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THOMAS B. GARNER rerms of Subscription One Year,
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Hosiery, Rillone, dc,
MAIN, 4th doer from BaNK St,
NORFOLK VA

## ALTERS' NATIONAL HOTEL

## HIS HOUSE HAS BEEV PUT IN ROUGH REPAIR FOR ACCOMODA

ND NO PAINS SHALL
DOMFORTABLE.
OOMTS
$\mathrm{E} \$ 3,00 \mathrm{PERDAX}$.
M. WALTERS, Propriet

# Ohe Ttedhly 

Who is My Neighbor?


WOLE'S GLEN, Or, The Roturn from Siboria BY THE CHEVALIER DE BEVARD.
The events on which the following
tale is fuunded are of so extitardinary a
$\xrightarrow{4}$

## 

close. But I will ge on wititi ny tale
said he, "that I may get to the end of
befo.
It was towards the close of a lovely $A$ tumn day, in the month of September in the year of grace 1814, that I was
the aet of bidding good night to a comrade who had been engaged with me in some
busiuess in a neighboring town, near a cabaret. which then stood about a mite
from this spot, at the eross road on the hill leading from Corantin to Morlain,
when we observed a stranger advancing at a steady pace towards the place where
we were standing. His air and mien we were standing. His air and mien
were at the time I am speaking of most were at the time I am speaking of most
likely to excite attention; his upright
bearing and bronze cont bearing and bronzed countenance necded licher
bearing and bronzed countenance necded
not lis uniform, which was that of the the widow's cottage to-night, frieph?,
It soldier. His clear bright eye, and droop-

abode of one Marion Oloquet, who, he
understood, residd in those parts?
"Marion Cloquet;" said I, "and if it
be not an impudent question, monsieur,
what busiues can yo. have with that old
hag '""
The stranger gave a peculiar look,
half in anger and half in surprise, and he - was apprehended apon the charg who had taken refuge from the inclemency of a Winter storm, and his wif
$\qquad$
$\qquad$
$\qquad$
free, although "considered guilty by al
who knew them. The husband, howev-
penalty of his numerous ctimes by hi should certany wieh to lose n
e in seeing her," replied the guarda-

The Slaveof no Party-The Toolopnorman.

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

## ient tdvertisemenis.


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en ou speak of is Eugenie, my first-bogn

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rouis, hue.
All insi
All inside bespoke misery and wantthat colid afía specehless compenion had followed them, step by step. Opposite close to the embers of the fire, sat Marion Cloquet. Hers, indeed, was sat Marion Cloquet. Hers, indeed, was a counten-
ance that required no additional circum stances to heighten its deformity; she was one of those aged women, the inoral wewers of humanity, the sinks towards which flow all the impurities of human pessions one of those sacrilegious wretehess, who
dishonor the sanetity of gray hatrs; hild-
eous wrinkles marked
eons wrinkles marked her countenance;
huge "und bony hands, whose touch would
chill you' even throwigh the folds of your cloak; and yet thiti 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 Hers was one of those tough souls, which
become so in passing pver the rough
places of life-a soul battered, tamed,
soiled by crime, soraped, peeled, wrinkled, wastect, and pliable as the . IndiaThe hag remained for a short space of time shrtonk in her contemplations, cow-
ering, as it were at the bottom of her own filthy soul. Then lifting ap her eyes, she looked on the fair and manty counenance before her, that manly counis tong lashes, gnil lireathed from her
oul breast a tainted sigh. That fine face hid brotght before her the memory of hapipier times.
Directly opposite the young woman, on
a low stool. sat the dwarf, He had a
mall eyes; he appeared half giant, half dwarf, so disproportionate was the contrast between his height and the vast
breadth of this shoulders,' the length of breadth of ths shoulders, the hength
his arms, and the extreme shortiess his legs, the muscles of both of which indicated agitity apd strength.
Our hero stood as if entranced, till roused from his eqntemplation by the hrill voice of the hag, who said
Soldier-for by your dress I see you cifer, can your business be wift me? If it be good, speak out at once-if evil, taike my curse, and may ill fortane atten yoü", Thave spoken-now speak.
$V i c t o r ~ m a d e ~ a n ~ e f f o r t ~ t o ~ r e p l y, ~ b u t ~ n o ~$ nessed, that it rendefed hin' speechless for the monent, and, when he mitustered
ap sufficient strength to do so, there was a great degree of mental agitation. He
told her that he brought her tidings from her son, who had returned safe from Siberia, a
shortly.
CoNTINUED NEXT WEER.
Ratlway Spred.-Express trains in England average forty miles an hour, in-
cluding stoppages. In America the speed made by express frains on the best roads is not orer twrenty-seven miles, including
stoppages, and from this, down to twenty miles $\mathrm{\rho p}$, the ordinary Westerr rosds.-
This is nof from lgek of enterprise in rupning, bue from the manner of construo-
tion and from the conditign of the roads,
$\qquad$
miles an hour, ali that it is prudent to
undertake.
It is easy to see by the heavy jar made
ends of the rails meet on the ehairs, that
railroads construvted in that-manner are
unfit for high speed.. The pounding
caused by this ,jpint seenhs to cause more
than all the other frietiop, and it must
greatly inerease the danger of breaking

| gre |
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the on
Lot only in her own eirtune; hef heart, her in station and for-别
wiping the tear that glistened in his ey"What, old friend, an it alterethen, that you do not retognize your ol
By Saint Denis, is
der his bushy beard and drooping musfor dead on the field of battle, whenparty of strolling Cossacks, and removeprisoners to Siberia to await an exchangeup my quarters for the night at the Faussedes Loups (Wolf's Glen,) and leave yoprepare Eugenie for my coming-a suc"As you will. Yonder, about a half
league down the valley, lies your road,"sheep track, and soon found himselflow building, with a
chimney occupying the gable, and theopen to permit the exit of the sinokethrough the chimney, looked over the sen.gre lank-sided sow was standing, her len
pointed sngut meditatively turned towarwith an unceremonious kick, our hefrom the inside. He knocked repeatedlyplainly heard voices within; the purpo
and with more effect. At last, a hoars"who reeds rest and refreshnaent. Op"What cap your business be with mecompany. None hold communion witthe hagr as they eall Marion Cloquet, whohas nothing to give, and is herself ha"Make, yourself easy upon that scorI am both able and willing to pay for myshort space between the persons insidewhich was at last broken by one of the
sayingeOn frearing this, our hero placed
glove upon the ground under, the furtherest windom, and pointing to it made thedog understand that he must lie dodown there tilli eall." Russ understood
the bidding, and coited himself up in thethe bidding, and coited himself up, in the
ing further ordersgave entar our hero. He pauseupon the threshold, and gazed upon the
inmates of the dreary abode. Theinmates of the dreary abode. The youn-ger of the two having elosed the doorsumed bis seat before the ember bis
gion the low hearth, which shot a lurid

