New Berne Weekly Journal.

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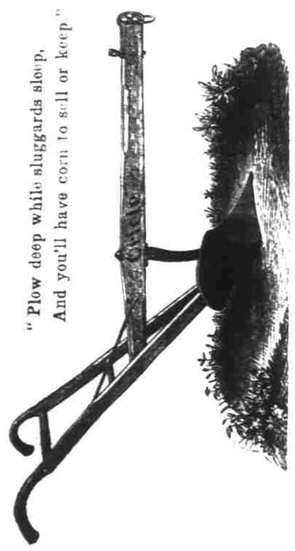

"Plow deep while sluggards sleep,
And you'll have corn to sell or keep."

For the coming season I am offering the following specialties in Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.:

The ORIOLE Chilled Plow,

The Queen Plow--steel, the Champion and Granger Plows,

which I claim to be the best turning plows in the market, and guarantee every one of them to give satisfaction or money will be returned. Don't buy any until you have seen them.

The Climax Cotton Plow,

the best Cotton Plow. I defy contradiction.

The "Acme" Harrow.

Parties using them pronounce them *the* best clod crusher and pulverizer in use. Try one in putting in your small grain.

The Two-Horse Buckeye Riding and Walking Cultivators.

L. W. Dawson, Ridge Spring, Pitt county, says: "Would not take $500 for my Riding Cultivator if I could not get another just like it."

Samuel Quinnerly, Johnston's Mills, N. C., says; "The Riding Cultivator does perfect work."

Be sure and try one. Remember if it does not give perfect satisfaction it will be taken back.

A full line of Common Plows, Castings, Clevises, etc., etc., on hand.

Also, Manufacturers' agent for Steam Engines, Saw and Grist Mills, Shingle Machines, Cotton Gins, Presses, Shaftings, Pulleys, Beltings, etc.

JOHN C. WHITTY,
CRAVEN STREET, NEXT DOOR TO COTTON EXCHANGE,
NEWBERN, N. C.

Wm. Pell Ballance & Co.,

GROCERIES,

TOBACCO, SNUFF,

CIGARS,

Fruits, Confectioneries

—AT—

WHOLESALE.

SOUTH FRONT STREET, NEWBERN, N. C.

We are not members of the Board of Trade, nor have we ever been, and we are carrying the Largest and Best Selected Stock of Fancy and Staple Groceries ever displayed in the city, consisting of the following:—

25 bbls. Best in the World Flour.
50 " South Lake Flour.
100 " Tip Top Flour.
100 " Purity Flour.
50 " Saratoga Family.
50 " Saratoga Extra Flour.
25 James River Super. Flour.
65 bbls. Pork.
5000 lbs. Fat Backs,
5000 lbs. Long Clears.
5000 lbs. Smoked Shoulders.
1250 gallons Molasses, Syrups, etc.
50 buckets Lard.
10 Tierces Lard.
25 Tin Cans Lard
4000 lbs. choicest Cream Cheese.
1000 lbs. choicest Creamery Butter.
500 gallons Vinegar,
500 gallons Cider.
250 bags Salt.
15 bbls. Table Salt.
100 boxes Soap.
40 bags Coffee.
20 gross Essence Coffee.
100 boxes Cakes and Crackers.
150 boxes French and American Brandy [illegible]
65 boxes Soda, quarter, half and [illegible]
50 cases Pickles in glass,
100 cases Baking Powders.
450 boxes Plug and Twist Tobacco.
100,000 Medium and Fine Cigars, manufactured [illegible]
1200 lbs Lorillard and G. & A. Snuff [illegible]
125 Boxes Raisins.
125 boxes French and American Candy.
10,000 Florida and Jamaica Oranges.
1000 Messina Lemons.
2000 Porto Rico Cocoa Nuts.
5000 lbs Pecans, Filberts, Almonds, Walnuts.
200 boxes Scotch Herrings.
Canned Peaches Sardines [illegible]

And everything in the Grocery and Confectionery line, which we propose to sell at the VERY lowest living profit.

We carry a Full Line of Confectionery and Fancy Groceries, on which we charge a GROCER'S PROFIT ONLY.

We solicit only the cash trade.

Come and see us.

WAS GEN. JACKSON WOUNDED AFTER NIGHT?

Mr. T. J. Capps, of Onslow county, having recently written an account, which was published in the Goldsboro *Messenger* and copied in the *Farmer and Mechanic*, of Gen. Jackson's "accidental" wounding from the battlefield, in which he asserted that the General was certainly wounded late in the day, while the sun was still shining, and the Rev. L. C. Vass of this city having published in this paper a short reply confirming the position taken by Mr. Capps, and Mr. Capps having written a letter in reply to Mr. Vass, which we have not published, Gen. D. H. Cartaway, in order to get from the commander of the corps de that did the shooting, addressed a letter to Gen. James H. Lane, asking his views and received the following reply:

NEW BERN AND MOREHEAD CITY RR.
ATLANTIC, Bandy Mt. Co.

MY DEAR MAJOR:—In response to your letter asking for information about the wounding of Gen. T. J. Jackson, I would respectfully refer you to my official report of the battle of Chancellorsville, dated May 11th, 1863, and to a letter dated January 1st, 1873, written by me for the Richmond *Dispatch*, at the request of one of its editors. Both of these are to be found in Vol. 8 of the Southern Historical Society Papers. From them you will learn that McGowan's brigade and ours were not in line in Jackson's flank attack on the afternoon of the 2nd of May, but marched by the flank, along the plank road, in rear of the artillery—ours being in front—and that as soon as it was ascertained that the enemy were rapidly falling back before Rhodes, we pushed forward with the artillery beyond our second and third lines to within a short distance of the first. Here, Gen. A. P. Hill, in person, ordered me, *at dark*, to deploy one regiment as skirmishers across the road, in front of Rhodes, and to form line of battle in rear of it with the remainder of my command, for the purpose of making a *night* attack and capturing the enemy's batteries if possible. While I was giving my orders to this effect, both sides opened a most terrific artillery fire along the plank road, in which our brigade had been halted. To save my men from this murderous enfilade fire, I, at once, ordered them to lie down, and my staff and I dismounted on the left of the road.

During this artillery fight, Col. W. H. Palmer, of Gen. Hill's staff, gallantly crossed the road and in *the dark* enquired for me. I called him, and on his coming up, we remarked upon the severity of the fire, the low flight of the enemy's shells, etc., and when he informed me that Gen. Hill wished to know why I did not form my line as I had been ordered, I requested him to tell Gen. Hill that I had not attempted it on account of the terrific and murderous artillery fire, and that if he wished me to do so *successfully*, he would have to order his artillery to cease firing, as I believed the enemy were keeping up their's only in response to ours. All old soldiers know how difficult it is to manoeuvre the bravest troops in *the dark*, under a murderous fire, through scrubby oaks and pine thickets, and over the abattis of the enemy's abandoned works. Col. Palmer, who had a most varied and trying experience that night, has frequently told me that he delivered my message to Gen. Hill, and that Gen. Hill, through him, ordered Maj. Braxton, of his artillery, to cease firing. As soon as this was done, the enemy, as I had expected, also ceased their firing. I then deployed the 33rd regiment under Col. Avery as skirmishers, and formed line of battle in its rear. The 7th and 37th regiments were on the right of the plank road, and the 18th and 28th, on the left—the left of the 37th and right of the 18th rested on the road. When I gave my orders to my regimental commanders, I informed them that we would occupy the front line for the purpose of making a night attack, and as there would be nothing to fire at but the enemy, they must keep a sharp lookout to the front. After I had formed my line from left to right, I rode back to the plank road to report to Gen. Hill, and there, in *the dark*, I met Gen. Jackson, who recognized my voice and asked, "Lane, whom are you looking for?" I replied, "Hill, who ordered me to form my line for a night attack, which I have done, and I now wish to know whether I must advance or await further orders." I then added, "But Gen., I don't know where Gen. Hill is, and as he is acting under your orders, it would save time, were you to tell me what to do."

To this, Gen. Jackson, in an earnest tone and with a pushing gesture of the right hand in the direction of the enemy, replied, "Push right ahead, Lane," and rode forward. This was the last time I ever saw my old A. M. I. Professor and Commanding Lieut.-Gen. I then rode to the right to put my line in motion, and found that a Lieut.-Col. Smith, of a Pennsylvania regiment, had come in with a white handkerchief tied to a stick, to learn whether our fire was to be directed at Union or rebel troops.

Soon after this, our skirmishers opened fire, and I afterwards learned from Gen. Avery, as a mounted person who was riding to his line and called for Gen. Williams, had this drew the enemy's attention and infantry fire, and there was firing all along our whole skirmish line. When I ordered the 33rd forward, some of its officers and especially the brave and noble Lieut.-Col. Hall, informed me that there were several of their men wounded by pieces of some kind on our right, and advised me to move to the right in the direction of the firing. Gen. Pender, with his brigade, was sent to reconnoitre on our right, and they soon returned with Lieut. Col. Smith's Pennsylvania regiment, which had thrown down their arms and surrendered, on representations made to them by Lieut. Emack.

While Lieut. Col. Smith was telling me that he did not think we could honorably capture his regiment, as he was in our lines "with a *flag of truce*," the enemy's artillery opened upon us again, and the Pennsylvania regiment broke to our rear, tumbled over their own abandoned works, and lay hid and sheltered in the abattis until the firing ceased. Lieut.-Col. Smith was then turned over to Capt. Adams, of Gen. Hill's staff, and his regiment ordered to the rear under Capt. Young, our boy captain and his company.

On going to the plank road, I there learned from Col. Barry, then Major of the 18th regiment, that he knew nothing of Generals Jackson and Hill having gone to the front, that he could not tell friend from foe *in the dark* and in such a woods (low scrubby oaks), that when the skirmish line fired, he heard the clattering of approaching horsemen and the cry of cavalry, and that he ordered his men to fire. It was generally understood that night by my command that the 18th regiment had not only wounded Generals Jackson and Hill, but killed some of their courriers, and perhaps some of their staff officers, as some of them were missing. Col. Palmer finding that the 18th regiment kept up its fire and seemed determined to kill them all, threw himself from his horse and seriously injured his shoulder.

In conversations afterwards, Gen. Hill always told me that he thought he was wounded by the enemy, and Gen. Jackson by the 18th regiment; and Col. Palmer is of the same opinion.

In all my intercourse with Gen. Hill, I never heard him, nor have I ever heard any one else censure the 18th regiment for firing under the circumstances; and those who knew our talented young friend Barry, will always remember him as one of those fearless, dashing officers, who was especially cool under fire.

After this unfortunate mistake, the whole of my command was moved to the right of the plank road, and about midnight we repulsed two attacks made by Sickles, in which we captured the colors of the Third Maine regiment and a good many prisoners, including a number of field and company officers, and two staff officers, one of which was an Aid to General Williams.

Next morning, about sunrise, our brigade, under orders from Gen. Heth, made a direct front attack upon the enemy's breastworks and carried them; but, as our supporting brigade broke in our rear, we were driven back before Ramseur's brigade of North Carolinians could come to our assistance. Ramseur went forward and was also repulsed, after reaching the works, with a similar terrible loss. There were twenty-eight pieces of artillery bearing upon us from the Chancellorsville hill. The enemy were finally and successfully driven by Gen. Stuart in a flank movement of infantry and artillery on our right. My entire loss at Chancellorsville was 72 officers and 837 men, making an aggregate of 909, a little more than one-third of the force carried in. We went in with eleven field officers and came out with only one (Barry) for duty. Col. Purdie and Lieut. Col. Hill were killed, and the others were wounded.

I have not seen the article of Mr. Capps to which you refer. I can say, however, that the statement that he, as ambulance driver, at Chancellorsville on the 2nd of May, 1863, took General "Stonewall" Jackson, *wounded*, to the rear, about three-quarters of an hour *before sunset*, is as remarkable *to me*, as the statement of a Virginia officer, published in 1872, that no *night* attack was ordered by Gen. Jackson on the 2nd May, 1863, and that the immortal "Stonewall" was wounded while riding along the skirmish line looking after the comfort of his men.

As a cadet and an Assistant Professor, I was at the Virginia Military Institute for five years with General T. J. Jackson, where he always addressed me as "Mr. Lane," though in the army, he always spoke of me as "Lane," and I knew that I was the "green old darky" of the A. M. I.—now, the immortal editor will Jackson" of Confederate fame—who, on the *night* of the 2nd of May, 1863, while the mournful cry of the whippoorwill was ringing in my ears from every direction, ordered me to speak louder and shout.

Respectfully,

JAS. H. LANE.

The Largest Grain Vessel Known.

The largest grain vessel known to have visited Baltimore is the British steamship Monkseaton, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, Capt. William Weightman, now lying at Hendenson's wharf, Fell's Point. She is 425 feet between perpendiculars, thirty nine feet six inches beam, and twenty-six feet six inches depth of hold, and has a carrying capacity of 4,200 tons. As soon as cooled the Monkseaton will load at Baltimore for Liverpool. It is calculated that she will take 15,000 quarters of wheat from Baltimore to Liverpool. She came here in ballast from New York, where she discharged 2,750 tons of bonds and 1,724 tons of steel rails. Mr. Henry Clark, of Messrs. [illegible] Baltimore, is the consignee of the vessel. This grain vessel is a marvel in size, and is the largest that has ever been seen in Baltimore.

BILL ARP

Practices Domestic Duties.

Mrs. Arp had an uncommon good breakfast this morning. There was a dish of baked eggs at my place, which she knows I am fond of. While the house was being cleaned up I noticed that the beds were not touched, and so I told her I would help but she said no she wanted them taken out on the piazzo to sun, and so I took 'em out, and then she asked me to take out the bedsteads and the bureau and the chairs and the sewing machine and all, as she wanted to clean up a little. Cleaning up a little is the old, old story at my house. When I got through I sat down on the front piazzo with my pipe to ruminate a little and rest from my arduous labors. Pretty soon she brought me a broom and a rake and a twine string, and asked me to tie the broom-handle onto the rake for she wanted to sweep down the cobwebs from the walls. I understand all that, and so I tied it on and swept 'em all down myself and retired to the piazzo as usual. About the time I had my feet stuck up on the banisters, she brought out a hammer and a paper of carpet tacks and laid 'em down on the table beside me and smiled. These movements reminded me of the carpet that she had been threatening to put down in the big family room for a month, and if there is any household work that I do despise to do it is putting down a carpet. I can't double up and twist around like I used to. I gave an involuntary groan and a grunt or two and went to work. A little darkey had already brought up a passel of hay from the barn, and so we picked it all over and got out all the little weeds and coarser pieces and spread it nicely upon the floor, and then I unrolled the carpet from the middle each way and went to work on one side nailing it. It had to be stretched and fitted all around and the edge on the hearth was the hardest all, for Mrs. Arp watched every tack and if it was a traction of an inch out of line she saw it and I had to keep pulling and turning under the edges, and when I was on it I couldn't pull it and I couldn't get off it for the wall, and so it was get-up and get-down and work side-ways and cross-ways, and all sorts of ways, and I mashed my fingers and cramped my knees and twisted off my suspender buttons, but finally the work was done to her satisfaction sorter, and I managed to get up and stand up and be thankful to the Lord for his mercies. By the time we got all the furniture set back again and the beds made up the day was half gone and the children came home from school and forgot to wipe their feet at the door and the dogs followed them into the house and they all began to track around with their muddy feet, but they didn't track long. They are in the cautious state right now and so am I—I think I will get some old bagging and put it down over the carpet so as to save consequences. I wish that we men were as neat and careful as the women—no I don't either, for then we wouldn't be much account out of doors and would degenerate into dudes as they call 'em, but I wish we had more regard for neatness than we have. Mrs. Arp says she don't believe that I would wash the window glass until I couldn't see out for the dust and fly specks and the dogs would sleep under the bed and the spiders and lizzards would live in the closet. But she don't mean that I know, and is just talking after the manner of nice respectable women. But I don't see any use in cleaning up so much—why it takes an hour every morning to clean up the family room for she will take everything off of the mantel-piece and the books off of the shelves, and wipe off all the little clean dust that has settled around, and the ashes must be taken up every morning and the hearth has to have a fresh coat of Spanish brown about twice a week and the water buckets must be scoured, and every few days I have to take down the pictures so that she can wipe off the frames, and the leaves have to be swept out of the yards as fast as they fall. She had her little flower garden all raked and swept mighty nice yesterday, and I come running in her room expected and told her another leaf had blown down, and I just did have time to dodge the scissors she threw at me. I told her one day that the Scriptures said man was made of dirt, and she said that scripture said he was but that woman wasn't. I wish I was rich—I wish I was rich for her sake. I would build her a marble palace and fence out every bug and spider and fly, and have the walks laid with marble and the ground all covered with glass and flowers and evergreens. She would get tired of it I know in a month, and then I would sell out and come back to the good old dirty ashes. Folks were not made to enjoy fine things all the time—our best pleasures come from contrast. We wouldn't enjoy new things if they didn't get old and faded.

There is a power of comfort in having some new thing occasionally—new curtains, a new carpet, a new lamp, new clothes, new chairs, new sewing machine, or a new stove to cook on—it works up pot-liquor for long days. We get tired of seeing the same places for long spells, and we get tired to move and tired to stay, and tired of the agony of the fairs and tired of the agony of the fairs. Even the children get tired of their mothers and tired of their fathers and tired of their kinfolks, and tired of their neighbors and tired of their preachers, and tired of their doctors and tired of their lawy