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J. W. HARPER, Proprietors. J. M. WHITE.

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Mr. EDITOR:-The following lines were written by a friend of mine some years ago, and I have long desired to see them in print. They were written from a conversation with his betrothed. the last evening of her life. R. R. M. Kinston, N. C., Feb. 19, 1879.

How bright the summer day has been ! Look, how the golden sun Sinks down behind the locust trees, His work of glory done. The day has ceased its sultry course,

The birds their warbling cease, The flowers fold up their silken leaves, And all things breathe of peace.

How silently and languidly. The long night hours have past, And yet, they seem so short for me! I feel they are my last! To-morrow is my birth-day-yes,

How darkly now appears The record of departed time. The mass of wasted years. Too late I've learned to prize the worth Of hours forever lost, When I repined if but one cloud, My sunny pathway crossed. Oh, could I live my life again! Methinks 'twere boundless wealth,

Only to tread the fair, green earth

With the free steps of health. This very hour-this sunset hour. One year ago to-night-We sat together side by side, And watched the fading light. That birthday we had hopeful hearts, Then first we spoke of love, And dreamed that years of wedded bliss Our constant faith might prove ; And now, with hectic on my cheek, And fever in my eye-And with your hand clasped close in mine

Draw back the casement curtains: Once more I fain would view The roses planted for your sake, The one I named for you: Amid how many doubts and fears I've watched its leaves unclose! And look, how it repays my care, How strong and full it grows! Yet, one slight touch has shaken down The blossoms from the tree-

To-morrow-it may bloom afresh-

WHERE WILL ITS MISTRESS BE?

MY Gop! And must I die?

And while I have strength to speak, Let my poor words express The love, and gratitude I feel, For all your tenderness. You've been to me a talisman With every blessing fraught; And I !- I would my dying heart Could thank you as it ought; You said you'd love me until death, And well you've kept your yow; And I, with many, many faults-

But you'll forgive them now. Look at my wasted fingers, love, To which, the turquoise ring, You placed there one short year ago, Is now too large to cling : To-night it slipped from off my hand, And as it struck the ground. That little noise struck in my heart With such a solemn sound. It seemed as if some cherished friend Had said a last good-bye-And left me lone and desolate,

How fast the evening shadows fall, In Heaven's azure dome! One single little star appears, To tell that night has come. It seems a bright-robed herald sent To say that we must part; Nay-do not speak-I know 'tis best, Although it wrings thy heart. I try to feel resigned to die; I know 'tis wrong to grieve, But life seemed all so fair to us-

OH, GOD! I LONG TO LIVE!

All, all ALONE to die.

But raise my fainting head, my love, And place it on your breast, Thro' weal and woe, in life and death My chosen place of rest. And let me feel your kind heart beat, Your hand upon my brow, I have been fever'd, wild and weak, But I am calmer now. Is this the hour I dreaded so? Can death be mgde so bright?

Your hand once more-good-bye my love, A LONG and LAST GOOD NIGHT.

Selected.

The Story of Raoul Surian.

"Le style, c'est l'homme." Monsieur Buffon invented the phrase-it is something more than a mot-and the police furnish practical application of it. The identity of all the criminals is measurably arrived at by the police knowing the style in which they operate. This style is the key to what would otherwise be an impenetrable cipher. The instructed experts of the Paris police are able to determine with a precision and certainty which seem marvelous to the

uninitiated, whose hand it was committed a certain robbery, or violated the laws in any crucial way. Raoul Surian, a criminal of distinguished eminence, had a style of his own that, while very successful in its pecuniary results, was very troublesome in its consequence to him, since it was so plainly marked as to be immediately recognized by the police. Hence, each time he 'operated' he was sure to be arrested and not always safe to escape conviction. As hi operations were numerous and extensive he was often convicted, and at

the age of 40 had passed fifteen of the last twenty years of his life in prison. Raoul Surian, called Freluquet, found to be forgeries. The police, was the son of an optician and instrument maker of Marseilles, and followed the trade of his father until his all these operations were the work of ed, and shot.

ence Raoul Surian returned to Paris accordingly discharged. and announced his intention to 'resignalement declared, was ingenuous ed. ents and gave a few francs now and authorities. The outbreak of the bright black eyes, stepped out of s betwixt him and the law he was certain to fall underneath. He had tried satisfied with the punishement he had This time the police felt sure they had der.

definitive and complete.

of money, he said, speculating in shares black as jet. The authorities were laud with a look of mild reproach. at the Bourse, and did not need any dombfounded. The testimony howev- 'He lies!' shrieked a woman from longer to continue the drudgery of er, was direct and uncontrovertible, across the street. 'I watched him! I shop-keeping. He now rented a mod- and, after a searching raid upon Su- saw him go in there! I have never est apartment on the third floor of a rians's house, where, however, nothing lost sight of him!' And the prisoner handsome house in a street not far was discovered which tended to crim- was confronted by the infuriated from the Boulevard des Italiens-a inate him, the ex-convict was again Mdlle. Cytheree. drawing-room, dressing-room, break. released. fast-parlor, two bed-rooms, room for Surian was a very wealthy person who uniform. had made his money by following civil

gentleman. In 1869 there was a tremendous fort made at the Bourse to 'corner' the shares of the Serbo-Moldavian railway. The 'corner' was broken prematurely, and a great slaughter ensued among the 'bulls.' Among those punished most severely was M. Raoul Surian, whose net losses, it was whispered, exceeded 750,000 francs. He came up gallantly, however, paid every centime, and, as if to show he was not hurt, set up coupe of his own. 'Madame, had already long been in the habit of driving to the Bois in a very handsome turnout, but that, it

was understood, was hired only. Simultaneously an operation of another kind agitated financial centres and attracted the undivided attention of the police. Bills on American of francs were sold in London, Paris, Amsterdam and Hamburg which were after long consultation and comparison

known to the police through a rapid ed, confidence man, M. Raoul Surian. eral reign of M. Eusebe Birambrot at her house. The remains of Surian succession of swindling operations, A couple of the most trusty agents police headquarters, a dark-browed were carried away, and Gallaud acvery successfully contrived, for the were detailed to 'work up' the case, beauty came and laid charges of treas- companied Collaert. Only the blood delivery of goods which he did not and, at the end of three weeks, Surian on and incivism against M. Raoul Su-still remained upon the sidewalk. possess and the appropriation of mon- was arrested and confronted with the rian. She gave her name as Mdlle. ey which was not his own. Finally parties in the several cities who had convicted, he was sentenced to close beed victimized by the forger. It was of the adroitest robbers of the age, of genius. He had an assortment of confinement for three years, and grad- known that Surian had been absent who continually escaped conviction very thin glass eyes, with perfectly uated from prison a very accomplish-ed chevalier d'industrie. His op-tify him beyond mistake. Just here, in constant communication with the erations now assumed a bolder char- however, a most unexpected hitch oc- Germans during the siege. Her char- demand. A little practice enabled acter, and he worked in a larger field. curred. The swindler was said to be ges were supported by one Gallaud, him to do this without any inconven-He was again convicted of deceiving 'something like' Surian, but he had formerly of the police. On the other lience, the more so that the workmana wealthy bourgeois and obtaining a gray eyes, dark hair and light blonde hand, Surian, who was present, and ship of the eyes was exceedingly per-This time he served five years. A as to the color and appearance of the lery, and high in favor with the secthird conviction insured him a close eyes, which were described as being tions of Belleville, proved that M. a similar cheat is suspected, to touch as different as possible from the sus- Gallaud was an ex-mouchard and a the white of the eye with a little vin-

form.' He had saved a little money to police headquarters and complained Birambrot dismissed the charges and by extra labor in prison, his father of the injury done to his character and the witnesses, and Surian returned to was dead, and he set up a small shop business by this arrest upon so slight his cannon. at Belleville for the sale of spectacles a fabric of suspicion. He laid before On the night after the Versaillists eye-glasses and mathematical instru- the head of the department what pre- broke into Paris, Surian disappeared. ments. He was watched by the po- tended to be a full exhibit of his bus- He left the battery at Belleville, prolice, but seemed to conduct himself in iness affairs, and which showed that posing to return in five minutes with the most exemplary manner, His after all his debts were paid he would some percussion fuses, which were passport at this time described a man still have a surplus of 3,000,000 francs. needed. He did not come back at of ordinary height and figure, modest 'One does not steal under such circum- all. He was dressed in a very conbut manly carriage, face rather pale, stances, said Surian. The delinquent spicuous uniform, and was grimy with blonde hair, no beard, and large liquid, agents were reprimanded and Surian dust and smoke. The next morning

recived. In short, his reformation was Surian, but the baffling matter of 'Raoul Surian, I arrest you!'

The Germans rapidly threw their some unfortunate mistake. Who servant, and a small room which he tremendous cordons around Paris, and it that you take me for?' called the laboratory. Here he install- the memorable seige of the great city 'It makes no difference?' screamed ed 'Madame' Surian, a very handsome began. Surian joined a regiment of the woman, 'blue eyes, black eyes and vivacious brunette, understood to volunteers and went on duty. The gray eyes, it makes no difference! have been a certain Mdlle. Cytheree, position assigned his company was the know you for Raoul Surian, convict, not unknown to frequenters of the charge of a picket post outside the robber, murderer and Communard!" boulisses of the opera. In his 'labora- fort of Vanvres, where the Prussian 'I will settle this,' said the infantry tory' Surian had a stock of furnaces, breaching batteries were finally estab- Captain. He took a file of men and crucibles, wheels and various other in. lished. One day he and four of his ran into Collairt's dingy shop. Presstruments, and casts and ground glass- companions were surprised by some ently he returned. One of his men es for optical and other instruments, Uhlans riding in the gray of the bore a bloody and smoke-stained unifor which he received many orders, morning. The other men were speared, form, and two more had the trembling being accounted a skillful and inge and Surian was reported missing, Collaert, an old, dirty, snuffy Hollanda stolid-looking Alsatian, named Jules hours later Surian appeared at his the Captain to Collaert. 'If you do Gochen. His principal work, however, post again and reported for duty. not answer truly and promptly you seemed to be at the Bourse, where he He had fled, he said, under the cellar shall be shot right here. Who did speedily became known as a daring of a house, and could not get away this uniform belong to-who left it operator, who would carry the heav- any sooner. Three days later he was with you?" iest load or shares in the face of the arrested with a show of great solemnimost arduous difficulties, who always ty, and carried before General Villot, accepted his successes with modesty, commander of the division to which and paid his losses promptly at matu- he was attached. The Colonel of rity. As the police kept the secret of the regiment and many other officers his past life faithful, and he himself, were present. 'Is this the man?' asked generally to be admitted that Raoul and accosting a person in Prussian me!'

engineering in South America, and four days ago,' said the spy; 'I am his hands!' returned to Paris to spend it like a willing to swear to him. He came up Surian thrust his foot behind Gal- would be one of the grandest things the street escorted by Uhlans, and laud's heels, knocked the Captain that was ever done for North Carol-went directly into M. de Bismarck's down with a blow of his fist, thrust ina, and especially at this particular headquarters. I saw him myself."

formation to the enemy?"

'are you very sure you saw me?'

The man I saw going into Count Bis- quick succession, and a dark body, eyes: and yours are blue.'

went into Paris for the first time since sound. Mdlle. Cytheree fainted. the seige began. Apparently the state account aggregating over five millions a great disturbance in the neighborhood; the fair Cytheria left the house in tears and vowing vengeance, and the impassive Jules Gochen was arrested as a Prussian spy; upon specific

At the expiration of this last sent- pected man's eyes; and Surian was Napoleonist, and that Mdlle. Cytheree egar or a camel's hair brush, to see if had compromised herself with Jules it produces suffusion. Not satisfied with this, Surian went Gochen, Prussian spy, lately executed.

noticeable blue eyes. The face so the went home apparently well content- a company of Versailles soldiers, belonging to the One Hundred and frank, open, with a rather engaging It is probable, however, that he sus- Fifty-second Battallion of the line, smile, but none of the features were pected that he was carefully and was hurrying along the Rue Nueve striking, unless it were the eyes. He assidiously watched. He contracted des Petits Champs, under the guiwas a great favorite with the police, his speculative operations very ma- dance of Police Agent Gallaud, in who had necessarily a great solicitude terially, and a million in gold which search of Communists and Petroleurs, on his behalf, for, instead of avoiding he had on deposit in the Bank of a pleasant-looking gentleman, in the them, he assiduously cultivated their France was drawn out and shipped to garb of a cure, with shovel hat, wellacquaintance, made them little pres- America, to parties unknown to the defined tonsure, brown hair, and then to the funds for the support of Franco-Prussian war, however took cellar-way, over the door of which indigent criminals, and for the burial Surian to the Bourse again, and he was the sign, 'Collaert, marchand des of deceased serpents de ville. He ad- was long of 'Rentes, when the calamity habits.' The cure touched his hat, mitted with many shrugs of the should- of Weissenburg overtook France .- smiled on the troops, and walked on ers, that he had been a bad subject, Surian went down with the funds and gently trimming his nails with a small but claimed that he was shrewd enough compromised with his creditors with pen-knife. Gallaud started; he spoke to understand that in any contest a deficit of a million and a half. Two a word to the Captain commanding weeks later he was again arrested for the troops, they called a halt, and passing some 20,000,000 francs of Gallaud sprang across the pavement, it several times, and was quite well fraudulent quartesmasters' drafts .- and laid his hand on the cure's shoul-

identity again sprang up. The actual 'My son, are you not hasty?' said After a few months' shop-keeping criminal had a general resemblance the cure gently, I am Father Thomat Belleville Surian sold out his estab- to Surian, except that his hair and as, one of the cures of St. Sulpice, lishment. He had made a good deal mustache were dark, and his eyes as and he bent his black eyes upon Gal. Senator Nicholson's Public Debt

'Daughter,' said the cure, 'this i

ious workman. He had an assistant, 'killed or captured.' Twenty-four er, by the throat. 'Attention!' said four per cent coupon bonds of the

'That man-there!' 'Who is that man?' 'Raoul Surian!'

'How came he to go to you?' 'He has been in the habit. I have kept his clothes and his-disguisesof course, did not disclose it, it came General Villot, pointing to Surian, for five years! Oh pray, do not shoot

'Enough! Surian, step out! Lieuten-'That is the man I saw at Versailles ant, detail ten men! Corporal, bind

down with a blow of his fist, thrust his elbow into the Corporal's ribs, and 'You are charged with an offense the darted off, escaping into Collaert's penalty of which is death, Surian, cellar with surprising agility and said General Villot. 'What have you amid a volley of musketry. He was ium would pay for labor, buy provisto say for yourself? Did you give in- instantly pursued by half the compa- ions, start up manufactories, and put ny, who rushed into the cellar and new life into enterprise, and start our 'You say you saw me!' cried Surian, presently were heard bounding up turning his full face upon the spy; stairs. The house was a tall one, but ful path of prosperity. It would be soon shouts came from the roof, and converting the State debt in the shape The spy staggered back, aghast. those on the street had hardly time to of a circulating medium by the people, 'Mon Dieu! no! no! I will not swear! look up, when there came two shots in marck's quarters had certainly brown rolled up like a ball, rushed down through the air and crashed upon the Surian thus escaped again. He pavement with a dull, sickening

Gallaud stepped quickly to the still of his domestic menage did not suit quivering mass and turned it over. ting, and used to say that any man him. At any rate his coming created It was the body of Raoul Surian, could write plainly who would make crushed almost into a jelly.

is black still, but the other is blue!" 'It must have broke in the fall!' Gallaud, if you will go with me'

to seek his fortune. He first became of the once eminent, but now reform. and the Commune. During the ephem- bor kindly took Mdlle. Cytheree into Greely, enough so to be conspicuous.

"BEST THINGS."

The best theology-a pure and beneficent life. The best law-the golden rule.

The best statemanship self-government. The best medicine cheerfulness

and temperance. The best art—painting a smile upon the brow of childhood.

The best science extracting sunshine from a cloudy way. The best war-to war against one's

The best music-the laughter of an

The best journalism-printing the true and the beautiful only, on mem-

The best telegraphing-flashing a ray of sunshine into a gloomy heart, The best biography—the life which writes charity in the largest letters.

The best mathematics-that which doubles the most joys and divides the

The best navigation-steering clear of the lacerating rocks of personal The best diplomacy-effecting a

treaty of peace with one's own con-

The best engineering—a bridge of faith over the river of death.

From the Raleigh Observer.

In stating the proposition of Mr. Nicholson's bill to provide for the payment of the State debt, I did not think you stated the proposition in a shape that it would be easily comprehended by every reader of your valua-

The first object of the bill is to issue interest-bearing fractional bonds to the amonth of one million of dollars, and with these fractional bonds to buy the old outstanding bonds of the State, then these fractional bonds thus paid out are to become a circulating medium among the people, and to answer ever purpose as a North Carolina circulating currency; and the second proposition is that should this circulating medium become too abundant, or any holder of it desire to turn it into State, such holder can do so, and this offers ample security to all the interestbearing bonds based upon the faith and credit of the State.

Now, the idea is, (that should this bill be adopted by the Legislature, that holders of the old outstanding bonds who live in the State, and desire to convert their old bonds into a circulating medium that they can use as capital, will come forward first and sell for the interest-bearing fractional bonds and then go into the market and buy anything they choose, and in that way set the circulation affoat, and give it a start; and once under way. ina, and especially at this particular time, when there is such a grand and extensive scheme of internal improvement on foot. This circulating medgood old State once more on the joyand utilizing it to their good, and finally pay the debt and not tax them, one cent, and add to the prosperity of the State all the while.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S WRITINGS .-He detested blind and slovenly wrian effort. His manuscript was the 'My God!' cried Gallaud, 'one eye delight of printers. He wrote quietly and steadily, and produced a great deal more 'copy' in a given time than cried the shivering Collaert. 'I will one would suppose him capable of who of data, found ne room to doubt that charges laid by Raoul Surian, convict- show you where he kept them, M. observed his apparent ease and ab-19th year, when he came up to Paris one man, and that the 'style' was that Soon after this came the surrender The troops marched on. A neigh- less in his dress, but not, like Horace scence of hurry. He was rather care-