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## DIRGE FOR HENRY CLAY.

From the National Intelligencer.  
BY O. B. W., U. S. A.

Daughters of Music, the mourners are nigh!  
The Pitcher is broken, the Fountain is dry!  
Tis the wail of a widow. Columbia weeps!  
Come! weave a chaplet of olive and bay,  
The LAST OF THE ROMANS in majesty sleeps!  
Our harp's on the willow. Come! weave we a lay!  
How heavy a burden the grasshopper sings:  
Wo! wo to the land of o'er-shading wings!

Ye halls that have echoed full many a time  
The silvery notes of his sweetness sublime,  
Be ye hung in mourning! that music  
Shall wake from the Charmer—his charming is o'er.

Ye hearts that in rapture have hung on his thrill,  
In your soft murmurs are echoing still.  
Let their emphygic glides, and their choruses roll,  
As waves among rushes die over the shoal.  
Let them deepen, and startle, and angrily swell,  
Like a rock that is rushing down mountain and dell!

Let them breathe, let them whisper advice in your ear,  
When the dark hour cometh and danger is near;  
Let them burn, let them roar when destruction is nigh,  
And the war-cry of liberty rings in the sky!

While freedom is calling for word or for blow,  
Let his bravely nerve and his eloquence glow;  
Let them burn in the bosom of sire and son,  
While their error to vanquish and truth to be won!

Ye fields, green with harvests now gathering in peace,  
Take ye up the chorus that never shall cease.  
His word o'er the ocean gave peace to the land;  
His voice in the Senate linked firmer the band.  
Ye fields of long ages where glory is wrought,  
Behold what a harvest the Reaper has brought!  
In the breach ne'er was wanted a freeman to stand,  
While life gave us his cunning to CLAY'S fearless hand!  
And never was needed a voice in the storm,  
While his tongue with its motion and music was warm.

Shroud the plough and the anvil, the compass and loom;  
Ye artisans gather and kneel round his tomb:  
Peck the shrines of Religion in curtains of crape,  
And the temples of Learning in cypress leaves drape;  
Hang the porches with garlands that bloom in the shade;  
Be the scales of blind justice in sable arrayed:  
Your altars and fountains, your domes and your doors,  
Be all hung in mourning on these happy shores!

And hushed be the bugle, and silent the drum,  
No hoarse muffled notes from the battle-field come;  
But Peace, gentle Mercy, and Liberty weep,  
O'er the urn where his ashes, still living, but sleep.  
Disturb not his rest till the trumpet shall sound  
That calls forth the chosen God's throne to surround!

And is there an honor, high office, or name,  
One inch that could heighten his statue of fame?  
The twelve thrones of Caesar no Tully could make,  
One breath of a Tully their empire could shake.

The twelve thrones of Caesar forgotten may lie,  
And Cicero's fame shall resound in the sky;  
The Republic's White Palace shall crumble to earth,  
And the leaves of CLAY'S chaplet be green in their birth!

One age and one country his deeds may record,  
POSTERITY claims him herself to reward.

Pass on with his coffin; lead on to the tomb;  
A nation of mourners follow after in gloom:  
His bright eyes shall kindle a thousand no more;  
His SWEET LIPS ARE SILENT, THEIR MELODY'S O'ER.

## ACCEPTANCE OF THE WHIG NOMINATIONS.

As a part of the history of the times, and as faithful chroniclers of passing events, as well as for the importance and general interest, which they command, we copy from the Washington Republic, the following correspondence between the President of the late Whig Convention and its nominees for the Presidency and Vice Presidency of the United States. In communicating the fact of their respective nominations, the President of the Convention accompanies his letter with a copy of the resolutions or "platform," as laid down and adopted by that body.

Washington, June 24, 1852.

Sir:—I have had the honor to receive from your hands the official notice of my "unanimous nomination as the whig candidate for the office of President of the United States," together with "a copy of the resolutions passed by the convention expressing their opinions upon some of the most prominent questions of national policy."

This great distinction, conferred by a numerous, intelligent and patriotic body, representing millions of my countrymen, sinks deep into my heart; and remembering the very eminent names which were before the convention in amicable competition with my own, I am made to feel, oppressively, the weight of responsibility belonging to my new position.

## NOT HAVING WRITTEN A WORD TO PROCURE THIS DISTINCTION, I LOST NOT A MOMENT, AFTER IT HAD BEEN CONFERRED, IN ADDRESSING A LETTER TO ONE OF YOUR MEMBERS TO SIGNIFY WHAT WOULD BE, AT THE PROPER TIME, THE SUBSTANCE OF MY REPLY TO THE CONVENTION; AND I NOW HAVE THE HONOR TO REPEAT, IN A MORE FORMAL MANNER, AS THE OCCASION JUSTLY DEMANDS, THAT I ACCEPT THE NOMINATION, WITH THE RESOLUTIONS ANNEXED.

The political principles and measures laid down in these resolutions are so broad that but little is left for me to add. I therefore barely suggest, in this place, that should I, by the partiality of my countrymen, be elevated to the Chief Magistracy of the Union, I shall be ready, in my connexion with Congress, to recommend or to approve of measures in regard to the management of the public domain so as to secure an early settlement of the same favorable to actual settlers, but consistent nevertheless with a due regard to the equal rights of the whole American people in that vast national inheritance; and also to recommend or approve of a single alteration in our naturalization laws, suggested by my military experience, viz: giving to all foreigners the right of citizenship who shall faithfully serve in time of war one year on board of our public ships, or in our land forces, regular or volunteer, on their receiving an honorable discharge from the service.

In regard to the general policy of the administration, if elected, I should of course look among those who may approve that policy for the agents to carry it into execution; and I should seek to cultivate harmony and fraternal sentiments throughout the whig party, without attempting to reduce its members by proscription to exact conformity to my own views. But I should, at the same time, be rigorous in regard to qualifications for office—retaining and appointing no one either deficient in capacity or integrity, or in devotion to Liberty, to the Constitution and the Union.

Convinced that harmony or good will between different quarters of our broad country is essential to the present and future interests of the Republic, and with a devotion to those interests that can know no South and no North, I should neither countenance nor tolerate any sedition, disorder, faction, or resistance to the law, or the Union, on any pretext in any part of the land; and I should carry into the civil administration this one principle of military conduct—obedience to the legislative and judicial departments of Government, each in its constitutional sphere—saving only in respect to the Legislature, the possible resort to the veto power—always to be most cautiously exercised, and under the strictest restraints and necessities.

Finally, for my strict adherence to the principles of the whig party as expressed in the resolutions of the convention, and herein suggested, with a sincere and earnest purpose to advance the greatness and happiness of the Republic, and thus to cherish and encourage the cause of constitutional liberty throughout the world, avoiding every act and thought that might involve our country in an unjust or unnecessary war, or impair the faith of treaties, and discountenancing all political agitation injurious to the interests of society and dangerous to the Union, I can offer no other pledge or guarantee than the known incidents of a long public life, now undergoing the severest examination.

Feeling myself highly fortunate in my association on the ticket, and with a lively sense of my obligations to the convention, and to your personal courtesies.

I have the honor to remain, sir, with great esteem, your most obedient servant.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

To the Hon. J. G. Chapman, President of the Whig National Convention.

[Reply of Mr. Graham.]

## WASHINGTON, June 24, 1852.

Sir: I am gratified to acknowledge the receipt of the communication which you did me the honor to deliver in person on yesterday announcing my unanimous nomination, as the whig candidate for the office of Vice President of the United States by the National Convention which recently assembled in Baltimore, accompanied by a copy of the resolutions of the convention upon questions of national principle and policy.

I cordially approve the declarations made by these resolutions. On matters of the most recent practical interest they do but portray the conduct of an administration of the government of which for near two years I have been a member. On all others they but reiterate the doctrines and recommendations held by its chief in important public communications.

Should the people of the United States give their sanction to the nominations of your convention, so far as I shall be invested with authority, a faithful adherence to those doctrines may be expected.

I therefore accept the distinction, so honorably tendered, with a grateful heart, but with unaffected diffidence. It is a satisfaction, however, to know that the place to which I have been nominated is but secondary, and that for the first office the convention has proposed a citizen of tried patriotism and virtue, long and favorably acquainted with public affairs and public men. A safe and sagacious counsellor, who has well fulfilled every trust heretofore committed to his hands, and who has illustrated our history by eminent public services.

With my thanks for the courtesy with which you have honored me, in the execution of your office, and with the highest personal respect, I am your obedient servant.

WILLIAM A. GRAHAM.

The Hon. J. G. Chapman, President National Convention.

## FROM THE MEMPHIS EAGLE. ANOTHER THRILLING CHAPTER FROM THE CRIMINAL ANNALS OF KENTUCKY.

It seems that Wiley Weatherford, his brother Archie and a man named Jas. Butler were neighbors of Mr. Watson and regarded in the community as suspicious characters—Wiley, especially, being looked upon as not only suspicious, but a bad and desperate man, who would scruple at no crime in pursuit of his object. It came out in the testimony that these men had entered into a conspiracy to rob Watson of a large sum of money—three or four thousand dollars—which he was known to possess. For this purpose they had as long ago as February last, bribed a negro girl, a house servant, belonging to Watson, to administer strychnine to the whole family, and inform them of the time of giving it, so that they might be near at hand to effect their hellish purpose! This conspiracy was about coming to a head some time in April, when Watson, whose suspicions led him to keep himself always armed, on returning to his house one night, found a man, whose features he could not distinguish in the darkness, lurking in the rear of his stable, and shot him. He was not wounded so badly but that he was able, by the help of his accomplices, who were not far off, to get away. This man turned out to be Archie Weatherford—having confessed it himself—though he denied it at first and pretended to be confined to his bed for some weeks by sickness. The confession was made to citizens of the county who went to him while in bed and told him that such were the suspicions against him, that he must submit to a personal examination. He, confederates, Wiley Weatherford and James Butler, then came and openly acknowledged that they had all lied about the affair.

Not long after this occurrence, the negro girl, who had been bribed, came forward and confessed to her guilty complicity with the ruffians and gave up the strychnine which they had furnished her to carry out their diabolical purposes. Soon after Archie Weatherford's recovery, he, together with his brother, armed with double-barrelled guns, stationed themselves at a church in the neighborhood, on a day appointed for worship, for the purpose of shooting Watson, who was expected to attend church on that day. Some of his neighbors, however, went to meet him and turned him back.

We now approach the denouement of this revolting story, which seems so out of place in a Christian land and in the nineteenth century.

Monday the 7th inst., the County Court of Hickman county was to meet at Clinton. Wiley Weatherford, who, it appears, was a full grown specimen of the rowdy desperado, had been heard to say that he would take the life of Watson whenever he met him—in fact the life of Watson whenever he met him—in fact acknowledged that he had been foiled only a few days before court when he attempted to waylay him on his return from Clinton. Watson, it was known, would be at Clinton on the day of the session of the County Court. Accordingly, both the Weatherfords and Butler were present in Clinton, on Monday, all well armed. On Watson's arrival he proceeded to the Court House, where the Court was in session and the room thronged with people. On entering, he found himself thrown very near to Wiley Weatherford, who was immediately seen to put his hand into his saddle-bags which contained his arms. Before he was able to get them out, Watson drew a rifle-barrel pistol and shot him under the right nipple—the ball passing clear through his body. Weatherford still endeavored to get out his arms, and was plunging into his saddle-bags, and his antagonist,

## DECLARED BY THE COURT OF INQUIRY TO BE "ENTIRELY EXCUSABLE AND WHOLLY JUSTIFIABLE."

The announcement of this result was received with prolonged shouts of applause by the citizens of the county, hundreds of whom were in attendance.

Archie, Weatherford and James Butler have fled the country.

Such is, in brief, one of the "romances of the West," which is all fact. Truth is strange—stranger than fiction. When shall we hear the last of these terrible tragedies, and these still more startling conspiracies against the lives and property of peaceful, industrious citizens? When shall we hear the last of "THE MURRELL MEN?"

## AN EAVES-DROPPER IN A "TIGHT PLACE."

Dick Corneracker was a restless, mischievous boy, whose prying curiosity led him into a hundred scrapes every year; but the hardest one of all was that in which his ears were nearly scraped off his head in the following manner:

Dick had a sister who had a beau, and Dick was very anxious to pry into the mysteries of "courtship." So one evening, after the twilight had faded away from the landscape, and the best parlor illuminated faintly—for lovers in anticipation of the chapel scene, prefer a dim, religious light for their tete-a-tetes—as some of the family were absent, Master Dick resolved to execute a plan which he conceived several days previously, and make himself master of the *modus operandi* of the preliminaries to marriage.

In the parlor there happened to be an earthen funnel; placed there to admit the passage for a stove pipe from below, which was connected with a "dumb stove" in the

## chamber above. It being summer, the stoves were removed, and our young hero found that he could introduce his head thro' the aperture and listen to the conversation between the loving couple. He listened accordingly, very attentively, for some minutes, unobserved by the occupants of the parlor, who were too much attracted by each other, to observe the inverted face above them.

At length Dick, becoming tired of his constrained position, and of the conversation, which he averred to this day, was extremely "sickish" attempted to withdraw his head from the trap into which he had thrust it.

To his dismay however, he found himself fastened as securely as an ox in a stall. He could not pull his head out without stripping it of its ears and scalp, so he hung until his emotion and struggles withal, brought the blood into his head, and he grew quite black in the face. At this critical juncture, his nose titillated with some particle of dust and he sneezed. This awakened the lovers from their intoxication, and they soon discovered the prying rogue, who finding himself betrayed, began to kick and roar lustily for help.

All hands were on deck, and it was found impossible to extricate the unfortunate youth, without first prying out the earthen funnel, and shivering it to fragments with a hammer. Dick was henceforward cured of eavesdropping and is at this day a very "good boy."

Yankee Blade.

## A GIANTIC LIMB OF THE LAW.

Billy Greene, or as he was commonly called, "Combo," was the largest man in Ireland in his day. Some estimate can be made of his enormous size when it is known that after his death the intermediate space between two of the front windows of his house had to be broken down in order to get the coffin out! It was a curiosity to see him driven through the town, the side of the car on which he sat almost touching the ground, while the opposite side was suspended high in the air; two of his nephews frequently sat opposite to him as a balance, and, although their joint weight did not fall much short of four hundred pounds, they would have an elevation of at least two feet over their uncle; in the absence of the nephews it was customary to pile large rocks on the vacant side of the car. But Bumbo was a Falstaff in more ways than one, for he was proverbial for his dry sarcastic wit and broad humor. He often visited the market-place for the sole purpose of scolding and being scolded by the fish women, and on such occasions the abusive language that passed between the billigerents threw Billingsgate far in the shade. As a lawyer, Bumbo was considered exceedingly shrewd and long-headed. It was quite amusing to see him sitting in an arm-chair outside his hall door, surrounded by a group of country clients seeking his counsel, previous to the giving of which the client was politely requested to deposit the necessary fee in a large old cast-off hat of Bumbo's, which was placed in a convenient place for that purpose.

I recollect one evening as I was leaving the office in which I was employed, and which was right opposite to Bumbo's residence, he "hallooed" me. As I went towards him I could observe that he was in the best possible humor, and a glance at the hat, which was nearly filled with the coins of the realm, and a goodly sprinkling of fimsies, indicated that he had no occasion to be otherwise.

"I thought," said he, "I would ask you, at first opportunity, if you were related to G—, the breeches-maker, who lived in Mill-street, formerly?"

I indignantly denied bearing the most distant relationship to the breeches-maker, and told Bumbo that my father had an old Irish manuscript, in which the several branches of our family traced up to "Gayal Glaus," who was cotemporary with Moses, but in which I was certain the breeches-maker did not figure, and that I would let him have a look at the manuscript, if he wished to see it.

He said he merely wanted to know about the breeches-maker, because, said he, "He made the first pair of doeskins for me that ever I wore."

I was quite nettled at his cool effrontery, and requested to know if the breeches-maker was alive, and that if another pair was ordered at that time, what kind of animal could be found whose skin would be capacious enough to make a pair to ensconce him in.

"Without the least difficulty," said he, "for not one thousand miles from where you stand (and he looked me straight in the eye), the most tremendous, gigantic, awful big Jackass skin in the world could be had."

I now thought it time I was evaporating, so I turned on my heel, and as I went off I heard him chuckle until I got out of hearing, and I own it I felt somewhat like a dog that lost his tail.

Bumbo occasionally went to Dublin, and generally travelled in his own conveyance. On one occasion he was obliged to go by stage, and the day before he sat out he sent his servant, Pat, to the coach-office to engage two seats for him. Next day, when he appeared at the office, he learned that Pat did engage the two seats, but one was an *inside* and the other an *outside* seat.

Bumbo was at one time cross-examining a witness at the Court of Ennis, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Your name is John Keane, is it not?"

"Yes, that is my name."

"Have you any other name besides that of John Keane?"

"No, that is the name I was christened by."

"You are a man of known veracity, John. You on all occasions tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but truth?"

"I endeavor to do so."

"Now upon your oath, are you not such a noted villainous liar, that you are only known

## by the name of 'Bregnach'?" ("Bregnach," in the vernacular, is liar.)

"People can call me what names they like. It would make a poor man of your honor to be obliged to stop every one's mouth with a two-penny loaf, that calls yourself 'Bombo!'"

The Court was convulsed. Bumbo's own fat sides were seen to shake and "Bregnach" was told he might "go down."

O'BUNDERBUS.

Austin, Texas, May 23d, 1852.

## Confession of One of the Murderers of Young Lehman—Eighty Murders Acknowledged—Horrible Disclosures, &c.

PHILADELPHIA, June 23.—A Poland, who has had an interview with the two Skipinski's the murderers of young Lehman, in the county prison, made developments of the most startling character to-day before Mayor Gilpin, being the substance of a confession made by them.

Mathias Skupinski said, "I killed young Lehman by striking him on the head with a stove leg. Blaize, my brother, was present, as well as Kayser, whose real name is John Ruthowski, and is still at large."

Mathias also said that himself and party had killed a farmer and his family, consisting of six persons, near Newark, Delaware, and afterwards set fire to the premises, from which they obtained \$73 and some jewelry. He also confessed to a murder near Baltimore, and said they had murdered near eighty persons and burned thirty houses since their arrival in this country. The plunder, to the amount of near \$8,000, he says, is buried in the mountains, and under the charge of Kayser.

This confession is so extravagant as to lead to the supposition that Mathias is now insane. He expresses his confidence of escaping through the aid of Kayser, and designs murdering all concerned in his arrest and conviction, besides numerous names in New York.

[Note by the Reporter.—This confession, if reliable, will be looked for with great interest. It will be remembered that the Costen family were murdered at Georgetown Cross Roads, not far from Newark, Delaware, and that Murphy, Taylor and Shelton, who were hung for the murder, died proclaiming their innocence. The other murderer confessed to have been committed near Baltimore, may probably be that of Mr. Buck, who was so mysteriously murdered at the Copper Works on the other side of the basin. Should the Skupinski's prove to be the murderers of the Costen family, that tragedy will be clothed with additional horrors.]

## From the Baltimore Sun. THE MORTAL REMAINS OF MR. CLAY—Movements of the Committee—They Remain in Baltimore Over Night, &c.

WASHINGTON, June 30, 9 P. M. The committee with the mortal remains of Mr. Clay in charge design proceeding en route slowly. They will stop in Baltimore to-morrow night, and leave for Philadelphia sometime during the morning. They also design tarrying one night in Philadelphia and New York, and other large cities, in order to give those desirous an opportunity of viewing the corpse and paying the last sad tribute of respect to the illustrious dead.

The arrangements for the funeral are in all respects on the most extensive and complete order.

The Senate Chamber and Hall of the House are being festooned in the deepest mourning.

The Rev. Dr. Butler, of whose church the deceased was a member and communicant, will read the Episcopal service and preach the funeral sermon.

Evidence of mourning in Washington are universal, without the slightest distinction of party. Buildings on the Avenue are now all hung in sable.

The eulogies in the Senate and House to-day were all of the highest order, causing deep emotion. That of Mr. Breckenridge is spoken of, by all who heard it, as of uncommon eloquence and beauty.

## ARRIVAL OF THE AFRICA. THREE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steamer Africa, with 80 passengers, and Liverpool dates of the 19th ult., arrived at New York on Thursday morning last.

ENGLAND.

There were no indications of a dissolution of Parliament.

The new steamers of the Cunard Company, for Australia, Panama and New Zealand, were in a great state of forwardness.

Mr. Keogh, an Irish member, took occasion to complain of the Queen's Proclamation forbidding Roman Catholic Priests to wear Ecclesiastical vestments in public.

The London Morning Herald contains the following alarming paragraph: "We understand that the Government has taken means to prevent by our naval powers, any efforts that may be attempted by American adventurers against the Virgin Islands."

IRELAND.

The proclamation against-Romish processions has excited a great deal of indignation, coming, as it does, at so opportune a moment for Protestant electioneering.

FRANCE.

The French Journals are uninteresting. Our statement made a day or two since, relative to a recent conspiracy in the French army, is partially confirmed, although the efforts made to

## keep the whole affair from the public knowledge have prevented a promulgation of the particulars.

A revolt has broken out in Algeria. On the 2d a tribe of Arabs, numbering 1,000, rose and attacked a camp of French workmen, killing some and causing the others to flee. The insurgents afterwards marched on Ghelma, and on the 4th and 5th had an engagement with the troops from Bona and Constantina, in which, the French appear to have been worsted.

## INTERESTING EXERCISES.

The Raleigh Post of Saturday last, has an account of the annual examination of the pupils of the North Carolina Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind. The exercises took place on Wednesday, the 30th of June.

These exercises embraced a great variety of recitations and performances on the slate, on the part of the pupils in both departments, interspersed and enlivened by vocal and instrumental music by the Blind. The occasion was rendered the more interesting by the fact that, for the first time in the history of the Institution, a Graduating Class, who have passed through a full course of instruction here, received diplomas, each accompanied with the gift of a handsome bible at the hands of the Principal. The names of the graduates are Joseph W. Cooke, of Northampton co., Wilson A. Nichols, of Orange co., and Stanford L. Nichols, of Wake co. One of them, Wilson A. Nichols, delivered an address in sign language to the audience. Joseph W. Cooke, delivered a valedictory, composed entirely by himself, and not in the slightest degree altered from the original.

A chaste, handsome and appropriate address was delivered by S. W. Whiting, Esq. on behalf of the Board of Directors. The ceremonies took place in the Baptist Church, in the presence of a large auditory.

The Rev. Thomas W. Tobey, Pastor of the Baptist Church, in a very interesting report of the proceedings, says: "The singing by the Blind was greatly admired. For the time during which they have been under instruction they have made most wonderful proficiency. The young lady, herself blind, who imparts instruction in music, played upon the McJodeon and the piano to the astonishment of all. We know of no lady in our city, who can play upon these instruments with superior skill. We were greatly interested in hearing the Blind read. Books have been prepared with raised letters expressly for their use—by passing the fingers over the raised surface they are enabled to decipher the words. We were pleased with the honesty of a Blind young lady, who, upon being requested to read the 90th Psalm, frankly acknowledged that she knew that Psalm by heart. She was then requested to read the 10th Psalm, with which she was not familiar; she did so, to the admiration of all who heard."

## THE FUNERAL SOLEMNITIES.

We have no space to record the funeral solemnities at the City of Washington, in relation to the illustrious departed, HENRY CLAY. They were of the most imposing character, and participated in by all the public functionaries as well as the private citizens. The ceremonies took place on Thursday last. The Intelligencer says: "The stores and residences, not only of our principal avenues and streets, but of the more secluded quarters of the city, wore the garb of mourning, and were generally closed to business during the whole after part of yesterday. The Public Department and Municipal Offices were altogether unopened on Wednesday evening. Nor has our neighboring city of Georgetown been backward in her testimonial to the sense she bears of the worth and services of the great man, patriot, and friend of his kind, which the country and the world has lost. Her stores and residences vied with her sister city in the solemn mournfulness of their aspect."

The Committee of Senators appointed to convey the remains of Mr. CLAY to Kentucky consists of

Mr. Underwood,	Mr. Fish,
Mr. Jones of Tenn.,	Mr. Houston,
Mr. Cass,	Mr. Stockton.

The Committee set out Thursday afternoon in the Northern train with the corpse, and were to proceed by the way of New York and the Lakes, for the sake of the advantage which that route affords of steam conveyance all the way to Lexington.

## HONORS TO HENRY CLAY.

The remains of HENRY CLAY were received in Philadelphia on Friday and escorted to a magnificent cenotaph in Independence Hall. The funeral car was much admired, being drawn by six black horses, led by grooms. The train reached the depot at 9 o'clock, amidst the firing of minute guns and the tolling of the bells of the city. It was half-past 11 o'clock when the body was deposited in the cenotaph. The remains were conveyed to New York on Saturday morning, where the most splendid preparations were making to receive and honor them. They will meet with similar honors at every place of note on the route to Kentucky.

## POST OFFICES IN N. CAROLINA.

Post Offices have been established at the following places in this State: Red Springs, Robeson county, Wm. McNeill, P. M. Hintonville; Pasquotank Co., J. M. Hinton, P. M. Cherryfield; Henderson Co., Alex. Clement, P. M. Persimmon's Creek, Cherokee Co., A. B. McFalls, P. M. The following offices have been discontinued: Silver Hill, Davidson Co. Military Grove, McDowell Co.