

# The Post

VOL. IV.

WILMINGTON, N. C., SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 19, 1871.

NO. 127.

## CITY.

Belle's letters—Love letters.  
Town pumps—Local editors.  
A man in the write place—an editor.  
The New Berne Times attempts to be sarcastic.  
The grape crop this year is unusually promising.  
Green grocers—those who do business on the credit system.  
To make a little boy's trousers last, make his coat first.  
An invalid supposes he has a constitutional right to be sick.  
Many a professing christian has Jacob's voice, but Esau's hand.  
A ship may be said to resemble logwood when it's in port.  
An Irishman calls his sweetheart honey because she is beloved.  
Be civil and obliging to all; it costs nothing and is worth much.  
Munson & Co. still continue to sell fine clothing at very low prices.  
The "Seward" has come out of her bad ways and is now afloat.  
Women, ever in extremes, are always either better or worse than men.  
A wag at our elbow says that the Dem-john organ uses Bourbon stops!  
The man who rose before the sun the other day, got rather high about noon.  
Coopers are the most active of tradesmen; they always do a steady business.  
P. Heinsberger has everything in the reading line at his live book store.  
It is said to be a hazardous attempt to form an estimate of a woman by her sighs.  
"Died from the effects of mixed collaterals" are the fashionable words for delirium tremens.  
There is good reason why some people never see the point of a joke—they are the butt of it.  
Geo. Myers, 11 and 13 Front street, receives fresh supplies of groceries by every steamer.  
Pure wines and liquors, and the most choice cigars can always be found at Geo. Myers.  
Ladies of uncertain ages and matrimonial aspirations are gently reminded that leap year approacheth.  
"Invisible switches" are advertised by a hair dealer. Now give us unseen chignons and we shall be happy.  
Slander is like a tin kettle tied to a dog's tail—fine fun so long as the tail is on some other "feller's" dog.  
Anomalous as it may appear, some people assert that a cheap buggy ride can be obtained in the street cars.  
Ducks are death on potato bugs. This is no "quack" prescription, but a well established remedy.  
"Equality means," says a French writer, "a desire to be equal to your superiors and your superiors to your equals."  
Brown, dark gray, and invisible green and maroon are to be the most fashionable colors for costumes, bonnets, and gloves next season.  
We are pleased to learn of the improved health of Lieut. Moore, of the "Seward," who has been ill for some time.  
C. D. Myers & Co. keep the very best of everything in the grocery line. Their Favorite Flour is superior to any flour brought to this market.  
Getting on a steep roof to sleep, on a hot night is never safe unless the sleeper takes the precaution to fasten a rope around his neck and the other end of it to the chimney.  
We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the first co-operative store. The best quality of family supplies can always be had at the store, and at the lowest prices.  
AFRICAN WINES.—It is not generally known that Cape Colony produces the most delicious wines grown on the face of the earth. A cargo received as a remittance by our neighbors Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., contains several varieties raised there, among which the Constancia commands the highest price of any wine in the world. Almost the entire crop of it is consumed in the places of Europe, this rare exception being sent to them in exchange for their medicines, which have long been the staple remedies of South America.

**SUNSTROKE.**—A man employed on Smith's new building was sunstruck on Wednesday.

**TO RELIEVE NEURALGIA.**—Take two large table spoonfuls of cologne and two tea-spoonfuls of fine salt; mix them together in a small bottle; every time you have any acute affection of the facial nerves, or neuralgia, simply breathe the fumes in your nose from the bottle.

Somebody advertises for agents to sell a work entitled "Hymenal Instructor." A contemporary adds: "The best hymenal instructor we know of is a young widow. What she don't know there is no use in learning."

**ACCIDENT.**—On Tuesday morning a man named Stephen Jones, employed on a lighter, while endeavoring to push the flat off, fell between the wharf and the flat, and in trying to save himself, clung to the side of the side of the flat, which swung around and crushed him against the wharf. He was rescued, but was so badly injured that he died in fifteen minutes. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict in accordance with the above facts.

It is said that every extensive advertiser has to pay a very large sum for experience before he learns how to invest his money judiciously. It would be better to entrust the business to a responsible Advertising Agency, like that of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., No. 40 Park Row, New York, and thus gain the benefit of experience without cost. Contracts can be made with them as low as with publishers direct.

The Indians of Arizona are exceedingly fond of dog meat, eat it on great occasions, and lay it before distinguished visitors, be they white or red. The Apaches consider the flesh of mules a great delicacy, and will go further, fight harder and die more to obtain it than they would go, fight and die even to scalp a white man, and yet they are the most blood-thirsty and cruel of all the tribes.

A few hundred could live high here. A beautiful picture is the full page illustration in this week's issue of the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, entitled "Nature's Looking-glass." A little barefoot girl stands on the brink of a stream, overshadowed by woods, gazing into its depths. "Life in the Coal Mines" is illustrated with four engravings. In "Wind and Water" we have a picturesque Hudson river scene. "Spectimen of the Work Done Inside" is an effective temperance lesson. We wish the American Tract Society success in their noble work of placing a healthy and cheap illustrated weekly in the hands of our people. The news-dealers have it for sale.

**TEN RULES.**—1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to day.  
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.  
3. Never spend your money before you have it.  
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.  
5. Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.  
6. We seldom repent of having eaten too little.  
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.  
8. How much pains the evils have cost us that have never happened.  
9. Take things always by the smooth handle.  
10. When angry count ten before you speak; if very angry count a hundred.

A large fire occurred in Goldsboro on Sunday night last:

The buildings destroyed were, the "Exchange Hotel," (costing Messrs. Jones & Murphy \$31,000 in gold); the "Gregory House" (costing about \$15,000; ten store fronts); the "Well & Bots" store building, \$1,500; the car-shed. The losses by the fire are Messrs. Jones & Murphy about \$30,000, insured about \$15,000; Gregory & Company \$15,000, insured for \$11,000; Gregory, Murphy & Co., \$9,000, insurance about \$6,000; Southern Express Company \$2,500, no insurance; Col. L. W. Humphrey, the Derby building, \$2,000, no insurance; S. D. Fairfield, store and stock of goods, \$2,500, no insurance; J. W. Cox, store, \$1,500, no insurance; Strong & Morrisey, store building, \$1,500, no insurance; Jas. W. Morris, store, merchandise and fixtures, \$2,000; E. Well & Bots, store building, \$1,500, no insurance; Mayhoad & Duffy, store building, \$1,500, no insurance; H. S. Hazell's, store, stock of merchandise and ice, \$2,000, no insurance; W. H. Freeman, merchandise about \$400, no insurance.

**TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.**—The boiler of the steamer R. E. Lee exploded on Thursday morning, when about thirteen miles below Fayetteville. Capt. Skinner, of the Lee, was thrown into the water by the concussion, but is not seriously injured. William Gibbons, fireman, and Alex. Jackson, pilot, and Sam. McKee, were killed outright—several deck hands were injured slightly. The following is from the *Eagle* of Thursday:  
Just as we go to press we learn the steam-

er R. E. Lee burst her boiler some miles below here this morning. We have only time for the following:

As the Steamer Lee was on her way up at 3 o'clock this morning, as she was crossing at Tims' Shoals, she blew up, killing Wm. Gilmore, Sam McKee and Alex. Jackson, all colored. Gilmore has not been found. The injured are Capt. W. Skinner, seriously; slightly, Gif. Chance, Zec. Roberts, Jack Hogans, colored, and one other name not recollected.

The cause of the accident cannot be accounted for, as the fireman attests that the glass on the boiler indicated eight inches water on the crown sheet.

A colored woman is injured seriously. Mr. Wilson, formerly a citizen of Fayetteville, in company with his daughter, was slightly injured, but his daughter and family, Mrs. Verorsdell, are not hurt.

The dead and wounded are on the way up on board the Hart.

The boiler went up and fell back on the upper cabin nearly demolishing the whole upper works, and then fell off into the river. The hull of the boat is not injured at all. All goods on board are safe.

Who composed the following description of the Bible we may never know. It was found in Westminster Abbey, nameless and dateless; but nevertheless it is invaluable for its wise and wholesome counsel:

A nation would be truly happy, if it were governed by no other laws than those of this blessed book.

It contains everything needful to be done or known. It gives instruction to the Senate, authority and direction to a magistrate. It cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict of a jury, and furnishes a judge with the sentence.

It sets the husband as the lord of the household, and the wife as the mistress of the table; tells him how to rule, and her as well how to manage.

It entails honor on parents, and enjoins obedience on the children.

It prescribes and limits the sway of the sovereign, the rule of the ruler, and the authority of the master; commands the subjects to honor and the servants to obey; and the blessing and protection of the Almighty to all who walk by His rule.

**THE FEAR OF ANIMALS.**—Preserve us from fear and affection, which for the most part find a place where reason is excluded. Even at a very early age you may cover, with a many colored veil, many imaginary fears. For instance, you may tell a child that the first clap of thunder he hears is the rolling of the chariot on which the long-expected spirit arrives; or you may yourself, unconsciously regard animals, which alarm by the rapidity of their movements, as mice; or by their size, as horses; only their unpleasant forms, as spiders, to loads then direct the children's eye from the whole to the individual beautiful limbs, and gradually without compulsion, draw the child and beast together, for children have scarcely any other fear than that produced by strangeness. One scream of fear from a mother may resound through the whole life of her daughter; for no rational discourse can extinguish the mother's scream. You may make any full stop, color, or semi-color or comma of life, before your children, but not a note of exclamation.

**COMPANIONS.**—The heart goes out almost instinctively after a companion, a familiar associate, a genial friend—a lover. Hiredness marks the choice of the majority, while thoughtfulness in the matter is the exceptional; hence, so much unhappiness in the social and so much destruction of what gave early promise of prominent and bright character in the future. What numberless hosts one sees, as he perambulates, of young men who, from physical indications were intended to shine in the intellectual world as diamonds of the first water, yet who, having been unfortunate in the choice of companions, have been educated to love indolence, to court the name of "nobby," and are enamored with "stylish." It may be maintained rigidly as almost axiomatic—one's friends and continual associates are the best indicators of one's purposes and motive power. Does your associations always talk the small talk of dress, parties and fashions? Then you soon show you care nothing more about solid things; but you imperceptibly endeavor to become the "girls of the period," or the "dandy," "sport," and the nothingness of real life. The choice of companions, and that, too, of good and upright ones, becomes not only an important duty, but it becomes so on the ground of absolute safety, if you propose to rise in the world of thought, and enterprise; and unless your ambition tends only to be a silly fop, you must select men and not puppets, or your resolves of reformation are worthless.

The following toast was given at a recent banquet—"The rights of woman; she cannot be Captain of a ship, may she always command a smack."

With a view of securing a still wider circulation, the publisher of *The Art Review* has decided to offer the following inducements to all who may be disposed to interest themselves or their friends in extending as rapidly as possible their publication. All new subscribers until September 1 will receive the back numbers for the year free, also one of three artistic premiums. To any person sending the names of two new

**GENTLY.**—We pity the man or woman having been stung by a great misfortune, staggers forth into the world unaided by any friendly arm, striving courageously to bear up without the sympathy which no human being can long exist and dispense with, and yet cut off from seeking it, or even accepting it, should it come in their way, because explanations or confession would involve a sacrilegious invasion of the heart-history of another. They only who have waded through deep waters of trouble alone, know from the deprivation of it the might of human sympathy to roll off the surging billows. But pent-up tears, suppressed groans, a tattered tongue, a throbbing heart with ever an iron band upon it—God pity such, for He alone knows what they suffer. And so, if we hear a petulant word, or look upon an unsmiling face, or meet no glad response to our way-side mirth, let us not condemn, nor measure grudgingly our kindness even to such. Every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and we may all unconsciously in our own thoughtlessness, have rough shod over some prostrate sufferer.

**HOME.**—The heart has memories that never die. The rough rubs of the world cannot obliterate them. They are memories of home, early home. There is magic in the very sound. There is the old tree under which the light-hearted boy swung in many a summer day, yonder the river in which he learned to swim, there the house in which he knew a parent's protection—nay, there is the room in which he romped with brother or sister, long since, alas! laid in the yard in which he must soon be gathered, overshadowed by you old church, wither with a joyous troop like himself he has often followed his parents to worship with, and hear the good old man who gave him to God in baptism. Why, even the very school house, associated in youthful days with thoughts of ferule and tasks, now comes back to bring pleasant remembrances of many an occasion that called forth some generous traits of human nature. There it was that he learned to feel some of his best emotions. There, perchance, he first met the being who by her love and tenderness in after life has made a home for himself, happier even than that which his childhood knew. There are certain feelings of humanity, and those too among the best, that can find an appropriate place for their exercises only by one's own fireside. There is sacredness in the privacy of that spot which it were a species of desecration to violate. He who seeks wantonly to invade it, is neither more nor less than a villain; and hence there exists no surer test of the debasement of morals in the community, than the disposition to tolerate in any mede the man who derelicts the sanctities of private life. In the turmoil of the world, let there be at least one spot where the poor man may find affection that is disinterested, where he may indulge a confidence which is not likely to be abused.

## BOOKS, MAGAZINES, &c.

Last October, *Heath and Home*; passed into the hands of Messrs. Orange Judd & Co., of 245 Broadway, New York, the well known publishers of the *American Agriculturist*—a journal long without a rival in sterling value and circulation. The marked improvements then expected to appear in *Heath and Home* have been fully realized, and it is now one of the choicest illustrated journals anywhere issued for the family circle—adapted to both the juvenile and adult people, and meeting the special wants of the housekeeper. Besides it supplies very useful chapters for the garden and farm, and an important news sheet, giving a valuable resume of the news of the week, up to the moment of issue. From \$500 to \$800 worth of very fine engravings beautify each weekly number. We notice now a still further mark of enterprise on the part of the publishers; they have secured the exclusive editorial services of Edward Eggleston so widely and so favorably known by his writings in *Scribner's Monthly*, and many other Magazines and Journals, and especially as the chief superintending editor of the *New York Independent* for some time past. With this notable addition to the previously large and strong editorial force, *Heath and Home* can not fail to merit and command a prominent place in every household, in city, village and country. Specimen copies can doubtless be obtained of the publishers, as above. Terms only \$3 a year. Single copies 8 cents. *Heath and Home* and *American Agriculturist* together, \$4 a year. Better add one or both of them to your supply of reading; they are each worth infinitely more than the small cost.

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subscribers (with the money), a copy of *The Review* will be sent for one year, free, and to each address mail back numbers and premiums as subscribers may select. These premiums are, without exception, the finest ever offered by any American journal, either one of which would retail for the price of their yearly subscription. They consist of three elegant pictures, viz.: "Little Samuel," "Morning Prayer," and a very fine French fruit chromo. The first named is an India-proof steel engraving, size 16x26, on extra heavy plate paper. It is pronounced by the press one of the best specimens of steel engraving ever produced in this country. The subject is pleasing, and cannot fail to interest every lover of the beautiful, not only through its merit as a work of art, but by its domestic influence and childish simplicity. The "Morning Prayer" possesses all the elements of popularity, through its influence for good, and the lesson it teaches little children. The last is Morgan's "Fruit Chromo" (new), size 11x15. This is one of the few artistic fruit subjects that not only please at first sight, but appears more charming after each study. It will be an ornament to any home.

They desire an agent in every city and town throughout the country, and promise most liberal commissions. *The Art Review* is published monthly by J. J. Ormond & Co., 114 Nassau street, New York, and 115 Madison street, Chicago, at five dollars per annum; single numbers, 50 cents.

*The Phenological Journal* is always interesting, but the September number, just received, is particularly so. We confess ourselves highly pleased with this number, and commend it to public favor generally. Price 30 cents. \$3 a year. Address S. R. Wells, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

## POST ITEMS.

The gardener's motto—Lettuce plant.  
The New York belles wear striped stockings.  
Certainly, if years roll on, time must come round.  
Did you ever read Bacon? No, but I have often eaten it.  
What's the proper age for a parson? The parsonage, of course.  
Old maids are described as "embers from which the spark has fled."  
The whitewashers in Chicago make more than the portrait painters.  
A Lucky Dog—A retriever that will retrieve a gentleman's fortunes.  
Can anything that is *beneficial* be a blessing? Yes, a *ball* full of cotton can.  
Time is money: of course it is, or how could you "spend an evening."  
They have hot weather, smallpox and a new national bank in Chicago.  
Spring opens carelessly. If it don't look out, the trees will start and leave.  
Merchants find business dull, but their coachmen do a driving business.  
The first cotton batting factory in Wisconsin was recently started at Racine.  
Portugal has the vine disease, so her famous wines will be short this year.  
It is said—ironically, perhaps—that blacksmiths forge and steel every day.  
Bloomington, Ill., brags of a Diogenes. He gets drunk, and then rents a sugar hog-head.

After the lapse of all the existing European governments, Russia is coming in for the Finnish.

An Iowa stone-cutter goes into the cemetery and carries off all gravestones for which he is not paid.

It is rumored that the President has tendered Hon. James M. Ashley, of Ohio, the mission to Brazil.

There are eight thousand undivided porter-houses and rump steaks on the hoof coming eastward from Texas.

Two bales of new cotton were sold in New York Tuesday, Alabama bringing 25 cents and Georgia 24.

In Chicago you can trash your mother-in-law for \$75, but in Natick, Mass., you can wa'lop your girl for \$25.

Mrs. Abbott of Jameville threw herself into a river last week. Her husband was in the Abbott of getting drunk.

A Cincinnati painter in falling from a building and broke in two an iron awning—same, and still survives.

A Pennsylvania has demonstrated that it takes just two seconds for him to fall from a third story window to the ground.

Virginia City theater-goers are to be entertained by a fight between a bear and a bull—the genuine animals; none of your Wall street imitations.

An Evansville beau, while flirting with a fascinating young lady, walked into a pile of melons and fell flat in the gutter. The flirtation ended suddenly.

A Wisconsin paper gives the gratifying intelligence that "Oconomowoc still holds its own." It would be a serious loss to it if it should not hold its O's.

The Memphis man, who married the blonde of the naked drama, sought a divorce by the aid of morphine.

"Where's your filial gratitude, you naughty boy? What would you have been with out your father and mother?" "I's p'ose I'd been an orphan, sir."

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

**THE ANGEL IN THE CLOUD!**  
RECEIVED this day by steamer, the second supply of *The Angel in the Cloud* at HEINSBERGER'S Live Book Store.

PIANOS, Organs, Melodeons, Guitars, Violins, Flutes, Accordions, Banjos, &c.

For sale at HEINSBERGER'S Live Book Store.

**McIntire & French.**  
WE RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE TO our friends and the public, that we will offer on

MONDAY, THE 21ST INST., and continue for Ten Days our stock of

SUMMER DRESS GOODS, WHITE GOODS, LACE GOODS, —AND— FANCY ARTICLES

in great variety for Cash on Delivery. 128-11

## THE CELEBRATED "EMPIRE" FLOUR

IS MADE EXCLUSIVELY FOR FAMILY use, from the finest

WINTER WHEAT. The sale process, and has established a reputation from unvarying Excellence of quality, Second to that of no Brand in the city or State, the price is very low, and the demand extensive

**100 Bbls. Just to Hand,** At GEO. MYERS, 11 and 13 Front st.

august 19

## BUTTER.

**10 FIRKINS OF CREAM DAIRY GOSHEN** Butter the choicest ever offered in the market, none better in the United States;

for sale at GEO. MYERS, 11 & 13 Front St. 128

## CHEESE.

**25 OF THOSE DELICATE FACTORY** Cream Cheese just to hand

At GEO. MYERS, 11 & 13 Front St.

## DOWN WITH THE PRICES.

FAMILIES IN WANT OF GROCERIES OF the best and full weight can be accommodated at the **FIRST CO-OPERATIVE STORE**, corner of Front and Dock streets. Quick sales and small profits is our motto. Fresh Goods by every Steamer.

J. H. McGARITY, Sup't. 128-11

## Household Words, Household Wants, THE FAVORITE FLOUR.

And more, the Favorite Flour has become a necessity with the many hundreds who use it. THE CHEAPEST, THE BEST, THE FAVORITE FLOUR

Requires less Kneading and less Lard, those who have never used it should give our FAVORITE FLOUR

A trial. CHAS. D. MYERS & CO., Dealers in Family Supplies, 7 North Front street. 128

## The "Shawhan" Whiskey

A STRICTLY PURE BOURBON, DISTILLED in 1864 from the Blue Grass regions of Kentucky.

ITS AGE GUARANTEED. It is without any exception the finest old Whiskey we have ever handled. We bottle this Whiskey, but can furnish in any quantity desired. Invalids and all persons requiring Stimulants, medicinally, can rely on the purity and superior qualities of this Whiskey.

CHAS. D. MYERS & CO., 7 North Front street. 128

## No. 1 Mess Mackerel.

FRESH PACKED WITHOUT HEADS LARGE and Fat, at retail. CHAS. D. MYERS & CO., 7 North Front street. 128

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TRUNKS, HATS, COLORED SILK BOWS, FANCY TIES &c.

Imperial Safe, and Classic Paper Collars.

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MUNSON & CO., City Clothing and Furnishing Store, 38 Market Street. 128-11