State Library

HARDWARE DEPOT.

NATH'L JACOBI,
9 Market Street,
Wilmington, N. C.

Agricultural Implements, English and American Cutlery, Iron, Steel, Nails, Guns, Pistols, Ammunition, &c.

We would respectfully call the attention of wholesale buyers to our full and complete assortment, embracing all and every description of Goods in the Trade, and to the superior advantages we can offer from having the agency of several of the best leading Factories.

Always on hand Sole and Harness Leather, Kip and Calf Skins.

Paints, Oils, Glass, Sash, Doors and Blinds, &c., &c.

Please call and examine, before purchasing, the stock at

NATH'L JACOBI'S
Hardware Depot,
sep5-1y 9 Market Street

W. H. MOORE, M. D.
[*Office 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

WM. T. DORTCH & SON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
GOLDSBORO, N. C.,

Attend the Courts of the counties of Johnston, Wayne, Nash, Greene, Lenoir and Wilson; the Supreme Court and the U. S. Courts. jan23-1m

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DR. T. E. UNDERWOOD,
Has recently located in
GOLDSBORO, N. C.,

And solicits the patronage of the people of Goldsboro and surrounding country.—Calls promptly attended to

Residence on James st., near Episcopal Church. Office at Drug Store.
Jan. 20, 1873-3m†

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

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.*

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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

Kerosene Oil, Glue & Spirit Casks.

30 BBLS KEROSENE,
200 Bbls Glue,
400 Spirit Casks,
For sale by F. W. KERCHNER,
27, 28 and 29 North Water St.,
Jan 20 Wilmington, N. C.

In Store and to Arrive!

500 Bbls. Baltimore Pork,
50 Bbls. Early Rose Potatoes,
125 " Flour, all grades,
20 Kegs Leaf Lard,
10 Tubs Goshen Butter,
150 Bushels Water Mill Meal,
300 " Spring Seed Oats,
300 Bales N. C. and N. Y. Hay,
25 Sets cheap Harness,
Also Bulk Meats, Coffee, Syrup, &c.

B. M. PRIVETT & CO.

A FIRST-CLASS
Photograph Gallery
IN GOLDSBORO, N. C.

ED. F. SMALL

Can be found at his Gallery, on West-Centre St., thoroughly prepared to meet the wants of the people in all sorts and sizes of

PICTURES!

Landscapes, Buildings, Machinery, Implements, Engines, &c., Photographed with neatness and dispatch.

Ye who live or do business in respectable quarters, have a Photograph of the same and let the world know you are living.
jan1-tf

I. B. GRAINGER.....President.
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BANK OF NEW HANOVER,

Capital & Surplus - $225,000
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Is authorized by Charter to receive on deposit moneys held in trust by Executors, Administrators, Guardians, &c., &c., &c.

Sells Checks on New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Norfolk, Columbia, Charleston, Richmond, Petersburg and all the cities and towns in North Carolina.

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Buys and sells Gold, Silver, Bank Bills, Bonds, Stocks, &c., &c.

Strict attention given to the orders and requests of our country friends by mail or otherwise. dec 2-tf

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.

VOL. 9. GOLDSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1873. NO. 49.

Just Received
-AT-
Miller & Kirby's.
A LOT OF
Fresh Garden Peas,

For Truckers and Gardners; also the genuine "Early Rose" Potatoes, Silver Skin and Yellow Onion Sets, and a large assortment of

FRESH GARDEN SEEDS,
At 5 cents a Paper.

As heretofore we keep on hand all Medicines, Drugs, Dye Stuffs, &c., usually kept in first-class Drug Stores. We call special attention to our stock of the celebrated non-explosive "House & Perkins" Lamps; also our large stock of Perfumery, Toilet Soaps and Cigars.

OUR BOOK STORE

Is supplied with a good assortment of School Books and General Stationery, to which we invite the attention of Teachers, Parents and Guardians.

We hereby return thanks to our many friends for their liberal patronage the past year, and hope by honest dealing with all men to receive their favors during the present year.

☞ Those of our friends who *still owe us*, we hope will come forward and pay us at once, as WE NEED MONEY **AND NEED IT NOW.**

J. F. MILLER, M.D. GEO. L. KIRBY, M.D.
Goldsboro, N. C., Jan. 27th, 1873.

NOTICE!

THE undersigned, having this day sold their entire interest in the Carriage Manufacturing Business, to Messrs. Kornegay & Borden, hereby return their thanks to their friends and the public generally, for their patronage, and earnestly bespeak a continuance of same for the new firm.
R. E. JONES & CO.

THE undersigned, having purchased the interest of R. E. Jones & Co., in the Carriage business, propose to continue the manufacture of

Carriages, Buggies,
Carts & Wagons,
at the old stand on East-Centre St., under the name and style of

"The Jones Carriage Manufactory."

Having unequalled facilities in the purchase of material, and a set of experienced and tried workmen, under the management of Mr. R. E. Jones, who will give every job his personal supervision, we think we can safely promise the patrons of the old firm, and our friends generally, perfect satisfaction. The innovations in the manufacture of Carriages, which we propose to introduce, will, we hope and believe, save any one the necessity of sending to Northern markets to supply their wants, as it is our intention to manufacture and to keep constantly on hand such styles and varieties of

Open and Top Buggies and Carriages,

as that the most fastidious may always be enabled to find something to suit their tastes. Nothing but

First-Class Material

will be used in any job. We solicit the patronage of the public and hope that our prices and promptness will induce them to continue that aid which has heretofore been so generously extended the old firm.
KORNEGAY & BORDEN.
Goldsboro, N. C., Jan. 1st, 1873.-tf

N. B.—The cash will *invariably* be required for repairs and shop work.

A. B. HOLLOWELL,
GOLDSBORO, N. C.,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public generally, that he has removed to the brick store, next door to John H. Powell's and one door north of C. G. Perkins', where he will sell his

Stock of Goods,
CONSISTING OF
DRY GOODS, HATS, BOOTS, SHOES, NOTIONS, GROCERIES, &c.,

as low as they can be bought elsewhere in Goldsboro. Hoping by a fair and honorable course to merit a liberal share of public patronage, he solicits a trial.

ALL PERSONS indebted to me either by note or account, will please come forward and settle, as further indulgence cannot be given. My Books and accounts are at the store of A. B. Hollowell, who is authorized to receipt for money due me.
oct17-tf JESSE HOLLOWELL.

NORTH CAROLINA FOUNDRY
Machine and Agricultural Works!

MANUFACTURE Saw Mills, Horse Powers, Hay Presses, Spoke and Handle Lathes; all kinds of Plows, Sub-Soils, Harrows, Cultivators, Straw Cutters, &c.; Mill, Mine and Bridge Castings,

COOK AND HEATING STOVES,

And Castings of every description.
SERGEANT & McCAULEY, Prop'rs,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

Cooking Stoves.

We wish to call special attention to our COOKING STOVES, of which there are several hundred in use, and giving entire satisfaction. We are the first Manufacturers of Stoves in North Carolina, and as we sell them for less than they can be delivered from the North, we claim the patronage of those in need. *Every Stove is warranted to give perfect satisfaction.* You can save the freight from the northern cities to this place, which is no small item, by buying of us, and at the same time get a Stove that is more durable, as the plates are much heavier than those of northern make. The following are our prices, delivered at depot in this place:

No. 8, with 10 pieces ware & 3 ft. pipe, $30.00
" 7, " " " " " 26.00

Address, SERGEANT & McCAULY,
feb17-tf Greensboro, N. C.

For Sale Low!
Two medium sized Mules.
B. M. PRIVETT & CO.

Carolina Messenger.

SEMI-WEEKLY EDITION.

"NO GOD!!"

"No God! no God!" the simplest flower,
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound:
"No God"—astonished Echo cries
From out her cavern hoar,
And every wondering bird that flies
Reproves the Atheists lore.

The solemn forest lifts its head,
The Almighty to proclaim,
The brooklet, on its crystal urn,
Doth leap to grave His name:
How swells the deep and vengeful sea,
Along his hillow track,
The red Vesuvius opes his mouth
To hurl the falshood back.

The palm-tree with its princely crest;
The cocoa's leafy shade,
The bread fruit, bending to its load
In yon fair island glade;
The winged seeds, that borne by winds
The roving sparrows feed,
The melon on the desert sands,
Confutes the scorner's creed,

"No God!" with indignation light,
The fervent sun is stirred,
And the pale moon turns paler still
At such an impious word;
And from their burning thrones, the stars
Look down with angry eye,
That thus a worn of dust should mock
Eternal Majesty,"

L. W-

The Frontier Wedding.

BY THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

One day in early winter, my husband received a summons to Burke's settlement to unite a couple in the bonds of wedlock. It was especially requested that his wife should accompany him, as we should be expected to remain all night and partake of the festivities.

It was twenty miles to the settlement, and we reached the log house of Mr. Burke, the father of the expectant bride, about noon. A dozen tow-haired children were at the door waiting our arrival. They telegraphed the news instantly.

"Marm! marm! here's the elder and his woman! They're nothing but folks! She's got a man's hat on and a turkey's wing in front of it; his nose is just like dad's, crooked as a cowhorn squash!"

Alas, for Mr. Morrison's aquiline nose, of which he was a little vain.

"Sam!" cried a shrill female voice from the interior of the cabin, "run out and grab the rooster, and I'll clap him into the pot.—Sal, you quit that churn and sweep the floor. Kick that corn-dodger under the bed. Bill, you wipe that cheer for the minister's wife, and be spry about it."

Further remarks were cut short by our entrance.

Mrs. Burke, in calico short gown, blue petticoat and bare feet, came forward, wiping her face on her apron.

"How do you do, elder? How d'ye do, marm? Must excuse my head, hain't had no chance to comb it since last week. Work must be did, you know. Powerful sharp air, hain't it? Shoo, there! Bill, drive that turkey out of the bread tray. Sal, take the lady's things. Set right up to the fire, marm. Hands cold? Well, just run 'em through Bill's hair—keep it long a purpose."

Bill presented his shaggy hair, but declined with an involuntary shudder.

"Laws, if she ain't actually shiverin," cried Mrs. Burke.—"Bring in some more wood. Here, marm, take this corn-dodger into your lap—it's as good as a soapstone."

A fearful squall announced the execution of the rooster, and shortly afterwards he was bouncing about in a four-quart kettle hung over the fire. Sal returned to her churn, but the extraordinary visitor must have made her carelees, for she upset the concern, and the butter and buttermilk went swimming over the floor.

"Grab the ladle, Bill," cried Mrs. Burke, "and help dip it up. Take keer, don't put that snarl of hair in. Strange how folks will be so nasty! Dick, do you keep your feet out of the buttermilk. It won't be fit for the pigs when the butter's gathered. Dive that hen out, quick, she's picked up a pound of butter already. There, Sal, do try and churn a little more keerful. If you're gwine to be spliced to-morrow, you needn't run crazy about it."

"I advise you to dry up!" remarked the bride elect, thumping away at the churn.

By the time I got fairly warmed dinner was ready, and you may be sure I did not injure myself by over-eating.

Night came on early, and after a social chat about the events to-morrow, I signified my desire to retire.

Sal lighted a pitch knot and climbed a ladder in one corner of the room. I hesitated.

"Come on," said she, "don't be afraid. Sam, and Bill, and Dick, and all the rest of ye, duck your heads while the elder's wife goes up. Look out for the loose boards, marm; and mind or you'll smash your brains out against that beam. Take keer of the hole where the chimney comes through."

Her warning came too late. I caught my foot in the end of a board, stumbled and fell headlong through what seemed interminable space, but it was only to the room I had just left, where I was saved from destruction by Bill, who caught me in his arms and set me on my feet, remarking coolly:

"What made you come through that way?" We generally use the ladder."

I was duly commisserated, and at last got to bed. The less said about night the better. Bill and Dick and the others slept in the same room with us, and made the air vocal with their snoring. I fell asleep and dreamed I was just being shot from the muzze of a Columbiad, and was awakened by Mr. Morrison, who informed me that it was morning.

The marriage was to take place before breakfast, and Sally was already clad in her bridal robes when I descended the ladder.

She was magnificent in a green calico over a crinoline full four inches longer than the rest of her apparel, a white apron with red strings, blue stockings, a yellow ribbon, and white cotton gloves. Her reddish hair was fastened in a plug behind, and well adorned with the tail feathers of the defunct rooster before mentioned.

When it was announced that Lemuel Lord, the groom, was coming, Sally dived behind a coverlet, which hung across one corner of the room to conceal sundry pots and kettles, and refused to come forth. Mr. Lord lifted the corner of the curtain and peeped in, but quickly retreated with a stew pan and a few words from Sally, advising him to mind his own business.

Lemuel was dressed in blue with bright buttons. The entire suit had been made for his grandfather on a similar occasion. His hair was well greased with tallow, and his huge feet encased in skin pumps.

Very soon the company began to gather, and the room was well filled.

"Now, elder," cried the groom, "drive ahead! I want it done up nice; I'm able to pay for the job; do you hear! Come, Father Burke, trot out your gal!"

But Sally refused to be trotted. She would be married where she was, or not at all. We urged and coaxed, but she was firm, and it was finally concluded to let her have her own way.

Mr. Morrison stood; the happy couple joined hands through a rent in the coverlet, and the ceremy proceeded. Just as Mr. Morrison was asking Lemuel, "Will you have this woman," etc., down came the coverlet, enveloping bridegroom and pastor, and filling the house with dust. Dick had been up in the loft and cut the strings which held it. Mr. Morrison crawled out, looking sheepish, and Sally was obliged to be married openly. To the momentous question, Lemuel responded, "To be sure, what else did I come here for?" and Sally replied, "Yeas, if you must know."

"Salute your bride," said Mr. Morrison, when all was over.

"I'm ready to do anything, elder," said Lemuel, "but skin me if I know about that, sir. Just show me how, and I'll do it if it kills me."

My husband drew back, but Sally advanced, threw her arms around his neck and gave him a kiss that made the very windows clatter.

"I vum, if I don't do ditto!" cried Lemuel, and hastily taking a huge bite from a piece of maple sugar which he drew from his pocket, he made a dash at me, broke my watch-guard into a dozen pieces, tore my hair down, and succeeded in planting a kiss upon my nose, greatly to the delight of the company.

Then he turned to my husband:

"Now, Elder, what is the damage? Don't be afraid to speak."

"Whatever you please," said Mr. Morrison.

Lemuel produced a piece of fur.

"There, Elder," said he, "there's a piece of muskrat skin; and out there in the shed is two heads of cabbage, and you're welcome to the hull of it."

My husband bowed his thanks, and the young people went to dancing, Mrs. Burke went to getting breakfast, and at my request, Mr. Morrison got our horse and we bade them all adieu. I never could have lived through another meal in that house.

I have since heard that Mr. Lord said if he had seen the Elder's wife before she was married, Sally might have gone to the dickens.

"Alas, it might have been!"

A GIRL'S IDEA OF MAN.

"Man's work is done from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done."

Standing elbow-deep in the dish water, not many days since, this time-worn saying flashed into my mind, like an electric shock, causing me to drop the dish-cloth, while an emphatic "That's so!" burst from my lips. My mother's ejaculations of amazement at so startling an exhibition restored me in appearance to my wonted equilibrium, though inwardly my indignation beat a thrilling tattoo to the flying cups and saucers which, ever and anon, crashed into the cupboard. And girls, whether you believe it or not, the short space of fifteen minutes saw my dishes all out of sight—skillets and frying-pans not mentionable; whereupon I calmly and quietly seated myself to cool off; but the more I tried, the more angry I grew, till finally snapping my fingers to that hypocritical old doctrine:

"Patience and Perseverance accomplisheth all things."

I seized the broom and duster, and proceeded to vent my spleen upon the numerous inoffensive articles nearest my energetic grasp. Chairs in every direction, to say nothing of dust and cobwebs, and with every dash of the broom on went another layer of indignation. At this rate, then, I leave you to judge of my probable state of mind when, at the expiration of half an hour, just as I had seated myself to rest a little from my arduous labors, in walked an important representative of the male sex, making an extremely soothing observation, something after this style: "That he wished he had nothing more to do than to sit in the house from morning till night, as the women all did."

Well! it would be perfectly useless for me to attempt to describe my sensations, as every word in Webster's Dictionary all strung together wouldn't be enough. I was actually dumb. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. All the pent-up ideas of the morning crowded into my brain at once and concentrated in my eyes. Sparks flew, if language didn't, and if looks could annihilate, I am quite certain that the aforementioned individual would have been stretched at my feet. He, however, fearing perhaps such a termination, proceeded to take his departure with all necessary dispatch!! I, meanwhile, striving to gather up my dead-and-alive energies sufficiently to aim at his retreating coat-skirts a shot with the broom.

Men are selfish creatures, the best way you can make it, and the more you humor them the worse they get. They have been so long accustomed to having the best of everything, that they have naturally come to expect it. There is a mouldy piece of sentiment, fished up from the brain of some old bachelor probably, which always did disgust me, and that is:

"Always meet your husband with a smile."

That goes a little beyond my powers of endurance. Smiles indeed! Delightfully consistent with wash-tubs and gridirons. So a woman must slave and toil in the kitchen, from morning till night, shut in from all communion with the world outside; must broil, and bake, and stew, with a dozen little pinafores clinging to her skirts; must sweep, and dust, and darn, and sew; in fact, must go through her work, more dead than alive, with the ever-present idea staring her in the face that the arrival of her husband is a signal for her to scare up a smile, to greet the poor, dear creature who is so tired and harassed with business! If there happens to be a tender spot in the steak for dinner, why—it must be saved for father! The richest bit of cream is reserved for father's coffee; father must have the most comfortable chair in the house—the largest half of the lamb. The instant you hear father coming, presto! change! clear the track, children! your father is tired; don't disturb him; run to your mother; she will attend to you. Mother mustn't get tired.

Well, come! Let's have the denouement.

Father plants himself in the only rocking chair the house affords, elevates his heels above the level of his nose, and remains a fixture for the evening. Mother comes trotting down stairs, from her task of putting the cherubs to bed, with an unsensation of pleasure at the bare possibility which suggests itself to her mind of a social chat with her husband about the occurrences of the day, which is just what she needs, after the monstrous rounds of duties which she daily performs. Not a bit of it! there he sits, conning, with unflinching steadiness, the columns of that odious paper, informing her by appearance, if not by words, that "Mum" is the order of the evening. Soo, heaving a faint little sigh, she takes her basket of stockings and with unswerving, martyr-like devotion, plies her needle until that man gets ready to speak to her! which will probably be when he wants a dish of apples or a glass of cider.

Yes, sir! my mind is quite made up on this subject, and I don't see that I am going to help it any either, for:

"Men will be men the wide world through,
And women can't help it, whatever they do."

Women and Domestic Labor.

Inglow, in a recnt letter to Mrs. Blackwell, which has been printed, says that one of the problems which we have to work out in America is the combination of "domestic work with high culture." She thinks that, so long as houshold work is thought degrading, there can never be anything like universal education; there must always be some who work all their lives because others will not work at all. She thinks it one of the great things which Americans are raised for, to teach the world how to combine physical toil with refinement. "How," says the lady, "to make clear starching and ironing graceful and pretty occupations—and such they were thought by our great-great grandmothers—how to keep the house clean, and to assist even in the kitchen, without the least sense of being lowered or the slightest personal deterioration, might surely be managed if women gave their minds to it—if more delicate machinery were invented for helping them, and if it could even be made the fashion for all women, young or old, to pride themselves on their domestic skill." we are inclined to think that this pride is not so uncommon in America as may be supposed. The number of good house keepers among our cultivated and refined women is still very large, as we all know from personal abservation, especially in the South and some of the Middle States. Nowhere is it thought to be in the least disputable for even a well-to-do woman to engage in the work of her own household; and possibly there has been more complaint of domestic neglect and helplessness than the fact warranted, although it must be admitted that there is ample room for improvement.

THE NEWSPAPER.

General Jackson, when President, once said to one of his fiercest newspaper opponents, "send me your newspaper. I know that you oppose me, but then I should like to see your paper every day. I want to see how many lies you can tell on me."

"General," said the editor, "I think I do right in opposing you, and I shall continue to do so with all the ability of which I am master."

Here was a man after Jackson's own heart. and he instantly replied, with an oath, "sir, send me your paper, for aside from your abuse of me, your paper is a good one. Besides, I never saw a newspaper in which I could not find something worth to read."

Just so. No man can pick up any newspaper without finding something of interest. You may take the paper and tear it into fragments and in each fragment you will see something to amuse or instruct you.

[For the Messenger.]

Influence.

To live and forget the influence of one individual over another is to forget our existence, is to believe the science of mind and matter, is a mythologilal rehersal never to be realized, but often repeated and then to sink into oblivion. The influence of individuals are echoed o'er mountains, hills, and valleys, from the greatest to the smallest, all acknowledge it, and bow before its shrine. It may array itself in the garb of a "Peri," until it winds its iron-like chains around the heart, and then who can tell where or whither it may lead its object; perhaps to seek the way of life bearing precious fruit and scattering garlands of love, joy and peace through story; or with demoniac interest crush the violet in some pleasant path never to spring up again until transplanted to the country of eternal spring. How great is influence, how strong its power, we see its effects year after year, and there is none so poor so humble but what possesses the precious casket though diminutive in size and hid from prying eyes. We forget and forgive injuries, faces and forms leave us, but influence sojourns with us on earth and then at the portals of heaven and the dark abyss of woe it enters a native. Pious, loving parents endeavor to frame our hearts facsimile of their own and long after the silken tie is severed the beacon light of their influence appeals to us morn, noon and night, to walk in the way they bade us. Every block of marble has, it is said, a statue within; so it is with influence, which removes the outer layers that imprison the soul. All creation has a message, the sun, moon, stars, trees the splendor of day, the stillness of night, but the spirits home, elysium, is the influence of those around us, when the glittering wand points to heaven above.

JANIE.

Fremont, Feb. 4th, 1873.

Lenoir County.

LA GRANGE, Feb. 24, 1873.

DEAR MESSENGER:

Comparative quiet has been the order of the day for some time in our village. Occasionally the sound of the saw and hammer may be heard, but for the most part, our people seem to be satisfied for a while at least with the improvements just completed.

The third term of La Grange Academy under the efficient management of Dr Wooley, began last Monday. We truly hope the people of La Grange and adjacent neighborhood, will give this school, characterized as it is by good discipline and a thorough, practical course of instruction, the patronage it justly merits.

The want of a public boarding house or hotel, so long felt here, has recently been supplied by our enterprising young townsman Mr. Charles Parker.

Our Band, led by Mr. Spence, has procured a complete outfit of silver horns. Judging from the progress they have already made with the new instruments, it will not be long until we can boast of a first class band of music.

Rev. D. A. Highfil of the P. M. church preaches here the first Sunday in each month; Rev. W. M. Kennedy of the Baptist, the second; and Rev. A. J. Finlayson of E. M. the third. These are worthy ministers and we hope their congregations will increase. The churches here are commodious and comfortable and all would be pleased to see more of our country neighbors attend them.

Rev. W. M. Kennedy will deliver a lecture here the 7th March, 7 o'clock, P. M. Subject: "Self made Men." The public are respectfully invited to attend.

Yours truly,
OCCASIONAL.

Mrs. M. E. Bonitz has just received new specimens of Embroidery patterns.—Pinking and Stamping done at her Establishment in the neatest style. †