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Carolina Messenger.

J. A. BONITZ, Editor and Proprietor. "For us, Principle is Principle—Right is Right—Yesterday, To-day, To-morrow, Forever." Published Semi-Weekly and Weekly.

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☞ Transient advertisements will be harged $1 00 per square for first insertion and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount will be allowed on contract by the month or year, and for longer advertisements.

AMERICAN HOTEL,

CHESTNUT STREET,
Opposite Old Independence Hall,
PHILADELPHIA.
S. M. HEULINGS, Proprietor.

THE YARBOROUGH HOUSE,

RALEIGH, N. C.

When you visit Raleigh stop at the "YARBOROUGH," a first-class Hotel on the principal business street, in the centre of the city. DR. G. W. BLACKNALL,
sept29-tf Proprietor.

SWIFT GALLOWAY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

SNOW HILL, GREENE CO., N. C.

Will practice in the Courts of Greene, Wayne, Lenoir, Pitt, &c.

☞ Collections made in all parts of the State. [Nov. 30, '69-tf

W. H. MOORE, M. D.

[*Offise in the Cobb Building.*]

DR. W. H. MOORE, having removed his office to the Cobb building, can be consulted at all times when not professionally absent. apr4-tjan1

JARRAT'S HOTEL,

PETERSBURG, VA.,
BISHOP & SEAY, Proprietors.
WM. B. BISHOP, GEO. W. SEAY.
Formerly of Spotswood Hotel, Richmond, Va. *Petersburg, Va.*
oct24-tf

ATLANTIC HOTEL,

NORFOLK, VA.

R. S. DODSON, - - - - PROPRIETOR.

BOARD—first and second floors, $3.00 per day. Third and fourth floors, $2.50 per day. Special terms for permanent boarders. mar14-tf

DR. THOS. A. WOODLEY,

LATE OF KINSTON, N. C.,

Offers his Professional Services to the citizens of Goldsboro, N. C., and surrounding country.

Office, at present, at Barham's Hotel, where all orders may be left.
August 22d, 1872. 1m

PETER EPPS,

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,

GOLDSBORO, N. C.,

Begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he still continues the Painting Business, and solicits patronage in town and country. Orders left at the MESSENGER office will receive prompt attention.
August 2nd, 1872-tf

MALTBY HOUSE,

BALTIMORE, MD.

C. R. HOGAN, Proprietor.

In consideration of the general decline in cost of all necessaries appertaining to Hotel Keeping, the price of Board will be Reduced on and after January 1st, 1871, to $2.50 per day, being determined that nothing shall be left undone in the future to make the "MALTBY" what it has been in the past—second to none in the city. [mar20

WALTER CLARK. J. M. MULLEN.

CLARK & MULLEN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

HALIFAX, N. C.

Practice in all the Courts of Halifax, Martin, Northampton and Edgecombe counties. In the Supreme Court of North Carolina and in the Federal Courts.

☞ Collections made in all parts of North Carolina. mar14-1y

HENRY C. PREMPERT'S

FASHIONABLE

Shaving and Hair-Dressing Saloon,

Opposite Metropolitan Hall, next door to A. W. Frap's Saloon.

RALEIGH, N. C.

The only white Saloon in Town. Shaving, Hair-Cutting, Dyeing, &c., done in the Latest and Best Style.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,

GOLDSBORO, N. C.

This is one of the best conducted Hotels in the State, (new and established since the late fire.) At this House you will find the best of Fare, comfortable fires, excellent Lodging Rooms, a well furnished Parlor and accommodations for Ladies.

☞ Polite and attentive servants.
ja18tf JAS. W. MORRIS, *Proprietor.*

KINSTON HOTEL,

KINSTON, N. C.

The undersigned would respectfully inform his friends and the traveling public that he has recently assumed charge of the Hotel at Kinston and the building has been thoroughly renovated and refitted for the accomodation of the Public.

He is determined to keep a first-class House. G. K. BAGBY.
nov10-tf

JOHN ARMSTRONG,

BOOKBINDER AND BLANKBOOK MANUFACTURER,

RALEIGH, N. C.

Trial, Execution, Minute and Recording Dockets made to order.

North Carolina Reports and other Law Books, bound in superior Law Binding.

Missing numbers of the Reports supplied and odd numbers taken in exchange for binding. [sept16-tf

WILLIAM HAY,

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER.

The undersigned begs leave to give notice to his friends and the public generally that he still continues the PAINTING BUSINESS, and all orders left with Messrs. Clark & Roberts, at Newbern, or Mr. W. F. Kornegay, at Goldsboro will receive prompt attention.

Patronage, from town or country, solicited. WM. HAY.
Goldsboro, Oct. 27, 1870-3m

METROPOLITAN HOTEL,

BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Re-opened under new management August 22nd, for the reception of Guests.

The spacious building has been thoroughly renovated, and newly furnished throughout.

The Proprietors have made every exertion to adapt it to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, and have spared neither pains nor expense to secure that end.
TWEED & GARFIELD,
sep18- Proprietors.

Carolina Messenger.

SEMI-WEEKLY EDITION.

Remember Me.

When you wander forth alone,
And the shades of evening fall
With their fitful, shadow gloom,
O'er creation like a pall.
When the stars are seen above,
And the fire-fly on the lea,
Like the meteor flame of Love,
Oh, then remember me!

When joy is breathing near thee,
A light and dulcet strain,
When sorrow doth not spare thee,
Its deep-felt thrill of pain.
In thy hours of social gladness,
When the soul is full of glee,
In thy lonely hours of sadness,
Oh, then remember me!

I shall think of thee at even,
When the memories of the past,
Like the pilgrim's dreams of heaven
Come thronging wild and fast;
I shall watch thy favorite planet
In its pure unclouded flight,
And shall fancy thou art gazing
On the splendor of its light.

Caught in a Prairie Storm.

"Prairies! The very name can make me shiver. When covered with snow they are trackless as is the ocean to an unskilled navigator. I would about as soon cross the Sahara without a guide as to try to get over the snowy plains of the West and Northwest. The real fright I once had in one of these tracts, sir, was bad enough to serve me for a lifetime."

"Tell us about it, captain."

"Well, I don't mind. My Uncle Dan and his family were staying at the D. settlement. for he had taken the Western fever, and they were out there. Uncle Dan was always a speculator—though he did manage to line his pockets well. He purchased a vast tract of land at D. with an eye, it must have been, to such promises as were held out to Abraham of old; for acres and acres of this land he could never utilize, though later he might sell it again to personal advantage. I was out helping him. The family consisted of his wife, two grown-up daughters and two young sons, and there was a niece, Cordelia. From the first moment I saw Cordelia Bardwell I thought a great deal of her. Perhaps that's why I stay in the uncivilized place.

"'Rolfe,' said Uncle Dan, one morning in the latter part of the winter, 'it looks like a fine day, does it not?'

"'Clear and bright, sir, I believe.'

"'Aye, likely to last. What say you to taking Brown Best and going to Bingley's Mill me?'

"'I will go with pleasure, Uncle Dan.'

"'The weather may break up any week, now, Rolfe, and I must have the lumber ready to come down the river as far as the forks with the freshets. There's a master lot to go down next season, and we shall have a vast deal of teaming to bring it over here from the Forks. But, Rolfe, I know it will be a good speculation. By erecting a number of cheap substantial buiidings on sections of my land, I can advertise and sell flirt rate.'

"'Well, sir, I am ready to go over to Bingley's mills for you and make what arrangements you please about the timber.'

"'So, Hector, boy, go out and get the mare harnessen.'

"'Uncle Dan, may I go to Bingley's Mills too? cried a pleading, pretty voice, as Hector leaped off on his errand.'

"'I could hardly believe my ears. The voice was Cordelia's.'

"'The child must be crazy!' cried our aunt.

"'Do you know the length of the journey, Delia?'

"'It's a lovely day aunt. It won't hurt me.'

"'Yes, it is a lovely day, mother, so clear and calm,' cried one of the other girls—Myra—I think—with quite an eager tone, 'and poor Delia never goes anywhere.'

"That was true; but still I felt astonished. Later I dnew that it was a kind of conspiracy. The girls all wanted to get some trustworthy person to the postoffice at Bingley's Mills to post letters and get some that were laying there, not intended for papa and mama to read."

"'I really don't know why Delia should not go,' said the unsuspicious, good-natured uncle. 'You will be sure to take care of her, Rolfe?'

"'I'll try to, sir.'

"So in less than half an hour from the time it was first mentioned, I was gathering up the reins, and Brown Best was tossing her head until the bells jingled merrily."

"'It's royal traveling,' called out Uncle Dan, as we started. 'Don't be out too late, Rolfe, for there has been a severe snap of weather lately, and——'

"The rest was lost in the cronching of the crusty snow, and the 'ping, ping, ping' of the cup-shaped bells.

"This is an unexpected honor, Miss Cordelia," I began, as the sleigh went smoothly along.

"'Susan and Almira voted me their minister plenipotentiary,' she responded, coldly.

"I and Cordelia—who was no blood relation of mine—had had a falling out of recent date which made it all the more surprising that she should have cared to go with me that day. She was one of those high-spirited girls who never strike their colors.

"It happened one evening about a week before. My aufit had a party—for there were settlers enough in the vicinity to give us social evenings—and about a dozen people were present. You may fancy, perhaps, that we have no intelligent spirits on the prairies; but that is a mistake.

"Cordelia and I disputed about relative characteristics of men and women. She claimed the sweet attributes of patience, purity, and consistency, claimed them entirely for her sex. I gave genius, persistency and strength of character to mine. To vex her still further, I averred my opinion that women were a mass of sentimentality, impromptu shreiks and vacillation.

"I had gone too far. She took it seriously. With a flash of scorn from her brilliant eyes and a heightened color, she arose, went to the other side of the room and busied herself with some other ladies.

"The storm had not blown over. Cordelia retained her anger. More hurt at than I would confess, I would gladly have begged her pardon; but her manner repulsed all overtures of reconciliation. Once, when I had accidentally caught hold of her hand, she twisted her own away and gave a scornful filing to mine.

"Now you know just what our social atmosphere was, when fate, that winter morning, decided that we should start together on that long ride.

"The bells danced merrily, the air was clear, the sky blue; all things were pleasant except Delia. say what I would, she was ungracious and hardly answered me. I suppose she wanted me to understand that she had not come with me to pleasure, but to get the letters. We had gone miles beyond the last settler's cabin that we should see until we came into the vicinity of Bingley,s Mills, when she apparently thought better of her behavior, and spoke of her own accord cheerfully.

"'How natural it is for the greater part of the people to attach themselves to home, let it be where it may!'

"'True.'

"'Two years ago I could not have believed that I should follow my aunt's family West, and be content to live on the utmost bounds of civilization. I'm sure I wonder that you stay, Mr. Wolfe.

"'Do You? How well Brown Ress goes to-day!'

"'She always does. There's not her equal in Uncle Dan's stables.'

"We arrived at Bingsley's Mills—the largest settlement thereabouts and the post town—a little afternoon. Brown Bess had indeed tossed her nimble heels well. Appointing three hours for the mare to rest, k went about my business, leaving Cordelia to do her's at the post house, and to remain in the inn in the middle of the village.

"Chatting with this one, chatting with that, and getting through Uncle Dan's commission, the short winter day flew away like magic.—Meanwhile the cloudless, ice-clear sky had become covered over with a gray thickness, that suggested the idea of another snow storm, and ought to have warned me to get done quicker- But it did not. When Brown Bess and the sleigh came round to the inn door, the sun, wading for hours through the snow cloud, had sunk in a bank of leaden hue, and could not be more than an hour high.

"'A little risky, said a man, glancing at the cardinal points of the compass, and shaking his head slightly.

"Cordelia, her glowing cheeks nearly as bright as her scarlet hood, came forward with an animated manner. As I drew the buffaloes around her, I thought, how, a week or two ago, I should have esteemed the privilege of this close companionship invaluable. But I did not seem to appreciate it now. She had treated me too cavalierly, and I had grewn somewhat resentful.

"We dashed away. The air was damp and cutting, and as we came upon the open prairie it stung our cheeks like needles. Half an hour after starting I said to her, 'If the snow only keeps off we will get along nickly' Cordelia glanced up from her scarlet hood; she did not seem to think about it one way or the other.

"'Did you accomplish your postal commissions, Miss Cordelia?'

"'Oh, yes, thank you.'

"At the very moment a particle of icy snow fell on my glove. I Would not believe but that the mare had flung the particle from her flying heels. But in a minute more a handful of fine particles sifted over us both. Cordelia gave me a half startled glance.

"I spoke cheerfully to the mare, and tucket the blanket in around my companion. A half hour longer found the northeast wind steadily and perceptibly rising, while the icy flakes were tinkling on the crusty surface around our way. Quite soon there were small whirlwinds driving the dry, powdery stuff and then spinning it up in a little column. Darkness came down rapidly, but not before the wind had increased, and the atmosphere was white with tiny flakes that dritted by us in loose, bulging folds.

"Cordelia did not speak; she only lightened the fur scarf around her neck and sat perfectly quiet.—At that moment I would have given a fortune if the girl had been safe at my uncle's, and I breasting the storm alone. We came to a belt of woodland, just ten miles of our journey through; nearly twenty more us. Heaven! it seemed like a voyage across the world. And a most awful fear was tugging a my heart.

"A white gloom was let down all around us. On and on we went. I did not speak to the mare nor with her; there was no need. She was trotting like a race horse, her tail streaming over the dash-board of the sleigh.

"Another hour passed. The light snow was mounting above the runners and driving obliquently across our laps in blinding, smothering thickness; still we were getting on well; I hoped we were nearing home.

"'Are you cold?' I asked, drawing Cordelia close to me.

"'Nothing to speak of,' she cheerfully replied. But I felt a strong shudder shake her from head to foot.

"Presently the sleigh pitched considerably, although I had a tight rein.

"'Rolfe,' she began, and I thought I again felt her frame tremble, although her voice was cool and steady, 'the wind does not strike us just as it did, neither did we pitch this morning as we do now. Have we lost the road?'

"'By Heaven, you have spoken my thoughts. Cordelia,' I ejaculated, while a damp icy coldness broke out from every pore in my skin.—She shuddered again, but said nothing.

"I knotted the reins and threw them over the dash-board. This was why the mare had held so hardly—she knew better than I. I must trust to her instinct. In twenty minutes she had swung around so as to bring the wind on the old quarter with us. It was blowing heavy. I put my arm around my companion to hold the blanket in place.

"Just then a faint word reached my startled ear. A swift shudder shook me, and I came near crying aloud. Another melancholy cry. I would have drawn the blankets about Cordelia's head.

"'I hear it,' she softly whispered. And in my terror and agony I drew her closer in a covetous clasp.

"The sound came again. The mare heard it also, I knew, for she gave o sudden leap, and then the jingling of the bells were changed to even strokes. She had broken from a hard trot to a gallop. My thoughts flew to the utmost bounds of the earth in a moment, and from earth to Heaven. I prayed for the safety of my companion more than for my own.

The short cry and the long wail. Wolves were calling each other to the banquet. The moments fled; the storm suddenly abated; but the deadly sound grew each mement more distinct. The wind swept by us, and died away at the right; no snow was falling; but nearer came those terrible sounds. Every moment we were in danger of striking some obstacle, and being hurled out.

"We were actually flying over the ground. We could not be far from home; but in the universal whiteness there were no landmarks, and, alas! every yelp was now distinctly audible. The dreadful animals must soon leap upon us. I looked from side to side, expecting a gaunt form to spring against the sleigh. Brown Bess, true to herself and to us, bore on steadily and fleetly; she knew the way.

"I tried to draw Cordelia down to the bottom of the sleigh, but she resisted.

"Don't, Rolfe. I would rather meet death with my eyes open,' she said, pushing away the furs from her face.

"The darkness was as intense as it can be in winter, and—Heaven have mercy! are they surrounding us? Hear the yelps ahead, the hungry cries; the air seemed rent with demoniac yells, snares, and shrieking howls.

"Remembering the short-handled axe in the bottom of the sleigh, I threw off my gloves, and seized it with a grip of desperation.

"With my foot braced upon the iron of the sleigh outside, I half kneeled, axe in hand, expecting one of the dusky fiends to leap each instant upon us. The mare wavered a moment as the sound grew fiercer, and then with a shrill neigh leaped on again. Somehow the wolves did not come nearer—and Brown Bess flew along as though she knew our lives were in her power. The awful sounds grew less distinct, and with a reverent 'God be praised,' I strove to be calm.

"'Cordelia, look! Cordelia, we are saved!" I shouted, breaking into something between a laugh and a cry. Oh, Cordelia, look!"

"The foaming mare was dashing through a line of torches, and the settlers sent up a joyous shout, and the yelping dogs dashed about with a chorus of delight.

"Brown Bess, good lady; would not pause; she thought the wolves were after her still, and dashed on, reeking with foam, to her own stable. My weeping aunt and excited cousins bore Cordelia in, while I felt more thankful to God than I ever had cause to feel.

"But that terrible fighting of wolves close upon us—what did it mean? I asked later, when, before the blazing fire, I in vain essayed to steady my shaking nerves. And why they did not come on to the attack? Was it a miracle?'

"It was one of my stags,' explained Uncle Dan. 'Anderson came in and said the late unusually cold weather had made the cowardly creatures bold and ravenous; and he and I heard them signalling the pack soon after sunset. We knew they might overtake you if you delayed your return till after dark; and so we slew the stag and drove out with him as far as we deemed advisable, hoping that they might find it and fight over it while you were dashing past.—We grew wild with fright as time passed on, Rolfe, and arming ourselves with torches, rushed to meet you.'

"His plan had succeeded in saving us—good old Uncle Dan! But I don't like the word prairie at all.'

"What became of Cordelia, captain!"

"Cordelia? Ah! I thought that I told you my aunt and cousins bore her into the house in their arms.'

"No evasion. Did you humbly beg her pardon later, for vexing her in opposing her pet theories?'

"I did that, sir. I begged her pardon on my knees. I told her that she had proved in herself by her own bravery, every good thing she had said of her sex."

"Did she forgive you?"

"Not exactly."

"She was right, captain. She should have punished you severely."

"She did. Oh! she did. She married me! Ow-w! Ow-w! Cordelia, leave me my ears; leave me my ears!"

Greeley's Obsequies.

NEW YORK, Dec. 4.—The interior of the Church of the divine paternity presented to-day a sombre and beautiful appearance, and the pulpit was heavily draped in crape, and long lines of crape were suspended from every pillar, and every butment of the beautiful gothic interior. The several offerings in the Church were exquisite in design and appropriateness. The principal among them were the following:

'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' red and white ground and green body; at the rear of the pulpit was a sheaf of wheat from Chapaqua, in the form of a crown, and suspended overhead a pen and axe. Around the pulpit were innumerable offerings of flowers and wreaths. In front of the pulpit was a beautiful design in flowers, with the words in the centre, 'It is done,' in white ground purple letters and a green border on a tablet. To the left of the pulpit was a floral wreath. bearing letters, H. G. There were in flowers, a plough, from the 'Tribune office;' a quilt from the German Greeley Club, a basket of flowers. with a crown and a cross from the Lincoln Club, and a floral offering from Lotus, Arcadian, 'Herald' and other Clubs.

As early as 9 o'clock crowds flocked to the church, but only those having tickets succeeded in gaining admission. By 10 o'clock the galleries, which had been reserved for ladies were crowded. About a quarter betore 11 President Grant entered, and immediately following him were Senator Henry Wilson, Minister Washburne and Secretary of War, Belknap. They took seats on the right of the pulpit.

There were also present Carl Schurz, Lyman Tremaine and Vice President Colfax. Mr. Colfax took a seat near the President.

Promptly at 11 o'clock the funeral procession started from Mr. Sinclair's house in 45th street. Many affecting scenes took place during the morning. Mr. Greeley's daughters were inconsolable in their grief.

The corpse wae borne by six men.—Next came clergy and mourners, and then the Tribune Association, next Herald club, then followed in succession the military and civic officers of the U. S. located in this and adjoining cities, officers of the government of the State of New York, and of the other States now in this city, the mayor and members of the common council, the mayor and members of the common council of Brooklyn, Jersey City, Long Island City, Newark and Elizabeth, representatives from Philadelphia, Baltimore and other cities, then came judges from all the courts, and a line of citizens of immense length.

At 11:20 the procession entered the church, and the solemnity of the scene was of the most impressive character, the stillness was such that it seemed as though the people in the church scarcely breathed.

Among those present were Post Master General Creswell, General Dix, Gov. Morgan, General Sheridan, Gov. Randolph, of New Jersey, and a committee of twenty from the Union League Club.

Rev. Dr. Chapin opened the funeral ceremonies, by reading selections from the Scriptures, many of the allusions being peculiarly appropriate to the character of the departed.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg next sang very touchingly, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," after which the Rev Henry Ward Beecher delivered the funeral oration. He said no one dies whose death is not the most momentous of all who have passed away; not one has gone for a long time who will carry with him so much honor, so much reverence, so much devotion. Who is this man who gets all these honors? Who is this man? Was he one of those great princes of wealth? Was he one of great military renown? No! And yet here are men from every walk in life here. Is our Magistrates here? Are the most prominent citizens from all parts of the country gathered around the bier of this man who is now no more. Here we see that criticism is disarmed.

A little time ago and men's political passions were aroused, and we differ as much on politics as ever, but here lies before us this man, who but a brief time ago was a great leader in our land, and why do men of all politics gather here in reverence around his remains.

It is because the man is greater than his politics. Here to day, between the two oceans there is scarcely a man or child who has not felt a beneficial influence of the character of Horace Greeley. Horace Greeley gave the strength of his life to the education of humanity, and especially to the poor who could little help themselves. He had a great heart that longed for sympathy, though he may not be remembered by those monorials which carry other men's names down. He will be remembered throughout this land for those great qualities of mind and heart which made his character commensurate, as it were, with the genius of this great republic. His influence has gone out to teach a nobler manhood to the mechanic, the laborer, and the farmer. What more can we say in eulogy of the character of this illustrious dead? Alas! alas! he, through a long and not intempestuous voyage, has reached the shore. How blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. May God grant that in solemnity of these thoughts in which we have gathered here, it may be our happy lot that when we die, angels shall open the gates and receive us into the glory of the Lord.

After an ode by Quintette, from St. Francis Xavier's Church was sung, Dr. Chapin said: To-day in freshness of his power, Horace Greeley is laid by the side of his beloved wife. As a pastor and a personal friend, I cannot now here attempt to depict the worth and greatness of the departed journalist.

A Wonderful Clock.

A German of Cincinnati has invented a most wonderful clock. We cull the following description from a Cincinnati paper. It says:

"When it marks the first quarter, the door of the left piece of the second story opens, we see a child issue from the background, comes forward to a little bell, give it one blow and then disappear. At the second quarter a youth appears, strikes the bell twice and then disappears; at the third there comes a man in his prime at the fourth we have a tottering old man, leaning on a staff, who strikes the bell four times. Each time the door closes of itself. When the hours are full, the door of the right piece of the second story opens, and death, as a skeleton, scythe in hand, appears, and marks the hour by striking a bell. But it is at the twelfth that we have the grand spectacle in the representation of the day of judgment. Then, when death has struck three blows on the little bell, the cock on the top of the tower suddenly flaps his wings, and crows in a shrill tone; and, after death has marked the twelfth hour with his hammer, he crows again twice. Immediately three angels, who stand as guardians in a central position, raise their trumpets with their hands (in the left they hold swords,) and blow a blast towards each of the four quarters of the earth. At the last blast the door of the tower opens, and the resurrected children of earth appear, while the destroying angel sinks out of sight.

The multitude stand for a moment full of awe and wonder, when, suddenly, Christ, in all his majesty, descends, surrounded by angels. On the left there is an angel who holds the scales of justice, on his right another carries the book of life, which opens to show the alpha and omega—the beginning and the end.—Christ waves his hand, and instantly the good among the resurrected are separated from the wicked, the former going to the right, the latter to the left. The archangel Michael salutes the good, while on the other side stands the devil, radiant with fiendish delight—he can hardly wait for the final sentence of those who fall to him, but, in obedience to the command of the central figure, he withdraws. The figure of Christ raises his hand again, with a threatening mien, and the accursed sink down to the realms of his satanic majesty. Then Christ blesses the chosen few, who draw near to him. Finally, we hear a cheerful chime of bells during which christ rises, surrounded by angels, until he disappears, and the portal closes."

The Presidential Election.

The returns of the Presidential election show that Grant and Wilson electors have been chosen by thirty States, having 294 votes; and Greeley and Brown electors by seven States, having 74 votes—a majority for Grant and Wilson of 222 votes.

The following are the Grant and Wilson States:

Maine,	7	Alabama	10
N. Hampshire:	5	Mississippi,	8
Vermont,	5	Arkansas,	6
Massachusetts,	10	Ohio,	22
Rhode Island,	4	Indiana,	16
Connecticut,	6	Illinois,	21
New York,	35	Michigan,	11
New Jersey,	9	Wisconsin,	10
Pennsylvania,	29	Kansas,	5
Deleware,	3	Iowa,	11
Virginia,	11	Minnesota,	5
West Virginia,	5	Nebraska,	3
N. Carolina,	10	California,	6
S. Carolina,	7	Oregon,	3
Florida,	4	Nevada,	3
Total,			294

The following are the Greeley and Brown States:

Maryland,	8	Kentucky,	12
Georgia,	11	Tennessee,	12
Louisiana,	8	Missouri	15
Texas,	8		
Total			74

The most general assortment and best laid-in stock of goods to be found in town is at John H. Powell's. Don't fail to go there before buying.