

NEW BERNE ADVERTISEMENTS.

Facts Worth Remembering! FEW THOUGHTS For Your Consideration



HAVE YOU A FARM WAGON? Do You Want the Very Best Cotton Plows in Use?

Do You Want the Very Best Cotton Plows in Use? If you do, all I ask is a trial of the Celebrated Improved Climax

Had you rather have a Nice Polished Steel Plow than a Cast-Iron one? Then buy our Celebrated Queen Plows.

See my Improved Iron Cultivator, with its attachments, and buy your No. 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, A, 6, 10 and 11 Plows from me.

I am Manufacturer's Agent for all classes of Machinery, among which are Engines, Saw and Grist Mills, Cotton Gins and Presses,

Cotton Cleaners, Cotton Seed Hullers, Shingle Machines, Etc., Etc.

COTTON SEED OIL MILLS. No. 1 Mill, capacity 2 tons a day, \$1,500. No. 2 Mill, capacity 4 tons a day, \$2,500.

I sell all kinds of Agricultural Implements, and anything you want in my line. Give me a trial. If I don't treat you right, then I won't think hard of you for not patronizing me.

I sell Walker's Ammoniated Cotton Phosphate, a Standard Guano, and respectfully ask you to give it a trial.

Having, after you give the above your careful consideration, to be favored with your patronage.

I am, truly yours, JOHN C. WHITTY, CRAVEN STREET, NEWBERN, N. C.

Garraway's Liver Pills.

Pure and Unadulterated Vegetable Ingredients

MARKING THEM THE Surest, Safest and Best Liver Pill on the Market.

Try them and be convinced of their merit.

All Druggists and Dealers keep them. 25 cents per box.

Farmers, Read This, And Draw Your OWN CONCLUSIONS

LONG'S PREPARED CHEMICALS.

1883. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., January 12th, 1883.

MEMORANDUM LONG & DUGDALE. Gentlemen—I made the following test of Fertilizers last season, using the same number of pounds of "Long's Prepared Chemicals" Compost, after it was mixed, that was used of the Guano, on some lands.

Without Manure, 99 lbs. Cotton. With Manure, 99 " "

Kainit, 93 " " Patapago Guano, 97 " " Boykin's Chemicals, 92 " " Long's Prepared Chemicals, 103 " "

Yours truly, JNO. C. WHITTY, B. D. WEBB, Craven Street, Newbern, N. C.

NEW GOODS

HOWARD & JONES. We call special attention to our large line of SHIRTS:

The Elym Shirt, the bosom of which will not break or crease, only \$1.00. The Elm City Shirt, manufactured for us; all the later improvements reinforced, and overlying stays which prevent tearing down the back or up the sleeves; only \$1.00.

Regular made British H. Hose; only 25c. a pair; a bargain. Full line of Gents' Handkerchiefs, white and colored borders. We have just received a new lot of White Silk Handkerchiefs at \$1.00.

New Ties and Scarfs just received. Linen Baggy Robes, \$1.25. Our Spring Line of Clothing will soon be complete. Blue Flannel Suits in great variety.

Hats! Hats!! Closing out to make room for Spring Stock. Give us a trial on Underwear. All wool goods at cost. Boys' Shirt Collars and Cuffs. To arrive by next steamer—New Straw Mattings and full line of Boys' and Children's Clothing.

HOWARD & JONES, Opposite Episcopal Church.

FORT AND FLEET.

The Confederate Evacuation of Morris Island—How Forts Wagner and Gregg were Abandoned—What was to Happen, but did not.

Early in September, 1863, it became plain to the Confederates that they could not hold Forts Wagner and Gregg many days longer. The iron-clads had pounded them from one side and Gilmore's troops from the other, and that the greater part of Morris Island would soon be in the hands of the Federals was a conclusion which must be met and prepared for.

And now here was the grimness of war. The sand forts had been almost leveled to the surface three or four times over, and yet repairs had been made and the garrisons reinforced. They had the iron-clads on the one hand and the Federal infantry on the other, and it had come to pass that a large number of the Confederates were to be sent to the front without finding a sharp shooter watching for them. Gilmore had about thirty guns in a semicircle before Wagner, and not only could they rain shot and shell daily upon the work, he began a new movement.

Here was the terror of war—saw and mine. Foot by foot, inch by inch, the Federals advanced, and as was possible, rolling their sand earthworks before them almost as easily as one could roll bales of cotton. Within pistol-shot of the parapets they were working, and now became cold-blooded murder. A strip of sand, not 300 feet wide was the neutral ground, and the Tiger of War raved back and forth over this in search of blood. He found it—blood by the gallon—in the barrel—blood flowing out upon the white sands until the tracks of the Tiger could be plainly seen in dampness.

RECKING THE PATH. The iron-clads could neither reduce Fort Sumter nor pass it, and the attempt to reach Charleston by the way of Secessionville had failed. If the Federals could gain possession of Morris Island, Charleston would be under the fire of common artillery and Fort Sumter could be attacked from a new side.

Gilmore had secured the lower end of the island and entrenched his position, but he could advance no further until Wagner and Gregg were overcome. Wagner had received the most terrible pounding of the island, and it was not until the morning of the 10th that the Federals were able to get within thirty steps of the ditch of Wagner, but they never saw nor heard anything to arouse their suspicions. There were less than 500 men in the garrison, and as night fell they stood out of the fort and moved away like shadows. The soft sand echoed no footsteps, and no voice was raised above a whisper.

What a ghastly glare of the calcium light fell upon the ramparts and while the Tiger of War crouched in the sand only a few steps away, listening, peering, glaring, and waiting for the signal to charge, Battery Gregg without the whisper of an alarm. For every pound of sand used in constructing Wagner and repairing it two pounds of Federal iron had been hurled to batter it down, and on this night it stood there as proud and strong and defiant as ever.

LEAVING THE ISLAND. Before 10 o'clock the garrison of Wagner was rowing away from Morris Island. The men had taken their muskets, but little else. Not one of the cannon had been saved. Before midnight the garrison of Gregg had left, and there remained only the small party charged with blowing up both works.

WHAT WAS TO BE DONE. The intention of the Confederates was to leave nothing but two great holes in the sand to mark the sites of the forts. The order transmitted from headquarters were very plain and to be complied with to the letter. The trunks were to be packed in the main magazine, and time fuses used for the explosions. The big guns were to be jammed full of powder, sand and shot and arranged with time-fuses to burst about the time of the grand explosion. Gregg being five minutes' walk from Wagner, was to have a ten-minute fuse in place of a fifteen, and the programme was to have the two explosions occur in the same second.

WHAT WAS DONE. No move could be made at Wagner until the danger was over. It was found that a blow struck upon a gun would arouse all the Federal pickets lying beyond the ditch. The guns were spiked by men crawling about like cats, but there could not be arranged for burning nor the carriages destroyed. The spiking was better done at Gregg, being further away, but yet within six hours after the 13th the Federal pickets were in the fort, and the garrison was being fought with its own weapon—sand. Its sand walls had saved it—other sand walls were to overwhelm it. Gilmore was that the spectre of war, his shadow reaching further and further up Morris Island, and that shadow never moved backwards. Where it rested it burned into the sand, and left a horrible trace. There was scarcely a day that the Spectre did not seek to devour more ground—never a night that the men who followed it or opposed it, did not seem out as bullets tore their flesh.

STRIKING AT FATE. In the last days of July the sight of the gaunt and blood-stained Spectre roused the Confederates to fury, and it was planned to throw enough infantry upon Morris Island to make a quick dash at the Federals and overwhelm them. The regulations to make this move had been named, when it was discovered that lack of transportation would prevent it.

Twenty-four hours later it was about to ring out its warning over Morris Island. Gilmore's Spectre was as inflexible as death and as unyielding as a coffin. A small might have progressed faster, but it was progression just the same. Each morning saw the tracks of blood little nearer—each night there were burials in the sand hills behind Wagner. The fort was holding out—the guns were roar-

ing defiance at last, but fate ever conquers. THE LAST SITUATION. In the first week of September Gilmore's trenches ended within stone's throw of Wagner, but covered from his guns. From here he could drive mines into its very bomb-proofs, or he could assemble a sufficient force to make the chances of a sudden rush almost certain. The guns from land and sea, or from an elevation on the other side, had come to pass at last that death dropped in every nook and corner and bomb-proofs in search of victims.

MAKING READY. Fort Wagner would not surrender, but it must be evacuated. Everything was planned in the coolest manner. Only the sandy site, rent and torn by explosions, was to be left for the Spectre to gloat over.

One of the preliminary steps was to excavate trenches and rifle-pits of Wagner. These were filled with the rear guard of the garrison, would check pursuit long enough to enable every body to escape. Such ammunition was far as could be removed by Gregg and beyond were taken away.

At dark on the night of the 6th the evacuation began. The greater part of the garrison was withdrawn to the rifle-pits, two or three miles from the fort. They were to be ready to start at a moment's notice, and presently the fort which had been tenanted so long and had withstood so much was without sentinels to challenge or artillery to fire.

GHOSTLY SHADOWS. There was suspicion in the Federal mind that some movement was taking place among the Confederates, but whether it was an increase of garrison or an evacuation no one could determine. To be prepared for any emergency, a strong calcium light was thrown upon the fort from one of the iron-clads. From the vessel it seemed as if one could have seen a cat walking along the parapets, but the light was deceiving. It was a ghastly glare which betrayed those who watched instead of those who worked. It stood upon the parapets without discovery, and the strong glare on the front of the fort deepened the darkness on all other sides.

On this night Federal pickets lay in their trenches with thirty steps of the ditch of Wagner, but they never saw nor heard anything to arouse their suspicions. There were less than 500 men in the garrison, and as night fell they stood out of the fort and moved away like shadows. The soft sand echoed no footsteps, and no voice was raised above a whisper.

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W. R. COX IN CONGRESS.

The New York Sun pays the following compliment to Gen. W. R. Cox, of the Metropolitan district:

THE OTHER COX. In the Forty-seventh Congress there were two members named Cox. Every body knows the Samuel Sullivan Cox who represents the Seventh, Eleventh, and Thirteenth districts of this town. They call him Sam Cox, but his sun never sets. The Forty-seventh Congress is the twelfth in which he has served; it is a quarter of a century since he first carried into the House of Representatives his philosophy, his knowledge of what interests men, his industrious habits, his incorruptible conscience, his honest purpose to speak and vote right.

The other Representative Cox hails from the hill country of North Carolina, and his name is William Rufin Cox. We learn from the Congressional Directory that he is a new member. He is a native North Carolina planter, a rebel Brigadier, a practicing lawyer, a Judge of the Superior court, and a chairman of the Democratic State committee.

It is his philosophy, his knowledge of what interests men, his industrious habits, his incorruptible conscience, his honest purpose to speak and vote right. He has been a soldier, a legislator, a lawyer, a judge, a politician, a planter, a rebel Brigadier, a practicing lawyer, a Judge of the Superior court, and a chairman of the Democratic State committee.

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IN SCHOOL DAYS.

The following lines were handed to us, at our request, by Rev. Fred W. Macpherson, a member of the good taste in polite letters, and with whose approval we commend them to our readers.

Still sits the school-house by the road. A ragged beggar sunning. Around it still the suns grow. And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen. Deep scarred by raps official. The warping floor, the battered seats. The black-knife's carved and painted.

Long years ago, a winter sun. Shone up at setting. Shut over his western window panes. And low eaves his fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls. And brown eyes full of grieving. And one who still her steps delays. Where pride and shame were mingling.

Pushing with restless feet the snow To right and left, she lingered. As red-ties her tiny hand. The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt The soft hand's light caress. And heard the trembling of her voice. As if a fault confessed.

"I'm sorry that I spent the word: I hate to go above you. Because—the brown eyes lower fell—" "Because you see, I love you."

Still memory to a gray hair man That sweet child's face is showing; Dear girl! The grasses on her grave Have faded, but the same shall not.

He lives to learn in life's hard school. How few who pass above him. Lament their triumphs and his loss. Like her, who they love him.

AN ACT To Reduce Internal Revenue Taxation and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the taxes herein specified imposed by the laws now in force be, and the same shall be, repealed, and the following section thirty-four hundred and thirty-three of the Revised Statutes shall be amended so that the same shall be in full force and effect from and after the first day of July, eighteen hundred and eighty-three.

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Professional Cards.

GEO. M. LINDSAY, Attorney at Law. CLAYTON, Johnson County, N. C.

LEONIDAS J. MOORE, Attorney at Law. (Office opposite Gaston House, New Bern, N. C.)

P. H. PELLETIER, Attorney at Law. Will practice in the Courts of Craven, Jones, and Wayne Counties, N. C.

NIXON, SIMMONS & MANLY, Attorneys at Law. Will practice in Craven, Jones, Wayne, and Johnston Counties, N. C.

P. MURPHY PEARSON, Attorney at Law. Will practice in Craven, Jones, Wayne, and Johnston Counties, N. C.

TRENTON, JONES CO., N. C. Will practice in Craven, Jones, Wayne, and Johnston Counties, N. C.

NEW BERNE ADVERTISEMENTS. Furniture.

JOHN SUTER'S, ON MIDDLE STREET. Second door above H. C. Jones.

P. M. DRANLY, SOUTH FRONT STREET. NEW BERNE, N. C.

GENERAL HARDWARE, SASH, BLINDS AND DOORS. Cart and Wagon Material, Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Cooking and Heating Stoves.

S. W. & E. W. Smallwood, Commission Merchants. Corner Craven & South Front Streets, NEWBERN, N. C.

Rust Proof Oats and Wheat. We are handling the celebrated "Rust Proof" Oats and Wheat.

GEORGE BISHOP, DEALER IN Foreign and Domestic WINE & LIQUORS.

A. H. HOLTON, DEALER IN Foreign and Domestic WINE & LIQUORS.

C. B. HART & CO., ONE PRICE CASH STORE. North-east corner Middle and South Front streets.

F. Boesser, LARGEST STOCK OF FURNITURE. In the City of New Bern, N. C.

D. W. HURTT, MERCHANT TAILOR. ZANG'S old STAND.

WAREHOUSE—Cotton Exchange Place, NEW BERNE, N. C.

E. H. MRADOWS & CO., Corner Pollock and Middle streets.

WAREHOUSE—Cotton Exchange Place, NEW BERNE, N. C.

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