The Norfolk Post.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1866.

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

Mr. R. H. Fox of the National Express has our thanks for Richmond papers yestarday.

Mr. Carroll, messenger of Adams' Express Company, will accept our thanks for late Northern and Richmond papers.

We publish this morning an account of the "Mount Hope Case"—one of the most extraordinary exposures of bigotry within our recollection. It seems to us, the Baltimore bar, like our own, stands in need of purification.

A Washington telegram states that "in Mr. Pollard's case General Grant refused to rescind the order of suppression, but the President has authorized the resumption of the publication on certain conditions."

Governor Patton, of Alabama, has issued a proclamation granting amnesty and pardons to all persons liable to be indicted or prosecuted for offences against the laws of the State (the crimes of rape and murder excepted) between the commencement of hostilities and the restoration of the civil Government.

A Washington despatch states that "the President is understood to be preparing his message in regard to the Freedmen's Bureau bill. It is expected the question of admitting the southern members will be settled this week by admitting those who can take the oath and establish their loyalty."

Governor Pierpont did not leave town on Sunday, with the excursionists. He is the guest of Lewis W. Webb, Collector of Customs, and we understand he will leave to-day at 8 o'clock with the delegation from this city to Petersburg, and the returned excursionists of the cockade city.

A lady in New York, worth $100,000, has married a "poor" barber, says an exchange. Why didn't she marry a *good* barber? But that's not it. There is a snobbish fling in the above, which we wish to snub. Is not a barber as good as anybody else? He is certainly much more useful than an editor, or a politician or a congressman. He earns his living by a respectable and honest calling; and barbers before our day, have been the friends and counsellors of kings.

A delegation from Petersburg visited our city yesterday in charge of General Mahone, on the Petersburg and Norfolk Railroad, and were agreeably entertained at Peppers, by our authorities, and citizens,—and to-day a deputation of our authorities and citizens will pay a return visit to the Cockade City, and accept of its hospitalities. These friendly interchanges of sentiment between peoples of the neighboring towns in the state, will be productive of much good, as they betoken a re-establishment of the friendly and social intercourse, which was abruptly sundered by the war.

Brownsville letters report a fight between Carnales and Cortinas, in which the latter was worsted. Murder and robbery are prevailing to a great extent on the Rio Grande side and much terror exists. All persons now cross from Matamoros to Brownsville without papers. French troops have left Monterey on account of the jealousy of Mexican troops. Maurice Riza, Juarez' minister, has gone over to Maximilian. He denounces Jaurez as a usurper. A party at Monterey have made a proposition to Maximilian to build railroads over the isthmus of Tehauntepec.

GEN. GRANT'S ORDER.

The rabid tone of certain Southern journals has called forth the following order from Lieutenant General Grant:

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE U. S.,
WASHINGTON, February 17th, 1866.

You will please send to these headquarters, as soon as practicable, and from time to time thereafter, such copies of newspapers published in your department as contain sentiments of disloyalty and hostility to the Government in any of its branches, and state whether such paper is habitual in its utterances of such sentiments. The persistent publication of articles calculated to keep up the hostility of feeling between the people of different sections of the country cannot be tolerated. This information is called for with a view to their suppression, which will be done from these headquarters only.

By command of Lieutenant General GRANT.

(Signed) T. S. BOWERS,
Assistant Adjutant General.

We see frequent publications in our exchanges of the frightful mortality prevailing among the colored race throughout the South. This mortality has been going on with steadily increasing "frightfulness" for the last year, according to the papers. Why are they not all dead? And why is it that no such epidemic prevails among the "privileged race" in this section? Here they increase in number rather than die, and seem to be longer-lived than anybody else. We can't see any diminution in the number on Little Water street; and whenever there is an extra attraction on the streets, the little "niggers" swarm forth in myriads, and pervade the land "worser nor locusts in Egypt." Is our locality healthier than any other in the country for the negro, and is he exempt from the general rules of mortality—or why is it that he doesn't die? We suspect that we'll never get rid of the African question by letting it gradually "die out," in that manner. It is almost impossible to kill one—and if you let them alone they will never die—at least that is the experience of this section.

THE "RADICALS."

The South has made many blunders since the surrender of Lee, but the greatest of all has been its senseless quarrel with the "dominant" party of the country, and its effort to make a division between the President and his party. Foolishly fancying that the "loud talk" of the opposition in the North indicated strength in that faction which had opposed the war and the policy of the Republicans ever since the first gun was fired on Fort Sumter, the Southern people at once allied themselves to its fortunes, and commenced a bitter and relentless warfare against the Republicans—the only men in the country who had the power to deal justly and even leniently with them. It was the Republican party, and not the *quasi* friends of the South residing in the North, and known as "Copperheads," that brought the war to a successful conclusion. It was that party that was the conqueror, and not the small faction which had thrown all possible obstacles in the way to an earlier adjustment of the difficulties. But for the heedless, soulless, and aimless opposition constantly kept up in the North by what was called the "peace-at-any-sacrifice" faction, whose false sympathy first deceived the South into a war, and then, by holding out false hopes and making a false show of strength, confirmed it in its obstinate resistance to legitimate authority, the war would have been ended almost as soon as begun—or at least as early as 1862—the Union would have been reconstructed on its old basis, and slavery would not have been interfered with. But the stubborn opposition of these factionists confirmed the South in its hopes of eventual success, and the struggle was prolonged, until, as a measure of necessity, the Republicans were finally compelled, sorrowfully enough, too, to proclaim that the war could only cease with the overthrow of the primary cause of it—the institution of slavery—and when guarantees should be obtained which would insure perpetual peace. They were dragged to this alternative by the persistent opposition of the pretended friends of the South at the North, and the continued persistance of the cabinet of Mr. Davis in its refusal to accept any terms that were not based upon a recognition of the dissolution of the Union as *un fait accompli*. On this issue the Republicans went into the Presidential election of 1864—and the question was fairly canvassed. The result was the triumphant election of Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, by an immense majority, against the combined opposition of all other factions—including the extremists of both sides, and that small class who were, and always will be, opposed to the abolition of slavery upon any grounds whatever. Thus the question was simplified; and henceforth, it was understood by both Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Johnson, and by all the Generals of the army, and all the people of the North, that the war was not merely to conquer a peace, but to forever put at rest the cause of quarrel, and silence negro agitation for all future time.

In this position matters stood when the southern armies were one by one defeated, and the cause of the South was finally and fully surrendered as lost. At this prompt and happy termination of the struggle, the republicans of the North, and all good democrats rejoiced. They did not exult over a fallen foe—nor did they show any disposition to do so—but each seemed to vie with the other in doing honor to a gallant enemy, and in lending his aid towards healing the sad wounds made by the long and bloody struggle. About this time, by the occurrence of a mournful tragedy, Mr. Johnson became President. He was known to be a man of strong nerve, of approved and devoted loyalty, and was thought to entertain the most bitter and revengeful feelings towards the South; and his own party even dreaded the consequences that might ensue from his stern and unrelenting nature. And good reason was there to tremble for the southern people, when we take into consideration his previous course and the language he had always held in regard to the necessity of punishing traitors and making treason odious. But, contrary to all expectations, the President finding the disposition of his own party—even of its most extreme members—was to deal gently and mercifully, as well as justly, by the southern people, at once adopted the policy of conciliation and forgiveness. He amnestied the great mass of the people, and pardoned most of the leaders, almost before these favors had been asked, and restored them to their rights of property and citizenship. All these things were sanctioned by the President's partisans,—the men who elected him,—and they rejoiced in the signs that were daily becoming brighter of a return to good feeling and a proper understanding in all sections of the country. The republicans asked nothing from the South up to this except confidence and good nature. They did not seek an alliance for political or party purposes, nor even evince by word or act a desire that the southern people should join the Republican party, nor had they any such foolish expectations. They know that the great mass of the people in the South must always continue to be in the future, as they had been in the past, their political enemies; and that whatever other party or faction they might ally themselves with, the Republican party, at least, could never expect to receive a very large addition to its ranks from the southern masses.

Under this state of affairs, things went on very pleasantly, until a small faction at the North, headed by the New York *News* and *World*, the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and the Chicago *Times*—aided by such Jacobinical adventurers as Count Johannes, Cornel Jewett, and a few more crazy and worthless characters—raised the war cry of slavery and rebellion, and began to counsel the people of the south to beware of the republicans,—that they meant them all sorts of evil,—and cautioned them to stand to their arms, and again battle for their rights against their old enemies the "abolitionists." They must openly and at once ally themselves with the Peace Democracy of the North, and assist it to fight the Republicans, and get into power again as their only ark of safety. The southern people had, again, grown strong and proud under the fostering care of the Republicans,—and they eagerly caught up the cry of these meddling Jacobins, and from all quarters of the South a simultaneous and mighty yell of denunciation went forth from the press—and the people soon joined in it—against the Republican party, the only organization that had any power whatever in the land, and which held in its hands the *very destinies* of the Southern people. New names were found for the "scarlet women," whom they beheld enthroned in power and might, and they called her "Radical," "Fanatic," "Jacobin," "Abolitionist;" and from that time forward they have continued to rail at the radicals, heaping upon them the foulest abuse, insulting and flouting them daily in tirades of the most bitter invective, and in billingsgate of the choicest selection.

Well, this was a rather singular way to back their friends—a strange method to conciliate the kind offices of the only men that have any power, or ever expect to have any power to benefit the Southern people. It was a very paradoxical sort of policy—quite a curiosity of diplomacy. Can it be possible that the New York *News* has been able to hookwink the people of the South into the belief that it represents anything more than a very weak, insignificant, and unpopular faction in the North? Can they believe that there is any party, or will be any party, in the country for the next twenty years, able to cope with the "radicals," or "fanatics," as they call the republicans, who have now actually consolidated their power and fixed its succession more firmly than even the power of the Democratic party was consolidated and fixed by Andrew Jackson? Do they not know that it has all the sympathy of the great North and West to sustain it—and that it will now shape the policy of this country for the next fifty years? And that all our dreams of the return of the "Peace" Democrats to the places they have lost, and the confidence they have forfeited are as vain, idle and wild as that the Confederacy can ever be established? Such being the case, was it good policy for the South at that ungUARDED moment to make an enemy of this powerful party,—especially when it could find no equivalent in another alliance? We think not. We said not, but our voice had no power against such counselors as Count George Johannes and Ben. Wood, and Mansfield Lovell. The northern peace Democracy, care no more for the South now than they did when they promised them assistance in their rebellion. All they want is to use them as their cat's paw—and they have succeeded pretty well. They have succeeded in getting their *cat's paw* pretty well scorched already,—and if the South continues to trust in their false teachings, and to follow their interested lead, the cat is likely to get well swinged, and will come out of the contest without a fiber of fir on its devoted back. These northern Peace Democrats, took the southern people up into the mountain and showed them all the kingdoms of the world, and said: "Be ours and all these shall be yours." They were not the first to give away that which they had no claim to. But the South was caught by the chaff offered; and fell down and worshipped—and is almost lost.

This course on the part of the South has produced its natural consequences. In their pride and arrogance, they thought they could walk alone, or at least with the aid of this northern Jacobinical staff—and they have stumbled and fallen at the very first step. Their concert of abuse of the republican party is now recoiling upon them, with a terrible reactionary force, in the distrust of the purity and honesty of their intentions that pervades not only the leaders, but the rank and file of that party everywhere. Suspicion of their good faith is universal, and thickens the air; and all that seemed serene a few months ago, is now dark, and confused, and chaotic. This comes of offending our best friends, for the sake of those false and selfish "dead-beats," who have neither the power nor the means to befriend us if they had ever so much the inclination. Those cheats and swindlers that fawn and flatter, that they may steal money from our purses.

So much for our bitter tirades against the "radicals"—or republicans—for they are one and the same—the course of the southern press and politicians has made them all "radical." We see the consequences of this ill-advised spirit of bitterness every day in the Senate and House of Representatives; and feel them in the abnormal condition of affairs all through the South, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande; in the continued mistrust of our people; in our suspicions of one another; and the utter want of confidence in business circles, and a falling off in trade, consequent therefrom. Capital is wise. It will not flow into the South so long as there is no permanence in her institutions, and while her future policy is so dimly defined. Perfect peace and good government can alone give assurance of that permanence. How can we have peace? We reply by making our peace with the Republicans of the North, who are the only true representatives of the people and of the policy of that section. It is useless to fly in the face of destiny; and the fate of the South is plain. It can no more win by a resort to arrogant abuse and editorial tirade, than it could by a resort to arms; and of the two the last is the most honorable and least foolish. A man who dares to proclaim himself a Republican now in the South is viewed in the same light that he would have been had he confessed himself an abolitionist before the war; and they would treat him in the same manner, in all probability, were their feelings and actions not restrained. With such fanaticism prevailing, it is useless to expect any favors from the dominant party, and as there is no other party who have any power to grant favors, we think that prudence, at least, should dictate a little more respect for the friends and adherents of that power. If the people of this section have not predetermined to commit political suicide, we trust they will listen to the voice of common sense and reason, and change their injurious course before it be too late. It is time they should learn to respect their only true friends, and the only men that can bring them safely through their troubles.

THE GREAT EXCURSION.

We find the following graphic report of the "Excursion" to our city by the Legislature, in the Richmond *Dispatch*. As it will no doubt interest our readers to know what is said of us abroad, we will publish it in full:

The great Legistative Excursion to Norfolk and its harbor came off on Saturday, or, at least, began then. The good people of Norfolk were anxious to bring the legislators to their midst, and show them its great natural advantages as a commercial emporium, its superb harbor and wharfage, and the energy and hospitality of its people. Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse, they sent to their guests free tickets over the roads leading thither, knowing that legislators, although occasionally on pleasure bent, are usually of a frugal mind. At 3 o'clock P. M. might have been seen omnibuses and other vehicles clattering up the hill through Manchester, and on to the crossing where the train waited, with the engine at its head, snorting and puffing with impatience. With the dismounting from the carriages the hilarity of the scene began. Honorable gentlemen greeted each other with the reciprocal surprise and cordial warmth of friends long parted and brought together by a mysterious concurrence of fortuitous events. Pipes were lit, jokes and slaps on the shoulder exchanged, and men felt that now, indeed, the

EXCURSION WAS BEGUN.

We are all aboard, and find that beside the Legislature we have good company. Governor Peirpoint, Judge Camden, and Colonel French are aboard. The whistle sounds, and off we go, roaring through the cuts and rattling over the embankments. Skirts of wood land and fields of brown stubble glide by; we go over Falling Creek and don't fall, and over Swift Creek rather slowly. Chester—wood and water, and whisky and water—the latter bad. Off again—fences and mile-posts sail by. There are the winter quarters where the gallant boys baked their corn bread and smoked their short pipes last winter. There are the brush sheds where the lean Confederate horses stood and hungered and shivered. There are the breastworks that a year ago bristled with bayonets, and the embrasures where the black cannon looked sternly through. We catch a glimpse of Butler's tower. It sails slowly along the gray horizon and disappears behind a clump of trees. Craich-ch-ch! The ash pan has come partly off and is ploughing up the roadway and grating across the cross-ties. Execrations within the cars—skill and energy outside. It is repaired, and off we go, and are presently at

PETERSBURG,

which is a thriving town on the bank of the Appomattox. Some of our readers will remember that there was a difficulty there last year between the adherents of a certain Grant and those of a certain Lee on account of a coolness existing between them. We are happy to say that the affair was adjusted, although some traces of the imbroglio may still be seen. Here we take the Norfolk cars and are received by

GENERAL MAHONE.

Billy looks much as usual. With that rare forethought and presence of mind that distinguished him so often in the dread hour of battle, he had set apart a car, where certain refreshing fluids were waiting for us. It is disposed of, and away we go. Cigars are lit. It is impossible to see across the car. Nothing can be seen but a constellation of burning cigars moving in orbits eccentric. Loud talking is heard, and songs, facetious remarks, and anecdotes, laughter, mock speeches, and a disposition to romp. Looking out, a low, flat country, with here and there a clump of trees seen through a veil of smoke and a stream of whirling, delerious sparks, rushes by. We are going very swiftly, but the track is new, and we go smoothly as pouring oil on oil. Waverly. Flora McIvor is not at home. Blackwater river—black enough now, but with the stars reflected upon it. Zuni, a small and undesirable village. Its name has a biblical sound, reminding one of a perverted Zion, whereon the feet are *not* beauteous. Suffolk, a nice little town which we pass *through*. Trees, swamp, Elizabeth river, Dismal Swamp canal, go by, and we are at

NORFOLK.

Here we were met and escorted to Pepper's, where a supper waits us. In the ante-room are bowls of fluid: too good, alas! for this dull earth. Legislators close around in firm circle, and after a preliminary pull, they listen to the neat and appropriate

SPEECH OF MAYOR TABB.

It was a cordial greeting extended by Norfolk to Virginians from all parts of the State. Ours is a noble city, tenanted by noble people. Norfolk should be a great seaport town; why is it not so? [a question which was not answered directly.] Look at her magnificent roadstead, her beautiful river, where every prospect pleases and only man is vile. He welcomed the Governor and the Legislators, and recognized in their visit the harbinger of happier days.

GOV. PEIRPOINT'S REPLY

was short and graceful. He alluded to the great commercial advantages of Norfolk, and the magnificent future in store for her. Nature had marked her out as one of the great ports of the world, and such, by their efforts, she must become. He concluded playfully by saying that he had not yet dined, in anticipation of good cheer upon his arrival here, for which he was now ready.

Speaker Baldwin and some of the gentlemen of Norfolk made brief addresses; after which

SUPPER

was announced. What need to say that it was good? If there be any one thing in which Norfolk stands unrivalled and alone it is an oyster supper. Everything was in plenty and the best of its kind, seasoned with Pepper's finest skill. After the pangs of hunger and thirst were assuaged, talking began, and finally speech-making. Before this, however, the Governor and many of the graver Legislators had left the scene of festivity. Reinforcements were, however, received from the town's people, and the revelry progressed. Many good things were said, but we have only room for the

LAST SPEECH OF THE EVENING.

Mist Speaker—I mean genlum—I feel asseedingly glad t' receive the hospalities of the people of Norf'k. They're all good fellas, 'n so 'm I. Any man say otherwise? No! Well, then, wash you talkin 'bout. [Cheers.]

Genlum, Norfo'k is by nature a great e'mercial 'mporium, 'n railroads leadin to it. S' got a magnificen arbor. We 're goin t' make that harbor blossom like a rose—I mean t' say, be full o' ships 'n things, masts an sails, and jib-booms, an main trucks, an ship ahoy—whoop! Concluding with which fine peroration, he resumes his seat and goos to sleep. Then we break up, and have a comforable night's rest at the Atlantic, and a good breakfast in the morning, before taking which, however, we stroll about and see.

NORFOLK BEFORE BREAKFAST.

The river lies all around it. It seems to be on a peninsula—fine wharfs and docks, and a capacity of doing an enormous shipping business. She will have that business one day. So mote it be. God speed her on her career to wealth and power. The streets along the water side are very dirty and neglected. They appeal to the nostril. In the spring the cholera will rush in there and riot in a very carnival of death, if they are not cleaned.

THE EXCURSION DOWN THE HARBOR.

begins about 10 o'clock. A swift steamer, the James T. Brady, Captain Landers commanding, puts off from the wharf and walks the waters like a thing of life down the Elizabeth river. The Governor is not aboard. He remained in Norfolk. We pass Craney Island, Sewell's Point, Newport News, and the point where the Cumberland and Congress fought the Virginia, and on to the Rip Raps and Fortress Monroe. We look on the massive walls and think with swelling hearts of an inmate, solitary but uncomplaining. We turn there, and do not land. As we turn back, we are summoned to a

COLLATION

much like the one of last night—delicious and plentiful. Speaking begins. Speaker Baldwin being called on, responded in a handsome little speech. Senator Gray came next in a few remarks equally happy. Capt. Landers, of the boat, responds to a toast, and Ellis and Newton offer a few remarks. Quaint conceits in the way of toasts were heard, too. One gentleman drank to "a quarter of a bushel;" whereupon Mr. Peck answers, and gives good measure. Another to "a fish from the mountain creek now on salt water;" but Mr. Trout does not rise at the fly. He only takes the hook enough to call out Judge Camden, who replied in a short but graceful little oration. We reach the wharf, and land, and hasten thence to the cars, and then away we go at a rate of more than thirty miles per hour. Mile-posts seem as close together as the posts of a fence, and the telegraph posts like a fine-tooth comb. We are in Petersburg in three hours and a quarter—eighty miles. Thence to Richmond.

The excursion was—so everybody said—the pleasantest one ever known. All good humor from beginning to end. Senator Robinson—mine host of the excursion—was busy all the time doing the agreeable, and everybody was ready to be pleased. The trip combined business with pleasure, and instruction with amusement, in proper proportion. Every one had his ideas enlarged on the subject of geography, navigation, internal improvements and commerce, and came back with the fixed idea that Norfolk is going soon to take the conceit out of New York in the way of trade.

THE ORIGIN OF MOTHER GOOSE.

A correspondent of the New York *Nation* gives a history of Mother Goose, which we think is worth reading:

"There is not only positive but strong negative evidence to show that this renowned lady was of New England origin. The family originated in England, but at what time they came to this country is unknown, but probably about the year 1656. This was the 'wealthy family of Goose' (written also Vergoose and Vertigoose.) They were landholders in Boston so early as 1660. So much for Mother Goose. Now for her melodies. It is well known to antiquarians that more than two hundred years ago there was a small book in circulation in London, bearing the name of 'Rhymes for the Nursery; or, Lulla-Byes for Children,' which contained many of the identical pieces which have been handed down to us, and now form part of the 'Mother Goose's Melodies' of the present day. It contained also other pieces much more silly, if possible, and some that the American types of the present day would refuse to give off an impression. The 'cuts' or illustrations thereof were of the coarsest description. The first book of the kind known to be printed in this country bears to title of 'Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melodies for Children.' Something probably intended to represent a goose, with a very long neck and mouth wide open, covered a large part of the title-page, at the bottom of which was 'Printed by T. Fleet, at his printing-house, Pudding Lane, 1719. Price two coppers." Several pages were missing, so that the whole number could not be ascertained. This T. Fleet, according to Isaiah Thomas, was a man of considerable talent, and of great wit and humor. He was born in England, and was brought up in a printing-office in the city of Bristol, where he afterwards worked as a journeyman. * * * [Becoming implicated] in the riotous proceedings connected with the trial of Dr. Sacheverell, in Queen Anne's time, * * * [he] thought it prudent to put the ocean between himself and danger. He made his way to this country, and arrived in Boston, 1712. * * * It was not long before he became acquainted with the "wealthy family of Goose," a branch of which he had before known in Bristol, and was shortly married to the eldest daughter. By the record of marriages in the City Registrar's office, it appears that in '1715, June 8 was married, by Rev. Cotton Mather, Thomas Fleet to Elizabeth Goose." The happy couple took up their residence in the same house with the printing-office in Pudding Lane," etc.

Another correspondent of the *Nation* writes as follows:

Thomas Fleet, the son-in-law of Mother Goose, first established the *Boston Weekly Rehearsal* in 1731, and afterwards the Boston *Evening Post*. Massachusetts was then a slaveholding country, and Fleet owned several negroes, two of whom he instructed in the art of printing. Their names were Pompey and Cæsar—the only two *Romans*, I believe, who ever belonged to the printing fraternity. These honest fellows lived and printed until after the war of the Revolution, having become freemen by the constitution of Massachusetts in 1780. Fleet was droll and witty in the conduct of his paper, especially in his advertisements. Witness the following advertisement of one of his negro women for sale: "To be sold, by the printer of this paper, the very best negro woman in this town, who has had the small pox and the measles; is as hearty as a horse, as brisk as a bird, will work like a beaver."

There was a common evil existing in those days, which is to be feared, has now become chronic. People are prone to omit paying for their newspapers. Fleet had often to complain even against men of great religious professions. On one occasion he read them quite a severe lesson upon their injustice and oppression in this respect. "Every one," says he, "thinks he has a right to read news, but few find themselves inclined to pay for it. 'Tis a great pity a soil that will bear *piety* so well, should not produce a tolerable crop of honesty."

It is, moreover, slanderously reported in the ancient chronicles—in spite of Mother in law Goose and her ditties—that Fleet was not blessed with the most beautiful and sweet-tempered wife and daughters in Boston. On one occasion he invited a friend to dine with him on *pouts*, a kind of fish then esteemed a great delicacy, and of which he knew his friend to be remarkably fond. His domestic matters, however, did not move along very smoothly that morning, and when they sat down to table, the gentleman remarked that the *pouts* were wanting. "Oh no," said Fleet, "only look at my wife and daughters!"

GENERAL R. E. LEE IN WASHINGTON. General R. E. Lee has been summoned to Washington to give evidence before the Reconstruction Committee. The *Star*, of Saturday evening, thus announces his presence:

Gen R. E. Lee, of Virginia, is at the Metropolitan Hotel. Since his name was placed upon the register yesterday, quite a number of persons have visited the hotel in hopes of getting a look at the ex-General, and of learning something of his movements. He has not gratified many of them, but has rather avoided the gaze of the curious, and his movements are only known to his immediate associates. He was accompanied here by a gentleman by the name of Moore. This morning he was before the Reconstruction Committee, for about two and a half hours, and left the Capitol for the Metropolitan about 2½ o'clock. Some few persons being aware that he was before the committee, lingered around the door of the committee room to get a glimpse of him, and followed him to the Sergeant-at-Arms' room. A few moments after he left the Capitol on foot and walked down the avenue, a curious crowd gathering behind him as he walked, which increased to quite an assemblage by the time he reached his quarters.

Fifty thousand young men from the south, it is said, are trying to get a living in New York city.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NORFOLK OPERA HOUSE.

ATTRACTION EXTRAORDINARY!

MAMMOTH GIFT ENTERTAINMENTS,

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 19, 1866.

and

EACH EVENING DURING THE WEEK.

First appearance in Norfolk

of

MR. J. RUDOLPH,

The polished

COMEDIAN,
VOCALIST,
MUSICIAN
and
PRESTIDIGITATOR,

and

MR. CHAS. BURNETT,

The Wonderful

BIOLOGICAL FLEXICOSTATIONIST

and only rival of

HERMAN,
HELLER,
ANDERSON
and the renowned
DAVENPORT BROS.

At each entertainment there will be distributed among the audience a large assortment of

VALUABLE GIFTS.

Admission to the Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cts.
Second Tier..... 25 cts.
Doors open at 7 o'clock, entertainment to commence at 8 o'clock. feb19—1w

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 14, 1866.

PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED up to the 28th of February, 1866, for the raising and delivery at Norfolk, Virginia, to an officer appointed by Colonel Wm. L. James, Chief Quartermaster Richmond, Virginia, of the steamer "S. L. Brewster," sunk in the Appomattox river, Virginia, and the steamer "Smith Briggs," sunk in Pagan Creek, Isle of Wight county, Virginia.

Said wrecks to be sold at public auction, at Norfolk, Virginia, under the direction of a United States officer.

The salvors to be paid a certain proportion of the proceeds of sale.

Offers to be forwarded to this Office for approval.

By order of Quartermaster General,
GEORGE D. WISE,
Brevet Brigadier General in charge
Ocean and Lake Transportation.
feb19—8t

THOMAS P. S. CAREY,

TAILOR,

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