

THE NORTH CAROLINA TIMES will be published every TUESDAY and FRIDAY morning, 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 TEN CENTS.

BUSINESS CARDS.

E. S. YOUNG & CO. DEALERS IN Naval and Military Goods & Equipments. Watches, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, and Strings of all kinds.

MOORE'S POCKET THEATRE. BOARD AND MASONIC DIGEST. By HON. CHAS. W. MOORE, Grand Sec'y. of Grand Lodge of Mass. Price \$1.00.

THOMAS MCCORMICK, ARMY AND NAVY TAILOR. Pellock Street, Opposite the Episcopal Church, New Berne, N. C.

W. L. PEAL, C. W. WEST, F. A. C. WEST, AUCTIONEERS. No. 50 Pellock Street, New Berne, N. C.

J. M. WATTS, Watchmaker & Jeweller, Pellock St., a few doors west of Middle Street.

39 CRAVEN STREET. E. G. BROWN, Com. Isen Merchant, and Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

C. F. LOOMIS, (SUCCESSOR TO C. B. DIERCK) WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes.

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

F. M. SANTORIOUS, DEALER IN Gold and Silver Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

RLAND, BIGLOW & CO., COMMISSION MERCHANTS. And Wholesale dealers in Fruits, Groceries, Provisions, &c.

STAG HOTEL, BY CALVIN COX. One 1/2 Street Beaufort, N. C.

R. F. LEHMAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLER AT LAW. Office in Brick Building on Railroad Street, near Pellock street.

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

I. EDWAN WEST, DEALER IN Newspapers, Magazines, and Fancy Goods.

CHARLES F. HAAG, successor to EDWAN WEST, DEALER IN DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

BLAGG & SOPER, COMMISSION MERCHANTS. 2 India Street, Boston, Mass.

COTTON AND NAVAL STORES. and solicit consignments of the same. LIBERAL ADVANCES will be made, and speedy sales.

FRENCH FLANNEL SHIRTS, EXTRA SIZES, and length, Undershirts and Drawers.

At Wholesale and Retail. Opposite the Union Photograph Gallery, Pellock Street, above Middle, New Berne.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 2 India Street, Boston, Mass.

COTTON AND NAVAL STORES. and solicit consignments of the same. LIBERAL ADVANCES will be made, and speedy sales.

FRENCH FLANNEL SHIRTS, EXTRA SIZES, and length, Undershirts and Drawers.

At Wholesale and Retail. Opposite the Union Photograph Gallery, Pellock Street, above Middle, New Berne.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 2 India Street, Boston, Mass.

COTTON AND NAVAL STORES. and solicit consignments of the same. LIBERAL ADVANCES will be made, and speedy sales.

FRENCH FLANNEL SHIRTS, EXTRA SIZES, and length, Undershirts and Drawers.

At Wholesale and Retail. Opposite the Union Photograph Gallery, Pellock Street, above Middle, New Berne.

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. NEW BERNE, N. C., TUESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1865. NO. 7.

POETRY.

TO CLARA. C. A. H.

Clara; sweet child of blushing youth; Thine image mirrored in my heart I wear, And never fleeting time; nor mines of wealth— Nor all the changes in the rolling year Can dim its worth, my Clara.

How well I recollect that fleeting dream, (And dream it was for every is one.) When eve's fair star had set its nightly beam, And silence told me that I was alone— Alone with you, my Clara!

Your gentle head, with all its wealth of hair Trailing in a golden splendor down, But half concealed the heaving bosom fair, When blushing Eros seemed to fix his throne And breathe a perfumed air!

And nestled on my breast I felt that head As some scared bird left by its mother lone, That sought protection from a thing more dread Than love. Then round your swelling zone I clasped you tight, my Clara.

And I beheld in beauty, virtue's self, Arrayed in all the innocence of heaven, For in those features upturned into mine, Has every seal from that high Province given, And on your mouth, my Clara, An angel seemed to rest a magic wand, And wake to life a happy, rosy smile!

But many moons will wane, ere again your hand I press,—ere Time revokes this long exile,— Aye, many moons, my Clara, CAROLINA CITY, 1865.

OUR STORY.

TWICE LOVED.

"Forever! Forever! The home that was to have been the home of all my life; the husband that I vowed to love all my life; his family that has become mine—to leave all forever! To leave reputation, friends, all!" So spoke Estelle Vergennes, as she walked slowly through the small but neat apartment, to which it had been the joy of her husband to bring her some two years previously, when she had come a young and happy wife from her mother's home to his.

Then she had loved him, then she had faith then she had hoped and dared to look forward to life. What long weary days and months had passed by since then! How, one by one, had her illusion faded; how had long weariness made her almost desire death than the dull monotony which, like a heavy pall, had hung over her young life.

She walked on slowly and sad through the small neat rooms, till at last she stood in what was her husband's and paused in front of a full length picture of herself that was hung above his desk. "How will he gaze on this when he returns and finds me not? Years ago he would have cursed me, for he loved me then; but now he will discard the picture as he discarded me. I will not weep, why should I? I am nothing, I have long been nothing to him. I go to love and happiness, ridding him of a burthen on this life."

As she uttered these words Estelle drew from her finger her wedding ring, and laid it on the writing paper which lay open on her husband's desk; then taking a pen she wrote beneath: "Farewell; forget me." For one moment she bent over the desk, then kneeling before it, she pressed her lips on it, and a tear fell on its polished surface.

"Now it is over!" she exclaimed; "now I have renounced all forever." Then with firm steps she passed from the apartment, and, going to her own room, threw over her dark grey dress a large black cloak, and turned from the mirror which never was to reflect her image again.

"Madame is going out" said the polite dapper servant, emerging from a kitchen that looked like some elegant amateur cooking plaything. "Yes, said Estelle. "Monsieur will be back to-night; tell him there is a note from me on his table; that will tell him where to find me."

"A pleasant evening to Madame," said the woman politely advancing to open the door and shut it after her mistress.

the ever moving crowd that came toward him. At length he descried the dark, unobtrusive figure making her way with quick step through the gay and busy multitude. Then he utters a cry of delight and dashes not towards her, but back to the carriage. He opens the door, himself lets down the st. ps. and, bidding the coachman be ready to start, he waits, looking eagerly towards the corner of the boulevards.

The pavement by the church is entirely deserted; the lady in the gray cloak has turned the corner; she comes along, the shadow of the tall marble columns falling on her as she passes and at last she reached the spot where he stands. Her breath comes quick and fast, her eyes are wildly bright, and her cheek glows. She cannot speak; she holds towards him two little trembling hands, and tries to smile. He seizes them both in his grasp, then placing his arms around her waist, he lifts her into the carriage. Another moment and he leaps in himself, close the door, and in a loud tone bids the man drive on. The coachman gives the horses a touch with the whip, and with a start and a snort they start off at a rapid pace.

Then for the first time the gentleman turns towards Estelle, and putting his arms around her, presses her to his heart. "Mine now forevermore." "Yours alone, Victor, for I have left all else; the world is naught to me now; from this moment I am no one; I have renounced every my name, and if you forsake me I have but to die."

"Estelle, my life is dedicated to you from this moment. I know all you have sacrificed for me." "Ah! nothing if you love me; for what is all the world besides love? I have made no sacrifice. You know, Octave, I have not deceived you; I have loved my husband devotedly, passionately. I was content to share with him his mediocrity of fortune, and to await the result of those talents which it is said he possessed. But, alas! he cared nothing for me; I was nothing to him; I shall be nothing in his life; scarcely will he perceive my absence."

"Estelle, you know not how much tenderness there is in my love; it was the utter neglect with which I saw you treated the first interested me in you. Believe me, Estelle, had you been a happy wife, I loved you too well to have taken you from it. Now you are to me a holy trust, the only woman I have passionately loved, and to you, again I repeat it, I devote my life. I know society will turn from you for this one act that binds me to you forever; but the World is open to us. I am rich; never till now did I know the value of riches; and so long as this heart beats, you, so help me heaven, shall not know a pang."

Octave Seran drew Estelle toward him, and she laid her head on his shoulder and sobbed: "Strange are the workings of woman's heart; to feel at that moment that she was the sole object of love of a true heart restored to her own esteem, healed the wound of her vanity, yet never did the house she had left forever appear in such a seductive form, and leaning on the shoulders of her lover, she regretted, if not her husband, at least his love."

But the carriage bore them on; they reach the railroad station. "Chemin de Midi," and in a few minutes are making on with all the power of steam, Meantime, weary and full of thought, Henri Vergennes comes from a long session in the courts back to his home. "Madame is out," says Jennette, "but she has left a note for you on your desk in the study."

Henri scarcely hears what she says; he is absorbed in a difficult law question, and if he had thought at all about Estelle, it would be to think it was a relief that she was not there to interrupt. Taking out a cigar, he laid down on the sofa in his study, and opening his briefs began to read the different point over again.

Jennette was the first person who interrupted him. The dinner was ready. "And Madame?" "She has not returned."

Then Henri remembered what Jennette had said, and went up to the desk. There his eye fell on the wedding ring, and the few words written beneath told him all.

For a few minutes he stood, not stunned by the blow, but recalling as he gazed on the ring, all the events of the last three years. The love that lay dormant in his heart all aroused with its strength and passion, and, as he thought, his conscience told him how he had neglected her, how, for the last year, the young, beautiful, loving wife had been as nothing to him in his home.

One look he gave up at her portrait that smiled down on him; then throwing himself into a chair, his head on the desk beneath it, and wept as a man weeps in his life but once, tears that are the very heart's heat.

At last, weak and exhausted, he looks up once again, he gazes on the portrait, and feelings of pity and tenderness come over him. He has forgotten his own sorrows; he thinks of her only—of her who he had sworn to shield or all evil, till death shall part them. It might yet be time to save her; she was forever lost to him but perhaps he might rescue her from disgrace, from the long life of wretchedness that must inevitably be her fate.

He does not waste time in seeking information; but, like a good lawyer, goes at once to the right source, to the Rue de Jerusalem; there one of the French detective officers will soon put him on the track; tell him all.

Meantime, on goes the train, night has come and the fugitives, the first emotion well over, have begun to get anxious as to pursuit. They may be traced to the railway station; to evade pursuit, they deem it better to stop at a small station, resuming their journey southward next day, by a latter train, so that if Henri shall have left Paris in search of them, he will have had time to take one of the trains that starts in the night.

With a feeling of security, next morning they re-entered the train. They have been undisturbed; yes, Estelle has left Paris, her home her husband, her cares forever. Twenty-four hours and they will be on the Mediterranean, safe from all pursuit.

But all at once there is a strange commotion, a violent shock. A sudden scream, that is the concentration of the agony of hundreds, and then Estelle remembers nothing.

When next she opens her eyes and gazes round her, who is it their glance encounters? Her husband, yes, Henri Vergennes, and with a shriek she turns away. Then she tries to recall what has happened; she tried to account for his presence there; but in vain her brain is still full of confusion, and dull pain benumbs all her faculties. It is Henri's voice rouses her at last. He comes toward her; he is leaning over her.

"Estelle," he says, "can you rise; it is necessary we should reach Paris to-night." "Paris!" You—murmured Estelle. "Why are you here?" said Estelle, evading the question.

"I will tell you all. I was on the train in which you were when—" "Oh!" exclaimed Estelle. "I remember now, the horrible crash, the screams. Oh! where—" but here a deep color came into her pale face and she buried her head in her pillow.

"Octave Seran is dead," said Henri, in a cold, calm voice, you, I believe are uninjured. I am not here to reproach you—this is not the time—but to save my honor and yours. Your flight was known to none; you must return with me; your guilt will be thus forever hidden to all but me, and I shall keep the secret for my own sake—" "What if I will not return?" "I have not thought of that; because you will return."

"Will you take a faithless wife back again beneath your roof?" "Hist, Estelle. I am your husband; I will be obeyed, and answer no more vain questions; we must be in Paris to-night; we must be together to-morrow at brother's wedding, there is no time to lose; the train starts in an hour. In an hour I shall come and take you; be ready."

Estelle, as soon as she was alone, threw herself down on the bed, and wept bitterly, she had the crime of murder on her conscience; yes, Octave had died for her; why had she not died, too? At that moment it seemed to her she had never loved any one but Octave. For Henri she had the most profound contempt. Forgive a faithless wife? forgive her? take her back to his bosom? She despised him. Still she felt she would be compelled to obey him, and drying her tears, with dogged resolution she began her preparations.

Henri found her ready; and without another word, drew her arm through his, and led her to the train.

Once again Estelle is beneath the roof she had thought to have left forever—back to her home honored as she was. Her husband's sister is here waiting for her. She speaks of Henri's absurdity in taking his wife on so hurried a journey; she asks details of the terrible accident. Henri never leaves the room and under the influence of his firm, cold eye she tries to give coherent answers.

At last they are alone; then Henri bids Estelle listen to him. "Madam," he says, "it is right you should understand your position. I have saved you—brought you back for the sake of my reputation and for your sake."

"You cannot think I shall love you," said Estelle with contempt. "Madame," continued Henri, with a cold sarcastic smile, "women of light virtue, women like yourself, are too plentiful in Paris for me to ask your love. You are here merely as the representative of my honor. Because I had sworn to protect you, I saved you from the ignominy into which you had thrown yourself; I was prepared to take you at any cost from the seducer; death saved me the trouble. By the way, that you may not think there is a trick on my part, here is an account of the accident in this paper; you shall find his name in the list of the dead. Madame, you are the mistress of my house; you are to the world, to our friends, even to my family, all you were before; and mind, that neither by word or look or deed, you betray the past—that is a secret that rests between ourselves."

"You scorned and neglected me—when I loved you; now do you think me so base as not to despise —" "Madame," said Henri, allow me to conclude; you have heard my fiat with regard to ourselves. To me alone, of all the world, you are not a wife; you are a woman who has forfeited all esteem and all respect; to me alone you are the mistress of Octave Seran, and as such a woman shall I look upon you and treat you. Never speak to me when there are no witnesses; you will know nothing of my interests, nothing of my feelings, nothing of anything that concerns me. You have no rights; you are a creature living on my bounty, at my mercy—a criminal living ever with her judge; remember this, Madame; but remember, also, that you have not the privilege of complaint, nor shall you dare to breathe to any living ear, nor even to your confessor, one word of your past crime or your present punishment.

Henri left the room. Estelle's first impulse was to fly the house; but then whether could she go? Even her own relations, when Henri should reveal the truth—as in case she rebelled he would—would drive her from their presence. "Octave! Octave!" said she, wildly bursting into tears, "why did I not die with you?"

But there was nothing but submission, and wretched and heart-broken, Estelle submitted. Henri kept the conditions he had made strictly; in public in his own family, his attention; to his wife were greater than they ever had been; tenderly he cared for her, gently he spoke to her—he was growing richer; his genius was emerging from the cloud and bringing its reward; luxuries increased around Estelle; her home was now one of splendor; she had numerous servants around her, and a carriage at her command. Her diamonds and dresses were the envy of her friends. Her own relations congratulated her on her happy marriage. The world, too, told her that she should be proud of her husband, prophesying that he would rise to the highest honors. But Henri had never changed his manner toward Estelle; indifference, silent contempt, marked his manner towards her; not for an instant did he seem to forget that she was to him nothing but Octave's mistress.

All intimacies, too, were forbidden to Estelle. "I cannot trust you," he would say; "you may find another lover," or if a young and virtuous wife would seek Estelle's friendship, he would command her to avoid it.

"You might corrupt a virtuous woman. You are not fit society for her." Spite of his solicitude in public, he never noticed Estelle's health or sickness in private, and when he himself was suffering, resolutely refused all her care.

So for five years they lived. Perhaps, after all, the quality which inspires most love in the heart of a woman is strength. The Indian squaw loves her husband for the number of fies he kills; the woman of civilization loves man for the power of his mind, the strength of character and will. Estelle, for the first few months, had revolted and resisted; she had mourned deeply Octave's death, but it seemed impossible that she could weep for him beneath her husband's roof; she was ashamed of the grief for her lover in his presence. So gradually the grief faded, and rarely did the image of Octave intrude on her mind. Then came a deep feeling of humiliation. Then a spirit of defiance arose in her; but her husband's unalterable authority soon subdued her. Hearing the world's eulogiums of him, seeing him surrounded with its admiration, she grew to be proud of him; to be proud of the homage she received from the world as his wife. Then came bitter repentance for the past, deep remorse, astonishment at the folly which could have preferred poor Octave to such a man as Henri. She came to love him passionately, devotedly, and to feel that such love was utterly hopeless. Yet—wherefore? She was beautiful, young, admired; he might be made to forget, he might be brought to love her. Patiently she began trying to win back his affection, but Henri perceived her intention.

"Madame," said he, "do not try your arts on me. I am not to be seduced, and if by a strange and irresistible fatality I had conceived a passion for you, a degraded woman and a faithless wife, I would die rather than yield to it. Pray, try no coquetties on me."

Estelle turned away, her brow burning with shame; she was a creature of deep feeling and sudden impulse; she was desperate, and all her woman's pride had been deeply wounded. She fled to her room, despair in her heart.

That night, when Henri returned home, on his desk he found, as he had found five years before, Estelle's wedding-ring, and the word "farewell."

A deep pang shot through his heart; had she left him again? Was she so depraved, so corrupt? He rushed to her room, threw open the door, and crossed the threshold he had never passed for five years before.

All was still and silent; he dashed back the curtains of the bed, there lay Estelle, pale, beautiful, and very still; she did not turn as he approached her; she did not move; he put his hand on her heart, it did not beat; Estelle was dead!

Then Henri knelt beside the bed, and pressed his lips on her brow, in one long straining kiss. "It is better thus," he said; "she has spared us both a life of torture for I loved her."

It is said that Captain Waddell, of the pirate Shenandoah, is a native of North Carolina, and was appointed to the Naval Academy from this State. After he graduated, he married the daughter of James Lightner, a wealthy merchant of Annapolis. His wife has visited him in Europe since the war began.

ADVERTISING RATES: 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. To secure insertion they should be handed in by THURSDAY and MONDAY evenings. All bills 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.

A Maine Net Manufactory to the Rebels—"No More Jeff. Davis Woolery" Wanted. New York, Jan. 17.—The steamer Star of the South, from Port Royal on the 14th, has arrived. The New South contains an editorial from the Charleston Mercury of the 13th, which says: "The condition of this Military Department—Georgia and South Carolina—is anything but satisfactory to our citizens, and to none less so than the General commanding the Department. His Department has been newly turned into his hands, and many of the troops are new to him and to the Department. They came to him under command of imbeciles. He has received in them a herd of stragglers and outlaws. What has been done to eradicate this evil we shall not stop to inquire. The time has been too short to do much, and the forces have been very much scattered, but the very last moments arriving when all must be done that can be done—when all must be done that can be done. The enemy does not intend to wait upon our leisure, and there is much to do. The path we are travelling is straight to destruction. The crisis of the Confederacy has arrived in fatal earnest. "The results of the next six months will bring the Confederacy to the ground or will reinstate its power. Without a reform we are doomed. There must be no more Jeff. Davis foolery, but brains and nerve—reform, shooting, cashiering, order, subordination; soldiers—not runways, ragamuffins, ruffians!"

HEROISM OF WOMEN ON THE BATTLE FIELD.—During the terrible battle of Franklin, Tenn., on Thursday evening, the ladies of Franklin exhibited a courage and a nobleness of heart worthy of the dames of Sparta. The shells were hurrying all around the town and shrieking through the streets, the air was freighted with sulphurous odors, and over all the echoes of smoke were like a heavy pall. The ride had a rattling whistling, falling more fast than the hail of a summer storm, yet the ladies shrank not in fear, nor added a wail to the roar of the terrible storm; but they sallied forth from the houses, regardless of danger, and became kind, ministering angels to the wounded and the dying. In the hour of suffering and death all were brothers, and no distinction was made between the Federal and Confederate soldier. The ladies nobly braved the storm, bowed in kindness over the wounded, bleeding forms, dressed their shattered limbs, bathed their parched lips, and soothed them with words of gentleness and love. There was a holy mission, and the soldiers will ever bear them in kind remembrance. The hour made them strong, and to the wounded soldiers they became ministering angels, indeed. Here the head of a Federal soldier was raised, and as he felt the soft touch of a woman's hand upon his brow, the lips moved, while the eyes grew glassy, and he faintly murmured words of love—names dear in his far off Northern home. There lay the Confederate soldier, his head on a Federal over him, and bathed his lips and temples, to his fading eyesight the face was that of an angel, and as the pulse beat more feebly, the mind wandered to the brightness of his sunny home, and with the names "mother, sister," fondly whispered, the head dropped lifeless, and the limbs grew cold in death. It was a strange, wild scene for the presence of women—the air heavy with the thunders of battle, the clash of arms, and fierce shout of men, and blood and carnage reigning on every side. Honor to them; their names will ever be given in the memory of the soldier, and for the work of mercy and goodness these angels in heaven will make them their sisters when they are one with time and earth.—Memphis Democrat, Ok.

THE DEAD EDITOR.—A paper in a neighboring state, after giving a long obituary of a deceased brother of the quill, thus, in glowing strains, concludes: "As we were not glad also, that such an editor is in heaven? There the cry of 'more copy' shall never ring in his nervous ears, nor he be abused any more by his political antagonists; with lies and detractions that should shame a demon to promulgate. There he shall no more be used as a ladder for the aspiring to kick down as they reach the desired height and need him no more. There he shall be able to see the immense masses of mind he has moved, all unknowing and unkind as he has been during his weary pilgrimage on earth. There he will find all articles credited, not a clap of his thunder stolen—and there shall be no horrid typographical errors to set him in a fever.—We are glad the editor is in heaven."

All the statistics of the year 1864 have now, we believe, been set before the public by the newspapers, except the account of the toothpicks consumed in each of the principal hotels and restaurants of the United States. Owing to the carelessness of many waiters,—who have very properly been discharged,—the returns are so incomplete that it has been thought better not to publish the tables which might otherwise have been so important, valuable and interesting. It has been satisfactorily proved, however, that as the number of false teeth inserted from year to year, the consumption of toothpicks decreases.

A story is told of a certain Mrs. Petroleum, whose husband had suddenly come into possession of a large fortune, and had erected a house to correspond to the enlargement of his means. Mrs. Petroleum had been a woman of necessity to have a "library," and accordingly sent to a popular bookstore and ordered one. A well-assorted library of standard works was sent up to her house. Next day, down comes my lady in a towering rage at her selection. "Choice works!" cried she, as an explanation was attempted, "but your choice was from a set of different sizes and colors. I wanted them all in blue and gold, to match my furniture!"

Major General Sherman, in a letter to Quartermaster General Meigs, dated at Savannah, says: "You may use my name in any circular addressed to the Quartermasters of the army, to the effect that every part of the southern country will support their animals by a judicious system of foraging. More animals are lost to your department while standing idle, hitched to their wagons, than during the long and seemingly hard marches into the interior." General Meigs adds that during this remarkable march the cavalry and trains found an abundance of forage and of remounts, and the Chief Quartermaster, Brevet Brigadier Easton, reports from Savannah that the transportation is even in better condition than when the march commenced; better than he had ever before seen it. No horses or mules are required from the northern depots to refit this army after a march of nearly 800 miles through a hostile district.

The best thing for a burn is the following, and every family ought to know it.—As soon as possible after the burn, throw a little green tea into hot water; let it steep. Stir up an Indian meal poultice. Spread the tea leaves on the poultice, put it on the burn or scald, whichever it is. If burnt with powder, it will take it out and the skin will be as clear as ever."