

All communications relating to business matters connected with this paper should be addressed to E. M. Brown, Norfolk Post.

Advertisements are requested in their advertisements before six o'clock in the evening, previous to publication.

Mayhew & Brothers, Bookellers and Stationers, are authorized agents to sell the Norfolk Post, and all orders will be attended to the same as if left at the office of publication.

S. M. Pettigill & Co. are authorized Advertising Agents for the Post in New York and Boston.

TRUE NOBILITY.

We can write no leader half so interesting, or so eloquent, as the following plain statement of facts, which furnish a higher testimonial to the ancestral worth of our President, than the sign manual of the Norman invader attached to a patent of nobility.

"Died in this city, on Saturday last, Jacob Johnson, who had, for many years, occupied an humble, but useful station in society. He was city constable, sexton, and porter to the State Bank.

The North Carolina Standard thus explains the concluding lines in the above obituary notice:

"Thomas Henderson was upset in a canoe, and was so near being drowned that life was nearly extinct when he was recovered. Jacob Johnson was on the bank, safe and secure. But he saw his friend drowning before his face.

What follows on the same subject from the Standard will no doubt be welcome to the Chief Magistrate, for sweet are the dews of memory when they fall upon a pure heart and a conscience at peace.

"We can well imagine what may be President Johnson's feelings on reading this tribute to his father's worth—preserved in the musty files of a journal—bygone times. There it has remained in quiet forgetfulness for fifty-three years, till brought to light by the greatness and elevation of the then orphan boy.

"Some object to this message as calculated to take away the population from the State. Let me ask the Old Dominion: let me ask North Carolina—God bless us! For although she is not, as some would call it, my alma mater, yet she is my mother's land.

"When we read the following we confess that we felt something like despair creeping in at the front gateways to our heart, while hope was bidding us a reluctant farewell. We imagine a similar sensation must have come over the souls of those hopeful gentlemen who were engaged in laying the Atlantic cable, when the object of their solicitude sank down deep into the great sea and was lost to them forever.

Raleigh, North Carolina, August 21, 1865.—Lieutenant A. W. Hahn, on special duty of an important character in the Department of Virginia, returned from a trip through the northern portion of this State, where there has been a riotous and bloody war.

A few days since, we wrote full of confidence in the theory that the negro was necessary to the South as a laborer;

that we could not do without him; could not replace him by foreign importations; but the facts developed through the investigations of Lieutenant Hahn, disclose the existence of an antagonistic state of affairs which, we fear, can never be harmonized.

Every mail from the South brings us new evidence to prove that the lot of the African race is growing each day more and more intolerable. Their burdens are fast becoming greater than they can bear; and we fear that all thought of any reconciliation of the races, so that they may inhabit the same country, even by keeping the blacks in the position of hewers of wood and drawers of water, is hopeless.

We cannot change the prejudices, feelings and very natures of the former masters of this people, who will always feel that they have been wronged, and are tempted on every occasion to wreak their spite upon the innocent cause of that supposed wrong.

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