Hon W H Seward Sec of State

THE NORFOLK POST

Published EVERY MORNING (Sunday's Excepted) at

No. 18 ROANOKE SQUARE,

NORFOLK, VA.,

and sold to Dealers and News Boys at

THREE DOLLARS PER HUNDRED

or sent to subscribers by mail at the rate o

TEN DOLLARS PER YEAR

payable in advance. Single copies, at the counter, FIVE CENTS.

Residents in the city of Norfolk or Portsmouth, desiring the paper left regularly at their houses or places of business, will be served by a carrier, by leaving the name and address at the counting-room of the publication office. They will settle with the carrier weekly for the same.

The Norfolk Post.

VOLUME I. NORFOLK, VA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1866. NUMBER 210.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING

IN THE

NORFOLK POST

For the Year 1866.

ALL TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ALL OTHERS MONTHLY.

Square (12 lines solid Nonpariel, or one inch), one insertion	$1 00
1 Square " " " " two insertions,	1 50
1 Square " " " " three insertions,	1 75
1 Square " " " " four insertions,	2 00
1 Square " " " " five insertions,	2 25
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And one dollar and fifty cents a week for each additional week. One month	7 00
1 Square " " " " two months,	12 00
1 Square " " " " three months,	17 00
And five dollars a month for each additional month.	
2 Squares, 10 per cent. discount from the above rates for any period less than a year.	
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¼ Column one year	125 00
½ Column one year	200 00
1 Column one year	360 00

Special contracts entered into, when desired, with those who advertise largely, and an extensive Job-Office patronage will be considered in arranging terms.

Business Cards inserted for FIVE DOLLARS a month or FIFTY DOLLARS a year.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AND SHIPPERS.

THE OLD AND ESTABLISHED

BALTIMORE STEAM PACKET CO.,

Carrying the

UNITED STATES MAIL,

and

ADAMS' EXPRESS FREIGHT,

o well and favorably known to the Traveling Public as the

OLD BAY LINE,

Are now Running their magnificent, safe and commodious Steamers,

THOMAS KELSO,

CAPT. GEO. W. RUSSELL;

ADELAIDE,

CAPT. JAMES CANNON;

The THOMAS KELSO was built for, and is expressly adapted to, the Bay Route, and excels in the splendor of her outfit any steamer now plying these waters. She is provided with Hot and Cold Baths, and all modern convenience.

The ADELAIDE has been recently rebuilt and refurnished throughout. Her accommodations are of a superior order. She is so well known that further comment is unnecessary.

These Steamers leave the Company's Wharf, on Wide-Water street, opposite the Atlantic Iron Works, Norfolk, DAILY, at 3½ o'clock, and High Street Wharf, Portsmouth at 4 o'clock, P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, touching at Old Point.

Passengers by this Line arrive in Baltimore in time to connect with the early trains to Washington and all points North and West.

Baggage checked to all points, and passengers and baggage conveyed to the depots free of charge.

The Wharf of the Company has been put in excellent order, and is fitted expressly for the protection of freight and other accommodation of Shippers.

Freight taken at low rates and promptly delivered.

For further information inquire of D. C. BALL, Agent, Portsmouth, or to the Purser of the Steamers.

THOS. H. WEBB, Agent.

Norfolk, December 12, 1865. Norfolk, Va. dec12—tf

BALTIMORE STEAM PACKET COMPANY.

STEAMER "EOLUS,"

FROM

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH TO FORT MONROE, EASTERN SHORE, MATHEWS COUNTY, GLOUCESTER AND YORKTOWN.

CARRYING THE UNITED STATES MAIL.

The New and Fast Steamer

"EOLUS," Captain P. McCarrick,

commenced her regular trips to the above-named places on the 9th SEPTEMBER.

This Steamer will leave the Company's Wharf, on Wide Water street, opposite the Atlantic Iron Works, Norfolk, at 6½ o'clock, a. m. (touching at Portsmouth and the Government Wharf, Town Point), every

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY,

for Cherrystone—every

TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY,

for Mathews and Gloucester counties and Yorktown, touching at Old Point, going and returning each trip.

This Steamer connects with the Baltimore Steam Packet Company's Steamers "THOS. KELSO" and "ADELAIDE," for Baltimore, and all points North and West.

Through tickets sold on this Steamer for Baltimore and her connections.

This Steamer is especially adapted to the service in which she is engaged, being very Fast, having Fine Accommodations, and is noted as an excellent Sea Boat, and will make her trips regardless of the weather.

For freight or passage, apply to D. C. BALL, Agent, Portsmouth, or to the Purser of the Steamer.

All freight must be prepaid.

THOS. H. WEBB, Agent.

Norfolk, December 12, 1865. dec12—tf

FOR RIO DE JANEIRO.

CALLING AT

ST. THOMAS,
PARA,
PERNAMBUCO
and BAHIA.

he United States and Brazil Mail Steamship Company will dispatch regularly,

ON THE 29TH OF EVERY MONTH,

A NEW AND FIRST-CLASS STEAMSHIP,

To leave at 3 o'clock, P. M., from Pier 43 North River.

All letters have to pass through the Postoffice.

An experienced Surgeon will be in attendance on oard.

For freight and passage, having splendid accommodations, apply to THOMAS ASCENCIO & CO., No. 17 Broadway, New York.

oct26—3m

HARNDEN EXPRESS.

OFFICE, NO. 16 ROANOKE STREET.

SAFE, RELIABLE, COURTEOUS, PROMPT.

Owing to the facilities offered us by the

NEW LINE OF STEAMERS,

and our connection with all the RELIABLE EXPRESS COMPANIES IN THE UNITED STATE

EAST, WEST, NORTH and SOUTH

We are prepared to forward FREIGHT, MONEY, and VALUABLE PACKAGES, &c. at lower rates than ever offered the public before.

NOTES, DRAFTS and BILLS for COLLECTION made on all accessible POINS, and RETURNS PROMPTLY DELIVERED.

SHIPPERS in NORFOLK and PORTSMOUTH will find it to their advantage to give us a call before engaging their freight by any other Express.

Freight delivered in Portsmouth without extra charge.

For further particulars apply at the Office, No. 16 Roanoke street.

Express closes for the North 2.45 P. M.
" " " South 6.30 "

oct11—tf F. R. HILL, Agent.

J. M. SMITH & BROTHER,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Agents for the New York and Virginia Steamships

"NIAGARA" AND "SARATOGA."

OFFICE AT THEIR OLD WAREHOUSE, TOWN POINT

☞ LIBERAL ADVANCES made on shipments to New York. au 31—tf

KNIGHT & JOHNSON—

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN PAPER AND PAPER MANUFACTURERS' MATERIALS.

ATTENTION!—ATTENTION!!—ATTENTION!!

We are constantly purchasing, for Cash—

OLD BLANK BOOKS.
R. R. RECEIPTS,
BILLS,
LETTERS,
and NEWSPAPERS,

For which we pay the highest cash price.

KNIGHT & JOHNSON,
No. 21 South Charles street,
aug12—tf Baltimore.

RULED WORK.

Having procured a RULING MACHINE, the Norfolk *Post* Job Office is now prepared to fill orders for ruled work of every description at short notice, in the best style. jan25—tf

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

NOTICE.

NORFOLK AND RICHMOND STEAMERS.

On and after

TUESDAY Dec. 5th

The steamers

M. MARTIN

AND

CITY OF RICHMOND.

Will leave from the wharf at the foot of Roanoke and Market Squares, for RICHMOND daily, "SUNDAYS excepted," at 6½ A. M., until further notice.

dec 4—tf J. J. MARTIN, Agent.

NEW LINE STEAMERS.

FOR OLD POINT AND BALTIMORE.

CARRYING

THE NATIONAL AND HARNDEN'S EXPRESS FREIGHT.

The new and elegant Steamers,

GEO. LEARY (Captain Blakeman),
JAMES T. BRADY (Captain Landis),
DICTATOR, (Capt. Mulligan,)

Leave Norfolk for Baltimore, DAILY, (Sundays excepted) at 3½ o'clock, P. M.

Through Tickets sold for all principal cities North and West. Passengers and baggage transferred from boat to ars free of charge.

Fare to Baltimore $4 00
" " " and return 6 00

The Superior Accommodations

offered by the

NEW LINE STEAMERS

are well known by the traveling public. The Steamers are all NEW, constructed with great regard to speed, comfort and safety, and are commanded by experienced, courteous and attentive officers. Their superior speed enables them to make sure connections with all trains, thereby causing no delay at either end of the route to travelers.

The Fare has been reduced by the general solicitation of the traveling public, to whom we feel grateful for their very liberal patronage, which, we trust, by a just course, to continue to merit.

N. B.—Passengers and baggage transferred to and from Portsmouth free of charge.

Leave Norfolk from wharf foot of Roanoke and Market Squares. H. V. TOMPKINS, Agent.

oct27—tf

PEOPLE'S LINE FOR NEWBERN AND THE INTERIOR OF NORTH CAROLINA!

CARRYING THE UNITED STATES MAIL.

The Only and Entirely New Route.

The Steamers of this line will leave mail wharf, Norfolk for Newbern, on the arrival of the boats from Baltimore on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Returning, will leave Newbern Tuesdays, Thursday, and Saturdays, connecting with railways for Goldsborough, Raleigh, Weldon, Beaufort, Morehead City and Wilmington.

The various lines of Railways are nearly all completed in the State of North Carolina, and passengers will have little or no difficulty in reaching their destination on any of the lines of Railway.

The boats are of the first class, and commanded by men of experience, who will see no pains spared to make passengers comfortable.

Being entirely an Inland Route, it will be found far more pleasant than by a sea route.

☞ Freight taken at Low Rates.

For further information, apply to

W. C. EDWARDS,
Roanoke Island, N. C.

GEO. OLNEY, Newbern, N C. jy 1—tf

FOR BOSTON.

Freight of every description will be received at the wharf of the

OLD NORFOLK AND BALTIMORE STEAMBOAT COMPANY

for Boston and other Eastern cities.

The goods will be taken to Baltimore by the OLD BAY LINE, and thence to Boston by the Steamships of the

BALTIMORE AND BOSTON LINE.

Through Tickets will be given accordingly, on as reasonable terms as heretofore, and the goods will have greater despatch. For freight or passage apply to

JAMES PATTEN, Agent,
dec16—tf Norfolk, Va.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP

COMPANY'S THROUGH LINE

TO CALIFORNIA,

TOUCHING AT MEXICAN PORTS,

AND

CARRYING THE UNITED STATES MAIL,

Leave Pier No. 43 North River, foot of Canal street, at 12 o'clock noon, on the 1st, 11th and 21st of every month (except when those dates fall on Sunday, and then on the preceding SATURDAY), for ASPINWALL, connecting, via Panama Railway, with one of the Company's Steamship's from Panama for SAN FRANCISCO, touching at ACAPULCO.

FEBRUARY 1ST,

HENRY CHAUNCEY,

CAPTAIN GRAY;

connecting with

COLORADO,

CAPTAIN WATKINS.

10TH,

ATLANTIC,

CAPTAIN MAURY;

connecting with

SACRAMENTO.

CAPTAIN CAVERLY.

21ST,

NEW YORK,

CAPTAIN HORNER;

connecting with

CONSTITUTION,

CAPTAIN FARNSWORTH.

Departures of 1st and 21st connect at Panama with Steamers for SOUTH PACIFIC PORTS. Those of 1st touch at MANZANILLO.

THROUGH PASSAGE RATES IN CURRENCY.

First Cabin, $300; Second do., $200; Steerage $100

A discount of ONE QUARTER from steamers' rates allowed to second cabin and steerage passengers with families. Also, an allowance of ONE QUARTER on through rates to clergymen and their families, and school teachers; soldiers having honorable discharges, HALF FARE.

One Hundred Pounds Baggage allowed each adult. Baggage-masters accompany baggage through, and attend to ladies and children without male protectors. Baggage received on the dock the day before sailing, from steamboats, railroads, and passengers who prefer to send down early.

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicines and attendance free.

A Steamer will be placed on the Line January 1st, 1866, to run from NEW ORLEANS to ASPINWALL, via HAVANA.

For Passage Tickets or further information, apply at the Company's Ticket Office, on the Wharf, FOOT OF CANAL STREET, NORTH RIVER, NEW YORK.

dec2—3m F. W. G. BELLOWS, Agent.

NOTICE.

On and after the 29th INSTANT, the Steamers of the Baltimore Steam Packet Company,

OLD BAY LINE,

will leave the Company's Wharf on East Wide-Water street, opposite the Atlantic Iron Works, Daily, for BALTIMORE,

OLD POINT,
CHERRYSTONE,
MATHEWS,
GLOUCESTER and
YORKTOWN,

T. H. WEBB, Agent.

Norfolk, November 28, 1865. nov28—tf

MALT WINE.

I have in Store a few casks MALT WINE, or PALE ALE, in pint bottles, introduced to supply the express demand of Physicians and Families for a pure fermented extract of malt and hops, that could be safely used whenever, during convalescence from sickness or in feeble states of health, an invigorating malt liquor is indicited or prescribed. It is a light Ale, and very nice for table use.

Price only $2 75 per dozen bottles.

S. R. BORUM,
"TIP TOP" Wine and Liquor Store,
under the Atlantic Hotel.

4—tf

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

NEW YORK AND VIRGINIA

STEAMSHIP COMPANY,

THE

OLD LINE,

FOR

NEW YORK.

The New and Elegant Side-Wheel Steamships,

NIAGARA,

GEORGE W. COUCH, COMMANDER,

and

SARATOGA,

A. L. KING, COMMANDER,

Leave Norfolk for New York every

WEDNESDAY and SUNDAY, AT 8 o'clock, A. M.

Returning they will leave New York every

WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

For expedition and security this route, as past experience has proven, will be found the best in every respect.

In the construction of these Steamers SPECIAL attention has been paid to the finish and comfort of the Saloons and State-Rooms, in order to induce travel by them.

Passengers can secure their Tickets and State-Rooms before the arrival of the ships by applying to the Agents.

When ordering goods from New York, the patrons of the line are requested to order by the "OLD LINE." New York and Virginia Steamship Company, Pier 21, North River.

Freight taken at low rates.

J. M. SMITH & BROTHER,
dec22—tf Agents, Town Point, Norfolk.

ATLANTIC COAST MAIL

STEAMSHIP LINE

FOR NEW YORK!

THE NEW AND FIRST CLASS SIDE-WHEEL STEAMSHIPS

HATTERAS AND ALBEMARLE,

Will leave Norfolk for New York as follows:

HATTERAS, CAPT'N LEWIS PARISH,

Will leave Dickson's Wharf every WEDNESDAY at 8 o'clock, A. M.

ALBEMARLE, CAPT. H. A. BOURNE,

Will leave Dickinson's Wharf every SUNDAY at 8 o'clock, A. M.

Passengers by this line will be only one night at sea. Returning, these Ships leave New York every

WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY,

at 12 M., from Pier No. 36, North River.

These Ships have superior accommodations for passengers and freight.

The undersigned having been appointed Agent of this Line, would respectfully ask the continuance of the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed by the public, and would beg leave to assure them that he will endeavor to give satisfaction.

All freight shipped by this Line will be taken at low rates and promptly delivered.

Passage and rooms can be secured before the arrival of the steamers by applying at the office.

For Freight or Passage, apply at the office of the Company, on Dickson's Wharf, East Wide Water street, adjoining the wharf of the

BALTIMORE STEAM PACKET COMPANY.

jan12—tf T. H. WEBB, Agent.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WRIGHT, CARTER & CO.,

GENERAL SOUTHERN LAND AGENCY,

No. 62 BROADWAY

NEW YORK,

Negotiate LOANS for FARMERS and PLANTERS; also for ASSOCIATIONS, CORPORATIONS and COMPANIES, and partnerships for the cultivation of COTTON, SUGAR, RICE and all SOUTHERN PRODUCTS; also for the LUMBER and TURPENTINE business.

Procure WHITE LABOR, native or foreign, to supply special demand. Orders are solicited.

Organize Associations for the development of MINING and MANUFACTURING interests and the SETTLEMENT of SOUTHERN LANDS.

Purchase and forward MACHINERY, IMPLEMENTS, SUPPLIES, &c., for FARMERS, PLANTERS and MINERS.

Give careful attention to the collection and securing of debts, and the adjustment and settlement of claims of every description.

Their correspondents and associates are men of the highest professional ability, business capacity and social position in their respective localities. Their plan of business is thoroughly systematic, and all its details are carefully arranged to ensure the utmost responsibility and reliability. All business entrusted to them or their correspondents will receive prompt attention. Their compensation will consist ENTIRELY of COMMISSIONS, and charges will be moderate.

AUTHORIZED REFERENCES.

PETER COOPER Esq., New York.
A. A. LOWE, Esq., Pres. Chamber of Commerce N. Y.
JAS. COOKE, Esq., Philadelphia.
GEO. H. STUART, Esq., Philadelphia.
Messrs. FOLGER, CARTWRIGHT & CO.,
No. 22, Wide Water Street,
Agents for the city of Norfolk.

dec 4

BURNING OF THE MUSEUM.

LETTER FROM MR. BARNUM.

NEW YORK, July 14, 1865.

Messrs. Herring & Co.:

GENTLEMEN:—Though the destruction of the American Museum has proved a serious loss to myself and the public, I am happy to verify the odd adage, that "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," and consequently congratulate you that your well-known safes have again demonstrated their superior fire-proof qualities in an ordeal of unusual severity.

The safe you made for me some time ago was in the office of the Museum, on the second floor, back part of the building, and in the hottest of the fire.

After twenty-four hours of trial, it was found among the debris, and on opening it this day, has yielded up its contents in very good order—books, papers, policies of insurance, bank bills, all in condition for immediate use, and a noble commentary on the trustworthiness of Herring's Fire-Proof Safes.

Truly yours,
P. T. BARNUM.

HERRING'S PATENT CHAMPION SAFES.

The most reliable protection from fire now known.

HERRING & Co.'s PATENT BANKERS' SAFES, with Herring & Floyd's Patent Crystalized Iron, the best security against a burglar's drill ever manufactured.

HERRING & CO.,
No. 251 Broadway, cor. Murray street, New York.
FARREL, HERRING & CO., Philadelphia.
HERRING & CO., Chicago.

☞ KNOWLS & WALFORD Agents, Richmond, Va.

oct7—tf

W. M. CLARK & CO.,

BANKERS

AND

DEALERS IN

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,

MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE BANK STREET,

Keep on hand and buy and sell, at market rates, all issues

OF

UNITED STATES BONDS,

SEVEN-THIRTY TREASURY NOTES,
COMPOUND INTEREST NOTES,
CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS, &c

Southern STATE BANK NOTES, BONDS and SECURITIES bought at the highest figures.

COLLECTIONS MADE ON ALL POINTS.

dec21—tf

LAND FOR SALE.

I have for sale 53 acres of LAND well Timbered and eligibly located, in Nansemond county, about four miles from Suffolk. Also, a small Tract adjoining the above 53 acres, consisting of about 7 acres. Both places together would make an excellent and valuable Truck Farm. For full particulars inquire at my office.

GEO. W. COOK,
Attorney in fact,
jan30—5t No. 21 Fox Lane.

OLD NEWSPAPERS,

Suitable for WRAPPING PAPER—for sale at this office.

The Norfolk Post.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1866.

ADVENTURE WITH A COUNTRY EDITOR.

Having received the following from our friend in Charlottesville, by grape vine telegraph,—"Dear *Post*: Will be down with the excursion on Friday, to see the show," we at once called all the family together to make preparations for the reception of our distinguished guest. A dinner at one of our principal hotels—not at Pepper's, but at Jones'; and we prepared our big feather bed, and cautioned the lodger in No. 2 to subdue his cough, No. 3, to touch the strings of his cracked fiddle more gently, No. 4, to sing his base a key lower,—and the "boofer" lady, who practises continually and unceasingly on that $2000 piano,—which she hid in the garret when the Yankees "was tchere," and thus save the poor old article of music from "confiscation and deportation,"—to touch it lightly—we turned Juno out of the room and "hung" our Angola cat "Thomas" up by the narrative. *Mrs. Post* we sent out to visit the neighbors—and to board with them—and the children were dispatched to play with the other ragged little urchins in the streets,—with the caution that if they returned under three days they'd get "licked like blazes," to use the language of our foreman, who belongs to the firemen. We were now ready for the distinguished guest. The youngest member of the staff was appointed to receive our "friend from the country," at the depot,—conduct him through the city, show him all that was to be seen,—and then bring him safely to Jones's hotel betimes, where dinner would be in readiness. We call this youngster "our reliable boy," because we can always depend upon him wet or dry—though he has some little eccentricities which he claims as his exclusive privilege—it matters not what. We sat ourselves down to await the report from our committee. Three o'clock came, but still they did not make their appearance—four struck, and then five, six, seven, but still no sign of their arrival. What could have happened! Had our committee lost himself—or been garroted, or swallowed up—or run off with the fifty dollar bill we advanced to pay the expenses. We were in a quandary and impatient, when suddenly there was a loud ringing of the bell, and Timon appeared at the door, as we opened it, with a scroll of paper in his hand, which he presented, saying, "Dat am de report ob de committee, marsa John," and vanished. What could he mean? A report of what? We were all amazement. But the roll of paper no doubt contained the secret; and so seating ourself in the easy chair, we prepared to unfold the mysterious package. It consisted of about fifty-six pages of foolscap written in a scrawled and illegible hand, which we proceeded to read as well as we could make it out,—but in many places the manuscript was wholly illegible, and therefore, we will be compelled to leave many a gaping hiatus:

Proceeded, according to instructions, to receive guest—distinguished individual of editorial fraternity from Charlottesville. On hand when railroad arrived—the cars I mean, of course—looked at everybody—but didn't distinguish anybody that looked distinguished till the vehicles had pretty nigh emptied themselves and the speechifying and hobgobbling between the Mayor and the contents of the iron-horse were about extinguished—when all of a sudden, my wandering eyes lit upon a tall handsome looking sort of being, dressed superbly in a paper shirt collar and walking stick. "That's my gentleman," says I—and I approached the felicitous individual according—"Mr. Barnacal, I suppose," said I. "Chronicle, if you please," says he with a very savage and chivalric-like aspect—but it was serene, if it was savage—and he had a look of humanity withal, that was highly reasuring to one of my weak constitution. His suavity of manners at once unmanned me and I wept. "Brother," I sobbed, "behold the representative of the *Post*—I welcome you in the name of that immortal organ of sublime selfishness and magnificent refinement to the superb city by the seaside; and tender to you from the bottom of my heart, the freedom of the city—a boon hitherto, and for sometime before, only extended to the down-trodden and oppressed African. Brother permit me to weep on your bosom, for I am aweary with much watching and waiting. "Weep," said he, "'Mr. Ghost," weep, but not on this bosom—another's sorrows claim that lovely and superb resting place." "Permit me to correct you" says I—"I said *Post* not *ghost*—Norfolk *Post*, sir; say ghost again and 'I'll make a ghost of him who lets me,' in the language of the immortal Dane,"

"Well, well, I mean't no offence; you know you miscalled me, and so we are even; don't take it to heart; I know the *Post* is not a ghost, but a very substantial institution." "All right, Barnacle; but you must understand that we are not easily scared down here in Norfolk, and can do some fighting on our own hook; we've got plenty of blood left, and ain't afeard of any of you up-country editors."

"Well, do be soothed, Mr. Roast. I didn't intend to insult you, but I must again caution you that my name is not *Barnacle*, but *Chronicle*."

"All right, old fellow, we won't fight this time. Besides, Mr. Manacle, it would be discreditable to that spirit of Virginia hospitality—a part of which it is our pride and boast to be—to assault, batter, and abuse our guest, the city's guest and the guest of all mankind. So as our friend David said to the turtle—you don't know David—great cook, sir; Jones's cook. Don't know Jones? Jones is a great man—one of our best—keeps hotel, and oyster soup; but as David said—David's colored individual—to the turtle, give us your flipper, Mr. Binnacle, and say no more about it."

"I don't know anything about turtles, or flippers, they don't grow among our green hills, but here's my hand, and here's my heart,—if so as you belong to Gideon's band."

"All right," and I took the proffered fingers of the noble Comical, and led him forth from amid the common folk, who had now begun to crowd around to see the distinguished stranger, and whose curiosity was becoming impudently painful to a weak constitution. "Is that the Governor?" says one ignorant booby. "The Governor!" No, I said in thunder tones, to let him see I felt the insult, "*This is an editor*—none of your small fry." They all fell back amazed, and we left the crowd somewhat imbued with our magnificence, and considerably impressed with the importance of the press—"the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself." Selah.

"I suppose," says I, you want to see the circus, and them's my instructions, too?"

"Yes," said he, "that's my intentions, at the present writing."

"Well, I'll take you round the ring, but you musn't 'talk shop,' nor let anybody know that you're connected with a printing office—nor speak about writing leading editorials, or picking up local items—for if you do, the whole town will be taking off their hats to you—so great is the reverence of these people for our profession that none of us ever go abroad except *in cog.* or in a close carriage."

"You tell me wonders! Let me make a note of it." And he drew forth a small memoranda book—about as big as Col. Sangster's ledger—and wrote down—"Literature held in high esteem—great reverence for men of genius—particularly editors—a wise and sensible people, the inhabitants of Norfolk—they deserve prosperity if they cannot command it." And then he closed the ponderous tome, and deposited it in his vest pocket, while I looked on in wonder at his immense learning—and the comprehensiveness of his varied knowledge.

"Well, my friend, as I'm to be the showman, let's begin. This you see before us is Big Water street—and it leads to the Circus—it is more renowned than the Appian way—and more *sacre* than the *Via Sacra;* it was discovered after the flood, which accounts for its unclean condition; had it been in existance prior to that epoch—it would undoubtedly have been washed clean—but sir, water is scarce here—it will be plentiful when Lockhart's juniper berries, ripen and bear fruit. This, you will perceive at a glance, is a much greater street than Broadway, New York—but this is not the circus. Come on sir—come on—and I'll make you acknowledge that Norfolk is the fairest piece of handiwork that ever came forth from nature's womb—without flaw or angle to mar the perfect beauty of its unique unity," and on we went. "This sir," said I, "is an old boiler, that was exploded in Noah's Ark; several attempts have been made to steal it—but have all failed, owing to the vigilance of our police. You recollect there was an explosion in the ark." "Yes, I know—I read of it in Plutarch's Lives." "Well I'm glad you are so well read. But come on—this is a lager beer saloon—you know what that is?" "Well, not exactly," he replied "Well, its small beer—a very common beverage—we drink it here in preference to water; for you see the latter is scarce, and what there is, is very unwholesome. If you have no objection we'll try some, it only costs a dime a glass." And so we tried some. As I had no change but the fifty-dollar bill, our distinguished guest paid—very sorry to trouble him. We left. He said he liked the beer very much, but thought it a little bitter. Next showed him a house in which somebody lived, and told him it was built in 1492, by one of King Powhatan's ancestors, and that Pocahontas was born there. He knew Pocahontas, had read Bancroft's oration lately delivered in Washington on that damsel and other Chinese subjects. The next was a saloon, where liquids are sold by our friend Jenkins; asked him if he liked whiskey, and introduced him to Jenkins—who is a good fellow, by the way—Jenkins couldn't change a fifty, and guest paid for the whiskey. The next house we arrived at somebody else lived in; we didn't know its history; but the next was a place where they sell lager. Asked him if he was fond of lager. Said he would try a little of the small-beer—went in and took *swi glass* lager, for which he nobly paid—our fifty still clinging to us; the next house was a stable. This was the stable in which the first settlers kept their horses. He took a small piece for a relic—said he'd carry it back to Charlottsevill, and write editorial about relic; next place came to was a whiskey-shop. Good-beginer, kept by Thompson. Thompson, superb gentleman—one of our best citizens, went in and put ourselves outside of a couple—guest paid—I had only a fifty dollar bill—hadn't money enough to change it; much obliged to distinguished guest—very accomodating. Left Thompson in his glory; and came to another house, which proved to be a chicken-coop—told him there was where the "old hen's chickens' were hatched." Took out ponderous note book and wrote it down; said, good subject for another editorial, took a relic, one of the old hen's feathers. Next house we fell in with, was a lager beer saloon—asked distinguished guest if he liked lager, said he rather thought it a pleasant drink. Took a couple of glasses. Guest paid for them—*that* lager man could'nt change our fifty. Resumed our journey, and came to two houses, one on top of other, said this was the Palace of the Borgias; asked if he had ever heard of it; said he had read of it in the Bible. Good, our guest was a christian and not a savage. Came to another house which proved to be a fruit and whiskey-store kept by John Smith—told him Smith was an old Virginian, and a lineal descendant of Capt. John,—and we must go in and take a drink. Called for two whiskies,—and drank to the "Brave Knights of old." Our friend paid, as our fifty couldn't be changed. Came to a long, low, rakish building, in center of street, surrounded by dark looking objects. "Is this the circus—it looks like one," remarked interrogatively our guest. "No, sir, this is that mighty institution known from all time and to be known through all time as the 'Freedmen's Bureau,' and these noble objects you see gathered around, sportive and gleeful, are the freedmen." "Well, I declare, I thought if it wasn't a circus it was, at least, a market house." "Well, I'll admit it was formerly a market house—but it is no longer—at least this end of it—for here our idle negroes most do congregate, to enjoy the air of freedom, and do nothing." Our guest again took notes for an editorial in the Barnacle. "Well, let's leave the niggers in their glory, and on to the circus. Ah, here's a place where we can get some *good* whiskey, and what's better, it is free gratis for nothing. This, sir, is Colonel George Sangster's, one of our most public-spirited and enterprising merchants, whose name doubtless has reached you, even among your native hills." "Yes, we've heard of him a few up there, and learn that he's a very clever Virginian." "Well, let's see the Virginian—he's one of 'em. Allow me to introduce you to my friend Mr. Martyne—Mr. Martyne, Mr. *Chronicle*." "Glad to see you," said Mr. Martyne, with the natural grace of a dancing master. "Walk in, gentlemen, and take something. What can I help you to. Here's some very splendid Otard, a portion of that left by Noah when he got mellow last; or some of the identical whiskey John Smith brought over for Powhatan; and by-the-by there's Pocahontas's canoe now—presented to the Colonel by the first family of North Carolina; wine pleasing to the taste as the famed Falerian; bitters of all kinds; and in fact a little of everything." "Thank you, we'll take some of that," said our friend. "Of which?" inquired Martyne. "Of that you mentioned, I can't go over the catalogue, but will try it all." "All right; here, John, bring these gentlemen some good old rye. Col. Sangster's not here himself, but in his absence I'll endeavor to dispense the hospitalities. The Colonel is down at Pepper's receiving the Governor and Legislature; had he known such distinguished gentlemen of the editorial fraternity were coming, he certainly would have remained at home. "Never mind, you'll do just as well, old fellow—old wheel-horse,—give us a—plenty, it's cheap, you know the Colonel keeps open house for all gentlemen in this part of the country." So we sampled the liquors all around, commencing at one end of the store and going through to the other, and then turning round, came down the other side, till we had proved all the casks twice over and decided upon the merits of each. After taking about two hundred and fifty we felt a little lively, and concluded to go to the circus. Bidding Mr. Martyne, who had duplicated himself by this time to our vision, good bye, we went on our way rejoicing. Reaching Main street, I showed the distinguished gentleman the ancient and venerable ruins; and as a little bit of history, informed him they had been there ever since Dunmore burnt the city, almost a hundred years ago, and were the only monument of art we could boast. He put several of the bricks in his hat, as relics; said he would write an editorial on them when he returned. To show him how prosperous we once were, we called at the stores, the magnificent bazaars, that line this grandest of thoroughfares, and found them all filled with fancy goods and good looking "customers," called clerks, standing at the doors smiling at the young ladies. "You like young ladies, *Chronicle*, don't you? got a nice one in your eye at home? eh; hope she won't be all in your eye. See these fine people on the street; all splendid fellows; real old Virginians; like Virginians don't you; got any up in the mountains. Guess not; we claim' em all. Best blood in the world, purest and soundest, and reddest; hope I don't insult you, but you know we can't all be full blooded; I'm not a Virginian myself, was born in North Carolinia; very close to the line though; might have been born this side if mother had wished; very sorry I wasn't, but I wasn't; it can't be helped now, can't get born over you know; hope Virginians will overlook the mistake mother made, especially, as I've tried to rectify it. That's a clothing store where all our young fashionables get their outfits; it's Mr. Seldner's, he's a very old Virginina; he was with Noah when he walked forth from the Ark two by two—at once opened store in Norfolk. But the things in this street are too numerous to historalize with too much particularity. Here's Bice's, you ought to know Bice—good fellow, Old Virginina, is Bice; one of the oldest kind, came over in the Highflyer, and landed in Deep Creek, three hundred years ago, before I was born, where he established the oyster business. He's a great Confectioner, good at getting up parties; made the wedding cake for Pocahontas when she and Mynher Rolfe got spliced. Oh! you saw account of it in Bancroft—all right—Bancroft,—George, I mean—a great history writer—good on Chinese, and Sardines, and Russians. Lets go and see Bice. Those Legislature men and all the Governors are at Pepper's—we'll divide the trade and patronize Bice, especially as Bice is a good fellow. "Elegant" did you say, magnificent, superb, incomparable as Macaulay would say—you know Macaulay—great man; dead though; dead men no account. 'Feel bad,' eh! 'Do I think lager beer has any effect?' none whatever on a Dutchman, can drink a ton, 'you're not a Dutchman,' eh? Well, it might at first make you a little giddy, but Philander says it never intoxicates—a dutchman. "Mr. Bice, how do you do," as Solon Shingle would say, whose grandfather *fit* in the revolution under General Lee." "Very well indeed, young master *Post*, glad to see you." "My friend Mr. Chronicle, sir, from Piedmont, a country abounding in weddings; young ladies there all want to get married, some day, and want you to bake their wedding cakes when the little affair comes off." 'All right, can fit 'em with pyramids loftier nor Egypt; take something gentlemen.' "Thank you, never drink; but as its you we'll try a couple dozen Lynnhaven in the shell, and a dozen Heidsick in the bottle." "Step into this back parlor, and we'll have all right in a few minutes." The table was soon ready, and we sat down. The oysters disappeared, under the smiling influence of my friend from the country, who took to them as naturally as if they were inhabitants of his native hills and gorgeous valleys. Pop went a cork, and glasses being filled, I proposed "The Press: and may we always flourish." This was drank standing, in silence, and uncovered. Mr. Chronicle then proposed "The Press: the bulwark of liberty; may its memory be forever green." This was drank with all the honors. I then proposed "The Press: we are its brightest ornaments." This was drank in bumpers, and with three cheers. Mr. Binnacle then proposed "the Press, may it never die;" which was honored accordingly. I then proposed "The Press of Norfolk: jolly good fellows all, wish they were here." Music by the band, "Poor old soldier." 7th regular toast—"The Press of the country, and particularly the Charlottesville *Chronicle*." Music, "My love is in the Highlands." 8th regular toast, "The most glorious and useful of all presses, the wine press." Drank with nine cheers and three tigers. Music by the band—"La Brindisi," from Lucrecia. We began to get pretty warm and jolly, and my friend seemed disposed to be musical. He went to humming Yankee Doodle, but I informed him that it was rank treason to sing that song in the Confederacy. He said he thought Confederate times were over. I said so they were every place but here, but that we never surrendered; we "was took:" and therefore was not legally bound like their folks up in the mountains, who threw up the sponge. Well, then he said he'd change the tune, and he struck up the "Bonnie Blue Flag;" but I told him that that was ranker treason still. "Well, what can a fellow sing?" he asked pettishly. "Sing not at all, my kind and genial friend; but drink, drink, and make all the noise you can. Here, waiter! waiter! more wine, mo' wine; and we won't go home till morning. *Chronicle*, old fellow, don't you feel sober and full of patriotism? don't you think I'm sober? can't you swear I'm sober? you know I am; never was more so; so here's your very good health; and may you be hanged; may you be hanged, sir." "Want to quarrel with you." No I don't; but I say (hic), say, if (hic) you say what's odds, what I say what you say, what I say (hic), what anybody else says; but you (hic) tell a falsehood, sir; a false——.

[Here the manuscript becomes perfectly incoherent and unintelligible, and we can make nothing more of it; but the following seems to be more to the point.]

* * * * *

This morning I woke, feeling very uncomfortable; my head was muggy; soggy; everything but right; and the wife of my bosom, with her transcendant babes was not by my side—the thirteen innocents and one at the breast. There were iron bars in the windows. Horrible thought! My blood runs cold. I have murdered poor Barnacle, that flower of chivalry and foretoplight of the press! Madness! Oh! hevings, have I slain that exemplary person! Reader did you ever murder a man? Yes, I know you did. Well, then, you can form some adequate conception of the feelings I experienced when I heard the key crankingly turn in the rusty lock; and that dark, tall, but humane and serene man, Mr. Joynes entered. I saw at once that all was up. "What, so soon; has my hour come! is the scaffold erected! the rope prepared! lead on, sir, I'