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

VOL. 1. ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1867. NO. 13

Terms of Advertising: 1 Square (12 lines) \$5, 2 Squares \$7, 3 do. \$9, 4 do. \$11, 5 do. \$13, 6 do. \$15, 7 do. \$17, 8 do. \$19, 9 do. \$21, 10 do. \$23, 11 do. \$25, 12 do. \$27, 13 do. \$29, 14 do. \$31, 15 do. \$33, 16 do. \$35, 17 do. \$37, 18 do. \$39, 19 do. \$41, 20 do. \$43, 21 do. \$45, 22 do. \$47, 23 do. \$49, 24 do. \$51, 25 do. \$53, 26 do. \$55, 27 do. \$57, 28 do. \$59, 29 do. \$61, 30 do. \$63, 31 do. \$65, 32 do. \$67, 33 do. \$69, 34 do. \$71, 35 do. \$73, 36 do. \$75, 37 do. \$77, 38 do. \$79, 39 do. \$81, 40 do. \$83, 41 do. \$85, 42 do. \$87, 43 do. \$89, 44 do. \$91, 45 do. \$93, 46 do. \$95, 47 do. \$97, 48 do. \$99, 49 do. \$101, 50 do. \$103, 51 do. \$105, 52 do. \$107, 53 do. \$109, 54 do. \$111, 55 do. \$113, 56 do. \$115, 57 do. \$117, 58 do. \$119, 59 do. \$121, 60 do. \$123, 61 do. \$125, 62 do. \$127, 63 do. \$129, 64 do. \$131, 65 do. \$133, 66 do. \$135, 67 do. \$137, 68 do. \$139, 69 do. \$141, 70 do. \$143, 71 do. \$145, 72 do. \$147, 73 do. \$149, 74 do. \$151, 75 do. \$153, 76 do. \$155, 77 do. \$157, 78 do. \$159, 79 do. \$161, 80 do. \$163, 81 do. \$165, 82 do. \$167, 83 do. \$169, 84 do. \$171, 85 do. \$173, 86 do. \$175, 87 do. \$177, 88 do. \$179, 89 do. \$181, 90 do. \$183, 91 do. \$185, 92 do. \$187, 93 do. \$189, 94 do. \$191, 95 do. \$193, 96 do. \$195, 97 do. \$197, 98 do. \$199, 99 do. \$201, 100 do. \$203

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

'What,' exclaimed the hag, 'are the dead come to life again!—to me he has been dead a long time. It was reported here he had been killed.' 'The report was incorrect,' replied Victor; 'he was wounded and made prisoner, sent to Siberia, where he suffered many hardships.'

'I am glad to hear it,' replied the hag; 'he forsook, and then forgot, the mother that bore him.'

'I do, indeed,' replied Victor, 'require refreshments; and if any is to be procured in the vicinity, here is money that will procure sufficient for us all, and to spare.'

'Her eyes sparkled with delight as she stretched out her withered and skeleton hand to grasp the money which our hero offered her.'

desire of retiring to rest. He rose, and the dwarf accompanied him into the other room; and, having pointed to the bed, left him, and, as he bade him good night, a fiendish and malicious grin played upon his countenance.

The bed was composed of some miserably bad straw, laid upon some boards, supported at each end by two trestles, and some indifferent old horse rugs as covering. To a veteran of the old guard, this was of no consequence. He recollected how sound and tranquil he had slumbered on the bare earth with no other covering than the wide canopy of heaven.

'He has gold, Malu! gold! Did you not observe his purse, which was well filled with gold Napoleons? I warrant you he has taken Paris in his way hither and touched his pay, which had been accumulating for him during his captivity.'

'See, Malu, that you have not to strike twice; remember the last one, and the trouble he gave you, for your want of dexterity!'

All was still. The soldier was lying with his back to the door, and in a profound slumber. As she stood for a moment, the light fell full on the features of the dwarf, who was standing behind her in an attitude of savage expectation.

the light, which instantly went out, and tried in vain to assist her fiendish offspring. But more of her anon. For I must here (said Antoine) go back and tell you what was passing in another place, before I conclude this tragic tale.

'My darling child! welcome! thrice welcome to the embrace of your fond parent. God bless you, dearest and best! Great and bitter have been your trials; your cross has been heavy to bear, but you have borne it without repining; not a murmur has escaped your lips; you have passed through a severe ordeal, you have borne your troubles with Christian fortitude, and the blessing of God is upon you!'

Eugenie raised her eyes up to heaven silent, pious thanksgiving, and exclaimed: 'Oh God, thou hast blest me.'

'But, father, dear,' said Eugenie, 'should he not think proper to make himself known to her, or she not to recognize him, he will certainly meet the fate of all those who have sought shelter in that dreadful abode of crime.'

On our arrival at the Wolf's Glen, we knocked violently at the door of the hut, without gaining admission. We forced the door. My son entered first; I followed, holding a cocked pistol in my hand, prepared for any resistance I might encounter.

dwarf, had, I suppose, become alarmed, and retreated to the furthest extremity of the front room, awaiting the result of the conflict, stood with the brandy flask in her hand, from which she had helped herself to copious draughts to rouse her courage, which must have begun to flag; with eyes starting from their sockets, her form dilated to its full height, the very personification of a fiend incarnate about to hurl destruction on all who should cross her path.

The hag dropped the brandy flask from her grasp, became deadly pale, and appeared bewildered and stupefied. Victor was roused by the well remembered tone of Eugenie's voice; it acted as a vivifying electric shock upon his frame, and recalled all his nervous faculty, which, from loss of blood, had become almost totally inert, for his wound, though not dangerous, had, from the severance of a small artery, bled copiously.

The brave and faithful hound, on seeing his master rise, had taken his station over the mangled corpse of the dwarf, placing one paw on the chest, and the other raised in a defying attitude, growling like a hungry lion over its prey.

'Oh, mother! mother! do you not know your son, Victor, your eldest born?' 'Eh? what is that you say?' exclaimed the hag; 'who and what are you? You were dead, and have returned in judgment to blast me—to bring my gray hairs to an untimely end upon the scaffold; but as I have lived, so shall I die. I defy you all.'

A farmer near Erie, Pa., bought several barrels of spoiled sausages for the purpose of using them as manure, and put a link into each corn hill. Before the next day, every dog that lived in a radius of four or five miles of the field, had been there digging sausages. The corn came up a little quicker than the farmer bargained for.

A Horrible Reminiscence of the War.

The Platte (Mo.) Revelle, publishes the following, which is verified by responsible persons, familiar with the circumstances: Our citizens will remember that in the early part of the war, two citizens of our county, Gabriel Close and Black Triplett, were arrested by a squad of Col. Morgan's Illinois regiment, which was stationed at Weston. They were arrested at Mrs. Kuykendall's near this city, charged with being bush-whackers.

Whether the charge was true or false we know not. Securely guarded and bound, the prisoners were started to Weston. At Bee creek bridge the squad halted and determined to murder the two men. The fiends in human shape who disgraced the uniform they wore, told their victims the result of their deliberations and proceeded to carry into execution their hellish designs.

The memory of Morgan, the commander of the regiment, is faithfully preserved by the people of this county. He burned this town and laid in ashes our courthouse. In the corner stone of the new courthouse just about finished, is placed a parchment recording this fact. Wherever he goes God's wrath will follow him, and future generations will speak the name of James G. Morgan with a shudder.

A good joke is told us by a friend who was present at the freedman's celebration in Clayton last week. It was proposed, before the procession was formed, to head the column with the stars and stripes proudly whipping the breeze, and tail it with the stars and bars ignobly trailing in the dust. The proposition was submitted to one of the most prominent and influential of the colored marshals, who, when he heard it, suffered his indignation to get the upper hand of him. He replied that 'no such thing should be did whar he was. He fout under de Confederate flag, and if he catch any fool nigger dragging it along in de dirt he was gwine to hurt him.'

We have been shown a patent horse-shoe which must certainly supersede the old system when it becomes known to the public. It entirely dispenses with nails, being fastened on the foot by means of an elliptical band, entirely on the outside of the hoof, and yielding readily to its growth. The form of the shoe also tends to a lateral expansion. It has been exhibited to the officers of the War Department for the purpose of introducing it into the cavalry and artillery service of the United States.—Chronicle.