

# The Post

VOL. IV.

WILMINGTON, N. C., SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 4, 1871.

NO. 113.

## 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 line, \$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 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!

A relative beauty—A pretty woman.  
Parental acres—The old man's corns.  
A pretender to the crown—A chignon.  
Dress goods at cost at No. 15. 1 w  
Mr. Bulcken gives notice of Township Tax.  
Munson & Co., advertise coats "for nothing."  
Equal to "Rowan Punch"—Nathan Mayer's punch—in the head.

Everything reduced at Anhalt's No. 15.  
For Business Cards, call or send to the POST PRINTING OFFICE!  
Judge Cantwell's reply to Mr. Moore will appear in Thursday's issue.

A quack doctor has invented a medicine of such remarkable virtue that it will cure a ham.

Bills of Lading at the POST PRINTING OFFICE.

P. Heinsberger is still alone with his Live Book Store, and offers cheap goods for cash.

A call will be issued for a Southern Labor Convention to meet at Columbia, S. C., October 18, 1871.

Grenadine and Challi, 10 cents per yard at No. 15.

On Tuesday Republicans must meet in the different Wards for the purpose of electing delegates to the Convention.

Mr. Love calls the attention of lovers of music to the fact that he has a very fine assortment of Violins and Banjos; also strings for Guitars, &c.

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

C. D. Myers & Co., have added largely to their stock of family supplies, and invite special attention to the amount of new goods on hand.

Collector Rumley will receive bids for supplying the Revenue Cutter. See the advertisement as sent the Post by the Secretary of the Treasury.

Geo. Myers probably has the largest selected stock of Groceries in the city. Families will do well to examine the advertisement in this days Post.

NOTICE.—Delinquent subscribers are notified that unless they pay promptly, their papers will be stopped, and when practical suits will be entered against those not offering proper excuse.

All kinds of Stationery at the POST PRINTING OFFICE.

The indispensable national policy is to uphold and cherish that home industry to which we are compelled to look for nearly all that meets the wants of civilized life.

Charlotte is "way ahead" of Wilmington in manufacturing enterprises. A fancy soap factory has been started. We wish more of our people used plain soap on their mangy dogs and children.

It is denied by the party of gentlemen who have been charged with abusing the keeper of the cemetery that any words passed of an insulting character toward the dead soldiers or the flag waving over them. The officers at the Fort will investigate the matter and report to proper authorities.

There was an enthusiastic meeting at Rocky Point yesterday. Speeches were made by Mr. Frazier, Sheriff Schenck and Mr. Mabson, for the Republicans, and a reply made by Maj. Hines for the conservatives.

Large stock of Envelopes for business men. Cards printed and envelopes furnished at \$4 00 a THOUSAND!!

Thanks to the Hon. Samuel F. Phillips and Col. O. H. Blocker, for substantial encouragement in spreading the truth. Several new clubs formed for taking the Post in Richmond county.

Messrs. Dudley & Ellis are getting in a new stock at the old stand of G. & C. Bradley and no doubt a very fine business will be done by the popular successors of the honest old firm of the Bradley Brothers.

C. W. Yates, the photographer, leaves to-morrow for Philadelphia to attend the National Photographic Exhibition, and will be absent from the City for a few days. His gallery will be closed during his absence.

MARRIED.—Thursday night June 1st at the Red Cross Church, George Lee to Addie Thompson. "George" is the pressman of this office and he now presses in his arms his adorable "Addie."

All wishing Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad Receipts will do well to call at the POST PRINTING OFFICE.

Servant looks into the breakfast room and says: "Please madam there's a beggar in the kitchen wants something to eat!" Mistress: "Give her the water in which the eggs were boiled, Bridget; it is quite nutritious."

Special attention is called to the fact that Messrs. C. D. Myers & Co., and Geo. Myers close business after 6 p. m. The clerks and business men agree generally on this course during the warm season, and we hope our citizens will sustain them.

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 Conservatism.

If any of our numerous friends ask for further information as to who were the "outragers" as reported by Weighter Shoemaker to the Editor of the Post, we request they would call on Post Master Brink who has the matter in his hands for examination.

A child while walking through an art gallery with her mother, was attracted by a statue of Minerva. "Who is that?" said she. "My child, that is Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom." "Why didn't they make her husband too?" "Because she had none my child." "That was because she was wise, wasn't it mamma?" was the artless reply.

The Philadelphia Scientific Journal says that "Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of New York, are so well and extensively known all over this continent, that to name them and explain the nature of their business would be superfluous. No Newspaper Advertising Agency has ever displayed more energy and skill in the transaction of this delicate and tact-requiring business."

Convention or no Convention, we feel assured that the popular or people's party will be purified and elevated by experience. The proper counsel will govern, and the policy pursued and recommended by the editor of the Post vindicated. We refer confidently to our record and the approval of men like Gen. B. F. Frazier, Col. Hargrove, Judges Dick and Redman, the last of whom has given us such counsel as only a statesman can give to an active defender of Republican principles.

ENCOURAGING.—The Chairman of the State Committee writes us that "the spirits of our friends here (in Raleigh) in relation to a defeat of the Convention, are good. The news is encouraging." He hopes the Cape Fear country will distinguish itself in the campaign. Let every Republican remember that the middle and western parts of the State are fully awake to the great issues involved in the conflict and look anxiously to us for assistance. Let every man do his duty and let our best men take the field against the Convention.

Chemistry is furnishing us new agents for fuel, force, feed and many other important aids over those we once possessed. Ports from which commerce was driven during the hot months by their terrible fevers are visited all the year with impunity now. Many localities in the South and West kept tenanted by their deleterious miasmas are now filling up with populations under the protection of Ayer's Ague Cure. Their afflictions Chills and Fever are so effectually cured by this remedy that the disease no longer turns emigration aside or destroys the settler if he ventures upon its infected districts.—Gazette, Independence, Mo., 2t

"Here's Luckier-tying Blind drunk with Scotch ale, While Boozebub's tying Huge knots in his tail." That's from the "Ingoldby Legends," and doesn't it represent very accurately what the New Departure man is doing for the Democratic party?

Mr. Editor: There will be a Grand Barbecue at Abbottsburg, July 4th, 1871, when a whole ox will be roasted, and a Johnny-cake, eighteen feet long and three feet wide, baked. What a happy time there will be with beef and bread, besides, a great quantity of the best luxuries will be served up and dinner free at glorious old Abbottsburg.

There are sundry tears spoken of by poets—gentle, pearly, scalding, briny, etc., but who ever yet heard of inky tears? A love-sick swain, perpetrating a "Sonnet to Eliza's Eyebrows," says:—  
Of a plume from some bright angel's wing,  
Dipped in the moistures of thy lustrous eye!

BUSINESS CARDS, \$3 00 a thousand, at the POST PRINTING OFFICE!

The Journal of yesterday very properly declares the "New Departure" of the Northern democracy as a fraud and a sham. No Southern "conservative" can honorably or honestly endorse the "little game" of leaders like Valandigham. Thus the Journal rises to maintain its old Bourbon ideas:

The only option is between victory in the new departure and defeat in the old. Yet we of the South may be pardoned for hesitation in approving or endorsing in the faintest form, either the XIV. or XV. Amendments, or the manner in which they were imposed on us. All that we can be expected to say is that we submit to them. This we are willing to say and to do. We are not prepared now any more than we have ever been to admit that the action of the South in the late war was criminal. We do not propose to do so now or in the future, and such we believe to be the feeling of the South.

Can this apparently possible conflict between the necessities of Northern Democrats and the honor of Southern Democrats be reconciled? We think it can, and by an alliance between the two wings of the party instead of a fusion.

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

REGISTRARS AND JUDGES OF ELECTION.—At a meeting of the Board of County Commissioners, held last evening, the following were appointed Registrars and Poll-holders for the ensuing election, to be held on the 1st Thursday in August next:

Wilmington—First Ward—S. T. Potts, H. Hasiagen, J. H. Brown.  
Second Ward—J. W. Spaulding, E. J. Pennypacker, J. C. Lumsden.  
Third Ward—J. E. Winants, Chas. Bissinger, Jos. E. Sampson.  
Fourth Ward—John G. Bulcken, J. H. Whitman, John G. Bauman.  
Fifth Ward—Jas. Mitchell, Jas. Darby, Jas. Richardson.  
Federal Point.—Sol. Reeves, Stephen Keys, Joseph Davis.  
Masonboro.—John G. Wagner, H. M. Bishop, Sol. Smith.  
Harnett.—David G. Davis, Delaware Nixon, Joseph Pickett.  
Grant.—Geo. W. Pollock, Owen Colvin, Ezekiel Chadwick.  
Cape Fear.—H. E. Scott, Samuel Davis, Murphy Ward.  
Holden.—Jas. S. Hines, I. H. Brown, S. S. Satchwell.  
Lincoln.—Fletcher Bell, John Bell, W. J. Bivens.  
Caswell.—Geo. W. Corbett, Henry Hull, W. A. Lamb.  
Franklin.—A. V. Horrell, Wm. Robinson, D. M. Sikes.  
Columbia.—C. M. Galloway, G. F. Walker, R. R. Frazier.  
Union.—J. E. Pigford, H. F. Murphy, D. Pigford.  
Holly.—Christopher Rowe, Geo. Page, John Rowe.

The first named in each of the above Wards and Townships is designated as Registrar for such such Ward or Township. Without the transaction of further important business, the Board adjourned until Friday.

Brown's big dog had gone mad! There was no mistake about it. He was charging round the back yard with his kennel in his teeth, shaking it as if it were a rat. When he had broken it up into match wood he ripped all the clothing off the clothes-line, tattered Brown's shirts into inextricable rags, and ranned Brown's mother-in-law's best dress. Brown stood on top of the wash-house in a condition of

despairing terror, endeavoring to soothe the ferocious beast.

"Oh, John Brown, (John Brown was Brown's dog's name) poor fellow—come 'a boy! etc."

John Brown pursued his ferocious career with unwavering pertinacity. He played havoc with the new washing machine, and swallowed a pair of newly darned socks, 12's.

Brown finding moral suasion altogether inadequate to the necessities of the case, broke a brick off the wash-house chimney, and gathering up his drapery in his left hand, made ready to heave it at John Brown.

He "hoove" it, and in his mighty effort he overbalanced himself and tumbled into a pile of washtubs in the yard.

John Brown went for him. He seized Brown's protruding leg in his teeth and shook it venomously.

Brown yelled. Who would not yell? The boarders rallied with a frying-pan, a gridiron, the kitchen poker and the parlor tongs. John Brown fled in a condition of demonic joy. Brown's mother-in-law's dress entangled around his neck.

Brown was lifted out of the desolation of the wash tubs and carried into the house. They put him on a chair, but he was as limber as a wet rag, and slid off in a heap. Then they laid him out on the kitchen table and examined his wound. His ankle was deeply bitten, and a series of bleeding punctures showed that John Brown had bitten all around his calf. What was to be done? The boarders all turned to a young man with green eye-glasses, long hair and a blue complexion, who read dime novels and chewed licorice and gum drops in a drug store. He was the only physician in the house. He felt the patient's pulse, and with an oracular and learned air said decisively:

"Two blue pills and a seidlitz powder."

Some one was dispatched for the remedy on the spot.

Whenever a nation is in peril or a great cause needs a champion, there always arises from among the masses of the people some great soul, hitherto slumbering in obscurity, who takes forthwith the leadership and leads on to victory or death.

The milkman engaged with an installment of his daily practical joke, entitled milk.

He was informed of the state of the case and the remedy which had been prescribed. He smiled the sarcastic smile of a truly great man, and proceeded to stick the kitchen poker in the hottest place in the fire—

"Lay him on the floor."

The boarders obeyed as all weaker natures obey a strong one. They laid Brown on the floor. The milkman directed Brown's brother-in-law, who weighed 250 pounds, to sit down on Brown's head. Two more knelt on his arms, and a fourth sat down on his chest.

The milkman brandished the poker. It was red hot. Then he commenced to touch up Brown about the ankles. The meat sizzled and smoked, and there arose a smell which was as the savor of yeast cutlet. Then Brown came to with a fearful yell, created an earthquake beneath the superincumbent boarders and arose to his feet. He stared wildly around and rushed to the pump, where he commenced to pump frantically on his legs and feet.

Then the milkman laughed, left his milk-bill and went off to the waterworks to make more milk.

JOHN BROWN.

John Brown came flying out of Brown's back yard with Brown's mother-in-law's dress hanging about his ears and tripping him up at every step. He tore off down

Market street, and a stout party who saw him gave him a character that stuck to him until the end of his days by calling out

"MAD DOG!"—a small boy on the corner scaled a tree as he heard it, and joined vigorously in the cry as John Brown, in passing, made a wicked snap at his ascending legs.

On flew John Brown, gradually disentangling himself from Brown's mother-in-law's dress, as he bumped against door steps, lamp-posts and railings, in his wild career.

"Mad dog" screamed a young lady, as she fainted into a good looking gentleman's arms, and "mad dog" wheezed an old party in black as she was constrained to stand on her head in the gutter by the subversive force of a terrified and fugitive hod-carrier.

"Mad dog?" said an elderly gentleman in a tone of indifferent inquiry as he surveyed his leg, from the calf of which a large piece was missing: "Mad dog, eh?" and he look-

ed down the street after John Brown, who could be faintly detected in the distance hanging on to G. C. Myers' left pantaloons.



John Brown cleared Market street as if he was a charge of a light Brigade or a remnant of the Wilmington Battery, deceased. He scampered into a lawyer's office near the corner of Princess street, and went so furiously for an old gentleman whom he found there that he inhaled him with the alacrity and activity of early youth, and forced him to perch for safety on the summit of a bookcase. Receiving a forcible application of Blackstone on the left ear and a few volumes of Story on evidence about his ribs from the vivacious legal luminary on the top of the bookcase, he departed hastily for the Court House building.

Sheriff Schenck, who was looking out the window, smoking his cigar, saw him coming, and throwing it away, he com-



menced to shin up the gas pipe towards the middle of the ceiling in an extremely active and lively manner, Mr. Gardner looking at him in amazement. Their thoughts were diverted into other channels, when John Brown came in with a large piece of policeman in his mouth. Tom Gardner hopped vivaciously on top of a desk. Mr. Flack endeavored to get into the safe, and falling in that, sprung to the top of a press, and Mr. Wood, who had just called in to get his office coat and shoes which he had neglected to take away, retired to a corner, armed with a heavy ledger. John Brown snatched and bit at him, but every time he approached, Mr. Wood would whack him on the scone with the heavy volume and induce him to retire. Mr. Gardner was dancing in a condition of great agony on top of his desk, and Sheriff Schenck was clinging frantically to the gas pipe, when Major Mann, who had been hiding in the waste basket, made a rush for the door to get out. John Brown saw him and in two minutes had him firmly by the coat-tails.

Major Mann ran, and John Brown tugged and snarled, and shook, until human resentment could stand it no longer, and away went Major Mann in a very short jacket, in one direction, and John Brown, victoriously waving his coat tails, in another.

He had to carry a guano umbrella behind him all the way home to conceal the deficiency.

But John Brown's short and brilliant career was fast drawing to an end. Six guardians of the peace, armed with clubs and revolvers, were in full chase after him. Off he went up Princess to Fifth and up Fifth to Dock, Serg't Kuhl was fast closing up on him while the others gradually formed an extended line, all puffing, panting and splattered with mud. On they splashed and pranced and tumbled, and at last Serg't Kuhl stopped, dropped on one knee, took aim and fired!

HE MISSED JOHN BROWN!

But he hit somebody else. The editor of the Star was passing down the street meditating on sensations, and the ball struck him over the right eye and passed out at the back of his head, lodging without any injury in the rear of a young lady's waterfall. He was startled out of his reverie, took off his hat and scratched his head with an appropriately vacant air, blew his nose in an absent way and gave the matter, which to tell the truth he did not fully understand, no further consideration. It was fortunate that the bullet struck where it did, otherwise the editor of the Star might have sustained some serious injury.

TO DYSPETICS.

We do not agree to cure you, but from a careful analysis of DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER, we can safely recommend it as producing nutritious, light and healthy bread, biscuits, rolls, &c., which can be eaten with impunity and relished by the most sensitive invalid. These facts we can substantiate, from practical observations, and with the knowledge that no injurious substances whatever enter into the composition of Dooley's Yeast Powder. Grocers everywhere keep it. DOOLEY & BROTHERS, Manufacturers, 69 New Street, New York.

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

### STATE.

Hon. Saml. F. Phillips' speech against Convention occupies the editorial pages of the Telegram. We will copy it next issue.

The Sentinel of Raleigh compliments Mayor Martin for sending back to Columbus county the crazy colored man named Troy.

A. J. Jones came before Judge Buxton at Fayetteville and has had his case removed from Cumberland county to Moore because he claimed he could "not have a fair trial."

The Washington Express declares U. S. Marshal Carrow spoke at a democratic "conservative" meeting and promised soon "to be a good conservative."

