New Berne Weekly Journal.

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OETTINGER BROS.,

Kinston, N. C.,

ARE READY WITH A LARGE STOCK OF

FARMERS SUPPLIES

—AND—

General Merchandise,

Which they propose to sell

For Cash or on Time,

—AT—

Reasonable Prices.

A. M. Baker

Has gone North to buy his usual

Fine Stock

OF

Ladies

AND

Misses'

Goods!

It is his intention to bring a Finer Stock of such things as Ladies wear than is usually brought here.

He will return soon and tell you about them in this column.

THE LIGHT IN THE FISHERMAN'S WINDOW.

The night was dark and the wind was high,
And the sea was white with foam,
And long the fisherman's children watched,
But their father came not home.

In the window that looked out toward the sea
Their mother had placed a light,
And pressed to the window a little face
Peered anxiously out in the night.

And the mother's face grew pale as she thought
Of danger and wreck and death,
And as the loud winds piped northward
She listened with bated breath.

The supper-table had long been spread,
But the tea was still unmade,
Though the kettle gayly sang over the flames
That in the old fireplace played.

Put the fisherman's white wife her fear
Over the waves
His boat flew homeward bound,
And little cared he for the shrieking winds,
Or the breakers that roared around!

For he saw in his window a beacon shine,
And his heart by its light was cheered
And gayly he laughed in the teeth of the wind
As his boat over the billows he steered.

And when he had landed and homeward went,
He sang a cheery sea song,
And to anxious ears its well-known sound
By the wind was wafted along.

And the door of his cottage was opened wide,
While the light on the night streamed out,
And there he was met by his wife's fond kiss
And his children's gladsome shout

J. M. H.

NEW BERNE—A MINISTER'S FIRST VISIT.

Rev. C. S. FARRISS, associate editor of the *Biblical Recorder*, of Raleigh, made his first visit to New Berne one day last week and pens the following lines about the "old town:"

In an age of lightning, it is not a fortunate thing for a town to have historic localities as its chief points of interest. Factories are better. New Berne used to be called the Athens of North Carolina. Its historic associations transcend those of all other North Carolina towns. Baptists see much poetry in its past. That is, from this distance. It was more prosaic and real to them during those times in which the Establishment imprisoned and whipped them for preaching the gospel. We wanted to see those records, but they are missing; the account of the trial is there, but the record of the flogging was taken away by Mr. Hawks, the historian, and never returned. However, testimony is not lacking. Prominent men in New Berne are ready to make affidavit that they have seen the record. Therefore, there is no one to doubt the history, except he be a jack or a man so prejudiced he cannot turn a corner.

But although New Berne is not today the second greatest town in the State, as it was in former days, it is today a place of some thrift and a great number of very handsome homes. This, despite the black cloud that nearly deluged it in ruin, there is a wave of prosperity rolling through the place. The finest court house in the State has lately been erected. A modern hotel, with water works and electric bells, is going up. A canning factory is there. But probably the crowning industry is the manufacture of sweet gum plates and wood-pulp. The founders of New Berne would open their eyes in wide surprise could they look upon the establishment of the S. H. Gray manufacturing company. The cypress and sweet gum of the swamp are advanced beyond shingles and well curbings. The housewife of the North and West now buys her small lots of butter, lard, and other groceries, in vessels made from Carolina sweet gum, while the great dailies of the Union are printed on paper made from the North Carolina cypress. Warner Miller was one of the first to see a great fortune in the cypress and gum. It gave him a seat in the United States Senate.

This was the writer's first visit to this aristocratic town. Of course we made our way at once towards the Baptist parsonage. We were stopped on the main avenue by the appearance of the Baptist Church. People of fine taste they were who built that house. Of brick, massive entrance, surmounted by a square tower with parapets, over which ivy cling with English picturesqueness. A large church yard filled with elms, willows and evergreens completes the picture.

At the parsonage we were received with open arms by that apostle of love, Dr. Theo. Whitfield. The parsonage is one of the handsomest houses of the kind in the State. And those who know its inmates are to be congratulated. We are not striving to be complimentary, but desire right here to voice a sentiment that the present pastor at New Berne as perfume follows flowers, and that is, that Dr. Whitfield as pastor, and Mrs. Whitfield, as a member, is a source of pardonable pride to any church. Apart from his pastoral duties which he always faithfully performed, Dr. Whitfield has a large foreign correspondence. As one of the Vice-Presidents of the Southern Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, he is known all over the world. Missionaries know and love him. A better informed man about our foreign field does not exist in the South, except it be the much beloved Dr. Basil Manly, of the seminary.

While in New Berne brother W. G. Branson made us see much that we otherwise would not have seen. Much of our time was spent with him. He has his own way of drawing people to him, and with the writer he succeeded completely. There were other Baptists there that we met and to whom we would like to have seen more. Bro. F. R. Hancock, clerk of the government works, member of the city school board, and teacher in the Sunday School. Hon. G. V. Cook, a good Baptist, one of the ablest lawyers in the State, the most eloquent man in Eastern North Carolina. But we forbear.

THE FIRST CAVALRY FIGHT.

It may be interesting to North Carolinians of this day to have related briefly a story that few know, and the incidents attending the FIRST conflict between the CAVALRY of the Army of Northern Virginia and the CAVALRY of the Army of the Potomac, and many will not find tedious a narration of the movements of the 1st North Carolina Cavalry, a part of which formed the Confederate Cavalry in that FIRST skirmish with the Federal Cavalry in 1861.

On Sunday, the 13th of October, 1861, the 1st Cavalry of N. C., under the command of the writer, broke camp near Ridgeway, N. C., where it had been organized and prepared for the field, and marched for the army in Virginia. The aggregate strength of the regiment was about 800. We arrived at Richmond on the evening of the fifth day after starting, and remained in vicinity of the city several days, when the regiment was reviewed by President Davis. On the 29th of October I reported to Gen. J. E. Johnston, at Centreville, and camped for the night upon the battle field of the 18th of July, just north of Bull Run, having crossed it at Blackburn's ford. That day we heard the first boom of cannon as the big guns upon the Potomac saluted each other from opposite sides or fired upon passing vessels. While lying in this camp we voted for President and Vice President, and mustered the regiment 31st of October. A day or two later we moved to the north of Centreville a mile or two, and after I had ridden over the picket line some fifteen miles to the front, and across Difficult Run, we were assigned to guarding the central part of the front of the army. There were upon each side of us two Virginia regiments, four in all, whose force present but little exceeded that of our single regiment. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart commanded the whole.

The custom was in my regiment to send every two days a squadron to the picket line, the men carrying cooked rations for the time. Very soon the men became familiar with their field duties, but they were not a little annoyed that discipline with them was so much more rigid and exacting than among the Virginians upon each side of them, but they learned before a great while that armies are worthless without discipline, and always cheerfully responded to strictest regulations.

In a little while I ascertained that the 3d Pennsylvania Cavalry picketed the Federal lines in our front, and through the devotion of a bright, handsome and patriotic young lady, living between the lines, I was made aware of the time at which we could make, perhaps, the personal acquaintance" of that spruce looking and not over modest body of Pennsylvanians, who, through a handsome young Major, had sent me messages by the mouth of that flashing-eyed Virginia girl that they would "like to have an introduction to the 1st North Carolina Cavalry at close quarters."

On a certain day, about the 25th of November, I had a small detail of about 10 men from each company in camp, excepting the two that were to go on picket duty that day, and with Major J. B. Gordon, Captains Whitaker, Iowa Wood, and perhaps others, I rode from memory, we started for a picnic, for one but I knowing the object. When we got to the picket line the squadron which had been on picket joined my party, making it about 160 or 170 strong.

I proceeded a little cautiously towards the residence of my brave, fair friend, who had engaged to detain the Pennsylvania Major and his party, that she might witness the meeting. Having promised to be punctual to a 1 o'clock appointment, I anticipated it about 30 minutes, hoping to get some advantage, for you know "all is fair in war"; but my disappointment was grievous when, with flushed cheeks and flaming eyes, the damsel informed me "her beau" had not 20 minutes gone, notwithstanding her most winning blandishments to retain him. She showed me the way he had gone and said he had, perhaps, 20 or 30 more men than I. For about two miles I followed his tracks, but being then more than twenty miles from camp and going directly toward that of the enemy, I concluded to return, but not by the same road we had come.

Diverging to the right we had not gone over a mile when the leading videts galloped back and reported the "road full of blue coats."

We were moving in column of "twos" and at once closed to that of "fours." Not a man present had ever heard a hostile bullet excepting me. Some one asked what was going to be done, and I replied, "They are between us and our picket line, we must go through them." There was a straightening up in the saddles, faces changed color, but all were ready, and willing to dare and to do. We passed through the little hamlet of Vienna when a frightened woman snatched up a child or two and fled in her little house, and as we emerged into a broader road come in clear sight of the rear of the "blue coats." Just at this moment Major Gordon rode up and asked, "Col. what shall I do." I replied, "Major, just what I know you most desire, lead the charge." His face flushed with manly pride, and I ordered a few men to fire into their rear and commanded a charge."

The detachment from Rankin's Company led, but in a few moments all were engaged, and the squadron under Capt. Barringer, which had been on picket and held a little in rear came up led by Lt. Cowles afterwards Dr. Cowles, and now Representative in Congress. It was a quick, fresh, but short battle, taken unawares, some sabres through, wounds, many reels and retreats, and every man of them seemed to be struggling to carry some prisoner from, but we succeeded in taking about fifty, which we carried back to our camp with their horses and equipments, greatly pleased with the result of our "first scout."

We learned from the prisoners that their young Major, ambitious and enterprising, intended to have attacked our picket line with in half an hour, and hence his leaving the smiles of the winsome lass who had so desired to introduce her "Yankee beau" to "Her, N. C. Colonel." This little affair was a short time afterwards highly complimented by General Stuart, upon the occasion of presenting the *first of the Confederate Battle Flags* to the regiment of his command.

We lost not a man and had no one seriously injured. The horse of Serg't. Davis, Co. H, fell, and leaving his rider, stunned, overtook the flying Pennsylvanians, and went with them to their camp, when it was believed I had been killed, as the horse was a very fine one and Davis had a very showy equipment.

It is not intended particularly to mention or omit any of my brave comrades in this little reminder of past days, but to revive memories which, if as dear to them as to me, we can recall with manly pride and patriotic enthusiasm, without one jot of abatement in devotion to our now happily united country.

The lesson of that *first* skirmish was never lost upon the cavalry regiment in either army. Generals Wade Hampton and W. H. F. Lee, for "Get the bugle, go in and win," is as fine a motto for the cavalry soldier as can be adopted, when acted on with unhesitating celerity and dauntless vigor.

R. RANSOM.

STATE NEWS

Gleaned from Our Exchanges.

Fayetteville *News*: It is thought that the early fruit is seriously damaged by this cold snap now visiting us.——Capt. Ed. P. Powers had on the market this morning, caught in one of his seines, a rockfish that weighed 25½ pounds.——Hunters will bear in mind that the time allowed by law to shoot and net partridges and quail expired on the 15th inst.

Twin City *Daily*: Mr. Henry Wilson, the student who died last Friday at Chapel Hill, and whose remains were brought to this place on Saturday night, is the first death that has occurred at the University since 1881, except young Freeze, who was murdered last fall. Mr. Wilson's home was in Yadkinville where his remains were taken yesterday.

Washington *Progress*: Pine straw up to a short time ago was only considered fit for cattle beds and compost heaps, but it has become quite a valuable commodity in commercial circles. By stepping into Thomas's you will find it converted into beautiful matting, manufactured by a Wilmington firm, and it should recommend itself to our citizens from the fact that it is thoroughly North Carolinian in all its details.

Morganton *Star*: On last Saturday, March 12th, while two little children of Mr. W. T. Dula, of Upper Creek township, one 3 years old and the other 10 months, were playing on the creek bank near the house, the youngest, Nettie, fell or was pushed by her brother into the creek and drowned.——At the quarterly meeting of the directors of the Western North Carolina Insane Asylum last week, the former executive committee of the board, viz: Messrs. W. J. Yates, chairman, J. W. Wilson and E. A. Perkins, were re-elected. Mr. F. M. Scroggs was re-elected steward and Mrs. C. A. Marsh matron. Dr. W. P. Dvey was designated as senior assistant physician.

Greensboro *News*: In the protracted meetings at the Centenary church over eighty have so far been converted. At the Presbyterian church there have been about thirty converts.——Sixty-three members have been added to the list of the Presbyterian church, of which Rev. J. Henry Smith is pastor, since August. Of these, 34 are in consequence of the religious services lately held in that church.——On Sunday evening, while a number of gentlemen were sitting in the porch of Mr. T. S. Hayes, they beheld a very curious phenomenon. They saw a regular rainbow rise in the South, and it remained there for some time. There were no clouds, and the atmosphere was very clear. This may seem preposterous, but it was seen by a dozen or more witnesses whose testimony is *trustworthy*.

Raleigh *News and Observer*: The series of meetings which have been held in the First Baptist church for some time past, and which will continue during this week, are growing in interest and resulting in much good spiritual work. Five persons have professed faith, and many are deeply interested. Rev. J. L. White, pastor, is preaching with great power and effectiveness. Besides being spiritually good, the sermons are fraught with good sound reasons and arguments relating to the duty and necessity of humanity in giving time and attention to the all important question of salvation.——Messrs. Cook & Foster Bros. have gone to Morehead City with a force of painters, furnishers, etc., to enhance the attractions of that famous summer resort. The coming season will be a grand one for that place. The Teachers' Assembly will convene there and other organizations will be present. President Cleveland is to be specially invited to make a visit there.

Mr. J. T. Bagwell Restored to Church Membership.

There was an interesting and touching scene at the Methodist church yesterday when Mr. J. T. Bagwell, of that member of the N. C. Conference of the M. E. church, South, but who has for his conduct been for some time suspended himself, in a manly manner, asked for the restoration of his membership. The task to have Mr. Bagwell permanently disfellowshipped was a most painful one to the pastor, who, though strong in the discharge of what he conceived to be his duty, was yet tender-hearted and sympathetic. The pastor, Mr. Bagwell, prominent members of the church, and others, with whom he had been associated in the work, were all in tears. Mr. Bagwell said he was sorry for what he had done, and was willing to do anything in his power to make it right. He said he was a member of the Methodist church when a boy, and was converted at a camp meeting. He said he was ready to do anything he could to make it right. He said he was willing to be put back into the church, and would be willing to be put out of it if the church should think it best. He said he was willing to do anything he could to show his sorrow for what he had done. He said he was willing to be put back into the church on probation, or he was willing to be put back into the church in any way the church should think best. He said he was willing to be put back into the church as a member, if the church should think he was worthy to be put back. He said he was willing to be put back into the church in any way he could be put back into the church. He said he was willing to be put back into the church in any way he could be put back into the church. He said he was willing to be put back into the church in any way he could be put back into the church