

THE NORTH CAROLINA TIMES will be published every SATURDAY evening, on Craven Street, New-Berne, N. C.

THE UNION OF LAKES, THE UNION OF LANDS, THE UNION OF STATES NONE CAN SEVER; THE UNION OF HEARTS, THE UNION OF HANDS, THE FLAG OF OUR UNION FOREVER.

VOL. 2.

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NO. 6.

1 Square, one insertion, \$1.00. One inch makes a square, and all advertisements will be continued until forbid, unless otherwise ordered and charged accordingly.

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POETRY.

AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

BY J. O. HALL.

Of all the notable things on earth, The queerest one is pride of birth. Among our "efficiency democracy," A bridge across a hundred years.

English and Irish, French and Spanish, Germans, Italians, Dutch and Danish Crossing their veins until they vanish In one conglomeration!

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend, Your family thread you can't ascend, Without good reason to apprehend.

OUR STORY.

PAYING OFF A PARTNER.

BY H. MORFORD.

It is no matter of any consequence on which one of the great newspaper streets of New York the following incidents occurred—what was really the name of the newspaper in the office of which they took place—or how many years have elapsed since that period.

I was at that time sub-editor, proof-reader, writer of puffs and moral essays, and general man of all work for "a paper of wide circulation and extensive influence," which I may designate as the Weekly Balloon, from the simple fact that I might some day find my nose pulled if I gave the real name.

The Balloon was the joint property of two proprietors, who at the same time both officiated as responsible Editors—The One, Wilson, most after the business affairs, the reading of the longer manuscripts, and the column of "Answers to Correspondents"; and the other, Burke, passing judgment upon the poetry and short sketches received, making selections, writing short stories occasional but very rare indulgences in longer ones, and having the literary and belles lettres charge of the paper generally.

No two men could be more dissimilar, either in person or character, than Wilson and Burke though they agreed capitally—perhaps for that very reason. Wilson was a tall man of gravely classic face, though with a merry twinkle in his blue eye, that showed how capable he was of appreciating a joke.

The editorial room of the Balloon was at that time arranged in three divisions. In the outer, which ran the whole length of the room, I had my desk, while two or three others for the mail clerk and for chance contributors were distributed about the walls and partitions. The other half of the room was again subdivided, and in one of these halves Wilson had his desk, while Burke had his in the other.

As I occupied the outer room, and was there almost all the time during business hours, I necessarily saw all who passed into the rooms of either of the proprietors, and I sometimes acted as a sort of lazy usher—(keeping my seat all the while)—to direct unaccustomed visitors to proper apartments.

I was scribbling away at my little desk one day, engaged in the melancholy occupation of writing up the "humorous department" of the paper, without a particle of humor either in myself or my material—when a lady came in at the office door and inquired for Mr.

Wilson. I not only directed her to the door of his private den, but on that special occasion got up to show her across the room. The lady had a roll of manuscript in her hand, and in that respect looked like any of the five hundred lady visitors. But while the majority of them looked decidedly passe (don't let the literary ladies suppose I am slandering them!)—literary talent, whether in man or woman, seldom ripens so as to be available, until the first roses of youth have died from the cheek—while the majority of them looked decidedly passe, I say, this woman was a Cleopatra of dark beauty.

As it was, only fell so much in love as to be able to describe her at this distance of time. She passed into Wilson's room, and very soon a low murmur of conversation sprang up in that quarter. Though I could not distinguish the words, I could easily recognize the difference between the two voices. Very soft and sweet was that of the lady, while Wilson's seemed low and tremulous, indicating that he was somewhat "knocked off his perpendicular," as Burke used to say of him.

"There is Mr. Wilson—you wanted to see him." The man in the chair sprang up as if a galvanic battery had been suddenly applied him, rapidly crossed the room to Wilson, pulling out a newspaper, out of his pocket, at the same time opened the paper, slapped it with his switch, and burst out in language not enough broken to need reproducing it in that particular: "Are you Mr. Wilson? What do you mean by abusing my wife?"

"Abusing your wife, my dear sir?—who is your wife?—I do not know what you are talking about?" exclaimed Wilson slightly starting back. "Then look here!" said the loud man, slapping his hand on the paper this time, instead of the switch. "You call my wife 'depraved' and 'abominable'! My wife never was depraved or abominable!"

"Who is your wife?" broke out Wilson, now about as angry as his visitor. "My wife has been writing for you under the name of 'Julie,'" said the loud man. "You promised to look over her story, and she said you were a gentleman. But I see you are a big blackguard!"

"Take care!" said Wilson, with a motion that looked ominously like an intention to strike, and which he evidently reconsidered. "Your wife, my dear sir—Julie—I did not say so about any such woman! Where is what you mean?"

"Here!" thundered the loud man, handing the paper to Wilson with another slap of the hand. I saw that it was a copy of the last Balloon newspaper. Wilson took the paper—read—rubbed his eyes—read again—then he burst out with one single word that told several volumes.

I have seldom seen a man so angry. He rushed to the desk where I was yet sitting—threw down the paper on it with a slam, and said: "What does all this mean? Didn't you read that proof—that proof—there!—Answers to Correspondents—'Julie.'" "Of course I read it, Mr. Wilson," I said, "and so did you, for I saw you! What is the matter?" "Yes, I did read it myself!" said Wilson, "but there was no such stuff there! See what it is, now!" He gave me time, now, to read, and

"Julie"—The MS. has been examined. The style of composition is admirable, and the story exhibits a highly refined taste which cannot fail to bring the writer into eventual celebrity. We have made arrangements for immediate publication.

This was altogether out of the common order of our notices, and especially different from Wilson's grave and business like style of communicating with correspondents through the paper. I saw at a glance that my first idea had been correct—that Wilson had become smitten with the lady of the dark eyes.

However, it was no business of mine, and I only make this explanation of what I understood from the notice, because it has a bearing on what comes after.

There were no serious errors in the proof, that I remember, and if any there were, they were certainly corrected; for a revise was taken, and that revise Mr. Wilson himself read—a very fortunate circumstance for me, in connection with any further employment as proof reader in that office, as it afterward appeared.

It is not to be supposed that having once read the proof, and examined the revise, I should again have seen the matter before it went to press; nor was it unlikely that any other person would read it, either in type or on another proof, until it appeared in the paper.—It is pretty evident that nobody did read it, except perhaps me. However that may have been, the week wore on and the Balloon was published—all fair, smooth, and satisfactory.

I was sitting again at my desk, the day after publication, when a rather loud-voiced and rough-faced man, of a decidedly foreign aspect, entered the office. Neither one of the partners were at the time in their rooms. The visitor asked for Mr. Wilson, in English, only a little broken, and I answered him, of course, that he was out. How soon would he be in? I did not know.

Be in to-day? I suppose so—might not be gone for any length of time. Would the visitor wait? He said he would, and did wait, slamming himself down in a spare chair with force enough nearly to knock through the cane bottom, and slapping a big switch against his boot, with an air that indicated that he would like to have slapped something else with it. I wrote on, but uncomfortably, with an idea that I had a volcano behind me, which might blow out at any moment.

After half an hour of waiting, and when my new friend had apparently found himself a little cooled, I heard Mr. Wilson's deliberate step coming up the stairs, and he came into the room the next moment after. As he did so, I turned to the gentleman in the chair, and said: "There is Mr. Wilson—you wanted to see him."

"The man in the chair sprang up as if a galvanic battery had been suddenly applied him, rapidly crossed the room to Wilson, pulling out a newspaper, out of his pocket, at the same time opened the paper, slapped it with his switch, and burst out in language not enough broken to need reproducing it in that particular: "Are you Mr. Wilson? What do you mean by abusing my wife?"

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"Yes, I did read it myself!" said Wilson, "but there was no such stuff there! See what it is, now!" He gave me time, now, to read, and

I read. The notice, the original of which I have before given, read at that juncture as follows:

"Julie"—The MS. has been examined. The style of composition is admirable, and the story exhibits a highly refined taste which cannot fail to bring the writer into eventual celebrity. We have made arrangements for immediate publication.

Some printer had dextrously changed "admirable" to "abominable," "cultivated" to "depraved," "celebrity" to "misery," and "publication" to "destruction"—making, it will be observed, rather a marked difference in the tone of the notice.

Perhaps Wilson did not wish to have me for a witness to any more of the conversation, for he invited the loud man inside. I have no doubt he made any quantity of explanations offered to publish the matter next week, and tendered a thousand apologies to the aggrieved lady. I heard some of the words, especially those of the husband, though not enough to give me the chain of his observations. Whatever may have occurred, the loud man did not look in much better humor when he came out, and I noticed that he took the roll of manuscript away with him. It never came back to the Balloon office (I may as well say here,) nor did the lady of the dark eyes ever again cross the threshold while I remained in that employment.

The visitor had scarcely gone, that day when Wilson came out of his room again, came up to my desk, and said: "Do you know anything about this trick, sir? Yes or no, upon the honor of a man!"

"Upon my honor I did not know anything about it," was the answer I made, and I do not believe that he really suspected me. The next moment I heard his long legs going up the stairs that led to the composing room—two steps at a time. For what happened there I had afterwards the word of the foreman, and was only what might have been expected—a number of angry inquiries on the part of Wilson as to who had meddled with the matter on the galley—denials on the part of the printers that any of them had done so—the end of all which was that the mystery was not cleared up in the least degree, except that the printers were exonerated.

Wilson made a straight guess at the perpetrator of the fraud, however, I fancy, from the first. I am very sure that I did, from the moment of reading the altered paragraph. Some night during the week, when all the printers had gone home, Burke had quietly gone up to the composing room—made the alterations, in the midst of diabolical chuckles over the scrape into which he was getting Wilson, and got away again, as the newspapers say of the pickets who burn buildings in the occupancy of the hostile army—"without being discovered."

That time arrived, not very months after, though long enough for Burke to have relaxed the strictness of his watch for a "hick back." Burke was really a very spirited sketcher, and he wrote longer stories, which he would enter upon the labor, that won and deserved popularity. He won that success, too, when he did strive for it, without plunging at all into the deeply sensational or "blood-and-thunder" style of literature. For anything of the latter class he had most unmitigated contempt, and would about as soon have taken a dose of strychnine as willingly allowed his name to be appended to anything that has furnished us the "Fiery Fiend of Fiddlefiddle," and the "Last of the Blood Tubs."

Burke finally commenced a story of English life, one week, after gathering an immense amount of material for a tale which should run through fifteen or twenty numbers. What the name was is now a matter of no consequence. He had an unlimited number of characters involved, and managed them in the opening chapters, with extraordinary skill. Sharp, keen character-sketching, with trenchant and graphic descriptions of scenery, criticisms on art and literature, and all the pleasanter and more refined characteristics of the novelette, were the staple of what Burke evidently designed to make his master-work, to which he of course put his full name. As many other story-writers do when editorially connected with the papers to which they are contributing, Burke wrote his numbers from week to week as they were wanted, instead of finishing up the whole story before the commencement of publication.

The tale had been running for some seven or eight weeks, and the interest was just beginning to be fairly evoked, when Burke was suddenly called to go East, by some property business there. He went away, expecting to be back again in two or three days, but was detained much longer than he expected. Finally a letter came from him, saying that he had been very busy—that he could not furnish the number of the story for that week—and that it would be necessary to make an apology to the readers, and promise it for the number following.

I handed the letter to Wilson, who was at the time in his room, and asked him what was to be done about it. He raved a little over the fact that all the influence of the story on the circulation of the paper was killed by the break, and wished every man who commenced publishing a story before he had done writing it was in some unpleasant suburban locality. Just then, the foreman—Gibson—Burke's absence, but had not heard anything of the statement of the story, came down stairs to look after it. This set Wilson into a roused rage, which, however, broke directly into a chuckle, for which I could not see any especial reason.

"Never mind," he said to the foreman. "Wait till to-morrow morning, and then we will try to find something to fill up the space." The foreman accordingly went up stairs again. A few minutes after, I saw Wilson come out into the outer room and get the hanging file of the current volume of the Balloon, which he took in with him. From that time I did not see anything of him during the entire afternoon, except once or twice when I had occasion to go into the room for a moment, in which instances he was scribbling away at the desk with rail road speed, paying no attention to anybody or anything. Toward night I saw him send up to the printers a large roll of matter, and supposed, of course, that he had been supplying the vacant space of Burke's story with some lucubrations of his own.

When the story proofs came down to me, late the next day, I altered my opinion as to what Wilson had been doing. With a full recollection of the prank played by his partner in the "Notices to Correspondents," Wilson had not been supplying the place of Burke's story, but supplying Burke's story itself. And such a supply. Burke had intended the story to run at least two or three months longer, but it had no occasion to run, or do anything else, after that—it was finished.

It is impossible to particularize, at this distance of time, as I have no copy, the contents of that wonderful three or four columns. But I distinctly remember that he brought all the characters over to this country, took them to the West, introduced an Italian bandit, two or three Arabs, and an elephant, and in the concluding chapter killed off no less than eleven of the prominent persons by various cruelties, from duels and taking poison, to the blowing up of a powder mill, and the running off a whole train of cars into the Mississippi. It was certainly a most stupendous performance; and there, at the head of that fearful mass of droll impossibility and absurdity, stood the name of Burke as author.

Exactly in that shape the conclusion of the story went out to the readers of the Balloon. If it did not quite satisfy the readers who had been interested in the original story, I fancy it furnished as much amusement as could well have been extracted from the same space in any human language. The general impression was, I believe, that Burke must have written these concluding chapters while suffering under a fit of delirium tremens, and that the stuff had crept into the paper without Wilson's seeing it. That is about as near, by the way, as human calculations generally come to it really.

It was two days after the publication when Burke reached the city. Somebody had shown him the paper, and his condition of helpless rage may be imagined, but if it is to be described, somebody else beside myself must make the attempt. When he reached the office, Wilson was sitting in his room, writing, probably, and very quiet. Burke strode across the outer room, his face stormy as a thundercloud, flung open the door of Wilson's room, strode in, and broke out— "Who in thunder?"

He did not get any further with the question at that moment, and I think he never did afterwards. I heard Wilson interrupt him, and I could fancy him lying coolly back in his chair as he did so.

"The same fellow, I suppose, who altered my answer to a correspondent, not long ago. Do you know who that was?" Burke's reply was a laugh. He was conquered. They went out together a few minutes afterwards, and I have an idea that they might have been found moistening their clay somewhere in the neighborhood. At all events, they were both quite as good friends as usual, afterwards, and no quarrel had grown, as I was afraid might be the case, out of Paying Off a Partner.

The Battle-Field of Franklin.

The Nashville correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial writes: "Lately passed over and examined the field where was fought, November 30, one of the fiercest and bloodiest battles, for the numbers engaged, of the whole war. The carnage among the rebels must have been fearful. All along in front of the breastworks on which they charged, for several rods deep, the graves are clustered thick as in the most populous Potter's field of the old world. As the rebels occupied the field after the fight they had abundant leisure to bury their dead decently. There are none of those disgusting and revolting exhibitions that sometimes shock the beholder, but he can not resist a feeling of unfeigned sadness at the thought that in the short space of four hours all these multitudes were slaughtered in a vain struggle to accomplish the command of a madman.

"The breastworks cross the Franklin Pike at a right angle, and it was right down this road—and on either side of it that the rebels charged in a solid phalanx five miles deep. Behind the works lay the Twenty-third corps, the third division to the left, the second to the right. In front of them the destruction was far more terrible than elsewhere. They occupied a sort of salient in the works, which projected forth and met the breast of the attack like a great rock in the edge of the sea. The country level and perfectly open, and the balls took full effect. Our men were crowded so densely behind the works that those in the front did nothing but fire the pieces, which were loaded by their comrades in the rear. It needs only that one should look at the abatis of brush which lay in front of them to learn what a deadly torrent of lead filled all the air. To use the homely comparison of one who helped in that day's work: 'It looks just as though it had been run through a threshing machine,' and so it does. A grove of small locusts just in the rear of our works wears such an appearance as it might if a visitation of hail had been followed by one of locusts, and after that each several feet of the remaining shred of bark and limb picked off."

"The rebels buried their dead by regiments, in rows parallel to the road. They made the graves about eighteen inches deep, and separated by a thin wall of earth. Some regiments number as many as fifty killed outright. The whole number of dead, according to their own confession, is about one thousand seven hundred and fifty. The working party detailed for the purpose were occupied in their ghastly work five days and nights. Each grave is marked by a little board, with the name, company and regiment carefully cut in it."

George Davis, of New Haven, Ct., lost the sight of both his eyes in a singular manner a few days since. He had drilled a hole in a long nail, to receive an iron staple, and poured in the molten lead without first clearing the water from the hole. The consequence was, it flew back with the force of steam, into his face, burning him terribly.