well, when i wuz dun a ensuren thar, i started fur 2 go 2 c u, but i haddent gorn moar nor forty yards (endurin uv whichen dante i kounted 19 ensurance sines) when up kums another littel fop uv a teller with blak har & blak iec a lookin kinder up under his fibrows at me. (ide siede him frekwently endurin uv the war at the generals hed kwarters, & i node him), and sez he 2 me, "i think i rekognise you, sur, az surgent price?" Sez i 2 him (a salutin uv him) "the same az i sed 2 be, sur; how iz ther major this mornen?"

Sez he 2 me, sez he, "Mister price the dervastious rezult uv ther last misfortunt intornal strife has left our Suthern pepul shorn uv ther pursual property, & hit burhaves every Mann 2 place so much uv his rail estate az iz iyabul 2 me." Sez i "stop major, ile ensure in your kumpny of

it takes ther last shillin ive gott." And so i ensured, jemes, and ile be klean awl over rekonstrukt in a minit if ther Major want kiever 2 me fur oncer—a thing i never hearn tell uv his boin gully uv before.

Well i gott a fujlow from thar & started fur 2 go wonce moar 2 ther Jemel offis 2 see yu, & i hadd gawn prehaps ni on to a skware (endurin uv whichen i kounted forty 6 moar ensurances sines) & wuz jist a begginin fur tu git over mi frite, & tu kongratulate myself up on mi impruvd fealkins, when i seed, kuzen jemes, an onst ther tawlest humane bein that iver ther sun uv kish orr Go-Liar, what fit with david! i jost stopt stil 2 gava with oneder upon him, when hee, a secin uv me a stanin thar, kum a stridein down atords me. i nu it want know use 2 try 2 escape fur of ide a lad a lokotortiv and had a seem them leggs a bendin atords me, ide jist a slutt orph ther engine and stopped.

i never wated fur him 2 speke jist, i seod him hav a bundil uv papers with a Pellikan a feedin uv its yung uns, on em, & i nu he wuz a lewsianny Ensurancer. Sez i 2 him, "My extenuated fren, iz you too a ensurancer?"
Sez he tu me, "i iz sur; allow me 2 ensure yu in the Bequestable."
Sez i tu him, "ile be teetotually bitt too deth with pizee bodd bugs of you ant the grate old hee head ensurer uv em, awl; ile jist ensure rite here with you, and git your resete in full, and iverlastin akwitance in general from the balance uv em." And i ensured.

i felt better ther, jemes, i thawt ide struck the hed man, an of ide pin his paper outen mi kote koller, with ther Pollihan whar it cud be seen, ide git relief. Well, i find it up & started fur the 4th time fur to see yu, & had arrov ni unto the puseul Hous, klowse 2 Ned haul's kontextary, (wher i stood a lectif & kounted 4 hundred & ten moar ensurances sines), when awl uv a sudden, another long, lene looken kuz with isle like too a sand-hill possum, and drest up 2 kill, with a brass-headed can under hiz arme, grabbed me bye bowth uv mi paws, and kounmenced the almityes yari bout hiz former konnexine with ther etna, & hiz present asosiation with ther—, but i kudent stan it no longer, jemes, ide spent ni on to ther last dollar i had in pain fur thar durn Polly-sees an so i jast got strop, and yu had orter a seem me a makin uv traks fur ther totther side uv Jording, and that last blasted ensurancer a follerin uv me a prechen his sarmit at me; he wuz am most the purstestest long-legged, long-winded, dod overlasin, setarni hom purp that iver yelpt arter me. but i bote him, & now, thank ther Lawd, ime safe!

I kan klowse, kuzen jemes, thout ceptin i expres mi sorro for the fait uv wilmington, i nu it wunced when hitspeepul gott thar livin thar like we in the ther kuntry gatt ourn—by wurkin fur hit and yearnin uv hit! The times iz changed—az Deakon Davis, ther skulemarster, uzed tu say in latin,—"tempore potatur, et hoc potatur in Phillis," and ile be bum-buzzled of they sint potaturd fur the worst! The Radikals hav plaid the devil with your poar ole sity, & h—!a broak lase among ye!

Tawk too em, deer kuzen jemes, & get Mister ingalhart tu rite things wright wonce moar fur the kredit uv poar ole bleedin North kalinj!

Drive out ther drones from your be gum, & klean off ther worms from ther hunney bench, and ther live uv industry wil wunce moar aboutn with wealht!

i neglected to inform you that while i wuz a ruonia down Market strete, a gettin clere of that last chap, i seed tom Kovington, uv Lorenberg, a runnin up it klosely pursued by a ensuransur, whichen they sayed wuz formerly a keepin uv a steam Bote.

from your luvlin kuzen,
JAMES PRICE, JR, ESQUIRE,
just-ass uv the piece uv Blading County, day and dait fust abov.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. C.,
Jan. 23, 1870.

EDITOR POST:
DEAR SIR:—Last night, when sleep had disarmed us all, we were awakened by the sickening cries of Fire! Our feelings may be better imagined than described. When the first discoverer of the sad sight had aroused the inhabitants of our usually quiet little village, it was apparent that all effort to extinguish the flames, which originated in the fine store occupied by Captain W. J. Tolar, was fruitless, therefore the neighbors of the citizens were sent to the preservation of the adjacent buildings. To attempt to bestow praise upon any particular individual for his efforts in saving from ruin the buildings of the town, would do injustice to all the others. It is sufficient to say that every one did his whole duty, with a free will and a sturdy hand. But although every one behaved so gallantly, the writer of this hopes that he may be allowed to mention the skillful, incessant and disinterested labors of our worthy townsman, James E. Edridge, without partiality being

assigned as the cause of his eulogy; no one could behold the manly bearing, the cool courage and indefatigable labors of this gentleman without being thrilled with admiration.

J. Graham Blue and J. King Hammonds also displayed much bravery and those who are now enjoying the luxuries and comforts of a home and shelter have great cause to be thankful to them.

The fire occurred in the store, occupied by Captain W. J. Tolar, and owned by Captain F. W. Kerchner, of Wilmington, about midnight, and is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. The fire caused the destruction of Mr. Daniel M. Sutton's bar room and Col. J. W. McGill's law office. The buildings were entirely consumed, and the loss was total. Captain Tolar not even saving his books.

BLADEN.

STATE.

New Berne is plowing.
Raleigh peach trees bloom.
Goldsboro has the small pox.
The Pioneer champions Cuba.
Raleigh wants more dwellings.
The Tremaines are at Salisbury.
Burglars rob Goldsboro smoke houses.
The Eagle hotel at Asheville has changed hands.

Charlotte city's government expended \$21,590.90 in '69.

Severel K. K's will be tried at the Superior court term, at Goldsboro.

The Mayor of Charlotte receives a salary of eight hundred dollars and fees.

Whitaker of the *Standard* is "out again." now don't misconstruct our good intentions!

John B. Page (colored) is a candidate for Congress in the second congressional district.

POSTINGS.

Prentiss was 66.
Pave the streets.
Prentiss is dead.
Reduce car fares.
Fechter isn't much.
Seward is in Havana.
Boston gives free soup.
Geece have gone North.

Victoria has the neuralgia.
Plain olive cloth suits are en vogue.
Wisconsin favors the postal telegraph.
Mark Twain will marry Thursday next.
Maine glories in a seventeen foot giant.
Minnesota has a twelve year old mother.
Cincinnati cigar makers still on the strike.
Baltimore has a debt of twenty-six million.

Boston City Fathers snubbed Prince Arthur.
Petersburg, Russia, Dispects New Year's calls.
Prince Arthur's moustache has only five hairs.
Opera cloaks are now made of white plush.
Prince Arthur delights the snobs at Washington.
Dr. Bagby will edit the Petersburg Courier.

The Washington capitol is seven hundred feet long.
Miss Jennings is "well up" in "Sut!" in New York.
Reporters are called "pencil heavers" in Po'keepsie.
Brougham is "Playing with Fire" in Philadelphia.
Kate Field is "Among the Adirondacks" in New York.
The Foeje Islands want to come under Uncle Sam's wing.

The duty on molasses will be reduced from eight to five cents.
Forty miles of the telegraph down along the Pacific Railroad.
The Richardson-McFarland marriage certificate has been filed.
Revels, United States Senator elect, from Mississippi, is a negro.
Gothechild died while playing his "Morte." (Dead March.)
Gold wedding rings are the inducements to subscribe for the Paris Public.

Nellie Hutchinson is Washington correspondent for the N. Y. Tribune.
Five hundred European Clergymen attended the "Evangelical Alliance" in Gotham.
At the "Fat Men's Convention" in Maine, ten thousand pounds of fat grazed the scene.
Obscene book dealers, in the Quaker city receive one year in state prison as punishment.
The Richmond Dispatch calls its North car capitalists: "Snacking, rowardly, they're ing, stinking, swindling Yankees."