

The Post

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THE WILMINGTON POST. OFFICIAL ORGAN.

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One Month, 50
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Clubs furnished at reasonable rates.

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Less than one square, one time, 45 cents.
Two times \$1 50 and all succeeding insertions at price additional.
Rates per month, \$4 per square.
Half Column and Column advertisements reduced on proper discount.
Local advertisements 25 cents a line.
Address, CHAS. I. GRADY, Editor, Wilmington, N. C.

CITY.

CLUB RATES!!!
Our readers are informed that "club rates" so often inquired about cannot be less than \$2.00 per year. We have put the paper down to the very lowest price, and clubs of five or ten cannot be formed at any price less than TWO DOLLARS for EACH PAPER.

Female gathering, ladies' ruffles, etc.
The proper way to serve a dinner is to eat it.
Great men have little hair, the ladies beg it all.

Messrs. Munson advertise "all the styles" at New York rates.
C. D. Myers & Co., have the "Magic Fluid" for sale.
A lawyer may be said to belong to the "Fetian brotherhood."

Sermons are the thorns wherewith the buckle of love fastens.
The exact width of a narrow escape has never yet been defined.
The only wax work that's of any account is that that got up by bees.

Messrs. Anthony, of New York, offer stereoscopes, views, &c.
Kindness is a language that even the dumb brutes can understand.
Every dryman should have a uniform cap. For sale at Strier Bros.

Never follows—people who spend fifteen dollars every time they earn ten.
Professor Ruckert gives notice that pianos will be tuned in the best manner.
The daffodils, as well as the blue buds already receive a disposition to don spring styles.

A new tenor singef has appeared in Philadelphia, with the promising name of Holler.
All soldiers are classed as "the most perfect of men, because they are always on the right."
We are all sculptors and painters; the materials being our own flesh, blood and bones.

What part of speech is a kiss? A conjunction; and what form? A lip-flickle (elliptical).
With faint hands we hold the "drained cup of joy, which when empty weighs heaviest."
A beautiful belle never thinks of hiding a fault, because like Nasby, she thinks she has none.

Small girls believe in a man in the moon—
young ladies believe in a man in the honeymoon.
The ladies should be careful and set good examples, because the men are always following them.
We are indebted to Major Griswold for his kind invitation to inspect the harbor improvements.

Why does the Journal attack Judge Russell? Are any of the Journal people hurt? Ku Klux Kin. (?)
The funeral of Mrs. Maria B. wife of our esteemed citizen, Captain T. F. Peck, will take place to day.
Always the first to get Spring styles of Bonnets and Hats. Ladies, call and see them at Mrs. Strocks's.

Why does a minister have more wives than any one else? Because he often marries a couple at a time.
Notice.—Delinquent subscribers are notified that unless they pay promptly, their papers will be stopped, and when practicable suits will be entered against those not offering proper excuse.

Lieut. Fred Sparrelle is said to be the handsomest man in the Revenue Marine—
among the First Lieutenants.

Circumstances alter cases. That might be a great improvement to old houses, but an injury to the cheeks of young ladies.
One hundred thousand cigars are offered by Geo. Myers. Also, flour, and a full assortment of groceries, cheap for cash.

Riches without beneficence are witness. They are blessings to him only who makes them a blessing to the poor man—the needy.

Mr. Haddock's City Directory is now bound and almost ready for delivery. We had the pleasure of seeing a copy yesterday.

General Allan Rutherford has sent us a "harmonious" letter and hopes all may unite "under the old flag" to defeat our common enemy.

Dr. Kinman, Surgeon at Fort Johnson did us the honor of calling yesterday at our sanctum and announcing "all well" at "Summit."

Why don't the Journal publish the majority as well as the minority report of the Congressional Committee on "Outrages"? A newspaper should give both sides.

Formerly the precept was "know thyself." In these latter days it has been supplanted by the far more fashionable maxim, "know thy neighbor and everything about him."

Capt. E. J. Pennypacker has returned from Washington, D. C., where he has interviewed Grant and the Postmaster-General. Capt. Pennypacker will be our next Postmaster.

Numerous letters have been received from different parts of the South approving our lauding the names of Grant and Creswell. A large club has been formed in Baltimore for the Post.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church have had Lenten services throughout the season of Lent. Rev. Charles O. Brady conducts with great solemnity the worship of his very intelligent congregation.

THE ADVERTISER'S GAZETTE, issued by Geo. P. Rowell & Co., No. 40 Park Row, New York, contains much information not to be obtained elsewhere. Every advertiser should read it. Sample copies by mail for 25 cents.

The Post will be furnished to clubs of ten and over at the rate of fifty cents for three months!!! Let none say they are too poor to pay for their Post. Let Post Clubs be formed all over the State to resist CONVENTION.

Politics is in business what stratagem is in war. It gives power to weakness; it supplies great deficiencies, and overcomes the enemy with but little sacrifice of time and blood. It is invincible either in the attack or defence.

City Marshal Canaday is once more attending to his duties, and although "enfeebled, has still the same clear head for counsel as of yore. No man has done so much for the party and received so little pay as Marshal Canaday.

The intellectual colored men of Wilmington are now exerting a good influence upon the poorer classes of colored people. The wise counsels of Burney, and Brady, and Sampson and Howe have the effect of "making wise the foolish." So be it!

The bridge on the New Burne road, one hundred yards below the National Cemetery, has been broken by a wagon and the county pays the damages. Mr. Haddock reports the stream as damaged.
The principal drive from the city on the road to the Sound, is certainly in no condition for "stranger eyes."

In the coming contest of the people against the politicians we need men who can attract votes from the so-called "conservative party." We do not want to see "conservative" men, who by mere right and because a crowd of ignorant voters had no other leader—we do not want as leaders men who repel instead of attract voters from the opposite party. Moderate men like Martin, or Chabourn, or Barry will rally the white vote of the country.

The officers of the State Labor Convention are in the hands of the printer and will be ready for distribution the later part of the month. The following are the officers for the ensuing year: President, George L. Mabson; Vice Presidents, Stewart, Ellison, of Wake, Geo. B. Willis, of Craven, Jno. Ballard, of Rowan, William Croon, of Wake; Secretary, R. M. Johnson, of Edgecombe; Corresponding Secretary, G. M. Arnold, of New Hanover; Treasurer, Richard Tucker, of Craven; Sergeants at Arms, Jno. A. Williamson and Jno. Bryant.

Captain Cascard and officers have been "up to town" lately more than usual and the regrets of our citizens have frequently been expressed that these gallant gentlemen should not have considered it proper to make headquarters in Wilmington. "Duty before pleasure" has long been Captain Usher's maxim, and for thirty-five years the government has availed itself of the faithful services of one of that "old school Southern gentlemen" who have ever elevated the Government service—above being a mere "party machine." Long may he wave—his colors.

FESTIVAL OF ERIN.—The sons of the Celt celebrate to-morrow the birth of the Good man who converted the inhabitants of Ireland over fourteen hundred years ago. The long remembrance of benefits received is one of the noblest characteristics of the natives of Ireland. Generous and grateful; they have no faults but those arising from an impulsive nature. Celebrations of birth-days seem rapidly going out of date, and yet the memory of Ireland's Patron Saint will be fondly cherished all over this broad land, wherever the "blue blood" of the Celt circulates, or the "fiest peasantry" hold their levels.

PRACTICAL JOKING.—This is an age of practical joking and what are vulgarly called "sells," seem to interest all alike. An amusing instance has lately been perpetrated by a jeweler. A rich morocco case of the size and form of an ordinary photograph is lettered "Portrait of the Gorilla." It is to be laid carelessly upon the table with a scrap-book, &c. The monkey victim beholding it for the first time, seizes it with impatience and the expression, "Ah, I have not seen that," opens it and sees himself reflected in a palpable piece of looking glass. If whiskered "like the pard," the joke tells amazingly—he drops it with speed and the gorilla tries to enjoy it.

THE SOLITUDE OF CHILDHOOD.—The following lines, we believe, are by De Quincy, at all events, they are worthy of a re-recitation. O, burden of solitude, that cleavest man through every stage of his being! in his birth, which has been, in his life, which is—in his death, which shall be—might and essential solitude! that wast, and art, and art to be. Thou broodest, like the spirit of God, moving upon the surface of the deep, over every heart that sleeps in the nurseries of christendom. Like the vast laboratory of the air, which, seeking to be nothing, or less than the shadow of a shade hides within itself the principles of all things solitude for the meditating child of the Agrippa's mirror of the unsean universe! Deep is the solitude of millions who, with heart welling for the love, having none to love them. Deep is the solitude of those who, under secret grief, have none to pity them. Deep is the solitude of those who, fighting with doubt or darkness, have none to counsel them. But deeper than the deepest of these solitudes is that which broods over childhood under the passion of sorrow—bringing before it, at intervals, the faint outline which catches the eye and waits for it within the gates of death. O, mighty and essential solitude, thou wast, and art, and art to be, thy kingdom is made perfect in the grave; but over those that keep watch outside the grave, like each one of us, are in fault from six years old, thou stretchest out a scepter of fascination.

SPRING.—Are those lovely days, in whose charmed atmosphere we but a few days ago bid farewell to February, with their image voices of gurgling brooks and singing birds, their low-whispered secrets and boughs

that blush or whiten with blossoms, and green meadows with flowers buried in their dew—are these only scenes to lure us fondly, with spring blood in our veins and spring birds nesting in our bosoms, into snow banks and winter winds again? Are they childish trunants only, who comelaughing and shouting with rosy faces into old winter's desolation, and then with merry scores going back into the rose, wreathed doors of future Janes? Mocking birds of winter?

What a pal, but while we are here this love of February and see the sunny, dewy, pleasant faces through the streets, pretty bonnets, breezes caressing veils of maidens, confident that spring is in the world, for they have it in their hearts, little girls whose shadowy hoods cannot keep the sun beams from being in their eyes—boys, let loose from the old schoolmaster Time and his earthly representative will the ferule—the young and the old together—while the very streets themselves, we imagine, are wishing themselves rural solitudes so they might feel the spring with fresh hearts of flowers—shall we not deem that spring is here, or, with Coleridge, that "Spring comes slowly up this way?" We know she comes; shall not our thoughts take pleasant flights to meet her?

We saw a blue bird yesterday morning—and away in leafless forests will not the boughs be waiting for their bedding and leading? And, in warm nooks, will not the violets be showing their sweet, mute prophet-faces?

"So blue you winding river flows
It seems an outlet from the sky,"
and, through the dreamy quiet, how delightfully, far away in the country air, go the sounds of the city—the trample of its busy feet softened, and lost, and only the quiet voices of bells freighting its waters with their dreamlike music! There the calm air broods over pastures that send the small of growing grass abroad, and the cat-stands chewing the contemplative end, expecting lives of clover.

BOOKS MAGAZINES &c.
"Mark Train's Autobiography" is for sale at P. Heinsinger, and it is so funny that "Phillip" cannot pass the "pieter" book without indulging in a little gentle laugh—indicative of a quiet conscience and numerous orders for "work."

The humorous illustrations of the humorous "digger-heads," known as Fisk; Greeley; and other New York notabilities are good, and the gay and festive "romance" of the period is too good to escape general circulation. Let all lie them to H's, and buy a Mark—in fact let them buy several or twain of these very clever stories as well as Bret Harte's poems we intend to read as soon as "our publisher directs a copy this way."

Harper's Weekly for March 13th, is too rich in fine pictures to escape the eye of the lover of art. The cartoon of Tom Nast, of the Emperor William standing in front of Napoleon, and called "Thrown completely in the shade," is worth three times the cost of the paper.

La France Elegante for February, all the way from Paris, is here with its elegant plates, and patterns for dresses for the fair hands of fashioning dames. S. T. Taylor, 391 Canal street is the importer, and we advise all to purchase who want the Spring fashions.

The Bright Side, "for all eyes and all kinds of weather." One dollar a year. An eight page illustrated Weekly for young people. Unequaled in the amount, variety, beauty, sprightliness and value of its contents. Large premiums, of cash commissions for clubs. Specimen and terms for three cents. Address Bright side Company, Chicago, Ill.

"Hear the Cry that Comes Across the Sea!" Rallying song and chorus. Words and Music by Geo. F. Root. Published by Root & Cady, Chicago.

The above is on the title page of a piece of music just received, and is decidedly in the right direction. It is no time to criticize the later acts of France. She needs our help and should have it for humanity's sake, even if she had not "Held out the friendly hand when our days were dark." So we say our Chicago friends have done a proper and timely thing in issuing this song. It is stirring and well calculated to arouse sympathy for the war stricken peasantry, whose mute appeal is so touching.

Let every singer in the land sing it, and there will be no lack of "food to eat" or "grain to plant."

The American Stock Journal, for March contains handsome engravings of Galloway and Breton Cattle, Essex Hogs, Spangled Hambug and White Leghorn Fowls, also an engraving and ground plan of one of the finest pig-styes in the country; showing the improved method of cooking food for this much abused quadruped. This journal is always filled with choice original articles on the breeding, care, management and diseases of domestic animals, and should be in the hands of every farmer. Specimen copies sent free. Address N. P. Borer & Co., Publishers, Parkersburg, Pa.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from Professor Sampson.
WASHINGTON, March 13, 1871.

MR. EDITOR:—Though I have been here some three or four weeks, I have just found time to give a bird's eye view (according to promise) of life with its political gossip at every fireside, and in every circle, at both the Capital and Capitol. There seems to be a kind of ignis fatuus way of getting at everything about Washington. All are calling, and yet each stands as much as he can do to hold his own position, and to look after his own interests. This probably is from the President down; Sumner and Wilson, however, may be exception. It is said that during their re-election they were in their seats in the Senate, and actually did no correspondence of interest to themselves in regard to the matter. And yet every man holding position will endeavor to impress you with the idea that he himself has great influence with the President and the Cabinet, and that he is the centre around which all others revolve. The President seems to understand the political chess-board pretty well, and like the rest of creation, looks after his interest in the reunion and complete consolidation of the Republican party; and hence we find that many of the recent appointments recommended by Senators of the Sumner faction were set aside. There was quite a "gloom" in the Senate by Wilson's speech in regard to the removal of Senator Sumner from the Chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

It is more than probable that the Forty-second Congress will continue in session several weeks yet. The contestants are very anxious that their matter should be settled at once. I have talked with members of both Houses, and find very many different opinions; I think, however, that Senator Abbott's chances are getting better. It is evident that the recent report from the committee on Southern Outrages will operate against the democratic Senators whose seats have been contested.

A nice little entertainment was given at Mrs. Brown's boarding house last week complimentary to Mr. Long, of Georgia, whose short term has expired. Several members were present with their lady friends. The regular Republican nominee for Secretary of Alabama, Mr. J. Rapier, and other prominent members, were present. An effort is being made to get up a dinner complimentary to Minister Turner, one of the President's recent appointees to Liberia, (a colored man from St. Louis)

Five colored members were sworn in on the 4th; Delarge, Elliot, Rancy, of South Carolina, Turner of Alabama, and Mr. Wall, of Florida. Elliot is evidently the best educated of them all; a bold and forcible speaker. Mr. Delarge has force of character, originality and wonderful tact, an able debater, dignified and gentlemanly. I feel safe in saying, if your paper can print it, that the country at large will hear more from these two colored men, that is they will demand and accomplish more for their own section, in a material way, than any others sent up here from the South since the war.

Ben Butler is to have fifteen minutes on some internal improvement question, but he has consented that Elliot shall occupy his time. A good crowd is expected in the galleries, though the matter has not rounded its way to the press.

While looking after other matters, I have been very busy, more so than I desired, with professional duties, having given a course of scientific entertainments at Lincoln and Union League Hall, it naturally brought me out on my favorite subject.

I was down to the Secretary's Department yesterday, and discovered that some important correspondence is being conducted by parties in Wilmington in regard to Federal positions there, and relating to looking to the removal of Brink and the appointment of Geo. M. Arnold. It is claimed, and his prospects look well.

It is generally felt that members holding certificates of election will be admitted.

Yours, J. P. SAMPSON.

STATE.

Speaker Jarvis orders all members of the House of Representatives to appear on the 20th inst. and vote on the Convention bill.

Andrew Jackson Jones, late President of the Western Railroad Company, arrived in this city yesterday, in custody of sheriff Hardie, of Cumberland, on a bench warrant issued by Chief Justice Pearson, charging with offences growing out of certain transactions in connection with the State bonds issued to that company. Col. Jones will probably have a hearing to-day before the Chief Justice. Raleigh Sentinel (Tuesday).

The House of Representatives of our State Legislature, last week, passed a bill creating another new office—Assistant State Geologist. We hope the bill will not pass the Senate. There is no money in the State Treasury to pay the old officers, and why should new ones be created? We abused and denounced the Radical Legislature for extravagance and we cannot consistently remain silent when, instead of abolishing useless offices, new ones are created. Decisions should be consistent with proceeding. Charlotte Democrat.

POSTINGS.

Another Russian War. General Burnside is in Cincinnati on railway business.
John Horne, of St. Louis, has insured his life for \$400,000.
The Rev. O. B. Frothingham is spoken of as Tilden's successor on the Independent.
Edwin Forrest was 65 years of age last Friday, and hale, hearty and active as ever.
The Washington papers want their District called simply "Columbia," instead of "District of Columbia."

In the Middletown (Connecticut) poor house is a man who is the last of a family of thirty, all children of one mother.
Susan B. Anthony says she wouldn't marry the best man in the country. She had better wait until she is asked.

A London publisher has offered \$50,000 for the exclusive right, for ten years, of publishing the revised version of the Bible.
A wealthy widow, advertising for an agent, was overwhelmed with applications, as the types, by mistake, made it "a gent."

There is a lad of our acquaintance who regards hunger and the chastening rod as about the same thing; both make the boy holler.
The position of Register of Deeds in Suffolk county, Massachusetts, has been occupied by various members of one family since 1791.

John Dillon, the comedian, is being divorced from his wife, Lydia, in Chicago. "Beating, choking, and kicking her" is the complaint.
When Daniel Webster was advised not to enter the legal profession because it was already crowded, he replied "There is room at the top."

The house in which Henry Clay was born, near Ashland, Hanover county, Va., was destroyed by fire last week. It was more than a century old.
A band of famous Wisconsin hunters, after following a bear track three whole days, finally arrived at the conclusion that it was some last year marks.

The funeral of H. W. Horton, Grand Scribe Sons of Temperance, took place Friday at Cincinnati, and was attended by all the Sons of Temperance societies.
Mr. Madison Pace was married to Miss Sarah Rolanbaugh on an Iowa lightning express train the other day, and they call it the poetry of motion out there.

Minnesota has a poetess who can write a poem "an hour in length," telling all about the "nebular hypothesis." She also indulges in political aspirations.
Many persons look upon themselves as struggling to benefit the world, when, in fact, the world looks upon them as struggling only to benefit themselves.

A Kansas preacher is to be tried on a charge of publishing anonymous letters entitled "Hogs in the Sheepfold." He got some of the wrong pigs by the ear.
It is said that the Digger Indians, located in Missouri are never known to smile. Those "poor Lods" would make capital sextons, because they are grave diggers.

The Augusta Constitutionalist, the leading Democratic newspaper of Georgia, denounces the antagonism between the whites and blacks as injurious to both races.
Instead of \$2500, \$5000 was offered by an American publishing house to Lord Lytton for the advance sheets of his forthcoming novel. The matter is yet in abeyance.

Troy is in ecstasies over a Schroon Lake trout, weighing eight pounds, and two feet and a half tall, "when standing erect." That is the habitual attitude of trout—in Troy.
"We sometimes meet," says the Saturday Review, "both in the flesh and upon paper, a class of people who seem to dwell in what we may call the marshes of the kingdom of knowledge."

An Illinois bonnier lately mistook the muriatic acid in a drug store for the whiskey, and took a good stiff horn. He complained that it was rather weak, and still lives to think so.
Nauvoo, formerly famous as the capital of mormondom, is becoming equally famous for its grape wine. Sixty thousand gallons were sold last year, and more than that amount is now in store.

A Chicago paper has this pleasant paragraph: "McCreezy is a bald headed old saint of slavery, who chews tobacco and looks like Mawmorn turned fox-hunter. Nobody will ever dig him up, alive or dead."
The wife of J. Ryman has scandalized German circles in Cincinnati by an elopement with a handsome and youthful merchant with from Berlin. She took \$1,000 of her husband's money and the train from Chicago.

Alexander T. Stewart last year paid in income tax more than either one of twenty-seven States and Territories, and more than Arizona, Colorado, Dakota, Florida, Washington, New Mexico, Utah, Idaho and Montana combined.
Antonelli is reported to have said that if the new Emperor William expects Germany to continue prosperous he must embrace the Roman Catholic faith, and confess his errors, as Erzerie Barbarossa did, at the feet of the holy father.

Said the distinguished Lord Chatham to his son: "I would have inscribed on the curtains of your bed and the walls of your chamber, 'If you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing. If you do not get up early, your hours of reading, if you suffer yourself, or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous, and unenjoyed by yourself.'"