

Dep't. of State

BY GEO. MILLS JOY:

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North Carolina Times.

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

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NEW BERNE, N. C., TUESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1864.

NO. 59.

NEW BERNE MARKET.

Corrected by JOHN A. THOMPSON, Grocer, Broad Street. New-Berne, August 9, 1864.
Tab Butter.....60 to 70 cts per lb.
Cheese.....35 cts per lb.
Eggs, per dozen.....25 to 30 cts.
Beef, Fresh.....15 cts.
Beef, Salted.....30 cts.
Pork, Fresh.....25 to 30 cts.
Pork, Salted.....25 to 30 cts.
Hams, Boston sugar cured.....35 cts.
Hams, Western.....35 cts.
Lard.....30 cts.
Potatoes, new, per peck.....50 cts.
Cucumbers.....2 to 4 cts each.
Chickens.....30 to 40 cts each.
Roasting Figs.....15 cts.
Flour, per lb.....20 cts.
Dried Apples, per lb.....25 cts.
Lemons, per dozen.....75 cts to \$1.00.
Peaches in cans.....\$1.00 to \$1.25—2 lb cans.
Peaches in cans.....75 cts—1 lb cans.
Tomatoes, per dozen.....50 to 75 cts.
Oranges, per dozen.....\$1.00
Figs Tongues.....10 cts each.
Eggs Fresh.....10 to 15 cts each.
Flour, per lb.....8 to 10 cts.
Meal, per lb.....5 cts.
Sugar, Brown, N. O.....30 to 35 cts.
Sugar, White, per lb.....35 to 40 cts.
Summer Squash.....2 to 3 cts each.
Milk, Condensed, per can.....50 to 60 cts.
London Club Sauce, per bottle.....50 cts.
Yeast Powders, per box.....25 cts.
Pickles, per bottle.....40 to 50 cts.
Saleratus, in papers.....20 cts.
Candles.....8 to 10 cts.
Jellies, per jar or bottle.....50 to 100 cts.
Beef, in cans.....50 to 75 cts.
Lamb, in cans.....50 to 75 cts.
Veal, in cans.....50 to 75 cts.
Tobacco Plug.....10, 25 to \$1.00
Lobster, per can.....50 cts.
Mustard, per box.....5 to 25 cts.
Black Tea, per lb.....\$1.50.
Green Tea, per lb.....1.7 to 2.00
Coffee, ground, per lb.....40 cts.
Coffee, best grain, per lb.....65 cts.
Soap, in one lb bars.....10 to 15 cts.
Prints, per yard.....30, 40 to 45 cts.
Sausages, Bologna, per lb.....30 cts.
Brooms.....35 to 50 cts each.
Water Pails, Painted.....40 cts each.
Bryan's Matches, per 1 gross.....40 cts.
Herrings, per dozen.....15 cts.
Mackerel.....10 cts each.
Salmon, per lb.....25 cts.
Codfish, per lb.....12 cts.
Nails, per lb.....10 to 15 cts.
Blacking Brushes.....25 to 40 cts each.
Snuff, per oz.....10 cts.
Raisins, per lb.....40 cts.

The Pilot's Revenge.

It was towards night on the twenty-first of September, 1764, that a small English war vessel, which had been fitted out for the suppression of smugglers, was lazily creeping along over the heavy, monotonous swells just off the coast of Galway, and on her deck was being enacted a scene of uncommon interest. The day before, she had captured a small boat laden with contraband articles, together with an old man and a boy who had charge of them; and the captain of the brig, whose name was Dracut, had ordered that the old smuggler should be put in irons. To this indignity the old man made a stout resistance, and in the heat of the moment so far forgot himself as to deal the captain a blow which laid him upon the deck. Such an insult to an English officer was past endurance, and in punishment for this offence the smuggler was condemned to die.

A single whip was rove at the starboard fore yard arm, and all hands were called to witness the execution. The rope was noosed and slipped over the culprit's head, and the running end was rove through a small snatch block upon the deck. Until this moment not a word escaped the lips of the boy. He trembled as he beheld the awful preparations and as the fatal noose was passed and drawn tight, the color forsook his cheeks, and he sprang forward and dropped upon his knees before the incensed captain.

"Mercy, sir—mercy!"
"For whom?" asked the officer, while a contemptuous sneer rested upon his lips.

"For that old man whom you are about to kill!"
"He dies, boy."

"But he is my father, sir!"
"No matter if he were my own father. That man who strikes an English officer while in the performance of his duty must die!"

"But he was manacled—he was insulted, sir," urged the boy.
"Insulted!" replied the captain, "Who insulted him?"
"You did, sir," replied the boy, while his face flashed with indignation.

"Get up, sir, and be careful that you do not get the same treatment," said the captain in a savage tone.

The old man heard this appeal of his son, and as the last words dropped from the lips of his captor, he raised his head, and while a look of the utmost defiance passed over his features, he exclaimed—
"Ask no favors, Robert. Old Karl Kintock can die now as well as at any time; let them do their worst."

Then turning to Captain Dracut, he immediately changed his tone for one of deep supplication, and said—
"Do what you please with me, sir, but do not harm my boy, for he has done no wrong. I am ready for your sentence, and the sooner you finish the it the better."

"Lay hold of the whip!" shouted the captain. "Lay hold every man of you, and stand by till they run the villain up!"

In obedience to the order, the men ranged themselves along the deck, and each one laid hold of the rope. Robert Kintock looked first at his father, and then ran his eyes along the row of men who were to be his executioners; but not one sympathizing look could he trace—their faces were all hard and cold, and they all appeared anxious to consummate their murderous work.

"What!" exclaimed the boy, while a tear started from his trembling eye, "is there not one, even, who can pity?"
"Up with him!" shouted the captain.

Robert buried his face in his hands, and the next moment his father was swinging at the yard arm. He heard the passing rope and creaking block, and he knew that he was fatherless.

Half an hour afterwards the boy knelt by the side of a ghastly corpse, and a simple prayer escaped his lips. Then another low, murmuring sound came up from his bosom, but none of those who stood around knew its import. It was a pledge of deep revenge.

Just as the old man's body slid from the gang-board into the water, a vivid flash of lightning streamed through the heavens, and in another moment the dread artillery of nature sent forth a

roar so long and so loud, that the men actually put their hands to their ears to shut out its deafening power. Robert Kintock started at the sound, and what had caused dread in other hearts, sent a thrill of satisfaction of his own.

"Oh, revenge! revenge!" he muttered to himself, as he cast his eyes over the wild and foam-crested waves which had already risen under the power of the sudden storm. The darkness had come as quickly as did the storm, and all that could be distinguished from the deck of the brig, save the raging sea, was the fearful craggy shore, as flash after flash of lightning illuminated the heavens.

"Light, ho!" shouted the man forward, and the next moment all eyes were directed to a bright light which had suddenly flashed up amid the distant rocks.

The wind had now reached its height, and with its giant power it sent the ill-fated vessel directly upon the surf-bound shore of rocks and reefs, and every face, save one, was blanched with fear. In vain did they try to lay the brig to the wind, but not a sail would stand for an instant, until at length the men managed to get up a fore and main storm-sail, and then the brig for a short time stood bravely up against the heaving sea. But it was evident that should she succeed in keeping to the wind, she would eventually be driven ashore, for the insidious wind was greater than that of the sea.

"Boy, do you know what light that is?" asked the captain as he stood holding on to the main rigging to keep his feet.

"Yes, sir," replied Robert; "it is Billy-more's Crag!"
"What is there for?"
"It marks the entrance to a little harbor, sir, which lies in the back of it."

"Can it be entered by a vessel of this size?" asked the captain while a gleam of hope shot across his face.

"Oh, yes, sir. A large ship can enter there."

"And do you know the passage?"
"Yes, sir, I have spent my whole life on the coast, and I know every turn in it."

"Could you take the brig in there in this storm?"
"Yes, sir," answered the boy.

"And will you do it?" eagerly asked the captain.

"On two conditions,"
"Name them quickly."

"The first is, that you let me go in peace, and the next that you trouble none of the smugglers, should they happen to be there."

"I promise," said the captain. "And now set about your work. But mark me, if you deceive me, by St. George, I'll shoot you on the moment."

The brig was soon put before the wind, and Robert Kintock stationed himself upon the starboard fore yard-arm, from whence his orders were passed along to the helmsman. The bounding vessel soon came within sight of the ragged crags, and the heart of every man leaped with fearful thrills as they swept past a frowning rock which almost grazed them as they passed. On flew the brig, and thicker and more fearful became the rocks which raised their heads on every side.

"Port!" shouted the boy.
"Port it is!"
"Steady—so!"
"Steady it is!"
"Starboard—quick!"
"Ay, ay—starboard it is!"
"Steady—so!"
"Steady—it is!"

At this moment the vessel swept on past an overhanging cliff, and just as a vivid flash of lightning shot through the heavens and revealed all the horrors around, a loud shout was heard from the young pilot, and in a moment all eyes were turned toward him. He stood upon the extreme end of the yard, and held himself by the lift. In a moment more he crouched down like a tiger after his prey, and then with one leap he reached the projecting rock.

"Revenge! revenge!" was all that the doomed men heard, and they were swept into the boiling surge beyond.

"Breakers! a reef!" screamed the man forward. "Starboard, quick!"

But it was too late! Ere the helm was half up, a low, tremulous grating

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of the brig's keel was felt, the next instant came a crash which sounded high above the elements, and the heavy masts went sweeping away to leeward, followed in a few moments by large masses of the ill-starred vessel's wreck and cargo. Shriek after shriek went up from those doomed men, and they were in the grasp of a power that knows no mercy. The Storm King took them for his own.

The next morning a small party of wreckers came down from the rocks and moved along the shore. It was strewn with fragments of the wreck, and here and there scattered along the bruised and mutilated forms of the brig's crew. Among that party was Robert Kintock, and eagerly did he search among the ghastly corpses, as though there was one he would have found. At length he stopped over one, upon the shoulders of which were two golden epaulettes. It was the captain of the brig—the murderer of his father! The boy placed his foot upon the prostrate body, and while a strange light beamed from his eyes, and a shudder passed over his countenance, he muttered: "Father, you are fearfully revenged!"

They boy spoke truly. Fearful in conception, and fearful in consummation had been that Pilot's revenge.

Col. Crockett—"Go Ahead."

"I never but once," said the Colonel was in what I call a real genuine quandary. It was during my electioneering for Congress, at which time I strolled about in the woods, so particularly pestered with politics that I forgot my rifle. Any man may forget his rifle you know; but it isn't every man can make amends for his forgetfulness by his faculties, I guess. It chanced that I was strolling along, considerable deep in congressional; the first thing that took my fancy was the snarling of some young bear which proceeded from a hollow tree; but I soon found that I could not reach the cubs with my hands, so I went feet foremost, to see if I could draw them up by the toes. I hung on to the top of the hole, straining with all my might to reach them, until at last my hands slipped, and down I went, more than twenty feet, to the bottom of that hole, and there I found myself almost hip deep in a family of fine young bears. I soon found that I might as well undertake to climb up the greatest part of a rainbow, as to get back—the hole in the tree being so large, and its sides so smooth and slippery from the rain. Now this was a real genuine regular quandary! If so be was I to shout, it would have been doubtful whether they would hear me at the settlement and if they did hear me the story would ruin my election; for they were of a quality too cute to vote for a man that ventured into a place that he couldn't get himself out of. Well, now, while I was calculating whether it was best to shout for help, or to wait in the hole until after election, I heard a kind of grumbling and growing overhead; looking up I saw the old bear coming down stern foremost upon me. My motto always is 'go ahead,' and as soon as she lowered herself with in my reach, I got tight grip of her tail in my left hand and with my little buck-hafted pen-knife in the other, I commenced spurring her forward. I'll be shot if ever a member of Congress rose quicker in the world than I did! She took me out in the shake of a lamb's tail."

A Dangerous Game of Poker.

A contributor to the Spirit of the Times thus describes a scene at the Albany House in Little Rock, Arkansas:
Late one bitter cold night in December, some eight or nine years ago, L— came into the bar-room as usual, to take his part in whatever was going on. For some reason the crowd had dispersed sooner than was customary, and but two or three of towns-folk were there, together with a stranger, who had arrived a half hour or longer before and who, tried, wet and muddy from a long Arkansas stage ride, his legs extended and shoes off, was consoling himself with two chairs and a nap opposite the center of the blazing log fire. Any one who has traveled until ten o'clock, in a rough winter night, over an Arkansas road, can appreciate the comfort of the fruition before that fire-place.
The draws example of the stranger had its effect on the others, and L—, who took a seat in the corner, for lack of conversation was reduced to the poke for amusement. He poked the fire vigorously for a while, until it got red hot, and becoming impatient, was about to drop it and retire, when he discovered the great toe of the stranger's foot protruding through a hole in one of his socks. Here was a relief to L—. He placed the glowing poker within a foot of the melancholy

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