

North Carolina Times.

Liberty and Union - Now and Forever - One and Inseparable.

VOL. 1.

NEW BERNE, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1864.

NO. 44.

BY GEO. MILLS JOY:

The NORTH CAROLINA TIMES will be published WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY mornings, on Craven Street, New-Berne, N. C.

TERMS OF THE PAPER.

\$5.00 per year in advance; \$1.25 for 3 months; 50 cts. per month.

SINGLE COPIES FOR SALE

At the office of publication, and by the different news dealers in the District.

BUSINESS CARDS.

WOOD & YOUNG. DEALERS IN Watches, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, and Military Goods of all Kinds, AND A SUPERIOR QUALITY.

Look for the "BIG WATCH." No 16 Pollock Street.

L. HERRIFIELD & CO., Auctioneers and Commission Merchants, dealers in Groceries, Provisions, etc.

JOHN A. THOMPSON, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCER, Commission Merchant, and general dealer in SUTLER'S STORES, CROCKERY, GLASS WARE, BOOTS, SHOES, AND FANCY ARTICLES.

E. MORRIS, TONSORIAL ARTIST and HAIR CUTTER. Children's Hair Cut in latest styles at the EM PORIUM of FASHION, Craven St., New Berne.

DEPARTMENT OF SUBSISTENCE and Good Living. PERKINS BROTHERS, RETAILERS OF Groceries, Provisions, SUTLER'S Goods, &c.

E. G. BROWN, Commission Merchant, and Wholesale and Retail Grocer, 39 CRAVEN STREET, NEW BERNE, N. C.

H. C. JONES, Attorney and Counselor at Law, With an experience of fourteen years, tenders his professional services to the public.

C. F. LOMIS, (Successor to C. B. DIEBELL) WHOLESALE AND RETAIL dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, School Books, Stationery, &c.

JONES & TAYLOR, Druggists and Chemists, Corner of Pollock and Middle sts. New Berne, N. C.

LANGDON & BIDWELL, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, SUTLER'S STORES, AND GROCERIES.

W. HIGBY, WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER, No. 20 Pollock Street, New Berne, N. C.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, Imported and Domestic Cigars, Chewing Tobacco, Pipes, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Perfumery, Pocket Cutlery, Garden Seeds, &c.

WEINSTEIN & BROTHER, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Hosiery, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c.

F. W. BEERS, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in BOOKS, NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, Stationery, Fancy Goods, &c.

SUMMERFIELD & CO., Pollock Street, next door to the Post Office.

THE FIRST CANDY MANUFACTORY IN NEW BERNE, We offer for sale to the trade, at the lowest New York prices, all kinds of Gum Drops, Bouillons, Chocolate Cream, Stick Candies, and every variety of Confections.

SUMMERFIELD & CO., Pollock Street, next door to the Post Office.

R. BEERY & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries and General Merchandise.

DEPARTMENT OF SUBSISTENCE and Good Living. PERKINS BROTHERS, RETAILERS OF Groceries, Provisions, SUTLER'S Goods, &c.

WOOD & YOUNG, DEALERS IN Watches, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, and Military Goods of all Kinds, AND A SUPERIOR QUALITY.

LEOPOLD HAER, Middle street, between Pollock and Broad, one door south of Lewis' Tin Shop, keeps constantly on hand, a choice assortment of DRY GOODS, MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, LADIES' VARES, BOOTS, SHOES and GROCERIES, which he offers at wholesale and retail, very cheap.

J. J. SCHILLINGER, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Wines and Liquors, Lager Beer, Cigars and Tobacco.

The Miser's Request. The hour hand of Philip Acre's old fashioned silver watch was pointing to the figure eight—the snug red curtains shut out the rain and darkness of the March night, and the fire snapped and crackled behind the red hot bar of the little grate in the most cosy and comfortable sort of a way, casting a rosy shine into the thoughtful, brown eyes that were tracing castles and coronets in the burning coal.

For Philip Acre was, for once, indulging himself in the dangerous fascination of a day dream. "If I were only rich?" he pondered to himself. "Ah, if! Then good bye to all of those musty old law books; good-bye to the mended boots and thrice turned coats, and all the ways and means that turn a man's life into wretched bondage! Would't it I revel in new books and delicious paintings and high stepping horses? Would't I buy a set of jewels for Edith—not pale or sickly emeralds, but diamonds, to blaze like links of fire on her royal throat? Would't I—what nonsense I'm talking though!" he cried, suddenly rousing himself. "Phil. Acre, hold your confounded tongue! I did suppose you were a fellow of more sense! Here you are, neither rich nor distinguished, but a simple law student, while Edith Wyllis is as far above your moon-struck aspiration at the Queen of night herself!

"She loves me though—she will wait—and the time may one day come. If only Dr. Wyllis was not so distrustful of a fellow! However, I must prove myself worthy of the sweetest prize that ever—Halloo! come in there whoever you are."

It was only the serving maid of the establishment carrying a letter in the corner of her apron, between her finger and thumb. "Please, sir, the postman just left it—two cents to pay."

"Here are your two coppers, then Katy—a pretty fair equivalent for any letter I may receive. Now," said he, as the door closed behind Katy's substantial back, "lets see what my unknown correspondent has to say. A black seal eh? Not having any relations to lose I am not alarmed at the prognostic."

He broke the seal and glanced leisurely over the short business-like communication contained within, with a face that varied from incredulous surprise to sudden gladness. "Am I dreaming?" he murmured to himself as if to insure complete possession of his senses. "No, I'm wide awake, visions! But who would ever suppose that old Theron Mortimer, whom I haven't seen since I was a boy of sixteen, and picked him out of the river half dead with fright, would die and leave me all his money. Why, I'm not even the shadow of a relation; but, then, I never heard that the old man had neither kith or kin, so I can't imagine any harm in taking advantage of his odd freak. Rich—am I really to be rich? Oh, Edith! Edith!"

He clasped both hands over his eyes, sick and giddy with the thought that the loved, far-off star of his adoration, would be brought near to him at least by the magnet of gold. All those years of heartless waiting were to be bridged over by the strange bequest; he might claim Edith now!

How full of heart sunshine were the weeks that flitted over the head of the accepted lover—brightened by Edith's smiles—made beautiful by the soft radiance of Edith's love! There was only one alloying shadow—the most imperceptible touch of disgust and suspi-

cion with which stern old Dr. Wyllis regarded his future son-in-law! Ah! he feared to trust his only child to the keeping of any man who had not been proved in the fiery furnace of trial.

It was precisely a week before the wedding, and the soft lights veiled by shades of ground glass were just lighted in Dr. Wyllis's drawing room, where Edith sat among her white roses and heliotrope, working on a bit of cambric ruffling, and singing to herself. She was a slender, beautiful girl, with violet grey eyes. A blue veined forehead, and glossy abundant curls of that kind old painters love to portray.

"I wonder if Mortimer Place is so lovely," she said to a silver-haired lady who sat opposite. "Philip is going to take me there, when we return from our wedding tour, aunty; he says it is the sweetest spot a poet's fancy could devise, with fountains and shrubberies and green delicious copses? Oh! shall we not be happy there?"

She started up with a bright sudden blush, for even while the words were trembling on her lip, Philip Acre came into the room, his handsome face looking a little troubled, yet cheerful withal, Mrs. Wyllis, with an arch nod at her niece, disappeared into the prospective of the conservators, leaving the lovers to themselves.

"You are looking grave, Philip," said Edith as he bent over and kissed her cheek. "I am feeling so, darling. I have a very unpleasant disclosure to make to-night—our marriage must be postponed indefinitely."

"Philip! for what reason?" "To enable me to labor diligently at my profession to realize sufficient means to support you, dearest, in a manner satisfactory to your father's expectations and my own wishes."

"But, Philip, I thought—" "You thought me heir to Theron Mortimer's wealth? So I was Edith, a few hours since, but I have relinquished all claim to it now. When I accepted the bequest, I was under the impression that no living heir existed. I learned to-day that a distant cousin, a woman, is alive, though in ignorance of her relationship to Theron Mortimer. Of course I shall immediately transfer all the property to her."

But Philip, the will had made it legally yours. "Legally, it is; could I reconcile it to my ideas of truth and honor to avail myself of old Mortimer's fanciful freak, at this woman's expense, I might take the hoarded wealth, but I should never respect myself again, could I dream of legally defrauding the truthful heir. Nay, dearest, I may lose name and wealth, but I would rather die than suffer a single stain on my honor as a Christian gentleman!"

"You have done right, Philip," said Edith, with sparkling eyes. "We will wait, and hope on, happy in loving one another more dearly than ever. But who is she? What is her name?" "That's just what I didn't stop to inquire. I will write again to my lawyer to ask these questions and to direct that a deed of conveyance be instantly made out and then darling—"

His lips quivered a moment, yet he manfully completed the bitter sentence:—"Then I will begin the battle of life over again."

And Edith's loving eyes told him what she thought of his noble self-abnegation—a sweet testimonial! "Hem!" said Dr. Wyllis polishing his eye-glasses majestically with a crimson silk pocket handkerchief; "I didn't suppose the young fellow had so much stamina about him—an honorable thing to do Edith, I never felt exactly certain about Phil Acre's being worthy of you before."

"Papa!" "But my mind is made up now. When is he coming again?" "This evening, sir," faltered Edith, the violet eyes softly drooping. "Tell him Edith he may have you next Wednesday just the same as ever! And as for the law practicing—why there's time enough afterwards. Child, don't strangle me with your kisses—keep 'em for Phil."

He looked after his daughter with eyes strangely dim. "Tried and not found wanting!" he muttered distinctly. The perfume of orange blossoms had died away, the glimmer of pearls and satin were hidden in velvet caskets and traveling trunks

—and Mr. and Mrs. Acre, old married people of nearly a week's duration, were driving along the shores of the Hudson in the amber glow of a glorious sunset.

"Halloo, which way is Thomas going?" said Philip, leaning from the window, as the carriage turned out of the shore road.

"I told him the road to take Phil!" said Edith with bright sparkling eyes. "Let me have my own way, just for once. We are going to our new home."

"Are you?" said Phil, with a comical grimace. "Wait until you see sir!" said Mrs. Acre, pursing up her little rosebud of a mouth. And Philip waited dutifully.

"Where are we?" he asked, in astonishment, when the carriage drove up in front of a stately pillared portico, which seemed not unfamiliar to him.—"Surely this is Mortimer Place."

"I shouldn't be surprised if it was," said Dr. Wyllis, emerging from the door way. Walk in my boy—come Edith! Well how do you like the looks of your new house?"

"Our new house?" repeated Philip. "I do not understand you sir."

"Why I mean that your little wife yonder is the sole surviving relative of Theron Mortimer, although she never knew of it until this morning. Her mother was old Mortimer's cousin, but some absurd quarrel had caused a total cessation of intercourse between the two branches of the family. I was aware of the fact all along, but I was't sorry to avail myself of the opportunity of seeing what kind of stuff you were made of Phil Acre. And now as the deed of conveyance isn't made out I don't suppose your lawyer will trouble himself about it. The heiress won't quarrel with you I'll be bound."

Philip Acre's cheeks flushed and then grew pale with strong emotion, as he looked at his fair wife, beside him, the sunset turning her bright hair to curls of shining gold, and thought how unerringly the hand of Providence had straightened out the tangled web of his destiny.

Out of darkness had come light. From Washington Cor. Cincinnati Commercial. A Man who Works Without Pay.

A few weeks since I wrote of a man who didn't want an office. Now I have a still more startling fact to announce—a man who holds an office under the Government, works hard, and won't take any pay for it. The rara avis is Mr. Whiting, Solicitor of the War Department, and the case as related to me by an intimate friend of his, is as follows:

About two years ago Secretary Stanton wrote to Mr. Whiting, whom he had known well and favorably as a lawyer for many years at his home in Massachusetts, informing him that he was about to create the office of Solicitor of the War Department, tendering him the position, at a salary of \$5,000 a year, I believe. Mr. Whiting replied that he would be glad to serve the Government in the capacity named, and would accept the office on one condition, that he receive no pay or emoluments of any kind, and have the privilege of bearing his own expenses at the Capitol. This was finally, though reluctantly acceded to by Mr. Stanton, and Mr. Whiting left his palatial home in New England, and took up his abode in Washington city.

Not content with his refusing to receive compensation himself, he drew up an instrument in writing, and filed it in the War Department, stipulating that in case of his death while here, his family should not be entitled to one dollar, for the service he may have rendered. Mr. Whiting is a rich man, can afford to do all he has magnanimously agreed to, but it should be remembered there are hundreds of others equally rich and who could afford it, who would hesitate for a long time before accepting such a non-remunerative berth. There are positions under the government in which a man can work for nothing and yet make a fortune every year, but I am told, by those well informed on the subject, that Mr. Whiting is not one of them. So let us congratulate ourselves that in these days of shoddy—when the grab-game seems to be so immensely popular—when hundreds are getting rich by swindling soldiers, while soldiers are getting killed by fighting rebels—there is one man who says to the powers that be, "Throw greenbacks to the dogs, I'll have none of them."

Whenever any general or public officer springs suddenly into public favor, a set of sensation scribblers and penny-a-liners rush into print with not only exciting panegyrics upon the new hero, but with also a lot of racy reminiscences of his former career and anecdotes illustrating certain characteristics which the aforesaid Alcibiades is supposed to possess. In their haste to be first before the admiring gaze of the worthy populace, these eulogists jumble up "facts" in a most ridiculous manner, forgetting the old proverb:—"Let men suspect your tale untrue, Keep probability in view."

1 Square, one insertion, \$1.00
" " every succeeding insertion, .50
One inch makes a square, and all advertisements will be continued until forbid, unless otherwise ordered, and charged accordingly. To secure insertion they should be handed in by Monday and Thursday nights. All bills are to be settled on the last of every month. A liberal discount made to those who advertise largely. The Times has a larger circulation in the District of North Carolina than any, if not all, other papers combined, and reaching every part of the District, is the best method of advertising that could be desired.

Anecdotes in the Clouds.

The Cincinnati Commercial is responsible for the following, published some months ago: "General Grant, yesterday morning, asked a hackman at the Spencer House what he would charge to take him across the river to Covington. The reply was, three dollars. General Grant said that it was too much—he would rather walk—and walk he did."

Now that is rather steep. In days gone by, a famous Indian chief, named "Walk-in-the-Water" used to make frequent visits to his Great Father at Washington; and in one of his accustomed forays he mysteriously disappeared. Can it be that the Egyptian theory of transmigration of souls is true, and that the spirit of "Walk-in-the-Water" has entered the body of our noble General? If so, he is a bigger brave than ever, and could walk across the Ohio without ever wetting his galoshes, as it appears "walk he did," for there is yet no bridge at the place mentioned.

We are sorry to see that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has fallen into this habit of coxehocky; and in her late brilliant panegyric on President Lincoln, she has sought to elevate her hero at the expense of our credulity. In her elaborate sketch of the "Defender of the Faith," she treats us to the following morosum:—

In 1836 our backwoodsman, flat-boat hand, captain, surveyor, obtained a license to practice law, and, as might be expected, arose rapidly. One anecdote will show the esteem in which he was held in his neighborhood. A client came to him in a case relating to a certain land claim, and Lincoln said to him:—"Your first step must be to take thirty thousand dollars and go and make a legal tender; of course it will be refused, but it is a necessary step."

"But," said the man, "I haven't the thirty thousand to make it with."

"Oh, that's it. Just step over to the bank with me, and I'll get it."

So into the bank they went, and Lincoln says to the cashier:—"We just want to take thirty thousand dollars to make a legal tender with. I'll bring it back in an hour or two."

The cashier, handed across the money to "Honest Abe," and, without a scratch of the pen in acknowledgment, he strode his way with the specie, all in the most sacred simplicity, made the tender, and brought it back with as much nonchalance as if he had been borrowing a silver spoon of his grandmother.

In the days in which the above incident was supposed to have transpired, no bank in the Northwestern country, except the Bank of the State of Missouri, ever saw or imagined they saw any such sum of specie. In those times, gold, too, was a scarce commodity, and not to be had, even in the Atlantic cities, except at a premium of one per cent. over silver; and our own experience and recollection leaves no shade of doubt but that any coin held by any such bank must have been in silver dollars. Now \$30,000 in silver weighs just 2500 pounds Troy—twenty five hundred pounds is a pretty good burden for even "Old Abe" to trot off with, and we think Mrs. Stowe drew the arrow rather tight that time.

It is almost equal to the narrative of the graceful and well known writer of household stories, wherein a thoughtful and prudent wife saved up the odd change from her market money, and when her husband in 1837, was just topping off the precipice of ruin for the want of \$7000 to pay the last note with (it's always the last note,) this charming helpmate trips gayly up stairs and brings down \$3000, all in five and ten cent pieces, in her apron, to the delight and astonishment of her spouse.

This story ran the rounds of the papers, until some growling old bachelor of an editor discovered that the little pile weighed about seven hundred pounds, and remarked that he would like to know something about "them ere apron strings."

It is to be earnestly hoped that the fair record of General Hancock, and the new heroes who are niching themselves into fame, will not be smothered by any such gauzy adulation.

THE DEAD PICKET.—On the field, yesterday, on the left near Tilton, where our cavalry engaged the enemy, a beautiful garden, clothed in all the loveliness that rare plants and Southern flowers could give it, attracted my attention and I was drawn to it. The house had been deserted by its owners, and the smiling magnolia's and the roses seemed to stand guard over the deserted premises. I entered through an open gate, stooped to pluck a rose from the bush, when I discovered one of the enemy's pickets lying partially covered by the grass and bushes, dead. He was a noble looking man, and upon his countenance there seemed to rest the remnant of a smile.

The right hand clasped a rose, which he was in the act of severing from its stem when he received the messenger of death. In the afternoon, the cavalry dug a narrow grave, and with Federal soldiers for pall-bearers, and the beautiful flowers for mourners, he was laid to rest, the rose still clasped in his stiffened hand. Nothing was found to identify him, and in that lonely grave his life's history lies entombed. No sister's tears will baptize the grave among the roses where the dead picket fell.—Letter from Resaca.

CAPTURE OF A PRUSSIAN BOAT.—The Navy Department has received information of the capture, by steamer Cleopatra, Lieut. Com. Bancroft, of Gibraltar, Braganza, Texas, on the 24 of May, of the Prussian schooner Frederick II. She had run the blockade of Brazos river, in company with the British schooner Agnes. She had on board 114 bales of cotton, and was sent to New Orleans for adjudication.