such papers. I would willingly suppress them were it possible to do so, but in human nature there is so much of the mule left, that prohibition of a newspaper only increases its circulation. The press is a power in the land. For a quarter of a century past it had been sowing the whirlwind, and now we reap the storm. It is my opinion that the freedom of the press to publish mischievous matter, like personal slander, libel, false statements of facts, or other matter calculated to promote desertions in the army, or designed to give information to the enemy, should be regulated by statute law. At present we are going through the expensive but natural process which may result in a resort to the knife and pistol for the defence of reputation. It is already demonstrated, we must use the military power to put down the circulation of newspapers hurtful to the public service.

"The suppression of the few papers mentioned by General Milroy, would be something like undertaking to dam up the tributaries of the Ohio to stop the flood of the Mississippi. If General Milroy finds anybody selling mischievous publications within the sphere of his authority, he might give him a good thrashing, or put him in the stocks; but he cannot reach the editors and publishers, who are making money by the publication in New York, Chicago or Louisville.

"Each military commander, subject to me, may suppress all disorders and immoralities in the sphere of his command as best he can; but my belief is, the proper remedy is to punish the men who publish the objectionable matter, if residing in his jurisdiction; or if absent, then the party who circulates the papers. Give a good horsewhipping to any man who would dare advise a soldier to desert. This is all the notice I would take of such things at this epoch of the war."

SHERMAN ON HORSE-STEALING.

General Sherman did not always write in the vehement style. Some of his letlets have a spice of humor in them quite refreshing, as the following specimen will show. The gentleman to whom it was addressed was a chaplain in the rebel army, who had been captured at Chattanooga, and released from capture, and, as it would seem, was relieved of his horse at the same time, which latter fact he felt to be a great hardship; and when Sherman arrived at Atlanta the chaplain applied by letter, sent through our lines, for an order to compel the fellow who deprived him of his horse to restore him, or the General to send another one in his stead. This was the Generals's decision, dated at Atlanta, on the 16th of September, 1864:

"DEAR SIR: Your letter of September 14th is received. I approach a question involving a title to a 'horse' with deference for the laws of war. That mysterious code, of which we talk so much but know so little, is remarkably silent on the 'horse.' He is a beast so tempting to the soldier—to him of the wild cavalry, the fancy artillery, or the patient infantry—that I find more difficulty in recovering a worthless, spavined beast than in paying a million of 'greenbacks;' so that I fear I must reduce your claim to one of finance, and refer you to the great Board of Claims in Washington, that may reach your case by the time your grandchild becomes a great-grandfather.

"Privately, I think it was a shabby thing in the scamp of the Thirty-first Missouri who took your horse, and the colonel or his brigadier should have restored him. But I cannot undertake to make good the sins of omission of my own colonels and brigadiers, much less of a former generation. 'When this cruel war is over,' and peace once more gives you a parish, I will promise, if near you, to procure, out of one of Uncle Sam's corals, a beast that will replace the one taken from you so wrongfully; but now it is impossible. We have a big journey before us, and need all we have, and, I fear, more too; so look out when the Yanks are about, and hide your beasts, for my experience is that all soldiers are very careless in a search after horses."

The Norfolk Post.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1865.

All communications relating to business matters connected with this paper should be addressed to E. M. Brown, Norfolk *Post*. All communications pertaining to Editorial matters, and all correspondence intended for the paper should be addressed to John Clark, Editor.

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

Newsmen and newsboys desiring papers will please have their orders at the counting-room the evening previous before six o'clock.

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

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

We are often indebted to Mr. Barnes, of Reid's Express, for many favors in the way of late papers.

The Washington *Star* says Mr. Roger A. Pryor is about to start an evening paper in Baltimore.

The Culpeper *Journal* suggests Mr. John Minor Botts as a fit person to represent Virginia in the United States senate.

The Richmond *Examiner* is to be revived at an early day, under the editorial management of Mr. H. R. Pollard. His brother, Mr. Edward A. Pollard, the historian, is to be a European correspondent.

James A. Bonsall, of New York, on Saturday last challenged Jas. M. Pears, of Richmond, in the latter city, to fight a duel. The police learned of the affair, and put a stop to the belligerent proceedings.

We give our readers another foretaste of Colonel Bowman's work on Gen. Sherman's great campaign. The extracts we make are very interesting, and serve to illustrate the mind and character of the hero of the Western armies. The book will be issued in a few days and we have no doubt it will command an immense sale.

New Berne, North Carolina, must be on the high road to prosperity, as the *Times* announces that it is forced to enlarge its sheet owing to the increase of advertising patronage. Why is it that "Asa Hartz" writes so little for his paper in that once happy strain that was wont to set the people in a roar? Has he grown rusty, and is his pen blunted? Since he took up the sword he has not soared so high with the goosequill.

There was a good house last night to witness Mr. Proctor, the tragedian, in "Macbeth." It was well cast and well played, but we have not room for a more extended notice now. To-night, the great Indian play of "The Nick of the Woods," is announced, with Mr. Proctor as Jibbenainosay, and cast otherwise with the full strength of the company. The after-piece is a very pleasant farce, entitled "A Wife for a Day."

The Richmond *Whig*, in alluding to Dutch Gap canal, says: "This work, commenced as a war necessity, ought now to be turned to the peaceful uses of commerce and trade. General Butler, in opening this canal, did us a service by demonstrating the possibility of saving seven miles of navigation by a canal across a neck of land one hundred yards wide;" and suggests that it should be widened and deepened, and used to shorten navigation on the James river.

The alarm at present, among the lively-minded of the fashionable world, says Mr. Willis, in the *Home Journal*, is at the increasing expensiveness of a *wife*. For this simplest and most virtuous of incumbrances, the common cost, in any respectable walk of life, exceeds (to-day in New York,) every self-earned income—making matri-money (thus descriptively designated,) a luxury for the few who are born to fortune, or for those who have first devoted youth to money-making, and who marry, (if at all) at the advanced period when they can first afford it.

The London *Times* has just performed, very neatly, and, with no apparent damage to itself, the trick of swallowing itself, which the *beche-de-mer*, or sea cucumber, was hitherto supposed to be alone able to accomplish. In the *Times* for September 27th, the leading article opens with this sentence: "When the people of the Northern States elected Mr. Lincoln for the second time *they were moved by a happy impulse* to choose as the second magistrate of the country Andrew Johnson of Tennessee." The *Times* used to abuse Mr. Johnson as vilely as the New York *World*, but the Fenians have frightened the Thunderer; and the *World* is "sustaining the policy of President Johnson."

Some Englishman is collecting money to present Mrs. Jefferson Davis with "An Illustrated Bible." The *Spectator* remarks: "We feel no anger towards Mrs. Davis, and we trust her husband will yet be pardoned by the clemency of the North, but we see no appropriateness in giving her an illustrated Bible. There must be already plenty of painful pictures burnt in on the Southern leader's memory without reminding him of Andersonville by illustrating the plague of lice, or appending any drawing to the text "that thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies, and the tongues of thy dogs may be red through the same."

POOR WIRZ.

The testimony for the defence, in the case of Henry Wirz, of Andersonville prison notoriety, was concluded on Saturday, before the military commission at Washington. Upon this announcement, Mr. Baker, the prisoner's counsel, asked for two weeks to enable him to prepare his final argument. The Court, after a conference, stated that it was willing to give him twelve days; but he was inexorable—two weeks or the abandonment of his client! The Court would not grant two weeks, and Mr. Baker thereupon threw up the cause of Wirz, after weeks of weary management. The Court then adjourned until to-morrow, when the Judge Advocate will present both sides to the commission. Poor Wirz! He was unfortunate in ever having been born; he was unfortunate in his career as a Confederate soldier; and he was most unfortunate of all, in the lawyers who undertook to manage his case. It seems to us that twelve days were sufficient for Mr. Baker; indeed, a man of genius and tact, after so prolonged a hearing, would have been equal to the argument in twelve hours. We give a report of the closing proceedings on the first page.

WINTER THOUGHTS.

The north wind is nipping us to some purpose, and makes fires comfortable, as also thick clothing. The heaving and swelling bosom of the river as the tides, operated upon by the Boreas blasts, rise higher than when calmed by the influence of softer skies and gentler breezes, warns us that the melancholy days of winter are fast approaching, when fuel and heavy clothing can no longer be dispensed with—when woolen cloaks in the street, and a blazing fire on the hearth, even in this semi-tropical climate are as necessary as amid the snows of Canada, to guard us from the winter's cold. While we prepare ourselves for this change, let us not forget the very poor whose sufferings are increased by their inability to supply all the luxuries necessary in the fullest extent, to pass the winter comfortably. We should constantly think of those poor women and children, who with difficulty provide the necessaries of life in the summer, when their wants are rendered fewer by the generous warmth of the sun; and not leave them entirely to "Him who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb." The winds may be tempered to suit the fleecy animals, for a watchful keeper hath them in charge; but no such miracles are performed to protect needy humanity. God has left to the kind care of the wealthy, the poor, and imposed it as a sacred duty. How many are now, or soon will be, shivering in garrets and hovels, to whom a cord of wood, a garment to cover their backs, or a few pounds of bread, would prove a joy and a blessing. The charitably disposed should be even now preparing to perform these holy obligations, which a wise providence has delegated to them exclusively. How much of misery can a little well-directed charity prevent in this world, and how much of crime or vice may it not be instrumental in warding off from the poor, by the removal of temptation! Let the worthy objects of our care and solicitude be hunted up, in the alleys and by-ways—the widows and orphans perhaps of soldiers who fell in the "great war"—and let all that can be done for the amelioration of their helpless condition be done promptly, freely, and without thought of reward.

A WAIL FROM BOSTON.

The Boston Daily *Advertiser*, the leading commercial paper of that city, is out in a doleful jeremiad bewailing the want of commercial enterprise of the people of Boston, as proved by the sale of the fine steamers Mississippi and Merrimack to New York and New Orleans capitalists. These steamers are both magnificent vessels—time, labor, and capital having been expended without stint to make them really first-class and splendid floating palaces. They were built for the purpose of establishing direct trade between Boston and the city of New Orleans, with the expectation of diverting a large portion of the commerce of New York, with all the Atlantic cities, to the metropolis of New England. This enterprise was particularly urged upon the young men. But what has been the result? The old merchants and manufacturers who have made and are making their millions by the protection afforded to their manufactures, failed to sustain their young men to the extent they had promised, took so little interest in the enterprise the project had to be yielded, and the vessels sold to the enterprising and public spirited capitalists of New York. How different is the spirit manifested by the two cities! Everything New York touches turns to gold; while all that Boston attempts in the way of commerce becomes mere dross. New York has found the philosopher's stone, while Boston produces merely a vile composition in her efforts to transmute the baser into the purer metals. Her old "fogies," known as the "solid men" of Boston, fail to encourage the young men, and drive them off to Chicago, to New Orleans, to San Francisco, and other great cities in the West and South; and, in fact, everywhere else in the world they can succeed better than at home. Even New York is full of the most energetic of the young men of New England; and New Orleans, through their energy, is fast becoming a grand center of commercial prosperity, agricultural wealth, and manufacturing enterprise.

The same spirit is abroad in Norfolk, and, indeed, holds complete possession of the two hundred and ten owners of property, who clutch the land in perpetual grasp, and force their own children to leave them, in order to obtain a livelihood among a more generous and enterprising people, in New York or elsewhere. In any city or land but their own, they can meet with friendly encouragement, and obtain wealth. And these ancient inhabitants of Norfolk, like those of Boston—and there never were two peoples more similar in all respects—particularly in their ideas of exclusion—complain that their city trade is falling off instead of increasing. It would be singular, indeed, if it did not fall off. What do they do for it to increase its growth? Do they encourage people to come and settle among them by pursuing a liberal course, in leasing their lands and in either renting or selling their property at reasonable rates? No; but, on the contrary, by every word and action they persist in repelling capital and enterprise, and even refuse to furnish their own children—energetic and industrious young men—with means to invest in their native town. Boston only has the advantage of Norfolk in being a larger city—and large cities fail equally with small ones from the same causes. If either had a moity of the spirit that pervades the inhabitants of New Orleans or New York—or of the liberality of the "solid men" of young Chicago—such an impetus would be given to their prosperity that nothing would stop their growth in wealth and population. Boston, so long as her business men are governed by the policy that drives away her best population, will be doomed to see her trade depart, and all her commercial enterprises prove failures. New York will continue to buy out her lines of steamers—and so will she buy out Norfolk's steamers and divert her trade, and nothing will save either from the insignificance they both seem to crave and actually merit. Our Mississippis and Merrimacks, though staunchly built and adorned with every beauty, will leave us if we persist in leaving them. The sceptre of trade will depart from us if we make no effort to retain it in our grasp. The excluding or driving out policy will destroy the most prosperous city in the world.

In regard to this loss to their trade, and the failure of an enterprise so full of promise, the *Advertiser* says: "The event is the reverse of creditable to the business enterprise of this city, and speaks as little for the public spirit of those responsible for this result, as the full history of the affair, if we are correctly informed, does for their shrewdness in the management of their own property. True, we may be told as we have heard before, that one has a right to do what he chooses with his own, to sell it now or six months hence, here or elsewhere. He has this right, no doubt, and so have his fellow-citizens the right to judge of the spirit and sagacity exhibited in the transaction." We, too, admit that our capitalists and property owners have the apparent right to do what they please with their property; but is it at all times to the interests of trade, or is it acting justly by their fellow men to do so? The man who buries his means or talents instead of putting them into circulation to increase in value and double in volume, is not a good or useful citizen of any country, and does irreparable injury to himself and to his neighbor. He is a drone in the busy hive, and Norfolk is full of this kind of people.

[*For the Norfolk Post.*]

THE BOYS.

"Those great boys will be home from school presently, and then there's an end of peace for the day!" And the nervous mother shrinks back into her rocking chair with a shudder. The elegant sister takes herself and her novel to the retirement of her own room, and every member of the family waits, in uncomfortable apprehension, for the advent of the boys.

In they come! Great, tearing fellows, between the ages of ten and fourteen, bringing in with them such a whiff of the bright, buoyant world out of doors; such a wholesome bustle of noise and activity, that the whole circle of womankind within would be better for their entrance, if they only knew it. Tom flings down his books with a shout, and asks, with true masculine energy, for dinner, and with true masculine impatience, cannot abide to wait till it is placed on the table. Frank rushes upstairs, like a tornado, and presently batters at his sister's door, with an inquiry for his lost jack-knife; and Fred is tormenting his cousin by stroking the cat the wrong way.

"Frederick!" says the mother, "stop this minute, or I'll tell your father."

By the way, the woman who can't manage her own children, isn't worth a fig, and should be condemned to wearing an empire bonnet the rest of her natural life. Of all miserable shams in household management, most shiftless and miserable is that constant appeal from mother to father, which one is always hearing in some homes. "Frank and Tom, do learn to go through a house quietly." "Don't drum on the window panes, Fred!" "Tom, you can't go into the front parlor! your boots are muddy. Here, eat your dinner and go out of the house till dark!"

Where are they to go? The yard is too small, and human nature is gregarious. The parlor is too fine, and the house too nice, to endure their presence, and as they are never treated like anything but cubs, they have adopted the manners that have been forced upon them. Out to the streets, of course, to herd with the neglected, the impure, the profane, to smoke bad cigars, and learn to loaf genteelly, to be initiated into the mysteries of evil, and plant thorns that shall pierce through somebody's pillow, in the future!

Why don't you court your boys a little, mother? Why don't you give Fred a little of the petting that you lavished on him when he was a great fat baby, making insane lunches at the world with his dimpled fists, and turning his wondering blue eyes on every one who peeped into his cradle? Ah! that rosewood cradle, with the dainty blankets and the ruffled pillow-slips, and the miracle of embroidery that was called a quilt. Poor Fred! he may look back on babyhood, as Napoleon at St. Helena looked back upon the Tuileries. He sleeps up in the attic with his brothers on the worst bed in the house; every chair in the room is broken, and the toilet set is a compound of fractures and mismates. "Anything will do for the boys!" so the faded coverlid is put on the bed, and the walls are ungarnished with pictures, and the carpet, if there is one, is of antiquity bordering on the days of the Plantagenets.

The boys don't get fairly treated. They are persistently snubbed and counted out, and mismanaged till they reach the era of moustaches and long tailed coats; and then, presto! what a change. Sister wonders that brother Tom will never go anywhere with her! Some brothers are so much better than others! Mother sheds secret tears as she lies awake listening for the stealthy turn of her boy's latch-key, praying inwardly that the gray haired man at her side may sleep soundly the while, for she has learned too late to pity and forbear, when her boys tread with iron heel on her poor heart. Or, if through kindly Providence, her sons have been transformed into high-toned, gentlemanly men, how proud she is of them, and how she dilates on the goodness they have always shown!

Be patient with the boys! Be patient when they litter the house with chips and introduce unheard of pets into the household room. Let them have a "den" of their own somewhere, and respect their rights generally. You will have your reward. M. E. M.

THE NEWS.

Miss Lucy Rushton, the new actress from England, has made a complete failure in New York.

Herr Sontag, an actor of merit, and a brother of the late prima donna, has been of late entertaining the King of Hanover, with dramatic recitations.

It is reported that the Eighth regiment, First Army Corps, hitherto doing duty on Hart's Island, in New York harbor, have been ordered to Washington for post duty.

The Raleigh *Standard* is authorized to announce that Col. David A. Barnes has been appointed Judge of the Superior Court of the First Judicial Circuit of North Carolina.

It is said that Edwin Booth, the great tragedian, is about to be married to Miss Hermione Hauel, the acknowledged belle of Philadelphia, and a daughter of the well-known perfumer, Jule Hauel, of Philadelphia.

George W. Davenport, the Ajdutant General's clerk at Knoxville, who was arrested in Nashville for extensive forgeries, and who was taken to Nashville, leaped from the train near Cleveland and escaped.

The Indianapolis *Journal* says that forty thousand dollars have been subscribed in Morgan county to build Gen'l Burnside's road from Martinsburg to Fairview or Shelbyville, thus giving the citizens of that place connection with Cincinnati.

A telepram from Rome, of September 16, says, "A secret consistory was held to-day, in which the Pope delivered an allocution. He nominated one English, one Irish, one Belgian, and four Spanish bishops; ten for other countries, and eight in *partibus infidelium*.

Mr. P. Bell Smith, son of ex-Gov. Smith, was mortally wounded, on Wednesday, at Warrington, Va., by the accidental discharge of a pistol, which, while he was handing it to a friend, fell upon the ground and exploded, the contents taking effect in the abdomen.

The Newbern (N. C.) *Times* says: We learn that Mr. John O'Conner, proprietor of the Globe Saloon, on South Front street, has been arrested and imprisoned by military authority. He is well known throughout this district as a scout in the Confederate army during the late war, and it is stated that the charges against him are of a grave nature, connected with his career as a scout.

The steamer Belfast, loaded with private cotton, on her way from Demopolis to Mobile, was recently boarded by guerrillas, who commanded her to round to and surrender her barge of cotton, and upon her refusal to comply, fired on her, riddling the pilot house and sending a number of bullets through the cabin. The passengers escaped by taking refuge behind the cotton.

A REMARKABLE DECISION.—In New Orleans, lately, Judge Duplantier decided that the value of a pew in church might depend in a great degree on the "legitimate pride of a father to establish a gifted daughter with the benefit to be derived from the conspicuous position" in question.

This is the first time we ever knew it to be *said so* from the judicial bench. The thing is not new, however.

A writer in *Macmillan* opines that "the deliberate selection of able and beautiful women by able and beautiful men, would inevitably produce a race far surpassing that at present existing in the world." We think he is right; but there is this difficulty: in general, though the man appears to select the woman, it is really the woman who selects the man. The wicked witch sees the man she likes, and deliberately fascinates him. She makes him propose how she will and when she will. He is no more conscious of the way in which she tames him than if he were an inferior animal.

The report that Ralph Waldo Emerson was a large loser by the Concord (Mass.) bank robbery, is unfounded. The Boston *Traveler*, however, says that the widow and son of the late Hon. Horace Mann and Mrs. Samuel Hoar were owners of many thousand dollars of the United States stocks that were stolen. A citizen of Concord, a few days before the robbery, took $30,000 in United States stocks from the safe of the bank for the purpose of changing them for other national securities. Some other citizens were not so fortunate, but having invested all in government stocks, are now reduced to want. The bank offers to settle with its stockholders at seventy-five cents on the dollar.

Norfolk should have establishments like that of the late Mr. Appold, the well-known English engineer, whose remarkable cleverness as an inventor was illustrated by a collection in his own house and the buildings adjoining it. There everything that could be made so, was automatic. The doors opened as you approached them, and closed after you had entered; water came unbidden into the basins; when the gas was lighted the shutters closed; a self-acting thermometer prevented the temperature rising or falling above or below certain fixed points; and the air supplied for ventilation was both washed to cool and screened to cleanse it from blacks. Even the gates of his stable-yard opened of themselves as he drove through, and closed again without slamming.

To the esthetical eye nothing can be more repulsive and *outre* than the huge bags of horse hair, gunny bagging and sawdust yclept a waterfall. It is never difficult to turn a woman's head, but when the membranes and tissues become top-heavy with the conglomerate collections embodied in a waterfall, giddiness and vanity are but a natural result. Fancy the adoring Alphonse about to to embrace his charming Georgiana; he clasps her swan-like neck, and when attempting to imprint a chaste salute upon her marble forehead, inhales the fragrance of a dead person's hair, combined with the smell of a carpenter shop, and, relaxing his embrace, retires disgusted, and vows never to forsake the state of celibacy.—*N. Y. World.*

ALABAMIANS GOING TO BRAZIL.—Major Hastings, of Alabama, appears to have succeeded in organizing a colony to emigrate to Brazil. The Selma *Messenger* says he is to have one hundred families of five hundred paying members, each paying a quota of money, which they forfeit in case they fail to be ready to embark at the time and place designated by their written agreement. The transportation will cost twenty dollars for adults and ten dollars for children between two and twelve years of age, each family being entitled to one ton of freight free of charge, and each unmarried person, not of the families, to two hundred pounds. The time and place of embarkation are already designated, and about half the required number have signed the agreement. The full number will soon be obtained, when the final arrangements for the departure of the colony will be made.

To the profession of arms belongs peculiarly the characteristic of honor. To the modern gentleman, who seeks fame and glory in the tented field, has descended the mantle of chivalry. The parole *d'honneur* of a true soldier is a more valuable guarantee than any mere everyday promise or bond. Sooner than break it he would endure any penalty. Sooner than have his military integrity impugned, he would meet any responsibility. From the days of Bayard, that *sans peur et sans reproche*, down to those of Latour D'Auvergne, "the first soldier in Europe," and the illustrious Lee, the profession of arms has given to the world men in whom the nobles physical and mental traits were only transcended by their moral qualities. To do his duty faithfully, without fear or favor, to obey orders strictly, and keep his shield untarnished by infamy or treachery, is the aim of the warrior. The fidelity with which the pledges of General Grant to Lee have been kept, and the wonderful accuracy of the execution of the terms of the convention between Generals Johnston and Sherman, have won the heart of the South, and excited the admiration of the world. But the other day we had occasion to express our gratification at the prompt vindication by Major General Steedman of the honor of the officers of the United States Army. A bribe was offered to General Grosvenor, the Provost Marshal, we believe, at Augusta, if he would decide in favor of the party in a disputed title of a large amount of cotton. It was a very heavy bribe, no less than $200,000, a handsome fortune, and $12,000 had been paid in to the General, who wished to convict the wretch of his abominable designs. Gen. Grosvenor then promptly informed General Steedman of this precious piece of scoundrelism, and had the party offering the bribe quickly lodged in the guard-house, whence no wriggling, special-pleading lawyer could extricate him. The $12,000 paid in was confiscated and given to the poor of Augusta, and the two wretches who had made this mean, insidious assault upon the soldierly integrity of General Grosvenor were compelled to beg pardon and banished from that military department. The military honor of a United States officer having been sufficiently vindicated, General Steedman magnanimously let them go. It must have been a great temptation—an ordinary man would have succumbed to it; but Gen. Grosvenor, trained in the school of the soldier, belonging to Sherman's army, valued his honor above all price, and spurned indignantly the base proposal. With men of such strict integrity in command, the South might well, for many years to come, bear with martial law and military rulers, instead of political tricksters of doubtful honesty.—*Richmond Republic.*

A STORY OF LORD PALMERSTON.

The London *Court Journal* tells the following story of Lord Palmerston, whom it styles "the glorious old boy":

The great key to Lord Palmerston's undying popularity is that he knows the voice of the people when he hears it, and can tell when it is raised in earnest, whilst his colleagues or subordinates 'Poo-pooh!' and put their fingers in their ears. Many years ago Mr. Gruneison, the correspondent of an English paper at the camp of Don Carlos, was taken prisoner by Espartero, and was sentenced to be shot as a spy. On the arrival of the news, Mr. Mitchell, the managing proprietor of the paper, went to Lord Palmerston, ringing him up in the middle of the night. Lord Palmerston wrote a dispatch, sealed it, and gave it to Mr. Mitchell, with instructions to proceed at once to the cabinet messenger, who had just returned from Vienna. On arriving, the messenger was in bed, but, to Mr. Mitchell's surprise, came down in ten minutes, booted and spurred, and all ready for a journey.—His orders were to start for the Christino's headquarters at once, to travel night and day, and to spare no expense. He started, and by incredible exertion—the railway system was in its infancy in those days—presented himself at the entrance to Espartero,s tent at the very moment when poor Gruneison was waiting amongst a crowd of Chapelchowries the arrival of the firing party. 'What's your business?' I come from Lord Palmerston to request that the Englishman,s life may be spared.—'Impossible! he's a spy.' 'Read that!, pulling out his dispatch. The grim General read and swore, and stamped and cried 'Carrajo!' but he also called his aide and instructed him to have Gruneison unbound and delivered up. What was in that little dispatch—there were only three lines—never transpired; they were 'neither as deep as a well nor as wide as a church-door,' but they were enough, and our 'special' of the old days was liberated."

Arrivals at the Atlantic Hotel, Oct. 16th.

J B Reyling, J W Bayenton, J Gibbs, Hampton, J M Renshaw, W A McGroch, P Holt, F Gottsbugen, I Bruce, J Hamburger, J A Whitlock, Miss Curtis, Miss Gunn, G H Pettis, N Y; N McClues, W C Gormon, Tyrrell, N C; R D Pollard, W Allen, Richmond; T M Talicott, Charlott county, Va; A Duck, J P Clements, J P Ruffin, T S Kendall, A Sibley, P Deganan, D S Walton, Isles of Wight co, Va; W Atkinson, lady and servant, Plymouth, N C, Mrs Sam Glenn, Baltimore; W C Southgall, J Smith, Va; R H Baptist, E B Branch, Petersburg; S H McCray, N C.

PASSENGERS.—The following passengers arrived from New York on Sunday night on board the steamship Hatteras, Parrish, master, viz:

Mr. Schanback and wife, Mrs. W. W. Smith, Mrs. E. Lipper, F. Gathesberza, B. H. Hulsh, C. A. Newton, S. Hawbager, Col. D. S. Walton, P. Holt, Ira Bruce, A. J. Whitlock, Mrs. Post and daughter, C. L. Cole, Miss Gillespie, Miss Leavitt, John Davis, M. Minnow, B. Dagner.

CONSIGNEES per steamship Hatteras, Lewis Parrish, master, from New York, Oct. 15th, 1865:

J. Gordon & Co., J. M. Smith & Bro., S. Hamberger, W. F. Allen, S. A. Tuttle, Taylor, Martin & Co., J. R. Gillett, W. S. Pepper, S. E. Wise, F. W. Seabury's Sons, T. Mr Belamey, T. R. Cobb & Son., Seth March, Lockhart & Son, E. P. Taib & Co., L. Seldner & Co., F. S. Dashield, Ludle & Son, A. Lagoria, M. Dennis, C. E. Staples, F. M. Merchant, B. M. Adams & Co., J. D. Comper, N. T. Goldsmith, B. T. Bockover, U. S. Sub. Dep't—Fort Monroe; W. M. West, J. Umstader, J. S. Post, W. R. Hudgins.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

PORT OF NORFOLK, OCTOBER 16.

ARRIVALS.

Steamer Geo. Leary, Blakeman, Baltimore.
Steamer Louisiana, Porter, Baltimore.
Steamer Hatteras, Parrish, New York.
Steamer Yazoo, Thomeson, New York.
Steamer Washington, Chichester, Philadelphia.
Steamer Magenta, Baulsir, Richmond.
Steamer City of Richmond, Powers, Richmond.
Steamer Flora Temple, Deming, Baltimore.
Schooner Union, Bowen, Body Island.
Schooner Eagle, Hayman, Body Island.
Schooner North Carolina, Mitchell, Baltimore.

DEPARTURES.

Steamer Thomas Collyer, Mitchell, Richmond.
Steamer City Point, Talbot, Richmond.
Steamer George Leary, Blakeman, Baltimore.
Steamer Louisiana, Porter, Baltimore.
Steamer Flora Temple, Deming, Savannah.
Schooner Arthur T. Jones, Meade, Elizabeth City.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FINANCIAL.

NOTES OF THE VIRGINIA BANKS STAND:

Va. Bank Notes	15	@	20
Bank of Va	28	@	30
Farmers Bank of Va	24	@	27
Bank of the Valley and Branches	28	@	30
Exchange Bank of Virginia	23	@	25
" " " " Alex	40	@	45
" " " " Weston	95	@	—
Norfolk Savings Bank issues	25	@	40
Portsmouth " " "	20	@	25
Va. Bonds, 6s	59	@	60
N. C. "	81	@	00
Missouri "	75	@	77
N. C. Bank Notes	72½	@	73
Gold (large)	143	@	145
Silver	133	@	137
City Scrip	30		
South Carolina	15	@	—
Georgia	20	@	—

COMMERCIAL.

ALE—Philadelphia and Hudson, $3.25.
BRANDIES—Apple $3.00@4.00; Hennesey, Otard, Pinet, Castillion, &c., $10.00@16.00; Fancy Brandies: Cherry, Blackberry, Ginger, &c., $5.00@6.50; Domestic (common) $2.25; California, per case, $20.00.
BITTERS—Bokee's, Drake's, Wahoo, Russ's, Scheidam, &c., $11.00@18; California Wine Bitters, per case, $13.00.
BACON—Baltimore, Sides, 19@20c.; Hams, 25@30c. Smithfield Hams, cuts to order, 23@25c.
BEEF—Extra Mess, $18.00@20 00; Mess, $16.00@18.00.
BRICKS—First quality pressed, $35.00; 2d do., $22.00; 3d do., $15.00.
BAUGH'S PHOSPHATE FERTILIZER, $66 per ton.
CORN—White, 70@75c: Yellow, $80@83c.
COTTON—Ordinary, 34@37c; Good, 37@40c.; Middling, 40@45c.
COFFEE—31@36c.
CANDLES—Adamantine, 21@25c.
CIGARS—Domestic and Imported, 20@150.
COAL—First quality, 40@45c: 2d quality, 35@40c.
DOMESTICS—Merrimack Prints, 33.36; Sprague do 27½; American do 30; Amoskeag do 27½; Dutches B do 30; London Mourning do 27½; Amoskeag do, 27; Lancaster Ginghams 36; Delaines, 35; Standard Sheeting, 36; 4-4 fine Brown Sheeting 36½; 3-4 do 30; 4-4 do Bleached do 50 a 55; Ticks 57½@62½; Striped Shirting 23a25; Colored and Bleached Drills, 37½@39; Colored Cambric 26a27½.
FLOUR—Family, $13.50@15.75; Extra, $11.00@12.75; Super, $9.50@10.00; Fine, $8.50@9.00.
FORAGE—Hay, 150@200 per cwt.: Corn, 96@100 per bushel; Oats, 60@75 per bushel; Bran, 40@a50 per bush.
GIN—$2.50@5.00.
HOOPS—None.
HEADINGS—None.
LEATHER—Calf skins, $40@$100 per dozen; Sole leather, 40@48c. per pound.
LUMBER—Clear per thousand, $70.00; 2d do., $50.00; 3d do., $30.00.
LIME—First quality, per bbl., $2.50@$3.00; 2d quality $1.50@2.00
OAKUM—16@18c.
OIL—Whale, per gallon, $2.00@2.28; Linseed, $1.75 Lard $2.10@2.40.
PORK—Mess $32.00@35.00; Prime $25@32.00.
PORTER—London, best brands, $4.50; Philadelphia, $3.25.
RUM—$2.40@6.00.
ROSIN—Not quoted.
ROPE—Manilla, 23@26c; Hemp, 25@30c.
SUGAR—Brown, 14@17½c; Refined, Crushed, Powdered and Granulated, 21½c; A White, 19½c; B White, 19; C Ex. 18½c.
SHINGLES—$8.00@10.00.
STAVES—$25.00@30.00.
NAVAL STORES—Crude Turpentine, none in market; Turpentine, $5.50@6.00; Tar, $5.50@6.00.
TOBACCO—Connecticut Leaf, 20@76c; Vir. 60@$1.25; in market; Manufactured, 50c.@$1.25; Smoking, 50c.@$1.00; Snuff, 50c.@$1.00.
WHEAT—White, $1.90@2 10; Red, $1.50@1.75.
WHISKEYS—Old Monongahela (low proof) $2.20@2.30; Rye and Bourbon, $2.35@7.00.
WINE—Champagne: "Star," "Heidsick," "Green Seal," De St. Marceau, "Red Lac," &c., $25.00@42.00; Sherry, $4.@8.00; Port, $4.00@8.00; Claret, in cases, $5.00, $6.00, $8 $10.00 and $24.00; Sauterne, per case, $9.00@15; California, per case, $12.00@14.00.
WOOD—Per cord, $4.50@5.00.
WHITE LEAD—8@17.

DOMESTIC MARKETS.

FRESH MEATS—At the stalls, Beef, according to cut, 10@15 cts.; Veal 8@10 cts.; Mutton 12@15 cts.; Shoat 75@1 00 per quarter.
FOWLS—Chickens 25@50 cts., according to size; Ducks $1 00@1 25 per pair; Geese 62@75 cts.
FRUITS—Apples 75@80 cts. per peck.
VEGETABLES—Cabbage 5@10 cts.; Onions 10 cts. per bunch; Beets 10 cts. per bunch; Soup Vegetables 1@10 cts. per bunsh; Potatoes 75@$1 00 per bushel; Sweet Potatoes 75@80 cts per peck.
FISH—Hog Fish $1.00 to $1.25 per dozen; Spots 10@15 cts. per dozen; Trout 25@50 cts. a piece; Mullet 10@15 cts. per bunch; Sheep Head 50@$1 00.
BUTTER, LARD AND CHEESE—Butter 45@50 cts. per pound; Lard 25@40 cts. per pound; Cheese 18@25 cts. per pound.
OYSTERS—25 cents per quart.

Markets firm and lively, with active demand for cotton, naval stores and small grain.

Demand for money indicates a good Fall trade. Banks discounting liberally.

AMUSEMENTS.

GLENN'S THEATRE

Second night of the Eminent Tragedian,

MR. JOSEPH PROCTOR,

Who will appear in his

GREAT ORIGINAL CHARACTER

of the

JIBBENAINOSAY,

In the popular American Drama of

NICK OF THE WOODS.

Abounding in Startling Incidents and Thrilling Situations, fearfully depicting the horrors of

SAVAGE WARFARE,

And the many trials and difficulties which surrounded

THE PIONEERS OF AMERICA,

during the

DARK DAYS OF THE REVOLUTION.

TUESDAY EVENING, October 17, 1865,

Will be presented the wild and thrilling Drama in 3 Acts, entitled

NICK OF THE WOODS;

OR, THE JIBBENAINOSAY.

To conclude with the Laughable Farce of

A WIFE FOR A DAY.

In Rehearsal, the Great Play of AMBITION; Or, THE THRONE, THE TOMB, AND SCAFFOLD.

Will be produced shortly, a new piece, written by Chas. Reade, Esq., entitled,

"NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

☞ Doors open at a quarter before 7. Performance to commence at a quarter before 8 o'clock. oct7—1t

SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE.—The Original and Best in the World! The only true and perfect Hair Dye. Harmless, Reliable and Instantaneous. Produces immediately a splendid Black or natural Brown, without injuring the hair or skin. Remedies the ill effects of bad dyes. Sold by all Druggists. The genuine is signed William A. Batchelor. Also,

REGENERATING EXTRACT OF MILLEFLEURS,

for Restoring and Beautifying the Hair.

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☞ NATURE'S FURNITURE of the mouth is far preferable to any that art can supply. Therefore, keep your teeth clean, and in good repair with that toilet gem, FRAGRANT SOZODONT. Brush them daily with this delicious vegetable preparation, and they will not be likely to crumble or decay. oct14

☞ AWAY WITH SPECTACLES.—Old Eyes Made New, without SPECTACLES, DOCTOR, or MEDICINE. Pamphlet mailed free on receipt of ten cents. Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D., No. 1130 Broadway, New York. oct12—12t

☞ KEROSENE COOKING APPARATUS.

☞ All the Cooking for a Family may be done with ☞ KEROSENE OIL with less trouble and at less expense than by any other fuel. No dust or ashes, no ☞ trouble in building fires, and no waste of fuel.

☞ Send for Circular and Price List.

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☞ VALUABLE TESTIMONY. — Procure at any Druggist's one of Mrs. S. A. ALLEN's circulars of her World's Hair Restorer and Hair Dressing, and you will find in it much valuable information concerning the human hair, also testimonials from well known and reliable parties that will