

The Post

VOL. IV.

WILMINGTON, N. C., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 17, 1870.

NO. 57.

THE WILMINGTON POST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN.

PUBLISHED SUNDAYS AND THURSDAYS.
Per Year.....\$3 00
Six Months..... 2 00
Three Months..... 1 25
One Month..... 50
Single copies, Five cents.
Clubs furnished at reasonable rates.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Per square, one time, 75 cents.
Less than one square, one time, 50 cents.
Two times \$1 00 and all succeeding insertions half price additional.
Rates per month, \$3 for one square, and each succeeding square half rates additional.
Half Column and Column advertisements received on proper discount.
Local advertisements 10 cents a line.

Address,
CHAS. L. GRADY,
Editor and Proprietor,
Wilmington, N. C.

CITY.

Ladies' Trimmed Hats, at Mrs. Stocks.

For Fancy Goods go to the Dollar Store.

Large lot of apples at the store of George Myers.

To lessen our desires is to increase our wealth.

Cheese, wholesale and retail, at George Myers.

The most common craft on the sea of love are snooks.

The solar system has a large family but only one sun.

The solar system has a large family, but equally pretty.

Parting the light out makes all women equally pretty.

Experience is a torch lighted in the ashes of our delusions.

To get the most for your money go to Harry Keyes & Co.

He who gives you fair words feeds you with an empty spoon.

It is often a nobler work to conquer a doubt than a rebuff.

It is better for a man to have a diseased spine than no back bone at all.

Many people's charities, like the brooks, are scantiest when most needed.

Do not fail to call and see the beautiful Cards at the Post Printing Office.

Love must ever love the feat that never wears, running on love's errands.

Cast away the staff of duty, and like the Prophet's wand, it changes to a snake.

Proverbs, like the sacred book of every nation, are the sanctuary of its institutions.

The devil has work enough for all his friends but he pays their wages only in full.

Never be without a quarter in your pocket, and you will always be a quarter-masque.

Worldly pleasures—a bauble placed upon a greased pole, which few if any can ever grasp.

Major Schenck's "Bessie" trots to-day. Let all go to the Fair grounds and see the great race.

He that would be remembered by his Creator, should remember the fatherless and the widow.

Register Terry, of Rockingham, made us a brief call. He is one of the "unterrified" Republicans.

A mosquito is a bummer who tries to get inside the bar, and take a "nip" without paying for it.

There are two things that can never be successfully counterfeited—modesty and common sense.

A man should walk erectly under disappointments, because he is straightened by circumstances.

The fellow who courted an investigation, says it isn't half so good as courting an affectionate girl.

If old Time were to exchange his hour glass for a wine glass, we should have a "high old Time."

A Christian had better go to any place of amusement than to go home and swear because he cannot go.

Who blows his own horn? Why the "Dollar Man"—and he bloweth it with a machete. So say all the people! Selah!

All-clearing really fine wines and whiskeys should call on Capt. Myers. He is gifted with rare taste in the matter of purchasing "plate pleasers."

Mr. Jacobi has a large stock of new hardware, and offers the public every inducement to purchase all kinds of family supplies.

We have received from Hon. Wm. A. Galbrith genuine pictures of King William, Bismark and Von Moltke; they can be seen at Heinsberger's.

Let all the world, and especially "his wife," go and see Col. Hedrick at Weill's new store. Weill has the prize show of dry goods at the Fair.

Mr. Brown's restaurant was well patronized yesterday, and the ladies owe the gentlemanly proprietor a vote of thanks for his elegant arrangements.

The heavy stock of Clothing at Shrier Bros., is fast going off, an evidence that all coming to the Fair know where to buy to advantage. Let all hurry up.

We were gratified to see in our sanctum our old friend, General Allan Rutherford who has returned to visit the home of his affections, and post his numerous friends on matters and things around "old Wash."

We were pleased to meet Mr. Churchill of the Standard and a whole crowd of Raleigh ruralists down here to see how city folks live! Seventeen hundred (more or less) are now sleeping all around the Post office.

Large numbers of visitors continue to arrive at the hotels, and as they cannot be accommodated, the Post offers to let a few rooms among our paper files for a few days, or if not afraid of ink sleep among the rollers!

VISITORS must not fail to join the crowd daily rushing to Harrie Keyes to watch the "great dollar man" dispense his goods at the marvelously low rate of ONE DOLLAR for anything and everything a lady may need.

Messrs. Myers & Bontright have a right to call upon all their friends to visit the beautiful store once occupied by Col. Hedrick. The large stock of choice groceries "just in" is fully capable of pleasing.

The manager of the theatre would do well to check the dull wits of those who make the stage a place for political allusions. Mr. Bishop is a first class comedian and he never permits politics to come into his fun. Some of his assistants might learn from him.

Messrs. Munson desire all visitors to the Fair to call at the only fashionable clothing store in the city and select winter clothing. Mr. Munson knows well how to select goods to suit the people of Wilmington and surrounding country. All are well suited who buy of Munson.

Marshal Ransom is doing his whole duty at the Fair grounds and doing that duty well. So we may compliment the gentlemanly corps of officers; assistant marshals and all laboring to make the county Fair a "success." Where all do so well it is hard to discriminate.

The fair grounds presented a very lively spectacle yesterday, and the trot brought many people from abroad to see our handsome horses show their mettle. The Raleigh horse won the race, "best three in five," and Mr. Pomeroy performed wonders by his skillful driving.

The fair brings to our city many arrivals from abroad. We noticed the gallant Rutherford, of auditrial fame, on the grounds at the "fair," the "furriner" French, and many a jolly officer of the Revenue Marine, horse Marine, and other branches of our grand old government service.

Mayor Martin was not a visitor at the Fair. Is it possible that he should feel insulted by the attacks of political partisans who do not possess the decency to keep their prejudices and impudence out of sight when the good of society and the business interests of the place demand this?

FORDS.—The Ford Troupe, at the theatre, have surpassed themselves during the last two nights, and crowd attest their appreciation of the Chapmans, as well as the perfect success of the Burley "Bishop." Last night the house was filled to overflowing and many failed to find even standing room.

In our recent trip up the W. C. & R. R. R. we visited the thriving little town of Laurensburg, and enjoyed the hospitalities of the enterprising proprietor of the "Laurensburg Hotel." Mr. Bundy is one of the best natured men that lives, and keeps his house on the good old fashioned plan. We wish him success.

Nearly every advertiser, who makes advertising pay, contracts through a responsible agency. Experience has taught them to avail themselves of the services of those who have made the business a study. The Agency of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., No. 40 Park Row, New York, is the most competent in the country, and many of the largest advertisers make all their contracts through them.

THE FAIR.

The opening of the fair was attended by not very auspicious weather, but the address of President Fremont was so unusually good that a fair compensation was found for the disappointment expressed by the myriads who floundered about on last Tuesday. We present a synopsis of the speech below and commend it to the careful consideration of our readers.

Immediately after the Prayer Col. S. L. Fremont, President of the Association, surrounded by the Executive Committee, delivered the following

ADDRESS AND WELCOME.

Ladies and Gentlemen—
In compliance with a custom inaugurated at our First Annual Fair, and which seems to me to be altogether appropriate, I am here to welcome you again.

One year has passed, since first we met upon these grounds! One short year: so full of God's mercies and bounties and of our own unworthiness.

Seed time and harvest have come and gone, and we are again permitted to assemble upon these grounds, consecrated to improvements in agriculture, commerce and the mechanic arts.

I am most happy to greet so many of our old friends, co-laborers and patrons on this occasion.

To all I tender the warmest welcome of the Cape Fear people and their Agricultural Association.

As I told you last year, we make no pretensions to any excellence in our arrangements—nothing has yet been perfected—though we have made improvements since you were last here.

We failed to receive the aid we hoped to have obtained, and had a right to expect from the city government, hence only moderate progress has been made in our improvements. Though we have received no aid from the city whose interest it was to help us, and that too with liberal means, that we might complete these Grounds and make them, not only a beautiful place for holding our annual exhibitions, but a pleasant resort for her citizens. Yet we were not disheartened nor discouraged.

We did not undertake this work with the expectation that we were to recline upon a bed of roses! We knew there was work before us, and that the pioneers of this Association who placed us here expected much from us—much that could only be achieved by patient and unremitting toil.

While other cities that have been benefited by similar organizations have donated their ten thousand, their thirty thousand and even fifty thousand dollars, we have received nothing, and have relied entirely upon private means for the improvements that have been made. Whether or not we have done our duty to the public at large we leave for others to judge.

This much I have felt it my duty to say in behalf of myself and the committee associated with me—by way of explanation and as a reason why our improvements have not been commensurate with our just expectations.

GENTLEMEN OF THE ASSOCIATION,

What are the duties devolving upon us? What are the duties and objects of the Association? Are they simply to hold Annual Fairs upon these grounds? Are they alone to give our people opportunities to meet annually to exhibit the products of their fields, their firesides and their work shops, and nothing more? I think not! Though we consider these annual gatherings of the greatest importance, yet we must not rest our work here. We must not content ourselves by holding these annual or semi-annual exhibitions. No! this Association was organized for higher and nobler purposes. Good as these objects (properly managed) may be they are not all. They are leading features only.

In addition to the annual exhibitions, education should be an object of the Association. Education planted broad and deep, are not the least of its duties to the people of our section—the twenty counties ranged under our banners. While so much time, money, and health are sacrificed for the education of our sons, how much of the real, practical duties of life do they learn? How many of the Lawyers and Doctors that we annually give to the country are taught really and thoroughly as they should be, and hence, how few comparatively rise to places of eminence and well-earned distinction. What nobler profession than that of the educated agriculturist? The wealth of the world is necessarily drawn from the earth. It has been said that he who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, is a benefactor of his race—how much greater the benefit, then, if by means of his scientific skill he can make thousands grow in place of one.

If education is indispensable to eminence in law, medicine and divinity, why should the tiller of the soil be alone left to grope his way in darkness, when by the light of science he can know at a glance the proper course to pursue to obtain the largest re-

THE SCOTCH FAIR.

LAUREL HILL, Nov. 10th, 1870.
DEAR POST:—After much jolting I arrived with the other wagons along a delightfully hilly road at Laurel Hill township when we found wagons and wagoners by the myriad.

Representatives from over forty counties were here "in their suits of grey," or better, not brown, and happy as boys out of school to see the old familiar "Fa-a-r" Ground with its lofty oaks and level racing road where a "trade" could be had for almost anything equine, or bovine, or assine. "Oh happy days of innocence and truth," thought we when "a boy again" among these very "hoosiers"—for we recognized the vernacular of the Southern mountaineer each step we took, and longed to indulge in a good old fashioned race down the dusty road with some of these whooping, and yelling good natured souls—who, tough as their hills, are as simple in habit and thought as the very school boys who come here to see the fun.

Everybody had his wagon loaded with the "spare" produce of his little farm, or the result of such rough handiwork as the "hill country" has been noted. Thus we again saw the old "spinning wheel" made for the industrious housewife to spin that thread that, like the thread of life, lasts longer and is much stronger for being "old fashioned," and "handled with care." There was the "mountain dew," distilled "way out in the woods" and drawn carefully from the wooden spigot for the long throated countrymen, "who drank as if 'twere mother's milk—and not a man afraid." There was the homemade cider, wine, and homemade articles of all sorts—including "homespun" and all sorts of country delicacies, from chicken pie to "gingerbread," made by some fair lassie or good dame, and sent to "Scotch Fair" to be returned in a few yards of "kalicor," ribbons or other finery for "sweet-hearts and wives." Apples and chestnuts were plenty and the long line of wagons almost stretched to the crack of doom at the end of the "hill" before the customers arrived and commenced to

TRAFFIC AT THE FAIR.
Of all the amusing spectacles commended me to an old country fair, such as this really is, for life as it is among the lowly, and simple hearted natives of the "up country. Trade or barter, is conducted pretty much on the same plan as in the "land of the leal" where this fair has its counterpart. Men bring whatever they expect will find a ready sale, and many get all the little luxuries they need at these semi-annual gatherings. Thus one old fellow comes many miles with whetstones made "right at home," where he informed us he had a quarry and all his ready cash he secured from the sale of these stones twice a year at the Fair. This man, like many others, probably lived remote from stores or villages, and even if he could buy elsewhere, preferred to do as he had for fifty years—i. e.—trade at the Fair.

THE ORIGIN OF THE FAIR.
The venerable oak is still existent where the "Mac" something met and "broke a bottle" and inaugurated the "Fair." All this happened in the year of grace 1790. Plenty of white-headed veterans declared that "over a hundred" fairs had caused them to meet and greet the friends of their youth in the style of "auld lang syne."

"SCOTCH MAC."
Among the innumerable Macs, we met one real "Mac" who was from Bonnie Scotland and told me this fair was his delight, as it reminded him of the "old country" and the days of his youth in "auld Scotia."

THE TENTS.
One side of the principal street—or road—opposite the line of wagons—was lined with sheds, or "tents," as they are called—made of rough boards, and rented to dealers in dry goods, or any manufactured article. Here the traders come from the many villages and stores on the line of the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad, to sell off "old goods"—thus it a man can't get rid of his stock at home—burdening his shelves—he sends it to the "Scotch Fair," and with a smart clerk, or rattling, jolly kind of a talker, all the "old stock" disappears, and cotton or corn, mules, horses, or money takes the place of the trash the wary trader has "no use" for at home. Not all the trading is of this sort, however. Many merchants send choice goods to please the better class of farmers, and among these we noticed Messrs. Younce, McCallum, McKay & McCall, and Johnson & Munroe, of Laurinburg; O. S. Hayes, McGirt & Brady, and J. W. Hartman, of Shoe Heel; A. Melke of Lumberton; A. A. McKethan & Co., of Fayetteville, who make the finest buggies we have seen in the State; and numerous other dealers of good standing and reputation.

TALKING HORSE.
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field," in the way of draught cattle, were moved up and down by anxious inquirers after a customer to swap or sell. Lots of fellows were "sold" emphatically from the appearance of the beasts they bartered away while the "speris" moved them to make asses of themselves in trading a "good 'un for a bad 'un." Such oaths! protestations and ejaculations from excited chaps full of whisky and enthusiasm! Such queer modes of testing the "virtues" of horse or mule! Some "animiles" resented too much familiarity with the extremities. One old fellow came near his "latter e-end" by trifling with a blind mule's other e-end. One emaciated but cheerful countryman "daddled" his soul if he couldn't "beat a-a-r-y boss" with his "Billy." The said "Billy" being an unusually fine young stallion. So it went—excitement of the most innocent character keeping all happily engaged until evening wore away and nature assumed her usual grey robes at night fall. Then appeared the evil spirits called gamblers who have usually had too much license, but now they are forbid exercising their nefarious trade on the grounds or in open daylight as of old. A good police kept all offenders from plucking any except the geese predestined to be plucked, and these wandered forth into the bushes and lost their dimes at the cheerful "chuck luck" with all the grimaces of inexperienced gamblers.

HEAVY BETTING.
The tenacity with which some people, who have the passion for gaming, cling to their coppers, was illustrated by a countryman betting two and three cents at a time and when the dealer refused to accept any thing less than five cents as a bet—the homespun hero drew himself up and remarked, "stranger, you think money is plenty in Guilford; now I consider you an object for pity." When the dealer thus thrown off his guard replied, "why?" The ungenerous "razer-back" replied, "Because you have so much on the ground." Mem—the dealer had unusual big feet!

REVENUE.
The only thing marring the universal pleasure was the appearance of the inevitable "revenue officer," and this ubiquitous being appeared in the shape of Assessor Blocker with his efficient assistants Smith and Elbecke who, calling upon Collector Richardson to aid them—seized a large quantity of illicit tobacco and spirits. No resistance was made to their operations and the majesty of the law was vindicated.

THE DOLLAR STORE.
We must not close before mentioning that the irrepressible "Harrie Keyes" appeared at the fair to get "stamps" with his good-natured way of selling everything the hoosier heart desires, for "only a dollar."

ONE DOLLAR.—The success of the Dollar Store, under charge of the "handsome Harry," is something marvelous. A perfect procession formed yesterday, and marched to the Lippitt Row store, and there absolutely "cleaned out" the man of many smiles. Keyes is a success. He is rapidly achieving a fortune. His watches, clocks, iron safes, and fancy goods are worth twice ONE DOLLAR twice over.

P. Heinsberger has a goodly part of the "Horticultural" Hall allotted to the display of his wares. It may be because Mr. H. is bringing forth much "fruit" intellectually, or it may be because the space he adorns could hardly be better filled than by the magnificent pianos, gorgeous pictures and beautiful collection of books. Mr. H. has an unusually fine collection of fine things and has many visitors.

We learn at a regular meeting, Tuesday night, of the Agricultural Society, that a resolution offered by Dr. Satchwell, that "this was an agricultural and not a political society" was voted down. The only votes in favor of the resolution were those of Dr. Satchwell and Dr. DeKosset. We regret that sufficient sense does not exist in the Society to comprehend that true conservatives like the gentlemen endorsing the resolution referred to should be overpowered by the influence of the carpet bag editor of the Journal, who apparently assumes to control the society.

A Question in Many Homes. The fine times when we could all live on the fat of the land have gone by, perhaps never to return. Of late, the question how to obtain the largest amount of wholesome, palatable nourishment at the lowest possible price, has been earnestly discussed in thousands of American homes. The introduction of Salt Moss Flaxseed as a national food staple, solves this problem. From no other article under the sun can the same amount of delicious fare be obtained for the same cost. The constants, Charolotte, jelly, puddings, etc., made from it are "fit for Juba" when she banquets, and as a clarifier for refining cider and other fermented potables, it has no equal. The Salt Moss Flaxseed Co., who own the patent for the article, have their central depot at 55 Park Place, New York, and within twelve months they have established a business of immense magnitude and importance.

New styles of Bill Heads at the Post Printing Office.

NOTICE.—Contributors and advertisers to the Post will please take notice that all matter must be sent in by three o'clock, P. M., day previous to day of publication.