

BY GEO. MILLS JOY:

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LEOPOLD BAER, 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' WARES, BOOTS, SHOES and GROCERIES, which he offers at wholesale and retail, very cheap. New Bern, Jan. 2, 1864. 3tf

North Carolina Times.

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

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ADVERTISING RATES:

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 1st 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.

WARM AND COLD BATHS. The subscriber has fitted up a new first class Bathing House, on Craven street near So. 1st Front, where warm and cold Baths may be had at all hours of the day and evening. Connected with the above, is an excellent Hair Dressing Saloon. A liberal patronage is solicited, and no pains will be spared to please. JOHN F. PHELPS New Bern, Dec. 19. 11tf

YOU CAN BUY PERFUMERY AND HAIR DYE, at L. HERRIFIELD & CO. S. 19 Pollock Street. 33tf

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CLARET, WINES, AND NUMEROUS other articles, such as Canned Goods, Pickles, and other suitable SUTLER'S GOODS, to close out the affairs of RADCLIFFE & COOPER, for sale very cheap. Also, TWO BILLIARD TABLES. Enquire of GARY MOULTON, at their former place of business on Craven St. 38tf

W. AMES. SUCCESSOR TO C. B. DIBBLE. South Front Street near the Gaston House. Having received a complete addition to my stock in trade, I now offer to the public of New Bern, one of the best and cheapest stocks of Groceries, Fancy Goods, Glass and Crockery Ware, SUTLER'S GOODS, Notions, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, Flour, Butter, Cheese, &c., &c., &c. for sale in this city. SUTLER'S, Traders, and business men in the different Sub-Districts of North Carolina are invited to examine my merchandise. Fresh shipments of goods are regularly received from Northern Ports, and all orders executed with celerity and dispatch. 38tf

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ANDREW COLLINS. Would inform his friends and patrons, that he has erected a new store on Craven street, opposite the Millard Hall, which he has filled with a large and choice stock of FAMILY GROCERIES and Provisions. Among which may be found the nicest article of choice bacon to be found in North Carolina. We will keep constantly on hand a fresh assortment of every thing in our line. Please call and give us a trial, and we will satisfy you with the quality and price. A. COLLINS. 57tf

EXCHANGE ON NEW YORK AND Boston, in sums to suit, for sale by LELAND, BIGLOW & CO. Pollock Street, 1st door from East Front St. 48tf

The Crops and Living at the South. Late rebel journals furnish some interesting information in reference to the condition of Southern crops, and the present cost of living in their principal towns. In Richmond, the prices of the necessities of life have fallen considerably, but are still exorbitant. Beef is now selling at from three to four dollars a pound, potatoes at three dollars a quart, butter at from eight to nine dollars a pound, chickens from five to ten dollars a pair, and other things in proportion. All vegetables, although plenty, rule high; tomatoes bring from one to three dollars a quart, beans from three to four dollars, onions three dollars a quart, &c. At Macon, Georgia, bacon sells at three and four dollars a pound, flour at from eighty to one hundred dollars a hundred, butter at four dollars a pound, beef at one and two dollars a pound, all vegetables being in good demand at somewhat less than Richmond prices. In reference to the crops, the Richmond Examiner says:

We have it from farmers from the Shenandoah Valley, that there alone there is more wheat made this year than in the whole State of Virginia last year. From all other parts of the State we hear of good crops, but nowhere of very short ones. A correspondent of the Columbia Guardian says of the crops in Mississippi: The corn-crop in Mississippi is as good as could be; for miles the passer by can see nothing but a boundless corn field, all of which is now in roasting ears, and will make good corn if it does not have another drop of rain. The planters have not yet delivered their tax in kind corn for want of room to store it; enough of it now remains to feed General Johnston's army for some time yet. The wheat crop is very good, sustaining but a slight loss from the heavy and frequent rains of some weeks ago. The fruit crop is very good. In Georgia, there is said to be a very large crop of cereals, but as the grain growing region of that State is now within the Federal lines, the rebels will gather little benefit from the abundant yield. Matrimony in Olden Times. Rev. T. L. Cuyler, in a recent letter from Greenfield, Connecticut, relates some interesting incidents of its early history. He says: "Among the amusing reminiscences of three days in the famous courtship of the Rev. Stephen Mix, of Weathersfield. He made a journey to Northampton in 1696, in search of a wife. He arrived at the Rev. Solomon Stoddard's, informed him of the object of his visit, and that the pressure of home duties required the utmost despatch. Mr. Stoddard took him into the room where his daughters were, and introduced him to Mary, Esther, Christiana, Sarah, Rebekah and Hannah, and then retired. Mr. Mix, addressing Mary, the eldest daughter, said he had lately been settled at Weathersfield, and was desirous of obtaining a wife, and concluded by offering her his heart and hand. She blushing replied that so important a proposition required time for consideration. He rejoined that he was pleased that she asked for suitable time for reflection, and that in order to afford her the needed opportunity to think of his proposal, he would step into the next room and smoke a pipe with her father, and she could report to him. Having smoked his pipe and sent a message to Miss Mary that he was ready for her answer, she came in and asked for further time for consideration. He replied that she could reflect still longer on the subject, and send her answer by letter, to Weathersfield. In a few weeks he received her reply, which is probably the most laconic epistle ever penned. Here is the model letter, which was soon followed by a wedding: "Northampton, 1696. Rev. Stephen Mix Yes, Mary Stoddard."

The matrimonial Mixture took place on the 1st of December, 1696, and proved to be compounded of most congenial elements. Mix was pastor of that paradise of onions for forty-four years." The Bird of Battle. The New Albany (Indiana) Ledger tells this story: "We printed, a few days ago, from an Atlanta paper, an account of a mocking-bird, which, at the battle of Resaca, perched itself on the top of a tree, and during the fight imitated the whistling of the bullets and other noises incident to a battle. Another and a more touching incident of a similar character, was yesterday related to us by Capt. George Babbit, of General Gresham's staff, and of which he was himself a witness. During the fierce cannonading at Nickajack, a small bird came and perched upon the shoulder of an artilleryman—the man designated, we believe, a 'No. 1,' whose duty it is to ram down the charge after the ammunition is put in the gun. The piece was a Napoleon, which makes a very loud report. The bird, as we have stated, perched itself on the man's shoulder, and could not be driven from its position by the vio-

lent motions of the gunner. When the piece was discharged, the poor little thing would run its back and head up under the man's hair at the back of the neck, and when the report died away would resume its place upon his shoulder. Captain Babbit took the bird in his hand, but when he released his hold it immediately resumed its place on the shoulder of the smoke begrimed gunner. The scene was witnessed by a large number of officers and men. It may be a subject of curious inquiry what instinct led this bird to thus place itself. Possibly frightened at the violent commotion caused by the battle, and not knowing how to escape or where to go, some instinct led it to throw itself on this gunner as a protector. But whatever the cause, the incident was a most beautiful and pleasing one to all who witnessed it." Complimentary. An old clergyman, and a rather eccentric one, within whose field of labor was a town in the interior of New England, one Sunday, at the close of his services, gave notice to his congregation that in the course of the week, he intended to go on a mission—on a mission to the heathen. The members of his church was struck with alarm and sorrow at the sudden and unexpected announcement of the loss of their beloved pastor, and one of the deacons in great agitation exclaimed—"Why, my dear sir, you have never told us a word of this before! What shall we do?" "O, brother C—," said the parson, with the greatest sang froid, "I don't expect to go out of town!" Merriness in Hospital. Mr. George Dawson, of Albany, who has been visiting his son, who is in hospital at Washington, says: "Although there is so much suffering and so little to make one merry in these depots of maimed men, there is nevertheless sometimes something amusing happening. It is an era, for instance, when some of the one-legged fellows can take to crutches. When this occurs spontaneous congratulations from the recumbent crowd follow him wherever he makes his appearance; with an occasional "Go it, ye cripple!" "Double quick!" "Don't kick me!" etc.; causing universal hilarity, and bringing a smile to the lips of the worst cases. The happy convalescent takes all this in good part, and sometimes replies, "It will be your turn next, my boy." "Be patient, cap: when you get your cork leg on it will be all right." "This is jolly, but slow." "Two legs are better than three and a half on a retreat." etc.—forgetting his loss in the joy of the moment. And then, when some one is well enough to ask for a furlough to go home! It is the theme of conversation throughout the ward; and the poor fellows hobbled from one cot to another to communicate the good news. There are a great many sources of happiness in this world after all."

Complimentary.

Merriness in Hospital.

Napoleon's Idea of Making War.

The following letter was written by Napoleon to Augereau, on the 21st of February, 1814: "What! Six hours after receiving the first troops from Spain you are not in the field! Six hours of rest is quite enough for them. I conquered at Fanguis with the brigade of dragons coming from Spain, who from Bayonne had not drawn rein. Do you say that the six battalions from Nimes, want clothes and equipage, and are uninstructed? Augereau, what miserable excuses! I have destroyed 80,000 enemies with battalions of conscripts scarcely clothed, and without cartridge boxes. The National Guards are pitiful. I have here 4000 from Angers and Aretagne in round hats, and without cartridge boxes, but with good weapons, and I have made them tell. There is no money, do you say? But where do you expect to get money, but from the pockets of the enemy. You have no teams? Seize them! You have no magazines? Tut, tut, that is too ridiculous. I order you to put yourself in the field twelve hours after you receive this letter. If you are still the Augereau of Castiglione, keep your command. If your sixty years are too

much for you, relinquish it to the oldest of your general officers. The country is menaced and in danger. It can only be saved by daring and alacrity, and not by vain delays. You must have a nucleus of six thousand picked troops? I have destroyed three armies, captured forty thousand prisoners, taken two hundred pieces of artillery, and thrice saved the capita. The enemy are in full flight upon Troyes! Be before them. Art no longer as of late. Resume the method and spirit of '93. When Frenchmen see your plume waving in the van, and you first of all, exposed to the enemy's fire, you will do with them whatever you will."

General Thomas among the Guns.

In the severe fight before Atlanta on the 23d ult., in which the rebels suffered great slaughter, the rebels came over the crest of a hill to attack, about half a mile in front, formed in double column, and on the double quick. They soon drove in our skirmish line, and met the 73d Illinois, 24th Wisconsin, and 15th Missouri regiments, on the picket line. These regiments gave them one volley and fell back to temporary works on the crest of the hill, when they showed them a bold front, and in the open field poured into the double rebel ranks volley after volley of musketry. Though mowed down by hundreds, they closed up and rushed on. The case looked hopeless, one division opposing five times their number. The capture of the whole division was imminent. A letter says: At this moment I espied Major General Thomas standing in the road as calm as a summer's morning, walking up and down the road as deliberately as though there was no fuss on hand. He was giving some orders to the battery that was then passing up the hill. Immediately they unlimbered their guns and in half the time it takes me to pen these lines the whole battery was pouring a flanking fire of grape and canister into the already wavering column of advancing rebels. It was an awful sight—knocking them down in rows, and some of their guns flying twenty or thirty feet in the air. It made a perfect human slaughter-pen of it and turned the tide of battle in that part of the field, and the 2d division with the help of the latter came out with flying colors, and only a small loss in killed and wounded. It is probably the first time Major Gen. Thomas has commanded a battery in person during this campaign. I suppose he happened to be passing along the lines when the attack was made, but as usual he knew exactly what to do.

Take Out This Goose

A bashful gentleman of Holly Springs, Mississippi, took a "hankering" after a fair seamstress of the town, and after a good deal of hesitation, finally brought his courage up to the sticking point, and made an evening call on the lady. He found her busily engaged at work, pressing off a garment with a tailor's goose. She, however, received him very courteously, and continued her work. A bevy of the seamstress's female friends dropped in a few minutes after our heroic friend had subsided into silence, for he found it absolutely impossible to maintain a conversation with the lady. The sudden entrance of the visitors, instead of relieving, only added to his embarrassment, and he sat in silence until his situation became painful to all, but to none more than himself. All efforts to draw him into conversation proved abortive, and it became a matter of serious concern to the ladies how to relieve the gentleman of his embarrassment without a catastrophe, for he was known to all of them as a gentleman of great worth, bashfulness being his only frailty. The seamstress finally got through with her work, and called out to the negro man in the kitchen. "John." The door opened and a stout, burly negro stuck his head through the doorway, and said: "I is here Missus." "John, will you take this goose?" Our bashful friend sprang to his feet in an instant, and exclaimed: "I beg your pardon, madam, for intruding on you, but I'll go myself." And before the lady could explain her meaning to him, he had gathered up his hat and mad his exit, which was followed by the frantic yells of the girls. I am sorry to say that that little misunderstanding made an old bachelor and an old maid.