

THE NORTH CAROLINA TIMES will be published every TUESDAY and FRIDAY mornings, 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, Jewellery, Musical Instruments, and Strings of all kinds.

MORRIS'S POCKET TRUSTEE BOARD AND ALPHABETIC DIGEST, BY HON. CHAS. W. MOORE, Grand Secy. of Grand Lodge of Mass.

THOMAS MCCORMICK, ARMY AND NAVY TAILOR, 21 Pollock Street, Opposite the Episcopal Church, New Berne, N. C.

W. L. POAK, C. W. WEST, ROALK & WEST, SHOE AND HAT MAKERS, 54 Pollock Street, New Berne, N. C.

J. H. WATTS, Watchmaker & Jeweller, (Pollock Street, corner of Railroad.)

E. G. BROWN, Commission Merchant, and Wholesale and Retail Grocer, 33 Craven Street, New Berne, N. C.

P. LOONIS, (Successor to C. B. Dierke), WHOLESALE AND RETAIL dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, School Books, Stationery, &c.

WEINSTEIN & BROTHEN, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Jewellery, Fancy Goods, Stationery, Books, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c.

F. M. SARTORIUS, DEALER IN Gold and Silver Watches, Clocks and Jewellery, Middle Street, next door to the corner.

L. ELAND, HIGLOW & CO., COMMISSION MERCHANTS, And Wholesale dealers in Fruits, Groceries, Provisions, Foreign, &c.

STAG HOTEL, Front Street, New Berne, N. C. The table is constantly supplied with the best market affords.

R. F. LEHMAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, New Berne, N. C. Offices in Brick Building on Railroad Street, near Pollock street.

L. ELAND & WALLIS, HELIANTYPE Artists, Respectfully informs the Officers, Soldiers and Civilians of this place, that they have refitted up their Room, and put in a new ground glass sky-light, which is preferable to any other, and are making a new set of Card Pictures, and also make other Styles, even those small Pictures called Gipsies.

I. EDWIN WEST, DEALER IN Books, Stationery, Newspapers, Magazines, and Fancy Goods, No. 20 Pollock Street, adjoining the Government Bakery, New Berne, N. C.

C. MARLES F. HAAG, successor to AUGUST H. HAAG, DRUGS AND MEDICINES, Imported and Domestic Cigars, Chewing Tobacco, Pipes, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Perfumery, Pocket Cutlery, Garden Seeds, &c.

B. LAGGE & SOBER, COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 3 India Street, Boston, Mass., Invite the attention of producers of COTTON AND NAVAL STORES, and solicit consignments of the same. LIBERAL ADVANCES will be made, and speedy sales.

MILITARY GOODS! The best assortment in this department at the lowest prices, can always be found at TOMLINSON'S, Craven street, Dec. 12-14f below the Post Office, New Berne.

CANDIES: CANDIES: CANDIES!! Fresh every day, at the Factory of SUMMERFIELD & CO., 57f Pollock St., next door to the O. O.

FRESH YARMOUTH BLOATERS, At GARRETTSON & VANDEBEEK'S, New Berne, Feb. 21, 1865. 13f

NORTH CAROLINA TIMES.

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., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1865.

NO. 14.

POETRY.

TO MY OLD BOOT. Mine ancient pedlar friend, a last farewell! So many days we've footed it together...

Though I despise the slander-monger's art, And scorn the wretch who blackens the fair fame Of one whose richest fortune is his name...

PRIVATE HILES O'REILLY'S LAST. SHERRY, TERRY & PORTER—A LYRICAL MIXED LIQUORS. Let us drink in golden sherry, As we oft have drank before...

Mr. Lincoln, who is very deeply skilled in classic lore, Is devoted to his "Terry"— His "Terentius Afer," very; But we better like Alf Terry, Of the old Tenth army corps!

OUR STORY.

ALL READY FOR A DUEL.

Our regiment was stationed at Morgan's Ford. Our colonel has been shot by an Indian guerilla, and our lieutenant-colonel had gone home sick, so the command devolved upon our major, whose name was Farwell. He was a middle-aged, dashing fellow, given to social enjoyment; on good terms with himself; and, as a general thing, keeping on pretty good terms with those about him.

Mrs. Major was younger than her husband; a handsome, portly woman, bearing herself with peculiar grace and dignity, without any effort at show or affectation. She assumed no needless reserve, but treated her guests with kindness and consideration, seeming only anxious all should feel at home and enjoy themselves.

"Egad," I replied, without stopping to weigh my words, "if you must have your handsome lady as scored as that, you ought not have brought her out here."

As Walker spoke it flashed upon me that Mrs. Farwell had been very attentive to me. She had danced with me four or five times, and had promenade with me upon the piazza.

But I could not bear such language as Major Farwell had addressed to me, and in spite of my friend's remonstrance, I retorted upon him. My blood was heated with whiskey, and cared no more for the commanding officer at that time than I would have cared for our drummer-boy.

"By —, sir!" I replied, with an oath which I need not repeat here, "you would have a fine time kicking me out! Perhaps you had better try it now!"

The major sprang towards me, and caught me by the collar. I thought at the time that he meant to strike; but I was subsequently convinced that he did not. But I struck him—struck him upon his cheek with the flat of my hand.

"Not now," said he, shaking his head. "I have called upon business. Ah, Captain, this is a bad affair. Do you remember that you struck the major last night?"

"Then you would tell me the truth, for I am free to confess that my brain was on a bit of a whirl last night. First; did I, in my toast to Mrs. Farwell, give him the least occasion for ill-feeling?"

"I could see none, captain; but you must remember that he had been drinking."

"Exactly—and in that we were even. And now—did he not, in the presence of the whole company, threaten to kick me from his quarters?"

"Then," said I, drinking the last of my coffee, "I shall make no apology."

"You will remember, captain," suggested Bowker, "that the major is a dead shot, and that in the handling of the sword he has no superior."

ing a light cane in my hand I walked out for a breath of fresh air.

Not far from the camp were Morgan's Falls, a wild, romantic spot, where the water of the river tumbled over a huge bed of broken rocks; and towards this spot I bent my steps.

She was wringing her hands and shrieking like a crazy creature. I was not many seconds in comprehending the truth. Below the bridge, floating on the troubled waters I saw the child, its spreading garments buoying it up; and I could hear the tiny voice calling, "Mamma! Mamma!"

The child was going nearer and nearer to the falls—nearer and nearer to its death! It was a fearful risk for me; for the chances were that I should be taken over into the hissing, boiling surge below the rocks.

"O papa, papa—good papa—don't let Kitty go into the wicked place down there!"

With all my might I held up the child, and struck for the shore; but it was not to be. It had been drawn into the swift current, and no mortal could have withstood it.

Nearer and nearer!—swifter and swifter!—the roar of the mad waters growling louder and louder! until at length the edge was reached.

When I came to myself I was upon my own bed, and Walker and my orderly were by my side. I started up and looked around, and was not long in remembering what had happened.

"The nurse took it away," replied my orderly, "and it was alive and well."

It was now eight o'clock, and I had been in my quarters an hour. I arose, feeling quite sore, and my left arm was so lame that I could not lift it.

At half-past six we took our pistols and started for the scene of action, which was in a secluded spot on the river, about a half mile below the falls.

ed the place, and was forced to call on my second for his whiskey-flask. In a little while the major and the adjutant made their appearance, and I suggested to Walker that I would like to have the affair over as quickly as possible.

"I am ready to listen," I replied; "only let him be as brief as possible."

"Do you not know?" he asked, seeming equally amazed. "I assured him that I did not."

"Do you know whose cherub it was?" I told him I had not the least idea.

I was sick for a long time; but I had the best and tenderest of nursing. Mrs. Farwell was like a mother, or like a loving sister, to me, and the major was not jealous.

At the urgent request of a large number of our readers and friends, we give almost our entire outside of our issue to the publication of Mr. Dick's great speech in the North Carolina Legislature.

A considerable portion of Mr. Dick's speech is in opposition to the employment of negroes by our Government as soldiers.

We copy the above from the Raleigh Confederate of the 11th, edited by Duncan K. McRae, somewhat notorious as a stealer of naval stores from the State of North Carolina.

RESCUED.—A few days since, about eight or nine miles from this place, a deserter and prisoner, en route for Greensboro', in the High Point stage, was released by a band of brother deserters, who emerged from the woods, and one of the number with a cocked pistol in hand, stopping the

ADVERTISING RATES:

1 Square, one insertion, \$1.00 every succeeding insertion, 50 cts. One inch makes a square, and all advertisements will be continued until forbid, unless otherwise ordered, and charged accordingly.

coach, demanded the prisoner, who was permitted by the guard to make good his escape. Resistance, in that case, it is admitted, would have been vain, as the passengers in the stage were outnumbered by the rescuers, two or three to one.

THE NEGRO SOLDIER SCHEME.—The Confederate Senate, in secret session on Tuesday, by an overwhelming majority, voted down Mr. Brown's resolution instructing the Military Committee to report a bill putting two hundred thousand negro soldiers in the army.

COURT HOUSE BURNED.—The Court House in Asheville was consumed by fire on Saturday, the 23rd ult. The fire is supposed to have been accidental. It originated in the cupola, where there was a town clock, on which repairs were being made that morning.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—On Saturday morning last, about 9 o'clock, the Court House in this town was discovered to be on fire, near the top, and very soon the cupola and entire roof were enveloped in flames.

The Court House of Buncombe County, at Asheville, with all the records and public papers of the County, was totally destroyed by fire on Saturday the 23rd ult.

SOUTH CAROLINA LOCALITIES.—River Bridge is over the Big Salkahatchie in the Southeastern part of Barnwell District. Broxton's Bridge is a few miles lower down on the same stream, near the boundary line of Barnwell and Beaufort Districts.

DECLINED.—We learn that the office of Commissary General of the Confederate States was tendered to Col. Wm. Johnston of this place. Mr. Johnston declined the position.

THE BUREAU OF CONSCRIPTION.—We learn that a movement is on foot in Congress to abolish the Bureau of Conscription, and to substitute a new plan for the execution of the conscription by men detailed from the different commands of the army.

DEATH OF A VERY OLD NEGRO.—A very old negro woman, Charlotte, recently died in Davidson county, N. C. She had reached the venerable age of 125 years, a longevity that very few attain in these degenerate times.

"Will you help me out of this mud-hole?" said a traveling druggist, who had just been compelled to stop his team in a mud-hole, because they could not pull it out.