

The Post

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THE WILMINGTON POST.

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CHAS. I. GRADY,
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CITY.

Try Geo. Myers' Claret.

Empire flour at Geo. Myers.

Ladies' traveling trunks at Munson's.

Everything reduced at Anhalt's, No. 15.

Pure "Mountain Dew" at C. D. Myers & Co.

"St. Emilion" claret and very old brandy at Geo. Myers.

Try the Virginia hams, and breakfast strips at Myers.

Douglas Jerold used to say "in the midst of life we are in debt."

Everything reduced at Anhalt's, No. 15.

All sorts of books at Heinsberger's. Go and look at his "fresh arrivals."

DRESS GOODS at cost at No. 15. 1w

For fashionable family utensils visit the elegant establishment of W. M. Stevenson.

The woman who maketh a good pudding in silence is better than she who maketh a tart reply.

They are calling the seventeen year locusts the cicada septemdecim, but it doesn't seem to be frightened.

"Mamma," said a little boy, who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, "is it done when it's brown?"

Hotten-larf & Hashagen have received a fresh lot of provisions and are selling "cheap for cash."

We have some fine Masonboro "corn" brought us to try, and we intend to "try try, try again."

Shutte is absolutely "giving away" mosquito netting, and the ever polite Vincent waits on the ladies. What more do you want?

The crops along the "Sound" are "looking up." Our friend W. H. M. declares the ground pea, cow pea, and all sorts of pea crop good.

Do not forget the family supply store of C. D. Myers & Co. All the delicacies and every one of the "comforts" at the spacious emporium of C. D. M. & Co.

A colored woman was badly burned last evening, at the home of the Sisters of Charity, by the explosion of a kerosene oil lamp which she was filling, while lighted.

No sort of violet ought ever to be used in any sort of evening dress, as the color vanishes entirely under an artificial light. Many a young lady has suffered for not remembering this.

We learn with deep regret the withdrawal of Mayor Martin from public life. His health will not permit; otherwise he would be happy to serve his fellow citizens as we had wished.

"Summer Shoes" now in great variety at the store of Dudley & Ellis. Do not forget the old sign of the "big boot" and the enterprising and gentlemanly successors to Bradley Brothers.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—In order to make room for improvements for the Fall trade I will offer my entire stock of Dry Goods, &c., at cost without exception, at No. 15 Market street.
A. ANHALT. [4]

The Journal don't like the "People's ticket." This tender hearted friend of the colored man laments that "not a kink of wool" appears among the men recommended by a Poser. The Journal seems very anxious the colored man should appear on the Republican ticket for delegates to a Convention. This ought to be reason sufficient to every sensible Republican that none such should be run. Let the good sense of our colored citizens rule them, and let them remember to send men who can help and not injure.

Mr. Hughes advertises his plastering, and his works speak for him. We refer our readers to the Lippitt Row as the best specimen of stucco and plaster work yet known in Wilmington. Give Mr. H. a trial. He is a careful workman and perfectly reliable.

"What are you laughing at James? your Pa? I should think you'd be ashamed of myself for bringing you up in such a way! Hereafter never make fun of your pa or ma, my dear, it may reflect upon your bringing up."

Moral—Children should not laugh, unless asked to do so.

According to the *Star*, a drug clerk recently put up a prescription for a young lady friend of a dose of castor oil. She innocently inquired how it could be taken without tasting. He promised to explain to her, and in the meantime proposed to drink a glass of soda water with her. When he had finished he said: "My friend, you have taken your oil and did not know it." The young lady was nearly crazy, and cried: "Oh dear, it wasn't for myself I wanted the oil: it was for my mother."

THE ABBOTTSTOWN EXCURSION.—The following are the societies intending to visit Abbottsburg on the Fourth of July: The Ladies Co-operative Association, The Ladies Aid Society, Ladies Union "Daughters of Allen," The Ladies Rising Star, and Rising Sun.

Capt. James Bradley's and Captain Lane's cadet companies, also the W. E. Club will attend.

Mr. Banks' societies of Sons of Mt. Zion, Daughters of Mt. Zion, and Daughters of Ebenezer, and the Union and W. R. C. C. Club will also attend. Fully fifteen hundred people are expected to go.

NEWS.—The news of the past week may be briefly summed up as "red hot." The Northern papers come filled with murders, suicides, and general debauchery; while, strange to say, the fire-eating Southerners seem to have subsided into a "law-abiding people." If we except the duel between the editor of the *Raleigh Telegram* and editor of the *Tarboro Southern*—which did not come off, and the doodle between a couple of civilians which did come off in Virginia—all is serene! Paris is in (or under) Thiers, and Europe settles down to quiet, and the watering places. Long Branch has along its sandy shores Grant and the gabbling garish crowd, and we are going to "Smiffle"—so long!

PIRES.—Consider, in the first place, a meerschaum pipe in its native purity of hue. It is a symbol of one of the most universal, and, we might almost add, one of the most intellectual pleasures known to humanity. From a moral point of view, it is suggestive of peace, of the calming of over-irritated nerves, and of general good will toward mankind. Tobacco supplies one of the few comforts by which men who live by their hands solace themselves under incessant hardships, while it equally gives relief to the excited brain of those who depend upon intellectual labor. In all the wide scale of human beings which intervenes between the red Indian and the German philosopher, there is no rank for which tobacco does not soften the harsh edges of daily life. Next to the man who invented sleep, we should pay gratitude to the benefactor who discovered this method of entering the confine of sleep during our waking hours. So great and universal a pleasure should surely have its outward signs to recall the memory of past happiness. Some of the highest faculties have been called out in the effort to render mere attractive the instruments which minister to the more sensual and dangerous passion for intoxicating drinks. If it is worth a man's while to ornament a drinking cup with the labor of months or years, why should not an equal attention be bestowed upon pipes? The meerschaum is to the ordinary clay what the diamond is to agate, or gold to copper; but it must be admitted, if we judge from the specimens exhibited in tobacconists' shops, that it has hitherto employed only a very inferior order of talent. Yet the meerschaum has the special glory that, if skillfully handled, it is ornamented in the very process of enjoyment. It would require no ordinary power of language to point out the lovely gradation of colors through which the virgin white of the primitive material gradually deepens through a delicate amber down to the richest chestnut, and finally to the blackness of midnight. The great qualifications for success in this, as in every other art, are, thoughtfulness, attention, and a deep sense of responsibility. No man should choose a pipe recklessly, or smoke it with a regard only to the immediate pleasure; his great end should be always more or less distinctly before him; once fairly launched on the path of success, he should not allow himself to be hurried or diverted from his aim; and, when at length his labors have produced the desired result, when the pipe is arrayed in all its glories of color, and every danger has been evaded by unremitting care, he should place it before him on some safe pedestal, as a record of former successes, and a stimulus to new efforts.



LADIES COLUMN.

Worth, the Man-Milliner of Paris.
Ambassadors' wives and court ladies used to go to take tea with the fellow, and dispute the honor of filling his cup or putting sugar into it. I once went into his shop—a sort of drawing-room hung round with dresses; I found him lolling on a chair, his legs crossed before the fire. Around him were a bevy of women, some pretty, some ugly, listening to his observations with the rapt attention of the disciples of a sage. He called them up before him like school girls, and, after inspecting them, praised or blamed their dresses. One, a pretty young girl, found favor in his eyes, and he told her that he must dream and meditate several days over her, in order to find the inspiration to make a gown worthy of her. "Why do you wear those ugly gloves?" he said to another; "never let me see you in gloves of that color again." She was a very grand lady, but she slipped off her gloves, and put them in her pocket with a guilty look. When there was going to be a ball at court, ladies used to go down on their knees to him to make them beautiful. For some time he declined to dress any longer the wife of a great imperial dignitary who had not been sufficiently humble toward him; she came to him in tears, but he was obdurate, and he only consented at last to make a gown for her on condition that she would put it on for the first time in his shop. The empress, who dealt with him, sent to tell him that if he did not abate his prices she would leave him. "You cannot," he replied, and, in fact, she could not, for she stood by him to the last. A morning dress by this artist, worth in reality about four pounds, cost thirty pounds; an evening dress, lavishly trimmed with furbes, ribbons, and bad lace, could not be had under seventy pounds. There are about thirty shops in Paris where, as at this man milliner's, the goods are not better than elsewhere, but where they cost about ten times their value. They are patronized by fools with more money than wits, and chiefly by foreign fools. The proprietor of one of these establishments was complaining to me the other day of what he was losing by the siege; I told him that I sympathized with him about as much as I should with a Greek brigand bewailing a falling off of wealthy strangers in the district where he was in the habit of carrying on his commercial operations.—*Labouchere's Diary of a Besieged Resident in Paris.*

Europeans have always been led to suppose that, by the act of *suttee*, Hindoo wives declared their undying attachment to their husbands, but Dr. Cheever in his recent work on Indian medical jurisprudence, traces the custom to a very different origin. He brings forward authorities to show that the Bramins themselves invented the law as a means of self-protection against their wives. Before its introduction the wives were in the habit of avenging themselves on their husbands for neglect and cruelty by mixing poison with their food, and at last things came to such a height that the least matrimonial quarrel resulted in the husband's death. An easier remedy for the evil might have been found in permitting the wife to eat out of the same dish as the husband, but this would have involved too wide a departure from the customs of society; and it must be admitted that there is a peculiar refinement of cruelty in the expedient adopted which would commend itself to the Asiatic mind. Of late years the law of *suttee* has been occasionally set at defiance, but the widow cannot altogether escape the consequences of her husband's death. His family degrade her, and put her to the most menial duties in the house.

The sorrows of a young widow are not ended when she gets her husband under ground, as will be seen by the following extract from a letter written by a lady to the *Home Journal*: "Do you know, girls, what it is to be a widow? It is to be ten times more open to comment and criticism than any demoiseille could possibly be. It is to have men gaze as you pass, first at you, then at your black dress, and then at your widow's cap, until your sensitive nerves quiver under the infliction. It is to have one ill-natured person say, 'I wonder how long she will wait before she marries again?' and another answer, 'Until she gets a good chance, I suppose.' It is now and then to meet a glance of real sympathy, generally from the poorest and humblest women that you meet, and I feel your eyes fill at the token so rare—that it is, alas, unlooked for. It is to have your dear fashionable friends to condescend with you after the following fashion: 'Oh, well! it's a

dreadful loss; we knew you'd feel it; poor dear.' And in the next breath: 'You will be sure to marry again, and your widow's cap is very becoming to you.'"

Miss Delia Roberts, a Kentucky school-teacher, twenty-two years of age, hung herself last week because of her love for one of her boy pupils, a lad not yet fourteen. On the evening before her death she went to the boy's house, and calling him to the gate, said: "Ned, you will never see me again. When you grow to be a man and marry, tell your wife about the woman old enough to be your mother who died on your account." Thus saying, she clasped the object of her strange passion to her bosom, and was never seen alive again.

In a town in Ohio, not long ago, the women went in bands of two and three with their knitting and sewing into the dram shops of the place and spent the whole day with their work, and talking politely upon various topics. Husbands and friends came in, saw how things looked, and had not the courage to step to the bar and drink. This was kept up for several days, and the result was every shop in the place was closed.

Grace Greenwood is willing that three classes of women should be allowed to vote: Single women who had property, married women who had minds, and such others as might desire to. A good watch well wound and timed, a clothes wringer and sewing machine, should be the property qualification, and the ability to support their husbands well, and the faculty of keeping a good boarding house should not be overlooked in the requirements of the examiners.

The fashion of bonnet worn by draught horses to protect them from sunstroke remains the same as last season. The moral of this, of course is not intended for woman-kind, though it might not be altogether irrelevant, to inform the sex that horses continue to wear their own hair, and are not indebted to foreign sources for their "switches."

One cannot be in the fashion—ma, woman, or child—unless they have something of a blue color about their costume. A blue set of studs will "save" a man, and a blue bow a woman; but some blue they must have; or be outside the charmed circle of fashion. The stylish gentleman wears a blue coat, even on the avenue, Sunday afternoon; ladies have blue dresses, parasols, and gloves; and young children, all of them, appear in blue, from their hats to their boots. Gentlemen's straw hats, with band of blue ribbon, will be worn very generally at the sea-side and other resorts.

A WORD TO BOYS.—Truth is one of the rarest virtues. Many a youth has been lost to society by allowing falsehood to tarnish his character, and by foolishly throwing truth away. Honest, frankness, generosity, virtue—blessed traits! Be these yours, my boys, we shall not fear. You are watched by your elders. Men who are looking for clerks and apprentices, have their eyes on you. If you are profligate, vulgar, saloon-going, they will not choose you. If you are upright, steady, and industrious before long you will find good places, kind masters, and the prospect of a useful life before you.

Mr. Martin Declines.
WILMINGTON, N. C., June 24, 1871.
C. I. GRADY, Esq.:

DEAR SIR:—I notice in the Post of 22d inst., my name as a candidate for the State Convention. Please take it out, as I am not, and cannot consent to be a candidate for the position. My poor health warns me of the necessity of lessening, rather than in increasing my labor.

Very respectfully,
SILAS N. MARTIN,
BOOKS, MAGAZINES, &c.

The *Overland Monthly* has been received from Messrs. Bancroft, of San Francisco, and as the periodical of the Pacific we hail it as a welcome visitor. Not specially because through its columns the worthy "Mark Twain" and the brilliant Bret Harte first attracted that attention, now amounting to fame as well as fortune.

We discern a certain *freshness* about the Pacific slope writers not at all common on this side of the continent. Whether it be the new life and young society; or whether the climate stimulates the brain in that far Western country; we know not, but we acknowledge the fact that all who grace the *Overland* possess a vim and spirit entirely American, and delightful for ability and originality.

Writers on the Atlantic coast delight in following the beaten track of literature marked out by European authors or their American plagiarists, but the West seems to reject leading strings, and we are pleased to discern something redolent of our land and indicative of a revived nationality broad and great as the mighty waters now subject to civilized and Christian control.

The *Atlantic* opens with a traveling

sketch among the Adirondacks, by R. H. Dana, Sr., describing a tour in the mountain region some twenty years since, in which the writer was hospitably entertained by the family of John Brown, of whom some brief incidental notices are also given. Mr. Hay's picture of the Spanish bull fights in the fifth chapter of "Castilian Days," is an admirable specimen of graphic realism, evidently drawn from repeated experiences of the scene, of which it affords a mere vivid impression than is to be found, if we are not mistaken in our recollections, in any previous description of the spectacle in English literature. "Can a Bird Reason?" by Dr. M. Brewer, is an exceedingly interesting chapter of practical Darwinism, and the remainder of the number, including the commencement of a new story, entitled "Their Wedding Journey," by Mr. Howells, "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," by Clarence King, "How I Got my Overcoat," by George E. Waring, Jr., "Sappho," by T. W. Higginson, and "The Poet of Sierra Flat" by Bret Harte, is of more than common excellence. An original dramatic sketch by George Elliot (Marian Evans) will attract attention, and so will the extracts from Dickens's letters to Professor Felton in "Our Whispering Gallery," which overflow with exuberant rollicking gaiety.

Simon. A Love Story, by George Sand. This is an entire new book by this celebrated author, and will prove to be very popular, and must have a large sale, for George Sand's style is noble, and beautifully rich and pure. She has an exuberant imagination, and with it a very chaste style of expression. She never indulges in declamation, and yet her sentences are exquisitely melodious and full. She leaves you at the end of one of her brief, rich, melancholy sentences, with plenty of food for future cogitation. No one can express the charm of them; they seem like the sound of country bells falling sweetly and sadly upon the ear. There is hardly a woman's heart anywhere in the civilized world which has not felt the vibration of George Sand's thrilling voice. She yearns to do good. The popularity of her novels, "Consuelo," "A Love Story," "The Countess of Rudolstadt," a sequel to "Consuelo," "Jealousy," "Indiana," "Simon," "Parochus, the Cricket," "First and True Love," "The Corsair," "The Last Aldini," etc., have never been equaled by any writer. "Simon, a Love Story," is issued in a large octavo volume, with a portrait of the author on the cover, price fifty cents a copy, and is for sale by P. Heinsberger.

Davenport Dunn, by Charles Lever. This is the seventh volume of the new, cheap and popular edition of the works of Charles Lever, now in course of publication by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, which are having a very large sale, for Charles Lever has no rival in that free, manly, dashing style of sketching life, manners, and humorous incidents, to which he has devoted himself. His reputation is world wide. The popularity of his novels, "Davenport Dunn," "Arthur O'Leary," "The Knight of Gwynne," "Tom Burke of Ours," "Harry Lorrequer," "Charles O'Malley," "Jack Hinten," "Con Cregan," "Horace Templeton," and "A Rent in a Cloud," have never been exceeded. His works are full of genial humor, brilliant wit, and striking characters. "Davenport Dunn" is issued in a large octavo volume, with a portrait of the author on the cover, price seventy-five cents, and is for sale by P. Heinsberger.

Basil; or the Crossed Path, by Wilkie Collins. The name of Wilkie Collins now stands almost at the head of the list of the living English novelists. His plots are intricate, his stories full of mystery, and his power as a writer unquestionable. We have here the tenth volume of a new, cheap and popular edition of the works of this celebrated author, now in course of publication by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, which are having a very large sale, for Wilkie Collins is certainly one of the most popular of living novelists, and no writer of fiction better understands the art of story telling than he does. The great popularity of his novels already published in this series, comprising "The Dead Secret," "Hide and Seek," "After Dark," "The Yellow Mask," "Sister Rose," "The Stolen Mask," "Mad Monkton," "The Queen's Revenge," and "Sights a Foot," have never been exceeded. "Basil" is issued in a large octavo volume, with a portrait of the author on the cover, price seventy-five cents, and is for sale by P. Heinsberger. It being uniform in size and price with the new and cheap editions of the works of Alexander Dumas, Charles Lever, Henry Cockton, and George Sand, now in course of publication by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., who will send their catalogue to any one writing for it.

Hans Breitman in Europe, with twenty new ballads, being the fifth series of the *Breitman Ballads*, by Charles G. Leland, author of "Hans Breitman's Party," "Meister Karl's Sketch Book," etc. This volume contains twenty new poems by Hans Breitman, describing his travels and experien-

ces all over Europe, in Paris, in Lausanne, in Forty-Eight, in Belgium, in Spa, in Ostend, in Gent, in Holland, at the Hague, in Leyden, in Amsterdam, in Germany, in Cologne, in Munich, in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, in Italy, in Rome, where Breitman interviews the Pope, at La Scala Santa, as well as Hans Breitman at a Pic Nic, and Breitman as a Trumpeter, with a full and complete Glossary. Every ballad in the volume will set you in a roar, as every one is fully equal to, if not superior to "Hans Breitman's Party." It is complete in one volume, tinted paper, with a portrait of Hans Breitman on the cover. Price seventy-five cents a copy. It is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, and is for sale by P. Heinsberger.

STATE.
Mr. Morris will speak against Convention to-morrow.
Judge Moore will hold a special term of the Superior Court at Tarboro.

Raleigh has given a "testimonial" to the skaters favorite—Miss Georgia Briggs.

The Raleigh papers pay high compliments to Major Griswold. He deserves all the brethren give him.

M. W. Churchill has withdrawn from the "National" at Raleigh, and "old Rat" runs the thing—into the ground.

The ice house of Phil. Thien near the great Raleigh lager beer house has been burned. The ice cooled the lager or the lager cooled the ice! Which was it German?

The Hillsboro Recorder says the wheat crop in that section yielded better than many expected, though the crop is a short one. Fortunately the supply of the old crop is heavy and will make up for the deficiency in the new.

The *Telegram* states: "Joseph H. Wilson, Esq., one of the Conservative nominees of the Mecklenburg Conservative-County Convention, declines to serve, and assigns as a cause of his resignation, his inability to canvass the county in advocacy of the legality and necessity of the Convention."

The office of Adjutant General ought to be abolished, at least as a salaried office, and we advocate a Convention for the purpose of abolishing such useless expenses to the tax payers. The Legislature at its last session, did not curtail expenses in any respect, but rather increased them; and therefore the only hope for relief that we know of is to have a State Convention to change the Constitution.—*Charlotte Democrat.*

We would like to know of Bro. Yates, if it is likely that the Convention, controlled by the same influences which governed the last Legislature, will exhibit any greater degree of economy than it did.—*Raleigh Telegram.*

The *Era* declares the Convention is to be called by lawyers and shows out of sixty members of the (conservative) Committee but six belonging to other professions.

Our people will not fail to be struck with astonishment when they read the organization of the Conservative party in this State. It will be seen that, while that party has many able and learned members outside the profession of the law, these have been singularly ignored, and on looking over the list of committees in the various districts, one might easily imagine that he is reading a directory of North Carolina lawyers.

The editor of the *Charlotte Democrat* in alluding to the recent outrage in Rutherford county, says: "We denounce such outrages, and hope the perpetrators may be brought to speedy punishment. The men who engage in acts of that sort are not only bringing disgrace on the State, but are injuring its business and prosperity, and causing the industrious and hard working portion of the people to suffer serious loss. These who commit depredations of the sort mentioned above are doing more to promote the ascendancy and rule of the Radical party in North Carolina than all the Republican papers and speakers of the State combined."

CAROLINA ERA—Marcus Erwin, Esq., has assumed control of the *Era*. In making his bow to the readers of the *Era*, he says:

"I earnestly desire to maintain friendly, and kind relations with all my political opponents—especially with my brethren of the press—however wide apart we may be in opinions, and such shall be the case if abstinence on my part from unnecessary personalities can achieve such a wish. I cannot promise the readers of this paper much variety of matter until after the convention election. The proper decision of that great question is a thing of vast moment to the people of this State and it will therefore engross all my effort and occupy all the available space of the paper until the 3d of August. Allied to no clique or faction of the Republican party—having no prejudices or animosities or gratifying—I shall endeavor to deal justly by every member of the party and work diligently in my new vocation not for the promotion of men, but for the advancement and ascendancy of principles."