

# The Post

VOL. IV.

WILMINGTON, N. C., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 25, 1871.

NO. 110.

## THE WILMINGTON POST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN.

PUBLISHED SUNDAYS AND THURSDAYS.

Per Year, \$5.00  
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, \$1.00.  
Less than one square, one time, 75 cents.  
Two times \$1.50 and all succeeding insertions half price additional.  
Rates per month, \$4 per square.  
Half Column and Column advertisements received 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.

To memory dear—promissory notes.  
A soft process—feathering one's nest.  
The best of friends must part—their hair.  
Forges to be encouraged—blacksmiths.

Shoes at \$1.00 a pair at No. 15. 1w  
A co-operative movement—the trend-mill.  
How to get up a blow—catch cold in the head.

What is a stern necessity? A ship's rudder.  
Splendid Lace Points at \$2.00 each, at No. 15. 1w  
"Wearing of the green"—the grass on the hillsides.

A joint affair with but a single party to it—rheumatism.  
Blank Books of all kinds made to order at the POST PRINTING OFFICE.

When is a concert-singer silent? When he holds his piece.  
An inquiring youth asks. Can a thin person properly be called a swell?

The City Treasurer is prepared to furnish "Dog Badges." Call and get supplied at once.  
Though men boast of holding the reins the women generally tell which way they must drive.

Dress goods at 10 cents per yard at No. 15 Market street. 1w  
Josh Billings uttered a great truth when he said: "He who by his biz would rise must either burst or advertise."

He who spends all his time in sports, is like one who wears nothing but fringes, and eats nothing but sauces.  
BUSINESS MEN secure some of those circulars and colored hand bills at the POST PRINTING OFFICE.

There are three things, said a wit, which flowed without understanding them—painting, music and women.  
T. H. Wright received yesterday another stock of Gent's Hats of the latest and prettiest New York styles.

No love from children is sweeter than that which follows severity; so from the bitter olive is sweet, soft oil expressed.  
At No. 15 Market street you can get homespun, one yard wide, at 8 cents per yard. 1w

Printers' accounts are said to be like faith, "the substance of the thing hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen."  
On application to the Mayor there was sent to the hospital yesterday Alexander Freeman and Jenny Holmes.

All wishing Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad Receipts will do well to call at the POST PRINTING OFFICE.  
What is a bull? The best definition we have heard is: When you see twelve cows lying down on the grass, and one of them standing up, that is a bull.

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.

The question has been asked why New Berne supports two Republican newspapers, and the reply comes that one editor is Post Master, and the other Sheriff and Deputy Collector.

Jeans for boys' clothing, at 13 cents per yard, at No. 15 Market street. 1w

The good order observed and health of the city under the present management is a subject for remark on the part of all our citizens. The "City Fathers" are doing their duty.

The numerous inquiries about Mrs. E. L. N. are informed that the old girl is married! The last correspondent was too many for her, and she succumbed. We pity the poor fellow.

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.

The county Republicans of New Hanover opened the campaign last week. Speeches were made by Sheriff Schenck and Messrs. Mabson, Merrick and Hill. Much enthusiasm prevailed.

The Charlotte Democrat states that Judge Logan refused to rescind the Rule against David Schenck, Esq., debaring him from practicing in the Superior Courts of this District. The matter will be carried to the Supreme Court.

Let all who want cheap and legal Blanks call at the "POST PRINTING OFFICE."

Quilp and his wife had a bit of contention the other day. "I own that you have more brilliancy than I," said the woman, "but I have the better judgment." "Yes," said Quilp, "your choice in marriage shows that." Quilp was justly informed that he was a self-conceited brute.

"John," said Mrs. Jones to her husband, the day after the ball, "why did you dance with every lady in the hall, last night, before you noticed me?"

"Why, my dear," said the devoted Jones "I was only practicing what we do at the table—reserving the best for the last."

BUSINESS CARDS, \$3.00 a thousand, at the POST PRINTING OFFICE!

The Philadelphia Sunday School Times says of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of New York: "They are the most enterprising, prompt, systematic and reliable advertising agents with whom we are acquainted. We have had some most satisfactory dealings with them in some extensive advertising plans in our own business."

By direction of Consuls Sprunt and Walker, Capt. Davies of British Brig Excel has been removed, and the Mate placed in charge as Master. The Mate is the gentleman so badly cut by the late Captain, while the latter was "temporarily insane" from too much indulgence in ardent spirits.

"TAR HEEL."—We are indebted to C. D. Myers & Co. for a package of the favorite "Tar Heel" smoking tobacco and must confess the honored cognomen of "T. H.," is well applied to a good article, having both character and sweetness. C. D. M. & Co. are the agents for the sale of "Tar Heel," wholesale and retail.

For Business Cards, call or send to the POST PRINTING OFFICE!

Yesterday was the occasion of a very pleasant little children's party, at the house of Maj. J. C. Mann. The host and hostess being Master Bennie and Miss Gussie Bella Campbell. About thirty children attended the "reception," Master Herbert Barry distinguished himself by his attention to the fair then and there assembled. A buss was chartered and the entire party "all took a ride."

A collation was served and the assembly was dismissed with cheers for the fair hostess.

Cheap Law Blanks. All kind of Superior Court and Justices Blanks.

Somebody has written the musical catechism: "What is a slur?"

"Almost any remark one singer makes about another."

"What is a rest?"

"Going out of a choir for refreshments during sermon time."

"What is called singing with an understanding?"

"Marking the time on the floor with your feet."

"What is a staccato movement?"

"Leaving the choir in a huff, because one is dissatisfied with the leader."

"What is a swell?"

"A professor of music, who pretends to know everything about the science, while he cannot conceal his ignorance."

The Charlotte Democrat copies the letter we published about Judge Russell at Sampson Court, and states: As some of the lawyers of this section have expressed a desire to see a statement of what occurred between the Grand Jury of Sampson county and Judge Russell, we copy the following letter from the Wilmington Post. It will be seen that the Judge, in his remarks to the Grand Jury, does not attribute outrages to the members of any particular political party.

NEW ARRIVAL.—Cheap business cards at the POST PRINTING OFFICE.

A man in Lumberton recently ordered a "fine gold watch" from one of the swindling agencies in New York. In due time he received, after paying ten dollars express charges, a beautiful "glass marble" block, well boxed, with a note attached reading thus: "Dear Sir—The mystery in regard to this is to find the key hole by which to wind it up. Numerous persons have been searching for it during the past year, and have failed to find it, but we hope you will be more successful. Respectfully—Williams & Co."

The sleep of the flowers touches our sympathies. Many of them at night will fold their petals closely together, and like the darlings of a kind mother, repose trustfully in the care of their creator. And during the long, dark night, they gather the dews which distil in the quiet air, and when day comes, the first beams of the morning fall on millions of glittering drops, and flash back from leaf, and bud, and petal, and grassy blade in such brilliance that the whole waving and nodding field of blooming beauty seems dressed in gems more resplendent than any dream of oriental magnificence. So it may be with us, if in the night of this somewhat sombre life, we draw to ourselves the dews of heavenly grace. We may hope that when eternity fully dawns, the morning light of our Father's love will glance upon these jewels which we have gathered near the cross, and so light them up as to cover us with glory.

All kinds of Stationery at the POST PRINTING OFFICE.

LINCOLN COLLEGE ORATION.—We have received through the kindness of our young townsman, O. P. Haynes, the oration of E. P. Scott, entitled "Great Men Never Die." Our space will not admit of its entire publication, so we give a short extract:

Oh men! illustrious, immortal men! though your bodies have indeed crumbled to the dust, yet ye still and will forever live. Live in the pride and glory of your country; live in the progress and elevation of nations; live in the life of humanity itself; live in the scientific and literary worlds; live in your productions which electrify the minds of other men, and arouse them to action, which move nations, which accelerate the onward march of mankind. Your deeds and your thoughts are still remembered and cherished in the sanctum sanctorum of our hearts. Yes, oh men! illustrious, immortal men! ye do still and will forever live in the great principles which ye have, through assiduous research and study, disclosed to mankind. Ye have shed forth a light in the world which the future ages will never be able to extinguish.

Why did not these men perish with their contemporaries? Why have these men survived the dead? What makes a living man?

Large stock of Envelopes for business men. Cards printed and envelopes furnished at \$4.00 a THOUSAND!!

REALITY.—

"This world is all a fleeting show,  
To man's illusion given."

This is verily accepted as truth, and often taught from the pulpit, yet it is far from the fact, and when brought in contact with the world, its selfishness, its cunning, its deceptions, its jealousy, its envy and thousand other "ills that flesh is heir to" we are too often waked up to the sad realities of life, and we can find no retreat in the gloomy varieties of the misanthrope, but confess with the poet, that

"Life is real, life is earnest,"  
and thus we are taught to "fight on, fight over," with the consoling reflection of the martyr, "the greater the trial the greater the crown." And "if need be, offences must come" let us study to avoid the "woe" pronounced in holy writ against "those by whom they come."

"In this world's great field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,  
Be a hero in the strife."

Art is long, but time is fleeting,  
And our hearts throb with pain and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate,  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

SUMMER.—Dear, generous summer is at hand, of all seasons most lavish and loving. her full lap holds the blossoms of a world; her prodigal fingers scatter flowers on every side, by dusty highways, on mountain tops, in deep glens. The daisy's snow she piles in the meadows, and tinges a million fields at once with gold of buttercup and red of clover.

But none the less does she find time for humble nooks, unnoticed spots of earth. And to us who have but a tiny corner, a narrow back yard in which to do her homage, she comes as truly and as affluently as to palace garden or wide savanna.

Do we drop a few seeds, insert a twig? Immediately her warm hands descend in blessing. Flowers have no airs, no pride of rank or place to keep up. Mignonette will bloom and violets nestle, roses open their perfumed hearts, morning glories climb and twine, and lilies rear their stately heads as gladly in one place as in another. Give them but earth, sun, and their beautiful opportunity, and nothing will they care that the family wash flaps one the lines over their heads, or that but a poor board fence separates them from the next door ash-heap.

So let us take courage—we who, pent in cities and narrow lives, feel sometimes that the summer is not for us. The universal Mother knows no distinctions. We are all alike here, and for every smallest aid to her loving mission she is ready to give tenfold recompense, and

"Make the world more sweet."

DECORATION DAY.—The members of the G. A. R., and others interested, are making extensive preparations for the proper services on Memorial Day, May 30 inst. A procession will be formed at the City Hall at 2 P. M., to march to the Cemetery, where the ceremonies will take place. The following officers have been appointed:

Chief Marshal—Col. E. R. Brink, of Post No. 1.  
Assistants—Capt. E. M. Shoemaker, of Post No. 1; G. L. Mabson, of Post No. 3; Geo. Borden, of Post No. 3; Jno. Clayburn, of Post No. 3.

The services at the Cemetery will be as follows:

1. Music—Instrumental.
2. Music—Hymn.
3. Prayer—Rev. Mr. Brady.
4. Music—Vocal.
5. Poem—Major J. C. Mann.
6. Music—Instrumental.
7. Oration—Major J. W. Schenck, Jr.
8. Music—Instrumental.
9. Decorations.

The Cemetery will be appropriately decorated for the occasion, and the Committee cordially invite all societies, schools and organizations interested, to unite with them in showing respect to their honored dead.

All organizations desiring to participate will please notify Col. Brink, Chief Marshal, on Monday next, that they may be assigned a place in the procession.

Flowers and other suitable offerings are to be left at the City Hall on Tuesday morning with Capt. Lewis Nixon, of the Police force.

It is hoped that all who sympathize with this object will be present and assist on that day.

CHARLOTTE CELEBRATION.—At the celebration of the Mecklenburg Declaration in Charlotte, last Saturday, Maj. Bill Smith blew his jolly horn as follows:

Mr. President and Fellow Fireman: You know I am not talking man (laughter), but even if I never did talk, I don't see how I could refuse to attempt a little speech on this occasion. We came here, gentlemen, to join with you in doing honor to a glorious anniversary—(cheers). We came to rejoice with you in remembering the glorious deeds of a glorious ancestry, which all are proud to remember. We came to pay homage and respect to the memory of the Alexanders, the Brevards, the Wrights, the Martins, the Polks, the Pattons, the Reeses, the Wilsons, the Joneses, and the other names who signed that immortal parchment, the Mecklenburg Declaration; that paper which was the first to cry, freedom from British tyranny. (Applause.)

We accept these kind hospitalities with feelings that it is impossible to find language to express. In behalf of the Rescue Steam Fire Company I return you, one and all, their individual and collected thanks, (Applause.) I now propose three hearty cheers for the Firemen of Charlotte; the cheers were given with a will.

Major Smith, continuing his remarks, said: "We are aware of the grand welcome that is in store for us to-morrow. For who knows better how to extend a welcome than the good people of Charlotte; they take all the generous impulses of their noble ancestry, and it is not consistent with them to be otherwise than hospitable. (Applause.)"

Gentlemen, I must conclude—let me say that I rejoice to-day, doubly so when I look forward. We are soon to have that peace and quiet which we all so much desire. We are to have immigration; we are to have improved railroads; we are to have capital and increased intelligence, and the hidden resources of our State are to be found. We are all free; all equal—this is our country, let us all love her and do our best to rebuild our portion of it, desolated by war. God bless our dear country, the Old North State, and especially the good people of Charlotte.

## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

MR. EDITOR:—What has become of the "White man's party" here in North Carolina? I am greatly exercised as I have always been a white man, and have been taught by Hon. W. A. Graham and other great men that if I did not belong to the "conservative," or white man's party, I was no better than a nigger; and, now, where am I? The conservative address is more to colored people (mind you, I don't call them "niggers" any more) than to whites. My soul is afflicted. What shall I do?  
K. K.

MR. EDITOR:—Why will the Southern democratic papers persist in calling the New York Sun a "Radical Republican" paper, and Wendell Phillips a Radical Republican leader? The Northern people are too smart for such chaff, and their democratic papers know better. The Sun is a sensational paper, with no line of policy except to abuse Gen. Grant, who didn't appoint its editor (Dana) Collector of the port of New York. Hence the Sun's opposition. Phillips is not only aloof from the Republican party, but all other parties, and never cast a vote in his life, unless he has done so in the past six months.

Is it wilful perversion of facts, or merely ignorance in these papers? Who knows?  
K. K.

## BOOKS MAGAZINES &c.

Peters' Musical Monthly for June contains a beautiful selection of new music. We give below the contents—any single piece being worth as much as Mr. Peters asks for the entire lot:

"Genevieve." Scotch Song and Chorus, by Hays. "Little Voices Heard no More." Song and Chorus, by Persley. "Must I leave thee, Mother dear?" Song, by Haley. "Dawn of Love." A beautiful German Song, by Holzel. "I'm my Daddy's only Son." Dance Song. "Lily Bell." Quartet. "Tis the First Rose of Summer." Quartet. "Forget-me-Not." Quartet. "Oh! Holy, Holy Lord." Saviour who thy Flocks art tending. "Soldiers of Christ arise." "My Faith looks up to Thee." "Red Bird Waltz." "Chicago Quickstep." Rippling Brook Polka, and "The Chase." Hunting Rondo, by Tonel.

Harper's Magazine for June contains much of interest to general readers. The stories are interesting, and the press work fine.

The June number of Lippincott's Magazine contains the following contents: A Provence Rose, Sonnet, Shopping in Paris, A German Popular Lecture, The March of the Gila, Still Waters, Wild Ireland, The Freedmen's Bureau, The Murder Stone, Servantism in Virginia, At the Beginning of Summer, Professor Lowell as a Critic, Our Monthly Gossip, Literature of the Day, Serial Supplement.

Every Saturday for May 27th abounds in elegant engravings, and undoubtedly stands at the head of the illustrated papers in this country. The picture on the first page, entitled "Reading to Grandmother," is worth a year's subscription.

The Atlantic Monthly for June, 1871, has the following contents: Botany, The Shifting of Power, Mehetabel, A Virginian in New England Thirty-Five years ago, The Capture of Fort Fisher, From Generation to Generation, The Robin, Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada, American Life in France, Kate Beaumont, Bubbles from an Ancient Pipe, The New English Edition of Lamb's Works, A Summer Mood, Encyclopaedia of a Traveller, Our Whispering Gallery, Recent Literature.

## STATE.

The uncivilized condition of New Berne is appalling. A reporter thought he heard a fire-bell, and ran up to the church to see where it was. It turned out to be a prayer meeting, and never having heard of such things, he thought he'd take notes and beat the evening papers. An old man rose and said: "O Lord, the devil lurks around us." The reporter left. "It was well enough to tell the Lord," he thought, "but he didn't care to make it public."

JUDGE BUXTON SUSTAINS JUDGE RUSSELL.—The following letter from Judge Buxton fully sustains Judge Russell:

DEAR SIR: I have been absent from home for several weeks in a distant part of my circuit. Since my return information has reached me of a bad state of things in Harnett county, which belongs to my District, and I feel it my duty to bring the matter to your notice. Bands of armed and disguised men, I am informed, prowl about the county in the night time nearly every week, and commit outrages upon helpless and unprotected people, especially upon the negroes. I saw the Sheriff of Harnett county in Fayetteville night before last. He informed me that Mr. A. B. Jones, a white man, Keeper of the Harnett Poor-House, was taken from his home a few nights ago by disguised men, and that one hundred and fifty lashes were applied to his bare back. This same party of disguised men whipped a negro the same night, giving him two hundred lashes. His name was Darroch. I presume you have seen the statement made

in the Raleigh Telegram about the attack upon George Matthews. I saw the article copied in the Pee Dee Herald, and cut it out and inclose it to you. In reference to the shooting of Matthews, who is a colored man, the Sheriff tells me that he saw the negro, who is still living, in a critical condition, and that he has five balls in his body. He told the Sheriff that after the men broke in his house he caught up his axe and defended himself, and cut one of them down, cutting his head open with his axe, and struck another with the back of the axe; that he was shot down, and while on the floor they attempted to cut his throat, but he succeeded in breaking away from them and clearing himself. Sheriff Grady also mentioned that a young man, named Gaskins, died in the neighborhood from a wound in the head, the next day. He says the family gave no account of how the wound was received—that it was reported by some that the young man was hurt by a limb falling on him—by others that he had a fight with a negro in the road, and received his wound. The Sheriff tells me he has no doubt that young Gaskins was the man who was cut down in the negro's cabin.

A band of disguised men were in Jonesboro, so I am informed, one night last week, looking for a negro.

What is to be done, Governor? I have, time and again, in my charges to the Grand Jury of that county warned, threatened, and implored—all without avail. Matters are getting worse and worse. God knows I want to do my duty, and that I will do it at every hazard—but I feel powerless to administer the law, when secrecy, disguises and perjury obstruct its course.

I have to leave this morning for Richmond Court, and will probably be absent some 8 or 10 days. I feel it my duty before leaving to mention these matters to you, for I know you are as solicitous as myself to preserve order and uphold the law, and ought therefore to be advised of the true state of affairs, when both are imperiled.

I will be very thankful for any suggestions you may be pleased to make in the premises.

With very great respect,  
Your ob'dt serv't and friend,  
RALPH P. BUXTON.

## POSTINGS.

A meek individual in Minnesota wept fluently when the minister pronounced him married.

A PARTY of London editors intend to make the tour of the United States during the coming summer.

The Government has issued seven cent postage stamps, that rate being required to prepay letters to Germany.

Grocers don't get much credit for charity although it is well known that they give nearly all their goods a weigh.

Muscatine aldermen, unwilling to desecrate the holy Sabbath, go outside the city limits to play cards on that day.

The King of Bavaria is reported to entertain a serious idea of turning Protestant, just to spite the ultramontane party.

A Milwaukeean sent a merchant for \$20,000 damages because he fell over a pile of brick before the merchant's door.

The sweetest thing in earrings is an aquarium of rock crystal, filled with water, in which swim small whales, lobsters and shrimps.

In England the fact is said to be demonstrated that women will not confide in a female physician as much as in a male doctor.

An on dit is current in England to the effect that Queen Victoria has settled the estate of Balmoral upon the Princess Louise.

The contemplated tunnel between Boston and East Boston, it is said, will be completed in three years, at a cost of about \$2,000,000.

Minnesota is so overrun with wild strawberries that the cart-wheels crush them in the fields, and leave long, crimson trails, as of blood, behind.

A Terre Haute, Ind., lady, only twenty-nine years old, was married last week to her fourth husband. Death and divorces made clear the way.

An exchange mentions a case beyond the ordinary oculists. It is that of a young lady who instead of a common pupil, has a college student in her eye.

A New York school teacher is accused of being drunk, because he read from the Bible. "And the cock went thrice, and Peter went out and crew bitterly."

J. Withers Clay is vainly trying to express his "ineffable contempt for the viper that occupies the editorial tripod" of a rival sheet in Huntsville, Ala.

Ann Arbor, Mich., is an arbor in which Mrs. Cady Stanton is going to anchor permanently.—(N. Y. World.) Anker for the suffrage, of course.—(Boston Post.)

The Empress Augusta has periodically and mysteriously lost her most valuable jewels for a year past. The thief has just been discovered. It was a little grandchild who took them for her dolls.

**SHIELDS' EYE WASH,**  
MANUFACTURED BY MRS. SUE W. CASHWELL, Wilmington, N. C.  
One of the most effective Remedies for INFLAMED, SORE, AND WEAK EYES.

Ever offered to the public.  
For sale by all Druggists in the city.  
Price, 25 Cents Per Bottle.  
GREEN & FLANNER,  
Wholesale Agents, 47 Market St.  
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