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The Weekly Transcript.

The Slave of no Party—The Tool of no Man.

VOL. 1. ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1867. NO. 12

POETRY.

Who is My Neighbor?

BY ROBERT COFFIN. Thy neighbor? It is he whom thou hast power to aid and bless; Whose aching heart and burning brow Thy soothing hand may press.

WOLF'S GLEN, Or: The Return from Siberia.

BY THE CHEVALIER DE BEVARD.

The events on which the following tale is founded are so extraordinary a character that, in presenting it to the reader, I should have felt considerable reluctance in the relation of them, had not the chief actors in the scene become personally known to me while on a brief tour in that part of la belle France which is washed by the Atlantic Ocean, and is named Bretagne, or is more familiar to our readers as Brittany.

ing mustache added to his general appearance, and several scars, which I may almost say, adorned his face, showed that, to him at least, war had brought its disasters, as well as its glory. His appearance was certainly striking, although he looked fatigued, as from long and arduous travel. He had upon his shoulders his knapsack, and in his hand a stout oaken staff, which seemed calculated both for defense and support.

"Take my advice," replied I, "accept shelter under my roof; darkness is rapidly falling, and few in these parts would care to spend a night with Marion Cloquet and her fiendish imp of a son, especially if" casting a glance at the apparently well-filled knapsack which hung, as we have stated, from the stranger's shoulders, "they had anything to lose about them. Believe me, the morrow and the broad daylight will be soon enough, and a better time to pay a visit to the Fausses Loups (Anglice, Wolf's Glen,) as we call the widow's cottage."

sex; during many years she has daily, at the shrine of our Lady of Tears, offered up her vows for the safety and prompt return of Victor, but, on learning the sad report of his death, she made a solemn resolution never to transfer her affection to another mortal, and religiously has she kept her word. Offers of marriage have been numerous, not only in her own circle of acquaintances, but from persons far, very far above her in station and fortune; her heart, however, remains unchanged, and she loves only to deplore the untimely death of her first and much loved Victor.

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glare around, and imparted to their countenances a most unearthly and cadaverous hue. All inside bespoke misery and want—that cold and speechless companion had followed them, step by step. Opposite the door, and crouched upon a low stool close to the embers of the fire, sat Marion Cloquet. Hers, indeed, was a countenance that required no additional circumstances to heighten its deformity; she was one of those aged women, the moral sewers of humanity, the sinks towards which flow all the impurities of human passions; one of those sacrilegious wretches, who dishonor the sanctity of gray hairs; hideous wrinkles marked her countenance; huge and bony hands, whose touch would chill you even through the folds of your cloak; and yet that old woman had shared the lot of the young, and was herself the widow of crime. For the rest she was gloomy in her own wretchedness, was stern towards the wretchedness of others.