

BY GEO. MILLS JOY:

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North Carolina Times.

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

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ADVERTISING RATES. 1 Square, one insertion, \$5.00 every succeeding insertion, \$3.00 One inch makes a square, and all advertisements will be continued until forbid, unless otherwise ordered.

"I THOUGHT I WOULDN'T."

Two young journeymen mechanics were working at their benches, on opposite sides of a cabinet maker's shop. They were both about twenty-five years of age; both married, both healthy and intelligent.

Dick, I always thought you were quick-tempered; you used to be when you were a boy. Now I think I am not quick-tempered, but if the boss had talked to me as he did to you yesterday, I believe I should have knocked him down, let the consequences be what they might.

Well, Tom, I am quick-tempered, replied the person accosted as Dick, and as to knocking old Scoldem down, I had my thoughts about that matter too.

To be sure, I reckoned you were right mad enough when I saw your face as white as a sheet, said Tom, but I should like to know what your thoughts were on this "solemn occasion," as they say.

Dick laid down his chisel, and turning around, folded his arms, and replied: I thought I would, and then I thought I wouldn't.

When old Scoldem first found fault with me, and began to scold me, and finally got angry and abused me merely because I would not answer him in the same style, I thought—no it was not thinking, it was only an impulse—it occurred to me that if I should only give him one good blow under the left eye, which should tumble him among the shavings promiscuously—it would be serving him just about right, or I was terribly angry.

But then I thought—and it was thinking, for it came after the impulse—and restrained it—then I thought that he was a great deal older man than I was, and had a wife, and sons and daughters grown up and married, who would be very much shocked and pained to hear that he had been treated in this way, and I thought, too, that I was in his employ, and could quit him at any moment if his service was intolerable, and that it would be disgraceful to me to have it reported that I had a fight with my boss; and I thought how bad Lucy would feel if I was arrested for a breach of the peace, or even made myself liable to be, and so, "I thought I wouldn't."

Ah, Dick, said Tom, those were not exactly your feelings, when you took hold of your hammer, and then pushed it away from you. I believe I was as white as you, just at that moment, for I expected you would drop him sure.

You are mistaken, Tom, replied Dick, I did not take hold of the hammer from impulse, or design to use it, but "I thought I wouldn't" have it where I could seize it and strike him without stirring out of my tracks; and so I pushed it over the end of my bench, and it fell among the shavings; and it took me a long time to find it when I wanted it again.

Well, said Tom, I don't believe I could have stood what you did, anyhow. But you use that expression, "I thought I wouldn't," as if it was a sort of favorite one; have you adopted it as a motto for your coat of arms, I should like to know.

"Sorter some, sorter not," as they say out West, replied Dick laughing, but it is said that all the highest modes of thought have a stereotyped expression, and that is the reason, for instance, why those who speak the English language are always seeking for liberty expressed in great phrases which are so commonly used in books, speeches and newspapers. So I confess that I have got one little phrase, which, when I am in action, reads, "I think I won't," and when I am pondering over what I didn't do, signifies "I thought I wouldn't." And I think this phrase over a good deal, and I confess it does me good. I'll tell you how I got into it.

About a year ago, I went home one damp, slush, thawing night, rather late for supper. Old Scoldem had been very cross that day, and very insolent; and that, with the unpleasant weather, made me feel very cross, too; very—Well, I got home. The fire was almost out; the room uncomfortable; but sup-

per was ready, and we sat down at the table. Lucy did not seem inclined to talk, little Jimmy was fretful; the tea was weak and cold, and the toast wasn't made right. I felt very much annoyed, and I thought I would just tell Lucy, in a confidential sort of way, that the tea was only slops, and that the toast wasn't fit to throw to the pigs, and that I would then put on my hat, and go off to the Odd Fellows' lodge earlier than usual, and serve her right. But then I looked across the table at Lucy, who sat there holding her baby, eating nothing, and looking pale and scary; and I noticed, too, that little Jimmy looked flushed, as he sat there in his arm chair; and it occurred to me that it was just possible that my wife might be feeling ill, and that little Jimmy was affected by the weather just like older folks, and that perhaps this damp air might have affected the draught of the chimney. I asked Lucy if she was ill, and she said that for six hours she had had a terrible nervous headache; so "I thought I wouldn't" say anything about the tea and toast, but I persuaded Lucy to lay down on the settee with the baby, while I took little Jimmy on my knee, and commenced telling him a story, as I put on his night-gown, and then put him into his crib, where as I was describing to him the old man's sheep jumping over the wall—then another—and then another—he went over the wall with the two, and was fast asleep.

Then I cleared the table, and put away the things till morning, raked out the fire and got it going, and took the baby, and placed it in the cradle. I got some cold water and washed Lucy's hands and face and smoothed down her hair with my hands, (magnetism think? well, no matter,) and placed a wet cloth upon her forehead. I asked her if she was better. Yes, she said with a sweet smile, and fairly went to sleep while she said so. So I got down a book of travels, and forgot all about myself for a couple of hours. Then I looked up, and as I saw little Jimmy sleeping so soundly and pleasantly in his crib, where he had kicked himself out to the top of the bed clothes; and the baby, too, dozing quietly with her thumb in her mouth; and Lucy reposing so refreshingly, with a half smile on her parted lips, the fire burning brightly, and the rain beating against the windows, I was glad I did not speak a cross word to Lucy, and leave her sick and alone with a deranged kitchen, dull fire, a fretful child, and a nursing baby. What a brute I should have been to have done it.

Yes, of course, said Tom, rather slowly, for he was just then impressed with an idea that he, with all his good temper, had "done it" at a time not very remote. But he regained his composure by saying: Well, go on Dick, this is as interesting as a prize tale.

I have but little more to say, continued Dick. I have considered the matter a great deal, and the more I consider upon it, the more "I think I won't."

When old Scoldem is insolent to me, when any one jostles me insultingly, when a tradesman or a fellow-craftsman treats me rudely, my first impulse is to pay him in his kind; but when I consider that it will do me no good to do it, "I think I won't." When I am annoyed by short-comings at home, and am tempted to find fault, I ask myself if Lucy is not a good-tempered, industrious woman, a good mother and loving wife, and if I don't really think she meant to do as well as she might under the circumstances, and the sharp expression never forms on my lips, because "I think I won't." So when the children are too noisy, or one of them is fretful, I think the noise is oft preferable to constrained silence, and that it is better to take the little fevered urchin on one's lap, and take his little fevered hand in yours, and tell him about Gulliver and the Lilliputians, than to cuff his ears and send him outraged and crying to bed. I am glad that I often "think I won't." I feel that I have triumphed when I can say, "I thought I wouldn't."

Dick, said Tom, can you give me a scrap of paper?

His friend examined his wallet and produced a piece.

Here, said he, is the back of a letter, dropped to-day in the city post-office; it is addressed to me, and a post-mark on it too, but as it is marked "Paid" I hope that won't hurt it.

All the better for having your name and date on it, said Tom, who proceeded to the desk, wrote something very carefully on the paper, folded it, and put it away in his pocket-book.

The two friends grew old together in their native city. They both became prosperous in their calling, and were noted for their kindness to their workmen and servants, for amenity to the community at large, and for their domestic happiness. They were distinguished by civil honors, and were made depositories of responsible trusts. They remained fast and intimate friends, and it was a source of happiness to them that their children inter-married. Thomas died first. In his last will he made a singular provision.

Item: I direct that a certain sealed package, bearing my name, shall be delivered to my true and life-long friend, Richard Felton. It contains a gift which he made me in early life; it has been to me a great source of success, and domestic happiness. I return it to him now; he does not need it, but will be glad to receive it.

The mysterious package was produced and opened. It contained only a crumpled, worn, and somewhat soiled scrap of paper, apparently a piece of post-marked letter, which read as follows: "July 1, 1806."

RICHARD FELTON, Civetone. "I THOUGHT I WOULDN'T."

Mush or Indian Muffins. Take a quart of new milk, stir into it two good handfuls of Indian meal; stir it until it comes to a boil; take it off the fire and stir in a lump of butter the size of an egg and salt to the taste; let it become quite cool, then stir in a teacupful of yeast, and flour enough to make a stiff sponge. Cover it and set it to rise; roll the sponge about a quarter of an inch thick; cut it out with a tumbler; flour your griddle well, and bake thoroughly over a brisk fire, turning them frequently to prevent burning. Do not set them in too warm a place to rise, as they will be apt to sour.

With one pint of milk, a piece of lard the size of a walnut, and a teaspoon of salt, mix sufficient Indian meal to make a thick mush, which boil 15 to 20 minutes. When this is so cool that it will not scald the flour, add a teacup of bakers' yeast and enough wheat flour to make a soft dough. Set to rise about 10 A. M. (when wanted for tea) in a warm place. When light form into small and thin cakes, and bake them on the griddle five minutes on each side.

Captain Napoleon Collins, who captured the Florida in Bahia Bay, is an Indianian, a native of Madison; has been in the navy for the past quarter of a century; got his commission through the instrumentality of the United States Senator and ex-Governor William Hendricks; he is a good and true officer, and must have known what he was doing; that the act was no violation of the laws of nations, and that he was doing God's service to his country and to his flag.—New Albany Ledger.

REVIVAL OF BUSINESS.—The Springfield Union is informed by a gentleman largely interested in the manufacture of woolen goods, that since the election last Tuesday the manufacturers have received more orders for all descriptions of goods, than for the preceding six weeks. The woolen mills in Vermont are now running with full force. The same intelligence comes up from other manufacturing districts in New England.

The editor of the Richmond Whig wrote a leader protesting against Grant's habit of firing shotted salutes in honor of Union victories, a sentence in which some stupid or sly compositor caused to be printed thus: "The friends of humanity in every part of the world except Christendom must regard such a deed with horror, and its perpetrator as an assassin." The word intended was probably Yankedem, and the writer must have regarded the misprint with much the same feelings which he expresses for Grant's volleys into Petersburg.

GLEANINGS FROM DIXIE.

NEGRO SOLDIERS.—The members of this year beginning to assemble at Richmond, a correspondent says the question of putting negroes in the army will come up at once before that body. They will be glad to observe the press unwise and suicidally outspoken against this proper to place negroes in the army. If Congress think proper to place negroes in the army, let it be done, so far as to place every able-bodied white man in the ranks; but it is worse than fool to arm the negroes and expect them to do good in fighting the enemy. We trust that will at once stamp its reprobation upon the position to make soldiers of the negroes.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN CHARLESTON.—We learn from a gentleman who arrived last evening from Charleston, that a fire broke out in the Confederate Arsenal, in that city, at three o'clock yesterday morning, and did great damage, before it could be subdued. The large building, containing the repairing shops, five in number, with the tin shop, saddlery, armory, blacksmith's, and shop for the manufacture of friction primers, were all destroyed, with most of their contents. The loss in valuable machinery and tools was quite heavy, and cannot be repaired. A large stock of leather, small arms and cannon were also destroyed. The fire originated in some lightwood in the engine room, and was doubtless the result of carelessness.

The Southern Recorder states that some twelve or fifteen cases of small pox have occurred in Milledgeville, mostly among negroes who have been removed to the outskirts of the city.

THE SENIOR RESERVES.—This excellent regiment, made up of the men between 45 and 50, in the 6th Congressional District, left here yesterday afternoon under the command of Col. Chas. E. Sherber. They are themselves the "bone and sinew" of the country, the very best men we have, and they are commanded by a gentleman of considerable experience as a soldier and of eminent qualifications for the high position which he has the honor to hold.

CHATHAM CROPS.—A subscriber adds to a business letter from Chatham: "I have traveled over a large portion of Chatham recently, and I think there is a great deal more corn made this year than last, and there is any amount of molasses made. People are generally backward in gathering their corn and sowing wheat. But if the Fall should prove favorable there will be a large crop sown."

PRICES IN NASSAU.—In Nassau during the week ending 15th ult., cotton sold at an average of 46c. per lb., yet in some cases at 46 5/8; 47c., and even 48c. were paid. Turpentine had been very much sought after, but at a lower rate than a month back. "Buyers," says the Guardian of the 15th ult., "will not give more than \$1.50 per gallon."

A PLACE TO LIVE AT.—The Columbus Sun of the 23d ult., says: "Hams are selling at the stores at \$4 per pound, bacon at \$3.25 to \$3.50. Beef of a very fair quality is disposed of at \$2 per pound; chickens sell at about \$4 apiece from the wagon. Wood is rated at \$45 a cord—that is, oak and hickory. Pine is cheap. Lard is sold at \$5 per lb., osunburg, \$3 per yard, and sheeting at \$4. Yarn sold at \$45 to \$50 per bunch, according to numbers; some grades sell higher. All country produce is high. During the week, at auction, sole leather has sold at from \$11 to \$12, salt as high as 75c. per lb., though averaging about 65c., and negroes at very big prices. Silver has sold as high as \$20 to \$25 for one, and we believe gold is quoted at \$24 for one."

FLORENCE, S. C., Oct. 18.—Several of the prisoners who were brought here from Charleston have died of the yellow fever, and also several members of the 25th Georgia Regiment and Maj. Williams' Battalion have fallen victims.

GEN BRAGG.—It is officially announced in the Wilmington Journal, that Gen. Bragg "assumes the command of the Department of North Carolina," and that "Maj. Gen. Whiting and Brig. Gen. Baker will continue the territorial command heretofore exercised by them." Gen'l Bragg succeeds Gen'l Beauregard, transferred sometime since to the South West.

PHIL SHERIDAN.—Sheridan's appearance on the field is electrical. His every movement, like the flash of his eye and the quickness of his mind, is like the lightning. He is a live man all over, and every one, officer or man, feels the influence of his magnetism whenever he comes in contact with him. He will do a good thing while most men are calculating how to do it.—His very horse partakes of the spirit of his master, and seems almost inspired by his enthusiasm.

"Now that the people have given their verdict for the re-election of Mr. Lincoln, the minority are everywhere resolving to support the constituted authorities. It is not too strong to say that there is well nigh a united North in purpose to maintain the integrity of the nation, and that in every town, and city, and State, the people are for saying to the Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, hold on and hold out until the United States floats over the whole of the Republic."

This is well said by the Boston Post, a journal that opposed Mr. Lincoln's re-election, but we are glad to see it disposed to make the spirit of a political canvass the precedent for its course during the four years of an established Administration.