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Business Directory.

Attorneys at Law.
Scott & Scott,
North Elm, opposite Court House.
Gilmer & Gilmer,
South Elm, opposite Court House, (see advertisement.)
Adams & Staples,
Second floor, Tate building.
Scales & Scales,
North Room, Patrick Row, in rear of Porter & Eckel's Drug Store.
Apothecaries and Druggists.
R. W. Glenn, M.D.,
West Market Street, McConnell building.
Porter & Eckel,
West Market, next courthouse, (see adv.)
Auctioneer.
W. E. Edwards.
Barbers.
Wilkes & Wiley,
North Elm, opposite Court House.
Bankers and Insurance Agents.
Henry G. Kellogg,
South Elm, Tate building, (see adv.)
Wilson & Shober,
South Elm, opposite Express Office, (see adv.)
Boot and Shoe Makers.
E. Kirch Schlayel,
West Market, opposite Mansion Hotel.
Thos. S. Hays,
Dayle st., 4 doors North Steele's corner.
Cigar Manufacturer.
A. Brockmann,
South Elm, Caldwell block.
Cabinet Makers and Undertakers.
John A. Fritchett,
South Elm, near Depot.
Wm. Collins,
Corner of Sycamore and Davis streets.
Contractor in Brick-work.
David McKnight.
Contractors in Wood-work.
J. J. Collier,
Jas. L. Oakley.
Confectioners.
F. DeSaut,
Tate Building, corner store.
J. Hooper Lindsay, Jr.,
South Elm.
Dress-Making and Fashions.
Mrs. N. H. Moore,
South Elm, (see adv.)
Mrs. A. Dilworth,
Next door to Times Office.
Dentists.
J. W. Howlett,
1st door left hand, up stairs, Garrett's building.
R. Scott,
East Market, Albright's block.
Dry Goods, Grocers and Produce Dealers.
W. S. Moore,
East Market, Albright's new building.
L. H. Bontzahn,
Corner East Market and North Elm, Lindsay corner, (see adv.)
A. Weatherly,
Corner East Market and Davis streets.
W. D. Trotter,
East Market, Albright's new building.
L. E. May,
West Market, opposite Porter & Eckel.
S. C. Dodson,
West Market, opposite Court House.
Jas. Sloan & Sons,
South Elm, near Depot, (see adv.)
C. G. Yates,
South Elm.
Smith & Gilmer,
Opposite Southern Hotel.
J. D. Blair,
East Market street.
S. Steel,
Corner East Market and Davis streets.
D. W. C. Benbow,
Corner South Elm and Sycamore.
Bogart & Murray,
East Market, South Side.
Foundry and Machine Shop.
J. H. Terpley,
Washington st., on the Railroad.
Grocers and Confectioners.
Sawyer & White,
East Market, next Post Office.
General Emigration Office, for the West and South-West.
Louis Zimner,
Gen'l Southern Agent, B and O. R. R.,
West Market, opposite Mansion Hotel.
Gulfport Land Agency of North-Carolina.
Jno B. Greter, Gen'l Agent,
West Market, opposite Mansion Hotel.
Harness-makers.
J. W. S. Parker,
East Market st., near Court House.
James E. Thom,
Corner South Elm and Sycamore.
Hotels.
Southern Hotel, Scales & Black, proprietors,
West Market, near Court House.
Planter's Hotel, J. T. Reese, proprietor,
East Market, near Court House.
Livery Stables.
W. J. Edmondson,
Davis street.
Millinery and Lady's Goods.
Mrs. W. S. Moore,
East Market, Albright's new building.
Mrs. Sarah Adams,
West Market, opposite Court House.
Music and Musical Instruments.
Prof. P. B. Maurice,
South Elm, (see adv.)
Sewing Machines.
D. H. LaFish,
Salisbury st.
Tailors.
W. L. Fowler,
West-Market, opposite Southern Hotel.
Tinners.
Geo. E. O'Sullivan,
Corner West Market and Ashe streets.
R. G. Yates,
South Elm.
Tomb-Stones.
Henry G. Kellogg,
South Elm.
Physicians.
A. S. Porter,
West Market st., (near Times Office.)
R. W. Glenn,
West Market, McConnell building.
Jas. K. Holt,
North Elm, opposite court-house.
J. E. Logan,
Corner West-Market and Greene.

Sign Painting.
A. W. Ingold,
South Elm, Patriot building.
Photographers.
Hughes & Yates,
West Market, opposite Court House, up stairs.
Watchmakers and Jewellers.
H. B. Farrar,
South Elm, opposite Express Office.
David Scott,
East Market, Albright's block.
Gulfport County Officers.
Chairman of the County Court, Jed. H. Lindsay.
Sheriff, Robert M. Stafford.
Clerk of the County Court, Lyndon Swain.
Clerk of the Superior Court, John W. Payne.
Public Register, William U. Steiner.
County Trustee, Wyatt W. Ragsdale.
U. S. Officials.
Freedom's Bureau, Capt. Hugo Hillebrandt,
Garrett's building, up stairs.
Assessor's Office, Jesse Wheeler,
West Market, near Court House.
Collector's Office, Jno. Crane,
South Elm.
Register in Bankruptcy, Thos. B. Keogh,
Tate building, up stairs.
Bonded Warehouse, D. W. C. Benbow,
South Elm, Benbow's building.

UNEQUAL LAWS.

The Carl Schurz resolution at Chicago adopts "the immortal principles of the Declaration of Independence," of which the foremost sets forth the right of equality of men before the law. The second Chicago resolution is a flat denial of equality. The Northern white, it says, may deny suffrage to the black. The Southern white shall not. This is equality! The Northern white, it says, shall distribute suffrage as he pleases, each State properly controlling its own distribution. The Southern white shall not distribute suffrage. Congress has usurped the power from each State and will maintain its usurpation. This is equality! Wholesale disfranchisement of whites has been worked at the South by the laws of Congress. But nobody has been disfranchised who would vote to keep Radicals in power. This is equality! One law for the North, another law for the South on the same subject. This is equality! No negro suffrage at the North, where it has been uniformly rejected by the people for themselves. Wholesale negro suffrage at the South, where it is uniformly dreaded. This is equality! No negro suffrage at the North, where so few are the negroes that their ignorance could do but little harm through the ballot. Wholesale negro suffrage at the South, where the negroes are half or nearly half the population, and where their ignorance working through the ballot may and must do its utmost harm. This is equality! Gratitude demands this, say the Chicago Radicals, yet a larger proportion of Northern blacks fought in the war than of the Southern blacks. The Northern black is denied the suffrage. The Southern black has it thrust upon him. This is equality! Gratitude demands this, say the Chicago Radicals—but gratitude to whom and for what? Gratitude to the millions of Southern blacks who helped the rebellion to the last hour of its life, who had not pluck enough to strike a blow themselves for freedom, but now have freedom's highest privilege thrust upon them? Gratitude to the few thousand Northern blacks who fought the rebellion, but to whom suffrage is denied? This is equality. Senator Doolittle proposed an amendment to the last Reconstruction bill giving a ballot to every black soldier, proportioning gratitude thus to service. The Radical Senate rejected it, for that was equality. The Chicago platform is a splintered chip which Carl Schurz cannot nail on the grand old Declaration of Independence.—N. Y. World.

The following method is given for breaking up large masses of cast iron, as, for instance, those of two feet in diameter. A hole is to be bored into the mass about one inch in diameter and three or four inches deep, which is then filled with water and a wrought iron plug inserted. If now the heavy hammer of a pile driver is allowed upon the plug, the water has no chance to escape, and the mass is split asunder.

Women who complain that they have nothing to wear should go into the ballot business. If their complaints are true they will be all ready to take the first steps.

Many of the Vermont farmers are turning their attention from sheep raising to the dairy. It is said that twenty new cheese factories will be built in that State this year.

I AM DYING.
The following beautiful poem we copy from the Memphis Bulletin. It is rarely we find such contributions to the columns of a newspaper. It is sweetly, beautifully sad:
Raise my pillow, husband, dearest—
Faint and fainter comes my breath;
And these shadows stealing slowly,
Must, I know, be those of death.
Sit down close beside me, darling,
Let me clasp your warm, strong hand,
Yours that ever has sustained me,
To the borders of this land.
For your God and mine—our Father
Thence shall ever lead me on;
Where upon a throne eternal,
Sits His loved and only Son;
I've had visions and been dreaming
O'er the past of joy and pain;
Year by year I've wandered backward,
'Till I was a child again.
Dreaming of girlhood, and the moment
When I stood your wife and bride,
How my heart thrilled Love's triumph,
In that hour of woman's pride.
Dreaming of thee and all the earth chords
Firmly twined about my heart—
Oh! the bitter, burning anguish,
When I first knew we must part.
It has past—and God has promised,
All thy footsteps to attend;
He that's more than friend or brother,
He'll be with you to the end.
There's no shadow o'er the portals,
Leading to my heavenly home—
Christ has promised life immortal,
And 'tis He that bids me come.
When life's trials await around thee,
And thy chilling billows swell;
Thou'lt thank Heaven that I'm spared them,
Thou'lt then feel that "all is well."
Bring our boys unto my bedside;
My last blessing let them keep—
But they're sleeping—do not wake them;
They'll learn soon enough to weep.
Tell them often of their mother,
Kiss them for me when they wake,
Lead them gently in life's pathway,
Love them doubly for my sake.
Clasp my hand still closer, darling,
This, the last night of my life;
For to-morrow I shall never
Answer when you call me "wife."
Fare thee well, my noble husband;
Faint not 'neath the chast'ning rod;
Throw your strong arm around our children,
Keep them close to thee—and God.

THE Tomb of Ice.

A THRILLING STORY.
In the early part of the present century, I was a poor Lieutenant of the imperial hussars and eighteen years old. We had been stationed in the neighborhood of St. Petersburg for a number of weeks, but were hourly expecting to be ordered to the Polish frontier, to meet the great Napoleon, whose grand army was swarming northward once more. There were a thousand things to perplex my mind. Although utterly faithful in the service myself, the political record of my family was so unfavorable as to almost preclude the idea of promotion, and my opportunities were even more disparaged by my well-known betrothal to the young princess Catherine, of the ancient house of Demidoff. She was a Pole, and her family had long been prescribed, as dangerous to the Russian crown. My betrothed was of a race, which, cycles before, could, by the right of inheritance, have laid claim to the imperial crown of Russia, and this fact, well-known as it was to the world and to the family of the Czar, was the cause of their constant and systematic persecution. Only one of that proud race had dared to uplift his head, and proclaim his origin, and his royal descent. He was the grandfather of my betrothed—the Prince Ivan Demidoff, and, fifty years before the time of my present writing, he had disappeared—had been torn out of his bed by the inexorable secret police, and nothing more heard of him. Whether the frozen steppes of Siberia, the slow starvation of the dungeon, or the sure knife of Imperial Assassin, was his doom, we never knew. But he was long-dead. One-half a century had swept over the head of the lost man, and, long since, he must have paid the debt of mortality, in one place or another. His name could not be forgotten, but the object of imperial vengeance had long been resigned into the sepulchre of the past. Catherine, the Princess (she still retained the titled relic of the past), was an orphan. One by one, her relatives had passed away, blighted by the rigor of the imperial frown. Russian that I was, I loved her with the devotion of one who had nothing else to look to in life, and in the azure sincerity of her blue eyes, when she told me that she

loved me, I knew that her soul was in the words. The prospects of both were dreary enough. Princess that she was, she was desperately poor—the mere dependant, I may say, of a relative loftier in the royal favor; and I was homeless, parentless, friendless, with nothing but my sword and a noble name. But we clung to each other fondly. Although we loved each other so absolutely, I dared not visit her publicly. Her family record, my position as a Russian officer, in this connection, would have consigned one or both of us to a jealous suspicion, which would soon have involved us in ruin. Only the most lucky circumstances would enable us to marry. Our fate was as dark and hopeless as could belong to unhappy lovers. We saw each other but seldom, and our meetings combined a sad sweetness which is not of ten mixed with the goblet of love's passion, but whose bitter ingredients are more frequently to be found in the lees of life. One evening, having completed my official duty, I was about to cross the barracks-yard to my dingy lodgings, when Maximilian—a faithful serf, who still remained in the service of his noble mistress,—stole through the guard, and gave me a note from the Princess Catharine, requesting me to visit her that evening in her private apartments. I nodded my head, and the serf vanished—guessing, perhaps, but not knowing, the joy of my heart, as I hurried across the frozen courtyard to my lodgings. Long as I had known her, long as we had been betrothed, such a favor as an invitation to her private apartments had never before been accorded me, and I trembled with delight at the thought of meeting my beloved Catherine alone; and the remembrance of her former kisses grew keener as I anticipated their sweet renewal. My impatient heart would not permit me to await the coming hour, and, sometime before-hand, I was at the well-known portico of her protector's palace, preparing to climb the trellis to her dear lattice. In a moment, I stood in the little parlor of the suite of rooms in which she had several times received me before. The Princess was not there. She must be in the boudoir, adjoining. For the first time in my life, the idea entered my mind of stealing upon my adored Catharine, and surprising her in the privacy of her toilette. I hesitated a moment—a sense of mingled honor and modesty detaining me,—but my curiosity triumphed, and I opened the listed door of the boudoir, without a sound,—and then stood, transfixed with a wild, indefinable feeling of delirious joy; for there stood Catharine, almost en dishabille, dressing her glorious hair before the mirror, and unconscious of my presence. I had thought her beautiful before, but was unprepared for the gloriously voluptuous spectacle which was here afforded me. With the exception of her trim, tightly-drawn corset, which softly gathered in the snowy chemise from the dip of the shoulders to the waist, she had hardly any other garment on. In the uplifted exertion of arranging her hair, her firm, snow-white bosom was partially released from its linen covering, and betrayed all the swelling beauty of the perfect globes. I could perceive the matchless grace of her soft form—and the shoulders were so perfect in their alabaster purity, the slender throat had such a charming arch, and the lovely face—so perfect with its misty framework of wildly scattered, down-drooping masses of bright golden hair, that I could retain the torrent of my love no longer, but sprang toward her with a cry. Her face was filled with surprise, pleasure, and embarrassment. I endeavored to fold her to my bosom before she could conceal those wondrous charms from my view; but she was too quick for me. She darted through a little alcove, the door of which was slammed in my face. When she returned, she was closely enveloped in a rich, dark wrapper, though her golden hair still streamed, untrammelled, from her small, beautiful head. There was some anger upon her troubled lips, but my mute appeal of sorrow for what I had done disarmed her. "Forgive me, Catharine!" I murmured, sinking at her feet. "I should

not have looked through the door of the boudoir—but your wondrous beauty—it drove me mad! I could not control myself. Forgive!" Her little white hand wandered caressingly over my brow. "I knew I was forgiven. Pure, bright, stainless woman that she was—she knew that she could trust the honor of a Petrovski, and of a Russian soldier, when I would her in my strong arms. "Ivan," said Catharine, after I had kissed her most fondly, "I have called you to me, to tell you that there is even greater danger in our loves than we have anticipated." "What can you mean, my Catharine?" "Merely this—listen to me. Notwithstanding your great services, the Czar suspects you—thoroughly at last,—on account of your known attachment to me. I have learned this much from my cousin, Romaniski. I feared so much for your safety that I could not but do otherwise than send for you." "A million thanks, my darling Princess!" I exclaimed, clasping her still more closely to my breast, and kissing her fondly. "But what else can the Czar demand of poor Petrovski? He knows me utterly loyal and faithful. To be sure it is a time of need. Napoleon is hastening upon his northward march, and Russia needs her friends. But when have I slunk from the battle's front?" "Never, dear Ivan," replied the Princess. "But you know how suspicious the Government is. My cousin says that your zeal will have to undergo a fearful trial. I only pray that you may undergo it bravely—that, at last, at last—" "That at last we may be united!" I exclaimed, pressing a fervent kiss to the flower of her rosy lips. "Yes, dearest Ivan," she exclaimed, "I am alone upon the earth, as you know. There is none on earth to love me but you. My princely grandfather has, long since, passed into the hereafter. Even if his bones should be discovered there is nothing by which they could be recognized, except, perchance, by the family seal-ring upon his finger, which must have been taken from him long ago. You know the fate of my parents. The tomb is cold wherein they lie. I have only you, Ivan!" "And me you will always have, dear image of my soul," I cried, drawing her still closer to me, and imprinting kiss after kiss upon her brow, neck and bosom. "And fear not, Catharine; whatever ordeal may be awaiting my feet, it shall be fearlessly passed through in my love for you!" There were footsteps in the passage without, and we both knew how unfavorably our attachment was viewed by the Prince Romaniski, the cousin of Catherine. After a few hurried embraces—such embraces as only lover-hearts can know—we separated; and I departed from my betrothed as speedily and secretly as I came.—To be Continued.

COL. ST. LEGER GRENDEL.—It will be remembered that this gallant English officer effected his escape from the Dry Tortugas some time since, at the risk of his life, in an open boat setting sail from the Florida reefs to the coast of Cuba. Great uneasiness was felt in regard to his fate, and his escape from the perils of the sea was thought to be almost impossible. We are glad to learn, however, from the Mobile Register, that a letter has been received from him, dated Havana, announcing his safe arrival there, and sending his thanks and acknowledgments for kind treatment to some of the officers at the Tortugas, and stating that he was just about to sail for England. This intelligence will be joyfully received by Colonel Grenel's many friends throughout the country.

The report from all parts of Illinois and Wisconsin are to the effect that the winter wheat passed through the cold weather successfully and promises an immense harvest. Spring wheat has also been sown in great abundance.

BAD omen for Ulysses.—The first Grant flag thrown to the breeze in Lynn was raised over an undertaker's shop.

A Michigan youth of nineteen stands seven feet three inches in his stockings.

HAYTI—NEGRO RULE.
This sable Government, so called, is still in a state of civil war. Salnave, who is called President, but who has been as much as dictators usually are, continues to fight against the "rebels," as they are styled. It was believed that he would be soon overcome, as the rebels had gained great advantages over him; but last accounts represent him as having recaptured a fort on the south side of Port au Prince, which was recently taken by the rebels. Nissage, a black General, expects to be President, and is marching upon Port au Prince, where Salnave will resist him with all his strength. The war has been conducted with a brutality worthy of savages, and Salnave threatens that if the rebellion is successful he will burn the capital! So determined a brute is a fit ruler of the Haytiens, who, by their own cruelties and caprices, have proved themselves to be worthy of no better man. The revolutions and vicissitudes of the late Spanish American provinces are easily accounted for by the fact that Spain was never able to transport to them enough men of European blood to control in governmental matters and general economy save while backed by military authority. The moment that, through her embarrassments and troubles at home, she lost those provinces the mixed and mongrel populations which composed them became the governing classes, and the result has been a constant succession of revolutions, attended with bloody revenges and assassinations. But when we look to Hayti we find no complications from the mixture of incompatible races. The true African was prevalent omnipotent. He took into his hands a well-ordered Government, a flourishing State, with a grand commerce. The negro could never have a better opportunity to show his capabilities. And yet, what has he done in fifty or sixty years with such a country and with unlimited scope for his own talent? Why, he has reduced Hayti nearly to barbarism, and the close of sixty years finds that most fertile of fertile lands a prey to anarchy and bloodshed. This is the fairest example of African adaptability to civilization and civil order that has ever been presented to the world. There can never be a better or a fairer one. What is the deduction? That we in the South should be put under negro rule?—Richmond Dispatch.

DESTRUCTION OF SOUTHERN CHURCHES.—A committee of the Protestant Episcopal Convention of South Carolina closes an extended report of losses by the war as follows: To sum up the losses of the diocese, it appears that ten churches have been burnt; that three have disappeared; that twenty-two parishes have been suspended; that two parsonages have been burnt; that every church between the Savannah river and Charleston has been injured, some stripped even of weather-boarding and flooring; that almost every minister in that region of the State has lost home and library; that all along the entire seaboard, from North Carolina to Georgia, where our church had flourished for more than a century, there are but four parishes which maintain religious services; that not one outside the city of Charleston can be called a living, self-sustaining parish, able to support a minister, that their clergy live by fishing, by farming and by mechanical arts; that almost every church, whose history appears on this record has lost its communion plate, often a massive and venerable set, the donation of an English or colonial ancestor. The pecuniary losses might be repaired if the diocese were as in days gone by; but in its present condition no hope remains of a speedy restoration. This generation can scarcely behold it.

THE PRESBYTERIAN REUNION.—The New York Sun notes the fact that the Old School and the New School Presbyterian General Assemblies have both agreed to accept the plan of reunion which has been under discussion in those bodies, and to submit it to the approval of the Presbyteries throughout the United States. The editor says: "There is but little doubt that this approval will be almost unanimously given, as the great mass of the denomination are in favor of healing the existing breach between its two principal divisions. Whether the smaller bodies, such as the Reformed and the United Presbyterians, will also consent in the movement is less certain; but even if they should decline to do so, the consolidation which will be effected will still be of immense importance, and highly gratifying to all lovers of peace and concord among Christian brethren."

In conducting your household affairs—the best preventive of waste and drowsiness, ill humor, discord, strife, envyings, jealousies, covetings, pride, debt, drunkenness, distraction, despair, ruin, and desolation—is prayer.

The Hebrews of St. Louis are organizing in opposition to Gen Grant.