the Aveekly Transcript.

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The Rechmark Transcript.

"The Slave of no Party-The Teolof no Man."

Glen,) as we call the widow's cottage."

The stranger smiled an assent, and

after stooping for a moment to caress

being the object of our remarks, re-

of sterile and lonely deserts, when it

chanced one evening that I found myself,

towards nightfall, about the center of a

dismal pine forest, which lay in the route

prescribed to me. I was proceeding in

manity, mingled with curiosity, I left the

hundred paces, found myself at the en-

trance of what appeared to have been

once a wood-cutter's hut, which was now

down, as if a deadly struggle had taken

gled, and lying in a pool of congealed

was a dog, who was licking the cold face

master's fate, and his own inability to

succor him, On my entering, the noble

sion, and attempted to rise, but without

success; hunger and watching had ren-

some water from an adjoining spring, that

my friends, as the evening is drawing on,

and my time precious)-I stayed all night

self again on the road home with Russ,

coded on our way.

ful companion, Russ."

opposite neighbors."

VOL.1. ELIZABETH CITY, N.C., SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1867.

POETRY.

Who is My Neighbor?

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

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor Whose eye with want is dim, Whom hunger sends from door to door --Go thou and succor him!

Thy neighbor? 'Tis that weary man, Whose years are at their brim, Bent low with sickness, cares and pain-Go thou and comfort him!

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the heart bereft Of every earthly gem; Widow and orphan, helpless left-Go thou and shelter them!

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form Less favored than thine own. Remember, 'tis thy neighbor worm. Thy brother or thy son.

Oh, pass not, pass not heedless by! Perhaps thou can'st redeem The breaking heart from misery -Go, share thy lot with him.

WOLF'S GLEN, Or The Return from Siberia. BY THE CHEVALIER DE BEVARD

The events on which the following tale is founded are of so extraordinary a character that, in presenting it to the replied: reader, I should have felt considerable reluctance in the relation of them, had not term? My comrade, whom I left in the chief actors in the scene become personally known to me while on a brief undertaken this journey, far from my tour in that part of la belle France which is washed by the Atlantic Ocean, and is speak of Marion Cloquet by such an innancel Bretagne, or is more familiar to our readers as Brittany.

The incidents were well known to most of the inhabitants of the little fishing village of Corantin, near which the occurrences to be releted happened, and it was one evening, while I was sitting on the edge of the iron-bound coast, watching the billows breaking in sullen majesty on the rocks beneath, that my guide and companion pro tempore. Jacques Antoine, an old tracker, probably a smuggler, who was too aged for the perils and hardships of his calling, after directing my attention to a ruined hovel, midway down the cliff, in a sheltered but unfrequented spot, proceeded in a simple quiet manner to relate the following tale, which appeared to me so far out of the common run of general country adventures that I determined to take down the heads of the old man's narrative, and reduce them into the shape in which I now present them to my readers.

"It is now," commenced the old man, more than thirty years since the events took place which I am about to repeat to you, Messire, and as I am nearly seventy years of age, you must not expect my memory to be so good as it was at the time I am speaking of,"

"Indeed," said I, "my friend, from your hale looks and bright eye, I should imagine time had not dealt so hardly by you as you would seem to imply, for though your lairs are white as silver, that in itself is no indication of impaired faculties."

"Most true," replied he, "yet my life has been one of continual toil, exposure and hardships, and to most of us grim death has repeatedly sent more than one of his three warnings, ere the three score and ten years allotted to us by le bon Dieu," at the same time crossing himself devoutly, "have been brought to a GOODS, NOTIONS, FANCY GOODS close. But I will go on with my tale," said he, "that I may get to the end of it before the shades of evening drive you to your hotel:

> It was towards the close of a lovely Autumn day, in the month of September, | dead ?" in the year of grace 1814, that I was in the act of bidding good night to a comrade of murdering an officer of the coast guard who had been engaged with me in some business in a neighboring town, near a cabaret which then stood about a mile from this spot, at the cross road on the hill leading from Corantin to Morlain, when we observed a stranger advancing free, although considered guilty by all weld have been married, had he not been at a steady pace towards the place where we were standing. His air and mien er, was convicted, and paid the deserved maried? Has she remained faithful to were at the time I am speaking of most likely to excite attention; his upright' bearing and bronzed countenance needed to the widow's cottage to night, friend?" plil for information on that subject to not his uniform, which was that of the emperor's old guard, to proclaim him a time in seeing her," replied the guards enouspeak of is Eugenie, my first-born, soldier. His clear bright eye, and droop- man.

ing mustache added to his general appearance, and several scars, which I may | shelter under my roof; darkness is rap- the shrine of our Lady of Tears, offered 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. At his side, ever looking wistfully up into his face, as if inquiring how much further their journey was to continue, was a dog, the like of which I had never before seen. Large, bony, and fierce, it seemed a cross between a bloodhound and mastiff, and ap- I have, however, but little to fear from peared to possess the ferocity of the former, and the fidelity of the latter species, but withal, a docility and affection for its master which is the characteristic of this peculiar breed. I am particular in thus describing the dog (said Antoine,) because he will be principal actor in the catastrophe I am about to relate.

As the traveler approached the spot where we were standing, he courteously inquired if we could direct him to the abode of one Marion Cloquet, who, he understood, resided in those parts?

"Marion Cloquet;" said I, "and if it be not an impudent question, monsieur, what busines can you have with that old

The stranger gave a peculiar look, half in anger and half in surprise, and he

"Hag, my friend; wherefore so hard : Siberia, and on whose account I have own home, would ill relish to hear you sulting epithet."

"And pray," said I, "what may your ignorance of the way, and knew not comrade be, that he should care wheth- whether I should find shelter for the night er I spoke ill or well of the old Marion ? for not, when my attention was attracted She has no kith or kin, save an ugly, by a low wailing tone, as of a creature in misshaped dwarf, who is as deformed in distress. Prompted by a feeling of humind as he is in body."

"My comrade," replied the soldier, beaten path, and proceeded in the direchas the right which every child has of tion of the sound, and after walking a few vindicating its parent's honor, and especially when years have clapsed since he had tidings of his mother.'

"His mother?" exclaimed I; "is it almost entirely destroyed by fire. All possible that Victor still lives? Poor around the spot the grass was trample l fellow! I fancy it is but yesterday that he voluntarily offered himself to the con--place there. On entering the ruins of scription mainly, I am sure, to relieve the hut, the first object which I saw, was himself from the hardships, obloquy, and the corpse of a peasant, kightfully manill treatment heaped upon him by his unnatural mother and abandoned stepfath- | blood; stretched by the side of the body

"He lives," said the stranger, "and of his master, seemingly striving to rewill shortly present himself to this old | cal him to life, and frequently uttering mother, who, I fear, will find him changed much since he went to the wars. Fifteen years have clapsed since he joined the ranks, and there have been but animal, for it was Russ who stands by my few battle-fields from which he has been side, growled his displeasure at my intruabsent. He had the misfortune to be captured by the Russians after the eventful passage of the Beresina by a pairol dered him powerless. Speaking kindly of Cossacks, who picked us up half fro- to him, I essayed to remove him from the zen by the roadside. We were sent to- body, and it was not until I procured geiner, my comrade and me, to the interior of Siberia, where we remained un- I succeeded in my attempts. (To be brief, til recently, when the peace allowed us to return to France and our homes,"

"From what you say, I'am inclined to in the hut, and, after burying the fear Victor will not be pleased with the corpse and sharing my meal with the poor state of affairs here."

"Why so-what is the matter with the under the influence of food, I found myold Marion?" said the stranger.

"Since the death of her second hus- who had adopted me as a new master, and band, who joined to the honest cal- from that time we have never separated, ling of a fisherman the dishonest trade ad our attachment will remain until of a smuggler and brigand, the old dath. the monstrous abortion, the fruits of her hi route, and, as I and the traveler were second marriage."

And is her second husband then ble my companion good night, and pro-

"He was apprehended upon the charge who had taken refuge from the inclemency of a Winter storm, and his wife and their son stood side by side with him a autiful young maiden, to whom my in the dock. From some fortunate flaw corade, Victor, has paid his addresses in the indictment, the two latter escaped inted they had plighted their troth, and who knew them. The husband, howev- copelled to depart for the wars. Is she penalty of his numerous crimes by his hevows?" life. Did you say your errand takes you By St. Denis, you could not have ap-

gids Marion Cloquet, you may, perhaps, bable to give me some information about

idly falling, and few in these parts up her vows for the safety and prompt rewould care to spend a night with Marion turn of Victor, but, on learning the said Cloquet and her fiendish imp of a son, report of his death, she made a solemn especially if," casting a glance at the ap- resolution never to transfer her affection parently well-filled knapsack which hung, to another mortal, and religiously has she as we have stated, from the stranger's kept her word. Offers of marriage have shoulders, "they had anything to lose been numerous, not only in her own cirabout them. Believe me, the morrow ele of acquaintances, but from persons and the broad daylight will be soon far, very far above her in station and forenough, and a better time to pay a visit tune; her heart, however, remains unto the Faussedes Loups (Anglice, Wolf's changed, and she loves only to deplore the untimely death of her first and much loved Victor."

"I thank you, friend, for your generous offer and kind caution in my behalf. On hearing this, our hero started, and wiping the tear that glistened in his eye

an old woman and her dwarf of a son, if I were not accompanied by my faith-"What, old friend, am I so altered then, that you do not recognize your old "He is, indeed, a noble fellow." said protege, Victor Duplessis?"

I; "and, although the breed is unknown "By Saint Denis, is it so? but who to me, I should say he would not suffer by comparison with the best of our own country, or the favored bulldogs of our

"I was dangerously wounded, and left for dead on the field of battle, when I was found, as I told you before; by a the animal, who seemed fully concious of party of strolling Cossacks, and removed to the rear, and as soon as my wounds were healed I was sept off with the other "Yes; he is, indeed, an old friend, and prisoners to Siberia to await an exchange has amply repaid me by his fidelity and of prisoners. Now, friend, my tale is affection for resouing him as I did from told. I have made up my mind to take the pangs of starvation. I was return- up my quarters for the night at the Fausse ing," continued he (as if in anticipation | des Loups (Wolf's Glen,) and leave you of my own and my comrade's inquiry,) to follow your road home and gradually its long lashes, and breathed from prepare Eugenie for my coming-a sudfrom the scene of my captivity in Siberia, and had already traveled many leagues den disclosure might prove dangerous.

"As you will. Yonder, about a half a you well. May the saints watch over

Here we parted; our hero followed sheep track, and soon found himself a the edge of a cliff, and in view of the spot where the cottage stood. It was a dark low building, with a miserable roof o sods and rushes; a wretched attempt at a chimney occupying the gable, and the front containing two small square apertures, closed by a wicker contrivance to serve as shutters, one of which lay wide open to permit the exit of the smoke, which rolled more freely through this than through the chimney, looked over the sea A filthy pool of green-covered water stood before the door, through which a little causeway of earth led. Upon this a meagre lank-sided sow was standing, her leng pointed snout meditatively turned towards the slime and mud beside her. Displacing this important member of the family with an unceremonious kick, our hero stooped to enter the .low doorway, which plaintive howls, as if mourning over his he found was securely barred and bolted from the inside. He knocked repeatedly, without obtaining any answer, though he plainly heard voices within; the purport of their conversation he could not distinguish. After waiting a few moments, he recommenced his knocking, much louder, and with more effect. At last, a hoarse and cracked voice inquired who was there?

"A way-worn traveler," was the reply 'who needs rest and refreshment. One who would be glad to communicate some

-business and I have long since parted dog, who gradually recovered his strength has nothing to give, and is herself half starving with her poor fatherless child."

"Make, yourself easy upon that score. entertainment."

come in."

I should certainly wish to lose no onbetter qualified to give it. The maid- and once more secured all the fastenings, on of the best and most virtuous of her ing on the low hearth, which shot a lurid mer account to the all of the

"Take my advice," replied I, "accept | sex; during many years she has daily, at

seized me by both hands, and szelaimed-

could have recognized the boy Victor under his bushy beard and drooping mus-

league down the valley, lies your road,' replied I; "you cannot miss it, so fare

news to Marion Cloquet."

"What can your business be with me?

I am both able and willing to pay for my

wretch has given herself up to liquor, The soldier here paused, and after a short space between the persons inside, unfit for high speed. The pounding and in this habit she is ably assisted by mment expressed his desire to continue which was at last broken by one of them caused by this joint seems to cause more ging nearly in the same direction, we

'As you appear," said the soldier, "to" beso well acquainted with all that redown there till I call." Russ understood of the rails, thirty miles an hour would smallest possible space, patiently await- would cost little more for traction. The ing further orders.

> ger of the two having closed the door resumed his seat before the embers burn-

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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. Hers was one of those tough souls, which become so in passing over the rough places of life-a soul battered, tamed, soiled by crime, scraped, peeled, wrinkled, washed, and pliable as the Indiarubber on the desk of a critic or a baliff. The hag remained for a short space of time shrunk in her contemplations, cowering, as it were at the bottom of her own filthy soul. Then lifting up her eyes, she looked on the fair and manly countenance before her, that dark eye, with

of happier times. Directly opposite the young woman, on a low stool. sat the dwarf. He had a prodigiously large head, broad face, and small eyes; he appeared half giant, half dwarf, so disproportionate was the contrast between his height and the vast breadth of his shoulders, the length of his arms, and the extreme shortness of his legs, the muscles of both of which indicated agility and strength.

foul breast a tainted sigh. That fine

face had brought before her the memory

Our hero stood as if entranced, till roused from his contemplation by the shrill voice of the hag, who said:

"Soldier-for by your dress I see you are one-what in the name of Saint Lucifer, can your business be with me? If it be good, speak out at once-if evil, take my curse, and may ill fortune attend you. I have spoken-now speak."

Victor made an effort to reply, but so powerful was the effect of what he witnessed, that it rendered him speechless for the monent, and, when he mustered up sufficient strength to do so, there was a tremulousness in his voice that evinced a great degree of mental agitation. He told her that he brought her tidings from her son, who had returned safe from Siberia, and proposed to come and see her CONTINUES VAKA VAKA

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

RAILWAY SPEED .- Express trains in England average forty miles an hour, including stoppages. In America the speed made by express trains on the best roads is not over twenty-seven miles, including stoppages, and from this down to twenty miles on the ordinary Western roads,-This is not from lack of enterprise in running, but from the manner of construccompany. None hold communion with tion and from the condition of the roads, the hag, as they call Marion Cloquet, who which on most of them makes twenty miles an hour, all that it is prudent to undertake.

It is easy to see by the heavy jar made as each wheel passes the joints where the ends of the rails meet on the chairs, that Here there was a low murmuring for a railroads constructed in that manner are wear and tear of the machinery and track "Mahu my dear, let the stranger than all the other friction, and it must greatly increase the danger of breaking On hearing this, our hero placed his the rails loose. It is so easy to overcome glove upon the ground under the further- this by a lap joint, such as is now used est window, and pointing to it made the on all eastern roads, that it would seem dog understand that he must lie down to be a point of economy to do it, if for there, saying in a subdued voice: "Lie no other gain. With such a connection the bidding, and coiled himself up in the | be as safe as twenty new, and probably same gain would be made in freight trains, The door now stood wide open, and and in all the economy of rolling stock gave entrance to our hero. He paused and track, It is unnecessary to say that upon the threshold, and gazed upon the this would remove the pounding, which is inmates of the dreary abode. The youn- the most fatiguing thing to the passengers,

The people of Central City, Colorado, have subscribed \$5,000 to be paid for Indian scalps "with ears on," at the rate of \$20 aprece.