

# THE KINSTON JOURNAL.

J. W. HARPER, Editor & Proprietor.

VOL. I.

KINSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1879.

TERMS—\$1.50 Per Year.

NO. 5.

H. G. WEST & CO.,  
General Dealers in  
**Merchandise,**  
and Agents for  
The Liverpool and London and Globe,  
and other first class Fire Insurance Companies.

**Drs. HYATT & TULL.**  
GENERAL PRACTITIONERS OF  
**Medicine & Surgery.**

Office at the Dr. Brown's Office. [Jan3-1yr]

**Dr. A. R. MILLER,**  
**DENTIST.**  
Holds himself in  
readiness to insert  
Artificial Teeth, Ex-  
tract, fill and clean,  
or do anything nec-  
essary to be done by  
a Dentist.  
Office at residence.  
Board furnished to parties from the coun-  
try. [Jan3-12m]

**ENNIS & PRESSON.**  
House Builders & Upholsterers,  
KINSTON, N. C.,  
Are prepared to build and repair Houses and  
make all kinds of Furniture in good style and at  
reasonable rates.  
Also Buggies and Carts built and repaired on  
short notice. [Jan1-12m]

**GOODS AT LOW PRICES!**  
AT  
**N. D. MYERS'.**

Now in store a good stock of  
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS,  
SHOES, HATS, &C., &C.

Also constantly receiving a fresh  
stock of

**FAMILY GROCERIES,**  
CUTLERY, CROCKERY, and  
HOLLOW WARE,  
SOLD AT  
**LOWEST CASH PRICES.**

A continuance of the liberal pat-  
ronage heretofore bestowed upon me is  
respectfully solicited.  
[Jan1-12m] N. D. MYERS.

**A. HARVEY & CO.**  
Manufacturers of FINE BRANDS of  
**Chewing & Smoking**  
**TOBACCO,**  
[Jan1-12m. Kinston, N. C.]

**NOTICE!**  
APPLICATION will be made to the next  
General Assembly of North Carolina to amend  
the Charter of the Town of La Grange so as  
to require applicants for license to retail  
spiruous liquors in said town, to exhibit to  
the County Commissioners a recommendation  
from the commissioners of said town.  
Dec. 20, 1878. —4t.

**CHAS. F. HARVEY,**  
**NOTARY PUBLIC**  
—and—  
Inferior Court Clerk for Lenoir County.

Probates Deeds, Mortgages, Lien  
Bonds and other instruments required  
to be registered.  
Blank Deeds, Mortgages, &c.,  
furnished free on application. [Jan1-3m]

**LOUIS GREEN**  
FASHIONABLE BARBER and HAIR DRESSER,  
KINSTON, N. C.

Office over Pelletier's Drug Store. [Jan3-1yr]

**L. J. HILL & CO.,**  
**Boot & Shoe Makers,**  
KINSTON, N. C.

We are prepared with the best  
French Calf Skin and Louisville  
Oak Sole Leather, to make and re-  
pair Boots and Shoes to order.  
**Satisfaction Guaranteed.**  
[Jan1-12m]

**J. M. WHITE.** **J. F. PARROTT.**  
**White & Parrott,**  
**Millers and Lumber Dealers,**  
Kinston, N. C.,

Are now prepared to fill all orders for  
**FIRST-CLASS LUMBER**  
at the lowest CASH rates.  
Also keep on hand the celebrated  
Tuckahoe Family Flour. [Jan1-12m]

**W. J. RASBERRY,**  
**Attorney At Law,**  
KINSTON, N. C.

Will attend the Courts of Greene and Jones.  
Office on Court House Square. [Jan1-12m]

**J. W. HARPER,**  
**Attorney At Law,**  
Office over Post Office,  
KINSTON, N. C.

From the French of the Millen.  
**FIFTEEN.**

Last Hallow'en she was just fifteen,  
And slim and rosy, with big black e'en,  
And all admired each budding charm  
At the nightly dances at the farm.

On the earth that day the white snow lay;  
All but the father within did stay,  
And round the fire-place each one stands,  
At the flame warming reddened hands.

By the window was a looking glass,  
Near a linen's cage, and the girl would pass.  
To smile at her image mirrored there,  
Thinking that no one was aware.

But granny spied the trick and cried,  
Scoldingly half and half in pride,  
"You'd have us think you're watching the snow,  
Well, you're not bad looking as girls now go."

The girl blushed red, and tossed her head,  
And, pointing, to the old woman said:  
"Is it only now you tell me so?  
Some one else told me months ago."

**Selected.**

**DELPHINE.**

THE STORY OF A STRANGE LOVE.

The fresh morning breeze of early  
March came sweeping across my cheek  
from the wide sea, as I stood on the  
little bridge spanning the narrow chan-  
nel which separates Rockcastle from  
Edgecombe, waiting for the stage, or  
rather for the huge, lumbering wagon  
that passed for one. The roads were  
free from snow, for the March winds  
had blown over them, and they lay  
in that dry and dusty state when every  
breaze sends a shower of earthy  
particles sharply to your face and  
eyes, grinding, as it were, the whole  
surface of the skin. But if the snow  
had forsaken the roads, it still lay  
nestled in the hollows, and from its  
edges came up the tiny pink flowers  
of the trailing arbutus, one of the  
sweetest of Spring's daughters.

I heard the heavy wagon lumber-  
ing round the last turn in the road,  
but I stayed to gather the arbutus,  
drawing it as gently as I might from  
its thin, crisp covering of ice, through  
which the long, lithe stems had forced  
their way, and lay in clusters along  
the edges. A little further on, one or  
two venturesome blossoms of the sangui-  
naria were folded, each within its own  
blanket-like leaf, and those, too, I re-  
lentlessly plucked, although I knew  
that the delicate things must die in  
my hands.

There was a broad streak of crim-  
son in the sky, reflected in the quiet  
sea, now gradually breaking up and  
floating off into fragments of light  
purple, and again into the delicate  
pink that makes the rare beauty of  
the sea-shell. The blue smoke from  
the scattered chimneys was rising up-  
ward like a thin veil, and, catching  
the veil of the rosy clouds, seemed as  
incense from earth to sky; and then,  
like a giant refreshed from his slum-  
ber, came the bright, glorious sun.

Sun, ocean, earth and sky! Invol-  
untarily I took off my hat and bowed  
my head before their splendors; but,  
before I could replace it, the wheels  
stopped closed beside me, and throw-  
ing my valise to the driver, I entered  
the close, dark wagon, with my ruffled  
treasures in my hand. I sat for some  
time arranging them and admiring  
their drooping clusters, paying but lit-  
tle attention to my fellow-passengers,  
of whom there were two or three, all  
closely wrapped and veiled; one of  
them was sleeping, too, if I might  
judge from the heavy breathing that  
came to my ear from the furthest cor-  
ner of the vehicle. Sleeping with this  
glory of the rising sun! No doubt  
this man had walked miles, at some  
time in his life, to witness the mimic  
splendors of pyrotechnic art; but the  
grand spectacles which God prepares  
afresh every morning had no charm  
for his dull eye.

By his side sat a lady through  
whose thick veil I could distinguish  
nothing but the subdued sparkle of an  
eye, which I felt bound to believe was  
beautiful, until I should find it other-  
wise. She was closely wrapped in  
soft furs, and only one hand was vis-  
ible, peeping from the large sable cuff.  
The hand was far from being so small  
as the hands of heroines are invariably  
described. On the contrary, it was  
somewhat larger than the average  
size, but it was fair and white, and  
the nails were beautifully pink-hued  
and almond-shaped. I might have  
passed by a thousand hands, smaller  
and as beautiful as this, without no-  
ticing them in the least; but as this  
was the most agreeable object inside  
the coach, and as the glare of the sun-  
light on the snow-covered hills rendered  
it unpleasant to look out of the dust-  
stained windows of the stage, I  
preferred to keep on gazing.

It was the left hand, and it bore no  
ring, so I inferred that the lady was  
unmarried; and her pure white hand  
told me, too, that she was young. No  
delicacy of treatment can preserve or  
bring back the fresh young whiteness

of the youthful skin, any more than  
the bloom can be brought back to the  
shining bunch of grapes, from which  
has just been robbed its crowning  
beauty.

Quietly, through our long, dusty  
ride, the lady sat, with the delicate  
hand half buried in the soft fur that  
warmed her. Not a word was spoken  
nor did her next neighbor awake from  
his slumber until the stage drew up at  
Edgecombe, where I had business to  
perform which would probably detain  
me some days. I hoped that the un-  
known would remain there too; but  
when I crossed the tavern yard, I saw  
that she had not alighted. I was half  
tempted to get in, and see her to the  
end of her journey; but I could not  
work up to that pitch of enthusiasm  
for a lady of whom I had yet seen  
nothing but her hand, lovely and hap-  
pily unjeweled as it was.

So I went straight to the merchant  
whom I wished to see at Edgecombe.  
He was a man who, in former days,  
had had some experience in commer-  
cial affairs, but who, in the terrible  
crash of 1837, was stripped of all his  
possessions, and since confined himself  
wholly to the smaller gains which he  
could reap from the coasting and fish-  
ing trade. By these means he had  
gradually worked up again, with some  
loss of ambition, but none of self-re-  
spect, to a comfortable business, and I  
had supposed he would never more  
venture upon anything so full of risk.  
I was therefore surprised when he met  
me with a more cordial grasp than  
his usually quiet one, and said, "I  
have bought a ship, Mr. Crawford."

"Indeed, sir!" I said; "I am glad to  
hear it, as it is a token of increased  
prosperity."

"Perhaps not," said he; "but at any  
rate I am going to try it; and what is  
more, I am about to offer you the situ-  
ation of supercargo to London and  
Havre; while I place my own son in  
the rank of captain, which is a suffi-  
cient responsibility for one of his  
youth."

"Certainly, Mr. Grainger," I replied;  
"and with a grateful heart, too, for  
times are dull with me now, and I am  
not willing, at my age, to be unem-  
ployed a moment. When do we sail?"

"As soon as the cargo is all stowed,"  
said Mr. Grainger; "probably in three  
days. You, however, will have time  
to arrange everything, as you are meth-  
odical; and if you will come to me  
on Thursday evening, I will give you  
full instructions, and explain them  
verbally. It is a short notice, I know,  
but the voyage was planned, and the  
ship half loaded, when I bought her.  
It was a forced sale, to pay up debts  
of an enormous amount. I pitied the  
poor merchant, for I have been simi-  
larly situated myself. Come on with  
me," said he, and accordingly we went.

It was a noble vessel, nearly new;  
had been at sea just long enough to  
get well bent, and was in fine trim in  
every part.

"There will be a passenger for this  
stateroom," said Mr. Grainger, throw-  
ing open a door which showed a fine,  
airy berth, and appointments of the  
nicest order. In fact, the whole ship  
exhibited a show of neatness quite  
equal to that of a first-class Govern-  
ment vessel.

I had some little acquaintance with  
young Henry Grainger, who was to  
command the ship, and at dinner we  
improved it into a mutual liking; and,  
greatly pleased at the transactions of  
the day, I cheerfully entered the  
stage, and returned to Rockcastle that  
night.

My sister Emma cried, and my  
mother looked grave, and both de-  
clared that they could not get my  
'traps' ready; but I soon lectured them  
into a sense of the good fortune which  
awaited me. Parting would be part-  
ing, and nothing else, if we waited  
longer for it; and the sooner I was  
afloat, the sooner I would see them  
again.

They could not gainsay this mag-  
nificent display of my logic, and they  
contented themselves with getting to-  
gether an unheard of quantity of cake  
and preserves, and all those little  
niceties with which careful mothers  
and sisters seek to pamper the incip-  
ient sailor. So on Thursday, as I set  
off for Edgecombe, bidding the dear  
ones at home an affectionate good-bye.  
As we wound the hill at Rockcastle I  
saw Emma's green dress, as she stood  
looking at the stage which held her  
only brother; and I sighed to think  
how unprotected the poor girl would  
be if the uncertain fortunes of the sea  
should find me a grave beneath its  
waters. The good and manly face of  
Henry Grainger rose to my mind, and  
I could not help wishing that such a  
protector as he, strong and upright in  
his noble manhood, could be her stay  
in life. Dear Emma, my wish was a  
prophetic one, after all; and to wish

thee Henry Grainger's wife was only  
another name for happiness.

We sailed on the 19th of March.—  
The weather was beautiful. We had  
moonlight nights, and when once off  
from the coast, were in comparatively  
warm waters. The change from our  
proverbially trying winds was pleas-  
ant to us all—I mean all who met to-  
gether—for there was one whose face  
we had not seen, and who lay in the  
best state-room, and was reported to  
us, in all the horrors of sea-sickness.  
"He ought to be brought on deck,"  
I said. "This fresh sea air would re-  
store him, I have no doubt."

Captain Grainger showed his white  
teeth, and that irresistible smile  
which made him at these times one of  
the handsomest of men.

"He," said he, emphasizing the  
pronoun, "is wholly unable to be re-  
moved."

I was called away by an observa-  
tion from the first mate, and the  
thought of the sick passenger—I take  
shame for forgetting—did not recur  
for some days; when I caught a glance  
of a figure lying on a rude litter  
which the sailors had brought on deck,  
and, imagining that it was the sick  
man, I considered that he would be  
too weak to talk, purposely avoided  
going near him. When I went on  
deck after dinner, the litter and pas-  
senger had alike disappeared.

One day a strong wind from the state-  
room window forced open the door.—  
I was passing at the time, and saw, as  
I supposed, our hitherto invisible pas-  
senger, absolutely covered up from  
head to foot in bed, with the excep-  
tion of one hand which lay outside the  
quilt, and vied with its snowy folds in  
whiteness.

"He must be very young—a mere  
boy," I said to myself. And I ap-  
proached the bed to give him some  
assurance of my good will.

Some dark blue gauze, which had  
been suspended over the bed, had been  
drawn around his head and face, and,  
by the breathing, I thought he must  
be sleeping. Again I glanced at the  
hand. There it lay in its unsunned  
whiteness, and I could have sworn  
that it was the same hand that I saw  
in the stage between Rockcastle and  
Edgecombe, three weeks before. That  
hand could belong to no one but a la-  
dy, and I escaped from the state-  
room, and shut to the door with a feel-  
ing as if I had committed sacrilege.—  
I encountered Captain Grainger in  
the passage way; and he rallied me on  
the startled look which I gave when  
coming unexpectedly against him.

"Have you seen a ghost, Mr. Craw-  
ford?" said he. "The sailors have a  
notion that this ship is a haunted one,  
but I did not know that the supersti-  
tion extended to you."

"I believe it is haunted, I replied,  
and I am going to write it in my log-  
book, that the good ship Metamora  
was haunted by a human hand."

"What on earth do you mean, Mr.  
Crawford?" asked Captain Grainger,  
looking at me anxiously, as if to as-  
certain whether I were quite right in  
my upper regions.

"I mean," said I, "that I am haunted  
here on board this ship at noonday, on  
the broad bosom of the ocean, by a hu-  
man hand; and moreover, it is the  
same hand that haunted me through  
an entire half day in the Rockcastle  
stage, at the very time of my engage-  
ment to sail in this ship. Put these  
two things together, captain, and see  
if you can bring them into your reck-  
oning."

The captain smiled again, his rich,  
open smile that lighted up his dark,  
sea-brown visage like a sunbeam, and  
said:

"I was just going in to see my passen-  
ger; perhaps you would like to ac-  
company me?"

"Not until I know who and what it  
is," I replied. "Beside, captain, it is  
hardly fair to wake up the deep sleep  
which the ghost is at present enjoy-  
ing."

"Ah, I see," said he; "this is your  
ghost, is it, Crawford? Well, I am  
happy to be able to state for your  
comfort, that it is one of the most  
harmless little spirits in the world, and  
when this trance is off, it will be up,  
and in the highest animation possible."

"You really believe so?" I asked.

"I do, indeed, Mr. Crawford," he  
replied. "And now, spite of your  
feeling that it is unfair or indecorous,  
I am going to wake up the ghost, and  
ask it to join us at tea."

"Heavens!" I exclaimed; "do sea-  
ghosts drink tea?"

"This one does," he replied, "for I  
have seen it."

But tea came, and with it myself,  
the captain, Mr. Richards, the mate,  
and young Fred Spaulding, the sec-  
ond officer. Captain Grainger made  
no allusion to our conversation, nei-  
ther did I venture upon it. I knew no  
more during the entire passage to  
London than I did that night. A fig-  
ure, in a variety of endless wrapping

and muffings, was carried on shore  
and placed in a carriage, and as it  
was chiefly done when I was engaged,  
I had no chance to renew the brief  
glance which I had of it at the begin-  
ning of the removal.

But one thing was certain—I heard  
the direction to the cab-driver, and  
kept it in my mind. There was grow-  
ing up within me an instinctive aver-  
sion to mentioning anything of the  
mysterious stranger in the presence of  
Captain Grainger, in whose eyes there  
was a lurking fun that I believed  
grew out of the ghost story. I know  
not what there was to make me feel  
embarrassed about it, but there was  
really a vexatious sensation about it  
that disturbed my self-complacency.  
I am not sure that I did not feel some-  
what defrauded of my share of the  
mysterious passenger's society during  
the voyage, and that I had not a bit  
of grudge against Captain Grainger  
for abetting therein.

Our ship was quickly unloaded, and  
our freights coming in from Havre.—  
Everything so far had gone off admir-  
ably during the voyage. Captain  
Grainger was a model commander,  
and I flattered myself that Mr. Craw-  
ford was his equal as super-cargo. I  
could fancy Mr. Grainger's pride in  
his son and in his ship and I believed  
that he would also have some pride  
in his judgment of selecting me. At  
any rate he should have reason.

In London I chanced to meet a  
friend—the son of an old neighbor at  
Rockcastle—and he volunteered to  
conduct me round the great metropo-  
lis. We crossed innumerable squares,  
lighted by a splendid moon, which  
shone brightly even in the smoky and  
dingy atmosphere of London; and at  
last, when our steps began to lag, my  
companion said:

"We are almost at the very house  
where a cousin of mine is staying; I  
should like much to stop there awhile,  
if you do not object."

I did not know the street, but per-  
mitted myself to be guided wholly by  
him. He led me to the door of a  
handsome house and we soon found  
ourselves admitted, and shown into a  
pleasant and handsomely-furnished  
parlor, where several ladies were em-  
ployed in sewing. I was presented  
to the mother, a fine, cheerful old  
lady, her two married and one unmar-  
ried daughter, and to another lady,  
who sat with a fire-screen before  
her face, and a short, black veil, fall-  
ing also around it.

She did not remove the screen  
sufficiently to give me a glance at her  
face; but I saw her hand as it held the  
screen, and it was the ghost's hand—  
to make an Irish blunder—the ghost's  
hand to the life! Having passed half  
an hour in this bright, cheerful room,  
we took our leave, and I was impatient  
to question Austin about her.

"That lady is the very cousin  
whom I called to see, Crawford,"  
said Austin; "and only a glance from  
her eyes, imploring me to take no  
notice of her, kept me from keeping  
you close at her side; for I think you  
would enjoy her society, as she is  
eminently intelligent and interest-  
ing."

"Is she a native of London?" I asked.

"No," he replied; "and, by-the-by,  
you must have known her at home."  
"I did not catch the name," said I.  
"Rockdale," he replied. "Why,  
she visits often in Rockcastle and  
Edgecombe, also."

"Is she handsome?" I asked.

"She is under a cloud just now,  
which has threatened to destroy her  
beauty altogether," said Austin.—  
"But I may as well tell you, Craw-  
ford, although she binds me to si-  
lence, she unfortunately caught the small-  
pox at Rockcastle, and is miserably  
disfigured, and as she is young, wealthy,  
and talented, this misfortune has  
given her much pain. Thinking her  
friends will be disgusted with her, she  
will not unveil to any one."

"How did she come here?" I asked.

"In the ship Metamora," he replied.

"I thought so," said I. "I came  
with her."

"You, Crawford!" he exclaimed.

"I did," said I; "but my only recog-  
nition of her was her hand."

"Ay, that is a study, is it not?" said  
Austin.

"It is," I replied; "and I regret that I  
cannot see her face."

"Well, she goes to Havre with you,"  
said Austin; "and she may possibly get  
over her sensitiveness about it before  
you arrive home. It is a whim which  
she is rich enough and independent  
enough to gratify, and she will proba-  
bly carry it out. She says that she  
is glad of it on one account, that now  
she will be able to know her true  
friends."

"I suppose she means those of our  
sex," said I. "Those of the other will  
be more likely to value her higher  
than before, if she has lost her beau-  
ty."

"Perhaps so," said Austin. "When  
do you sail?"

"On Tuesday," I replied. "Come on  
board to dinner with us."

"Thank you, I will do so," said  
Austin; "and, moreover, I will try to  
effect an acquaintance between you  
and Delphine. I cannot help thinking  
that you will be mutually pleased with  
each other."

He kept his word, and between Lon-  
don and Havre I learned what a truly  
noble and gifted being was Delphine  
Rockdale, although during that time  
I never saw her face. I implored her  
to let me look at her; but her pain  
was so evident that I forebore asking  
her again. But whatever were the in-  
cidental defects of her face, her mind  
was brilliant 'beyond compare.' With  
an intellect highly cultivated, a heart  
full of the noblest and tenderest emo-  
tions, a grace and dignity which only  
fell short of being regal, because it  
was so surpassingly sweet and gentle,  
Delphine could not have failed of be-  
ing loved, even if her face were disfigured.

We were going into Havre, and  
Delphine and myself stood together on  
the deck. You may not believe that  
I was so infatuated as to offer my  
heart and hand thus blindly; but in-  
deed I had done so, and she had ac-  
cepted, on condition that on our ar-  
rival home she should allow me to be-  
hold her face, and if I were not ir-  
remediably shocked, she would consent  
to become Mrs. Crawford, the wife of  
a poor fellow like myself, with a  
mother and sister on his hands, whom  
he would never desert, not even for a  
wife.

The ship was rapidly nearing the port,  
and we were admiring the shore from  
that point of view, when the wind,  
which had been still until now sud-  
denly sprang up to a fresh free breeze,  
carrying all loose, unprotected articles  
across the deck in to the water, and  
among this was Delphine's veil. I ex-  
pected she would faint but she turned  
her calm, meek eyes upward to my  
face, as if to deprecate any criticism  
of her own. I gazed at her in amazement; a few, a very few scars, already  
whitened and beginning to be smooth,  
were slightly visible on a countenance  
which, for shape and nobleness of  
brow, could be rarely surpassed. The  
complexion, it was true, was slightly  
injured but what variation of color or  
texture could destroy the beautiful ex-  
pression?

"And this is the face which you  
have withheld from my gaze?" I said,  
reproachfully, as a blush rose to its  
pale surface, and the eyes, so full of  
tenderness, absolutely sparkled with  
joy.

"Forgive me if I taxed you too  
severely," she said, at last. "From  
my earliest years I had heard nothing  
but praises of my beauty" until I  
was absolutely glad when the disorder  
that spoiled it attacked me. I wished  
to be loved for other qualities than  
the mere 'tincture of a skin,' and yet  
I was a woman, and when I first look-  
ed at myself in a mirror, I confess to a  
certain degree of horror, which I have  
not yet been quite able to quell."

We were married by special license  
at the house of Mr. Grainger, and  
two days afterward I carried home a  
new daughter and sister to my mother  
and Emma, and it was not long before  
Henry Grainger came to believe also  
in the attraction of souls, and straight-  
way his own and Emma's were blend-  
ed in one.

My own Delphine! Won without  
being seen, but still more truly known  
and loved without the intervention of  
the visible. There is no shadow be-  
tween us now—no darkness, no mys-  
tery. Our love came unsought, un-  
sent, and it abides with us still.

—Raleigh News: The Democratic  
caucus sat until midnight, and were  
entertained by a two hours' harangue  
of 'antagonistic' Joe Turner. He was  
expelled from the caucus by a vote of  
50 to 29. Mr. A. D. Brooks, of Ala-  
bama, was the choice for Enrolling  
Clerk. —True to his instincts,  
Joe Turner bolted the caucus nomi-  
nation for Speaker. After participating  
in the caucus he declined to vote for  
Speaker in the House.

The press of the whole State, and  
why not all the people, are advocating  
a stock and dog law. The people do  
want that very law, and let them have  
it. It will hereafter be impossible to  
fence in the crops, as in former days,  
owing to the cost, and more the scar-  
city of rail timber, which is becoming  
fearfully diminished. Let the Legis-  
lature pass a peremptory stock and  
dog law for the whole State, made op-  
tional with the counties to adopt or  
reject only.—Statesville American.

A daughter of Governor Hampton  
is expected to create quite a sensation  
in Washington after the first of the  
year. She is said to be very beau-  
tiful.